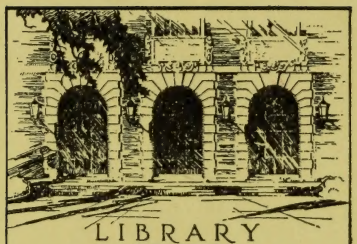

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NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME VII.

Nos. 157 to 182. JANUARY—JUNE, 1847.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

1847.

052
CH
n.s. 7-8

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 157. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE SUPERNUMERARY CLASS.

In walking through the streets of a great town, one might suppose it an easy matter to classify, at least in a general manner, the industrious inhabitants. From the grave merchant to the busy shopkeeper, and from him to the lowest stall-vender, all have their peculiar avocations; nay, even the street beggar may seem in some way to belong to the category, since mendicancy is with him a regular profession. But, after having appeared to go through the whole circle of industry, we still find a busy and numerous class left out, which it is impossible to place under any of the heads we may have imagined. They have no trade, no tools, no masters, and yet are never idle when they can help it; they have no home, no family, no friends, and yet rarely want a meal and a bed; they have no functions, no duties, no privileges of citizens, and yet are integral portions of the community to which they belong, and come in various ways into social and business contact with their fellows.

In London they form a portion—but only a portion—of that class whose name the statisticians tell us is Legion, who rise up every morning without knowing where or how to get their breakfast. In this numerous tribe, however, are included beggars, thieves, and others who look to the chances of their disreputable professions; whereas the individuals we allude to are not necessarily dishonest or ill-conducted, and have no calling whatever. They have nothing to do, but are willing to do anything; they have nowhere to go, but will readily go anywhere; they trust entirely to the chapter of accidents for their daily bread; and when they lie down at night, without a farthing in their pockets, and without a claim upon the pallet they occupy extending beyond the next morning, they congratulate themselves on having eaten and drunken throughout the day, and look forward with confidence to the morrow.

I have said that they are not necessarily dishonest; but occasionally, when hard pressed, they have recourse to expedients that have little beyond ingenuity to recommend them. The morning, for instance, is a trying time, when the appetite is good, the air keen, and all those classes still in bed with whom it is possible to transact business without capital. It is necessary to begin the day; but how is it to be begun by one who has no money, no calling, no credit, who will not steal, and who is ashamed to beg? Then must come the expedients I have hinted at; and one of these I can relate from personal observation, since it is to it I owe my knowledge of the hitherto unclassified species I would describe.

One morning, then, in the course of an early walk on the New Road, I was stopped by a group of passers-by, who had gathered round a young man engaged in rather a singular occupation. He wore a sleeved waistcoat and small-clothes, and might have been taken for a groom long out of place. His hat lay upon the ground, and he was busy filling it with small stones from a heap at a little distance, walking rapidly, but not running, between the two points, and with such an earnest and anxious expression of countenance, that I could not refrain from asking what was the matter.

'A bet!' was the reply; and the bystander I had addressed bestowed upon his ignorant questioner a momentary glance of mingled surprise and contempt. He seemed, like the rest, to be an operative in some manufactory; and after an obvious struggle between his sense of duty and curiosity, laid down several halfpence near the hat, in token of his approbation of the young man's activity and of his good wishes for his success, and hurried away. This example was speedily followed, though less liberally, by one or two others of the group, for the hour forbade any dallying, and I at length found myself alone with the stone-picker. He looked at me for an instant, and then along the road; but there being no appearance of any more customers worth waiting for, he picked up the halfpence, shook the stones from his hat, and clapping it on his head, like a man who has got well through some laudable employment, walked off. But I was not disposed to part with him so easily.

'So you have won your bet?' said I, overtaking him; 'and you are now, I presume, for breakfast?'

'Not yet,' replied he after a moment's hesitation, during which I could see him scrutinise me from head to foot; 'what is fourpence-halfpenny? How do I know that anything else will turn up between this and dinner-time?'

'What do you mean to do, then, to increase the sum? Do you mean to make another bet with yourself?'

'No, no; that is well enough in its way when there is nothing else to be done; but I have now got a capital to begin the day with. There are worse dodges than picking up stones; but it is not respectable. I will turn these browns, master, into a white shilling before long, if I once make up my mind what lay to go upon.'

'I will put you upon a plan,' said I: 'tell me how you live, and where you live—give me a distinct notion of what you do to earn your bread for the whole day, and you shall have the shilling without further trouble.'

'That would not be so easy,' replied he, 'as picking up stones. Bless you, I live nohow and nowhere, and I earn my bread just as it happens!'

'Then tell me *how* it happens: give me the history of a single day, so that it be a common day, and I shall not grudge the money.' Upon this hint he spake; and I am able, from the conversation that ensued, to make a somewhat curious, though melancholy contribution, to the history of social life.

This young man, who may be taken as the repre-

sentative of his class, rises in the morning without a farthing in his pocket, without more clothes upon his back than are necessary for the purposes of decency, without property of any other kind in the world, and without a home to return to after passing the threshold of the one which had sheltered him the night before. Forth he goes, notwithstanding, with an assured look, an elastic step, and a heart full of the buoyant feelings of morning. If you ask him whither he is going, he will reply 'Nowhere.' His walk, in fact, has no determinate direction, and appears to have no termination. His quick, observant glance wanders on all sides in search of something—he knows not what. But something does not come. The air is crisp. The houses have a cold, clear look, and their roofs are well-defined against the light gray sky. London is not now the conventional city of authors and painters, but an assemblage of the most remarkable streets and squares in the world, surrounded by the most transparent of atmospheres. Not a thread of smoke is seen above the countless houses; and the sun has already been able to exorcise the misty shapes that during the night had haunted the river, which now rolls in a smooth, bright, cheerful volume. The strange and almost awful silence which had brooded for several hours over the huge metropolis is broken. Groups of workmen pass by, their deep hoarse voices echoing in the empty streets; and here and there, in all the principal thoroughfares, the breakfast-stalls, set out with snowy table-cloths, smoking coffee urns, and huge slices of bread and butter, have fairly commenced business.

It is these last adjuncts of the picture which, to confess the truth, attract most of our supernumerary's attention; and his interest in them increases as the morning wears on. They began to appear with the earliest peep of day, and will vanish when the streets are once more thronged with their busy population. On the present occasion, it is probably with some feeling of envy he sees numerous workmen regaling themselves *previous* to commencing their daily labours. For his part, he has to search for work before he can commence it; and at length, in hopelessness and hunger, he has recourse to the 'dodge' I have described.

Passing over his paction with myself as something out of the usual routine, we must now follow him through more familiar occurrences. Walking loungingly along the street, he is seen glancing down the areas, and entering into chat with the housemaids, who have just opened the window-shutters. Business does not present itself all at once; still it is some amusement to converse on things in general with these young ladies, whom he styles 'ma'am,' and treats with much deference; while, on their part, they are occasionally not loath to bestow a few condescending words on a likely young fellow, though so far beneath them in station. But at length an opening for trade occurs. In some house or other there is sure to be broken glasses, bones, bits of useless metal, rags—anything, in short, of an utterly useless nature — which Susan will not object to take a trifling sum for, rather than be at the trouble of throwing them into the dust-bin; and having expended his capital on such merchandise, the young man hastens away to sell it at a profit to the wholesale dealers.

He is now able to breakfast; and walking being no trouble to him, he does not scruple to go a considerable distance to a favourite stall, where the coffee is always hot, and the bread and butter always thick. Here the tables are turned, for he has not to beg the lady to sell. He calls her 'mother;' and in addressing him, she says 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.'

As the day advances, he betakes himself to the localities where gentlemen are usually to be seen on horseback; for he places considerable dependence upon the service he may be able to render in holding a horse while the rider dismounts. It is this part of his resources which influences his choice of a dress, when it is possible for him to exercise any volition upon such a subject at all. He makes himself as like a groom in appearance as he can; for a groom must be supposed to be an adept at holding a horse. The remuneration is always silver; and, upon the whole, he is not displeased at the substitution of fourpenny-pieces for sixpences, having the sense to observe that there have been a great many more horses to hold since the reduction of the cost. Still it is a hard service; for he has to hunt his prey from street to street, and sometimes, after all, the inconsiderate rider does not dismount till he gets home.

Towards the afternoon, the leading thoroughfares of the west end are thronged with beauty and fashion; for although it is not quite proper for a lady of any distinction to go out, except in her carriage, after twelve o'clock, she has the privilege of walking in certain streets while the vehicle waits. The influence exercised by this class of the community upon the supernumerary is very remarkable. He watches anxiously over every disarrangement of their dress, warning them, when necessary, that they are in danger of dropping their collar or their boa, and being ever at hand to pick up the article should it actually fall. Sometimes he receives only a sweet smile for his politeness: he would rather have sixpence. But, in the meantime, he is far from neglecting the gentlemen, whom he frequently admonishes to take care of their handkerchief. It is said he sometimes pulls it out of the pocket himself a little farther, in order to give colour to the admonition; but for my part I am willing to believe, if he does so, it is only to convince the proprietor more emphatically of his carelessness. In Paris, however, the supernumeraries, I admit, are not guiltless of analogous dodges; for I was myself the victim of one when passing along the side of the Champs Elysées, next the Avenue de Neuilly, where there is a barrier of posts to prevent horsemen from intruding on the footpath. These posts are *always* newly painted, and an artist is in waiting, at a few yards' distance, to rub your smeared skirts with turpentine!

It is not improbable that the young man may earn enough by such philanthropic exertions to authorise a visit to the a-la-mode beef-shop, where he dines luxuriously on soup, meat, and bread for a sum varying from three to five, or even more pence, according to appetite or funds. But this is not always the case; for he has numerous rivals; and wet weather, when it occurs, is a great damper to his prospects. Still he is fertile in all kinds of expedients. He will sometimes even have recourse to an execution, or anything equally horrid, and hawk the history of the affair along the streets. In this case, so far from fearing the interference of another, he always assumes a partner; and the two, taking different sides of the street, bawl out the same words in such a way as to render each other alarmingly unintelligible. In winter, the supernumerary fares a little worse than in summer, there being more bad weather in the former season; and there is reason to believe that he and his brethren are sometimes forced to get up the melancholy cortège of 'froze-out gardeners,' who perambulate the streets with a cabbage-stock for an ensign. It is also affirmed that, on the 1st of May, and for several days after, he performs the part of Jack-in-the-Green, who is supposed by the deluded population to be an actual chimney-sweeper; and that, on the Gunpowder-Plot day, he masquerades as one of the bearers of that gigantic Guy who is carried about in a handbarrow in quest of halfpence.

These, however, are but occasional expedients, and I must return to his ordinary day. The chances of the twilight are not great for an honest supernumerary; and indeed he may be said to retire from the streets at the same hour with the upper classes when they go home to dinner. He reappears, however, somewhat earlier; for the playgoing bustle could hardly take place without his having some hand in it. He purchases, on speculation, a quantity of bills; but he is no more a bill-seller at the doors of the theatres than he is a bill-sticker.

These are regular businesses, to which the parties apply themselves as systematically as shopkeepers do to theirs; while the supernumerary gives himself up, as usual, to his erratic habits. He meets your carriage a full mile from the place of resort, runs by its side at the risk of life and limb, and flashes his bills in at the window. If you buy the wrong one, it is no fault of his; and if you buy any at all, you cannot think (at least if there be a lady with you) of taking change out of your sixpence.

From the time the theatres are full, his exertions for the good of the community begin to slacken, and he rather takes business as it comes, than makes a business of looking for it. He will still, however, run with tolerable alacrity to open the door of a cab when the waterman is out of the way; although in this case he depends entirely upon the passenger's liberality, as the cabman does not consider himself bound, either in law or honour, to give the customary halfpenny to a stranger. There is, indeed, some mystic tie between the cabman and the waterman which I do not altogether comprehend. By whom is the latter appointed? Through what influence does he maintain his state? These are questions I have often asked; and yet, even now, I can only surmise that he may owe his elevation to office, and permanence in it, to the publican of the stand.

But although the supernumerary feels by this time the need of rest, he is still equal to great emergencies; and on the occasion of a fog, for instance, he displays an energy and perseverance which, in a man who has been running about ever since the first peep of daylight, are nothing less than wonderful. A London fog is not like any other fog in the world. Elsewhere you have an impression, however faint and vague, of surrounding objects. You see clouds instead of houses, spectres instead of trees, and men coming like shadows, and so departing. In London you see nothing, feel nothing, breathe nothing but fog:

> 'The world is void,
> The populous and the powerful are a lump—
> Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
> A lump of death——
> Darkness has no need
> Of aid from them—she is the universe!'

But it is not exactly darkness, for that would be nothing worse than intense night: the fog has a skin-deep semi-transparency, like that of Parian marble, through which you see only a cold, hard, impenetrable substance. As you are rattling along in your carriage to a party, without visible horses or driver—with no streets, no lamps, no tokens whatever of a town, you might fancy yourself transported through the realms of space by the agency of enchantment. And this impression is confirmed, when a flare of lurid light appears suddenly at the window, illumining a set of wild anxious features—a spectral face without body, which, after glaring at you for an instant, disappears. This apparition is the supernumerary with his link; and if the fog were only a little thinner, you would see his brethren flitting about in troops—some gliding by the horses' heads, some stretching forth a welcome arm to a bewildered traveller who, in madly attempting to cross the street, has lost his way, but all engaged in such works as befit the friendly goblins of the night. By and by there comes a crash; your carriage has come into collision with another, and a score of phantom links are instantly upon the spot, and you are able to see the frightened face of the lady in the opposite vehicle, who, arrayed as she is in ball costume, looks like some fairy princess arrested by genii in her travels. The scene is heightened by the voices of the actors. In London everything is done in a hurry; and in the midst of din of every kind, pierced here and there by shrill screams, you arrive at your destination, and, with a hand under each of your arms, find yourself lifted into the hall. Faint, giddy, stunned, and confounded by the blaze of light, you stagger, from habit, up the staircase; and as your name heralds you along, you hardly recognise it for your own, in the confusion of your senses, till you find yourself in the accustomed blaze of the drawing-room, in the midst of a brilliant party, who appear utterly unconscious that there is such a thing as fog in the world.

And the supernumerary? He has disappeared from our ken in the fog. With his public life ends his recorded history; and even I could not venture with certainty upon more than one other fact—namely, that however great his earnings may have been during the day, he never enters the house he selects for his lair with more money in his pocket than the twopence he requires to pay in advance for the accommodation.

This is a melancholy picture, view it in what light we will. There is sadness mingled even with the smile with which we watch his endless expedients; and the sadness is the greater, that we know the picture to be true not merely of a few individuals, but of a numerous class. What effect the advancement of education and enlightenment may have upon this class, one can hardly surmise. We may hope that its members, for the time being, may be gradually absorbed into new openings for regular industry; but the probability remains that their places will be filled with others at least for a long space to come; for it can hardly be expected that the working population of so vast a metropolis will, even in our surprising day, receive an order and arrangement which will leave behind no—Supernumeraries.

THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

A STORY OF THE NEW YEAR.

In the country towns and villages of England there is not, from January to December, a merrier festival than the New Year. In London, and in those large commercial towns which ape the Great Metropolis, it is not so. There Christmas, with its accompaniments of plum-pudding and mince pie, is all in all to the holiday lovers. The Old Year steals out, and the New Year creeps in, like a neglected friend or a poor relation after its more honoured predecessor, glad enough to pick up the crumbs and fragments of the latter's feast of welcome. No one seems to care about the New Year in London. A few peals rung at midnight by the church bells tell to some wakeful invalid or late reveller that the Old Year, with all its hopes and its pains, has gone by for ever; and perhaps next morning some man of business looking over his diary, or some lady glancing at her pictured almanac, remembers the fact; or friend meeting friend in the street just turns to wish 'a happy New Year;' but that is all. Christmas is gone by, with all its feasting and merry-making; and no one cares to welcome New-Year's Day.

But in the rural districts of England, and throughout Scotland, it is very different. There the festival of New-Year's Day is of as great importance as that of old father Christmas himself. Young people look forward joyfully to 'dancing the Old Year out and the New Year in.' It is held unlucky that the New Year should first dawn upon sleeping eyes; so in every house all sit up until midnight to let the young stranger in. Then, as the clock strikes twelve, the family and guests rise up and go in a mingled and noisy procession to the hall-door, which is opened with formal solemnity by the host; and thus the New Year is 'let in.'

It was New-Year's eve in the family of Dr James Renwick. They were keeping it merrily, as befitting the good old times, though it was not many new years before this one of 1847 (May blessings attend those whose eyes meet this, says the writer in a parenthesis—wishing to all a happy New Year)! But before we enter Dr Renwick's mirthful house, let us describe its exterior—and not entirely from imagination.

The doctor's house was at the entrance of a little village, situated just on the bounds of a manufacturing region, yet far enough in the country to make it pleasant and quiet without being dull. It stood on a turn of the road, the steep declivity of which was overlooked by its high garden walls. Over these walls many and

many a time peeped children's curious faces, and little mischievous hands often dropped down flowers and pebbles on the stray passers-by. On the other side of the road a raised pathway led to the church—a Norman erection, old and quaint enough to charm Dr Dryasdust himself. In the churchyard was a village school-room, like a barn, and from thence rushed out daily a small troop of children, chasing the sheep that fed among the graves. Dr Renwick's was the great house of the place; rich in the glories of a gravel entrance and bay windows; and oh, such an orchard! Never was seen the like for apples and pears! But now it looked cold and stately in the gloom of a December night—starry, but moonless. A light covering of hoarfrost lay on the green plot, where, in early spring, snowdrops and crocuses peeped out from the grass, looking prettier than they ever do when set in the cold brown mould of a garden bed. A warm light streamed over the gravel walk through the half-drawn crimson curtains. Any passenger on the road would have said there was mirth and comfort within.

And so indeed there was; for it was the yearly gathering of the Renwick family, of which Dr James Renwick was now the eldest son. Three generations were met once more in the eyes of the doctor's aged parents, who lived with him. They were now too old to have the care of an establishment of their own; and therefore this year the family meeting was held at Dr Renwick's house, where they were spending the decline of life with their good and dutiful son.

Contrary to general English usage, the yearly gathering of the Renwicks was not held on Christmas-day. This was partly because old Mr Renwick thought the day too much of a religious festival for frolic and sport. He had come from the land where his namesake preached, lived, and died among his persecuted brethren; and though Mr Renwick had been so long in England, that the memory of the heathery mountains and braes of his native land was like a dream, still he clung a little to the ways of his forefathers. Besides, it was on one Christmas-day that death had first crossed his threshold, and carried away their eldest born from the young parents, with bitter tears. It was many years since; but still they felt that to have merrymaking on that day would be treading in the shadow of a sorrow now gone by; so the day had ever since been changed from Christmas to New-Year's eve.

Mr Renwick and his wife had been blessed with many children. Their quiver was full of arrows; and they did not murmur at it. Out of ten sons and daughters, five were with them that day; some wedded, with children of their own; one was travelling in foreign lands; and three had gone the way of all before them. But the parents did not count these lost. One only—though living—had been, and, to use the touching words of a father of old, 'was not.'

Dr James Renwick was the worthy son of a good father, and well did he occupy the station and fulfil the duties of a country physician. These duties are very different from those of a London practitioner. In a village 'the doctor' is an important person, second only to the clergyman. He has more to do than merely to heal the bodies of his neighbours. If he be respected, he knows all the affairs of the parish; it is he to whom all come for advice in distress; he is the mediator between helpless poverty and benevolent but cautious wealth; and much good or much evil may he do, as his will leads him. Dr Renwick was a good man, and he was accordingly respected. He had married early a wife of like feelings to himself, and they had brought up a rising family, the elder branches of whom were now men and women. Two brothers and a sister of the doctor were also round his table with their flock, few or many as it might be; so that the grandfather and grandmother looked on a tribe of juveniles as various in years, and name, and appearance, as ever clustered round the chair of age since the patriarchal days.

Mr and Mrs Renwick sat beside the fire, looking cheerfully around them. A dozen or more young cousins were dancing to the music of a piano and flute, while the elders played whist in an inner room. One or two quiet couples stole away into corners; they were too happy to dance and laugh with the rest. Among these was Isabel Renwick, the doctor's youngest and unmarried sister. The old parents looked at her as she stood with her betrothed in the shade of the crimson curtains.

'We shall have another fine tall son-in-law by this time next year, Letty, my dear,' whispered the old man to his wife with a merry smile.

'Don't talk nonsense before the children,' answered Mrs Renwick, trying to frown as she wiped her spectacles.

'Well, I always thought little Bell was the prettiest of all our children, and she will marry best, though last,' said the proud father. 'Little Bell' was a beautiful young woman of seven-and-twenty, whom no arguments could hitherto induce to quit her father's roof, until an old playmate returned from India, rich in money, and richer still in love, that time could not change. So Isabel was to be married at last.

The dance ended, and the various grandchildren sat down to rest, or walked idly about, arm-in-arm, talking and laughing.

'Do you know what a grand ball Aunt Hartford is giving to-night at the Priory?' said Jessie Renwick to her cousin William Oliphant.

'I doubt if they will be half so merry as we, nevertheless, with all their grandeur.'

'Who is speaking about Mrs Hartford—of my eldest daughter?' said the grandfather sharply. 'Would that she had been no daughter of mine!'

'Hush, John, hush!' whispered his aged wife, laying her withered fingers on his arm.

'Jessie only said that there was a grand party at the Priory to-night,' answered young Oliphant, for his cousin had shrunk aside, alarmed at her grandfather's harsh tone, so unusual to him.

'Let her go with all her pride and her gaieties! There is no blessing on an ungrateful child,' said Mr Renwick sternly. 'When she was born, her mother and I rejoiced, and we called her Letitia in our gladness; but she has been to us a bitter sorrow, and no joy. Do not speak of her, my children.'

The young people saw that there was deep sadness on their grandmamma's face, and that Mr Renwick's tone, though severe, was tremulous; so they did not again mention Mrs Hartford's name. The younger ones wondered; but many of the elder cousins knew of their aunt's great wealth, suddenly acquired by her husband's speculations; and how with wealth had come pride, and with pride coldness and disdain, so that at last Mr and Mrs Hartford were self-exiled from the family circle, and only known by hearsay to the children.

After a season, the slight shadow which poor Jessie's unlucky speech had thrown over the circle passed away. William Oliphant, ever thoughtful in those little things which make the sum of home-happiness, adroitly brought to his grandmother's chair the two youngest of the flock, Mrs Walter Renwick's bonnie little girl and boy, and the old lady's attention was diverted. She took Bessie on her knee, and told Henry a fairy tale, and thought no more of her own lost daughter. How much good had been done by this unnoticed *ruse* of kind William Oliphant!

Merrily passed the closing hours of the Old Year. The children danced again, and then Aunt Isabel was intreated to sing, and the plaintive music of her voice changed the laughter into a pensive but pleasant silence. After a minute or two they all thanked her cheerfully. They did not know—the careless children!—that of all the merry troop around her, Isabel had sung but for *one*, and to one. After a while the mirth grew noisier; the light-hearted troop would chorus Aunt Isabel's songs; and so those who could sing, and those who thought they could, all chimed in together, to the utter con-

fusion of treble, tenor, and bass. But there was so much happiness and harmony in their hearts, that no one cared for a little musical discord.

Supper came, for 'not even love can live upon air.' Abundance of mirth was there amidst the good things, particularly when the splendid dish of *trifle* came on, and little Bessie Renwick got the ring, and Aunt Isabel the ill-omened sixpence! It actually made her look grave for a minute, though, until her lover whispered something that made her smile and blush. There was little fear of Isabel dying an old maid! The time passed so quickly, that only just had the happy circle drank the healths of grandpapa and grandmamma, and grandpapa had returned thanks in a few touching words, which made them grave in the midst of their fun, when, lo! the clock struck twelve!

And now came the grand ceremony. Dr James Renwick rose up with great solemnity of visage. Nothing made them laugh so much as to see the mock gravity of merry Uncle James. Bearing a light in each hand, the doctor went to his hall-door, followed by the whole troop. What a noise and confusion did they make in the narrow old-fashioned passage ycleped the hall! And now, the lights being resigned to the care of his eldest son, Dr Renwick unfastened the bolts, and the door flew open, letting in, besides the New Year, such a gust of biting January night-wind as nearly extinguished the candles, and made the whole party shiver and hasten to the warm drawing-room with great celerity.

Just as Dr Renwick was about to close the door, and retire also, some one called him from without.

'Wait a minute, doctor, pray. I want you, sir, if you please.'

'Some patient, I suppose,' said the doctor. 'Well, come in, friend; it is too cold to stand talking outside.'

The man came in, and Dr Renwick and his untimely visitor retired to the study.

'What has become of Uncle James?' was soon the general cry, and some of the more daring of the youngsters rushed up and down the house in search of him. He was found in the study alone, but he looked very grave, and it was no pretence now.

'I cannot go up stairs again,' he said; 'I have to go out immediately.' The children intreated, and Mrs James Renwick expostulated, knowing that her husband had no patients on his list likely to require him at that time of night; until at last grandpapa sent down to know what was the matter.

'I am sure there is no need for you to leave us in this way, James,' said the old man rather querulously; 'and at least you might tell us where you are going.'

'I had rather not,' said the plain-spoken James Renwick; 'but if you still ask me, father, I will tell you.'

'Yes; tell us now.'

'Well, then, it is to my sister's; to Mrs Hartford's.'

'What business have you with her?' cried the angry old man; 'what have you to say to the grand party?'

'There is no gaiety at the Priory to-night, but much sorrow,' answered Dr Renwick gravely. 'Arthur Hartford met with a dreadful accident this afternoon; he is still insensible, and his mother is almost frantic by the bedside of her only son.'

There was a gloomy silence over the party at these words. Old Mrs Renwick began to weep; but her husband said harshly, 'She deserves it; and yet I am sorry. I always heard good of young Arthur. Did she send for you?'

'No; only old Ralph—you remember him—came to tell me; and he begged me to go, for both Mr and Mrs Hartford are almost beside themselves with grief, and the doctor they have knows nothing at all.'

'You shall not go, James Renwick; no child of mine shall enter that ungrateful woman's doors without being intreated to do so,' said the old man.

Dr Renwick had been accustomed all his life to render obedience to his father; often, indeed, to a degree very unusual in a son who had himself become the head of a family. Even when the old man's commands were harshly and unduly expressed, the good doctor seldom showed any open opposition, so strong was the force of habit and of filial respect. Therefore he now only said, 'Father, have you thought what you do in saying I shall not go. The boy has no proper assistance; he may die, and then——'

Mr Renwick's stern lineaments relaxed a little of their expression, but he made no answer. Then his aged wife took his hand, and looking at him with swimming eyes, said mournfully, 'John, remember when our own Arthur died twenty years ago; if any one had kept help away from him then! And Letty was his favourite sister; and the boy is our own grandchild, and named after him too. John, dear husband, do not be harsh; let James go!'

Many others joined their imploring voices to the aged mother's, and Mr Renwick was softened; but still he would scarcely yield his authority.

'I will neither say yea nor nay; let James do as he pleases: I will hear no more of this.'

Dr Renwick stayed not a moment, lest his father's mood should change, but was gone on his errand of mercy.

There was no more merriment for the young people that night; they were all too deeply touched. The aged pair soon retired, and the various families departed to their several homes. In an hour all was quiet in the doctor's house. Mrs James Renwick alone sat waiting her husband's return, and thinking over in her kind heart how this might end. Every other eye was sealed in repose save one, and that was the aged mother's.

On New-Year's morning the family met as usual; Dr James Renwick looked pale and careworn, but he did not speak of his last night's visit. The grandfather did not allude to it neither, and no one else dared mention the subject in his presence. At last the children separated to their various avocations, and Mr and Mrs Renwick were left alone with James and his wife. There was an uneasy silence, broken only by the clicking sound of the old lady's knitting, which she pursued busily, though her fingers trembled, and several heavy tears dropped on the work. At last the doctor rose and walked to the window, observed that it was a gloomy day, and began searching for his gloves.

'Before you go out, James,' said Mrs Renwick, with an evident effort at unconcern, 'you might as well say how that boy is?'

'You mean poor Arthur? He is better. I think he may recover.'

'Thank God for that!' murmured the old lady fervently.

'Did you see Letty—Mrs Hartford I mean?' asked the father after a pause.

'I did,' answered the doctor concisely.

'Dear James, tell us all that passed?' whispered the poor old mother. Mr Renwick turned over the pages of a book, but he made no opposition; while the doctor sat down beside his mother and began to tell his story.

'When I reached the Priory, all was confusion. Poor Letty was in violent hysterics. I heard her screams the moment I entered the house, so I knew it was of no use asking to see her. The father, they told me, was hanging over his insensible boy. I sent word to him that I had come to offer what assistance I could; and he was with me in a moment, wringing my hands, and imploring me to save poor Arthur. I never thought how misery could have bent the man's proud spirit. Mr Hartford, who passed me but yesterday without a glance, would now have knelt to intreat me to forget the past, and do what I could for his son.'

'And you did—you were successful, James?' said old Mrs Renwick anxiously.

'Yes; after a time the boy came to his senses: he is a fine fellow! He knew me directly, and looked so joyfully from me to his father, who had clasped my hand in overpowering gratitude.'

'And poor Letty?' again asked the weeping mother.

'When she was a little calmer, I went to her with

Mr Hartford. She started at seeing me; but her husband said, "Letty, you must thank your brother for saving Arthur's life." And then she threw herself into my arms, and poured forth such a torrent of thanks, and blessings, and self-reproaches, that it almost made a child of me. Poor Letty! she is much altered,' added the good doctor, his voice growing husky as he looked steadily into the fire.

All this time the stern old father had not uttered a word.

For a few minutes none of the party spoke. At last Mrs Renwick glanced timidly at her husband, and whispered, 'Did she say anything about *us*, James?'

'Yes, mother, she asked after you both, said how glad she always was to hear of you in any way, and wept much when she spoke of you.'

Mr Renwick lifted up his head; he had bent his face on his hands lest they should see the working of his features, and said, 'What truth, think you, is there in that woman's tears, when, not a week since, she passed her old father and mother in the road; she riding in her splendid carriage, and the mother that bore her trudging wearily on foot; and she never looked towards us, but turned her head another way? Do you think I can forgive that, James Renwick?'

'I have forgiven her, John,' said the old lady. 'She is our own child, and she is in trouble; she may repent now for the past.'

'I know she does,' added James earnestly. 'She told me how she longed to see you; even her husband seemed sorry: he speaks kindly to her, though people say he is so proud.'

'And they expect that your mother and I will go humbly to their fine house?' cried the still incensed old man.

'No, father; that was not what my sister said. She told me to say she prayed you to forget the past, and let her come and see you here, and be your daughter Letty once more.'

Dr Renwick stopped, for he saw that his father was actually weeping. James looked at his wife, and she left the room. For several minutes the aged couple sat with their hands clasped together in silence; then Mr Renwick said in a broken voice, 'Tell Letty she may come.'

'She will come—she is come! my dear father,' cried James as the door opened, and Letty flung herself on her knees before her parents, and was clasped to both their hearts with full and free forgiveness. The erring child was pardoned—the lost one was found!

Dr Renwick and his wife went silently away together, with full and thankful hearts for the good which had been effected that day. It was their best reward.

There was deep joy throughout the whole of the Renwick family when they heard the news. Some of the younger and gayer spirits thought how pleasant it would be to visit now at Aunt Hartford's beautiful house, and ride Cousin Arthur's fine horses, when he recovered. But with more sincerity and disinterested pleasure did the elders rejoice that there was now no alienation to pain their aged father and mother in their declining years, but that they would now go down to the grave in peace, encircled by a family of love.

Arthur Hartford recovered speedily under his uncle's care. He was indeed a noble boy, resembling, both in person and character, the lost Arthur; so no wonder that he soon became the darling of the grandparents. The leaves were hardly green on the trees before there was a joyful family meeting; for it was the wedding of Aunt Isabel; and there were now no absent ones to mar the happiness of the festivity, for even the sailor had returned.

'That speech of yours turned out not so very unlucky after all,' whispered William Oliphant to his cousin Jessie, who hung on his arm, as of old: they were always great friends.

'No,' answered the laughing girl; 'I dare speak of Aunt Hartford now without fear.'

'And see how happy grandmamma looks! I heard her say that Aunt Hartford was almost as handsome as the bride, though I think Aunt Isabel is much superior.'

'Well, never mind, William; we are all very happy; it has all turned out like a fairy tale; and I am sure we can say with truth that this has been for us all a happy New Year.'

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

Ever since I first perused that most delightful play of Shakspeare, 'As You Like It,' the very name of which calls up visions of woods and brooks, and all the poetic charms of sylvan life, I entertained a longing desire to visit the Forest of Arden; but it was not till last year that I found time for this pilgrimage to a scene consecrated by our great English dramatist. Arden, or, as it is now called, Ardennes, is a district in the southern and little-frequented part of Belgium. Travellers pouring towards the Rhine leave it on the right, and unless penetrated for a special object, this interesting region remains untouched by the wandering tourist.

It is not without good reason that Arden has been little frequented by strangers. The scenery is mountainous, wild, and curious in the extreme, but has no pretension to the sublime; and from the irregularity of its surface, it does not afford the opportunity for that rapid transit which English tourists in particular so much prize. Yet to those who can afford to spend a fortnight loitering amidst its woods, dells, and antique towns, what scene could be more productive of pleasing objects of contemplation? Twenty years ago, the more secluded part of Arden was a kind of terra incognita to all but those born in it. When the late Mr Inglis about that time passed a winter at St Hubert, its principal town, the people there had never seen an Englishman. 'The third day,' he says, 'after my arrival, when the girl was laying the cloth for dinner, she suddenly stopped her work, and addressing me, said, "Mais Monsieur êtes vous vraiment un Anglais?" and upon my assuring her that I was, she continued to look at me for some moments as I should look upon an inhabitant of Terra del Fuego.' At that time there was no road nearer than the Meuse passable for a public vehicle. What was then meant by a road, was a track for a cart, distinguishable from the country only from the circumstance of there being less grass or heath upon it. All this is altered now. Capital macadamised roads are cut right across the district; decent inns, still few and far between, have sprung up along them; public conveyances, to the number of twenty, traverse it daily, and the passengers they convey are no longer exclusively natives. Hither flock crowds of tourists and wandering artists—French, Belgians, and Germans; and amongst them, every now and then, appears a solitary Briton, on his way to the Moselle and the more beaten regions of the Rhine.

It was a glorious September morning when I left a motley group of this description, and turning my back upon the Meuse and the picturesque old town of Dinant, began immediately to ascend by a capital new road which leads across the country to Metz in France. The day was favourable for walking; clouds drifting at intervals over the sun, threw the steep hill-sides into that alternate light and shadow so dear to the artist, and enabled me to gaze at ease, free from that unsleeping enemy the sun. The road ascends uninterruptedly for two miles, showing the great depth of the Meuse valley below the level of the country, and then the dry fresh air blows freely round, and we step forth at once upon the lofty upper region. About six miles in advance is a noble piece of scenery, hill, wood, and glen, each on the largest scale, intermingling around the road, which is borne across the opening upon an astonishing embankment. A cottage, with its never-ceasing mill, snugly nestled in the bottom, lent the requisite touch of humankind; and the whole seemed just the

scene where one might fancy the banished duke, with his sylvan court, to have taken their noontide rest. This, however, was a brief interlude. The country hereabouts, and for miles in advance, is called the Famille; a good corn country, but with little to interest, and presents the same unvaried succession of round-backed hills, each like the other, with occasional glens, which are beautiful when found, but cannot be seen from the road. At a little distance on the right, King Leopold has his country-seat of Ardenne; small, but finely placed in a most solitary situation. The king is often here, for the advantage of hunting; and his frequent residence has done as much as anything to bring the country forward. Besides the palace, a road-side inn, bearing the royal arms, was the only habitation in sight, where a party of Ardenais (so the men of the Ardennes are called) were just commencing their dinner; and as our appetites by this time were pretty sharp-set, we gladly accepted their invitation to join them.

The company consisted, besides the host, of four strapping Ardennes farmers, in their blue blouses, and four of the royal guard, in all the finery of spurs, tassels, and worsted epaulettes. There was nothing very particular about them; but the dinner was a curiosity, and worth detailing, as a specimen of how the substantial country-folks contrive to live in this part. After the usual thin soup, and the meat from which the said soup had been extracted, which are the first dishes presented all over the continent, there was placed on the table by a heavy-built damsel, with flaming red petticoat and massive gold ear-rings, a huge dish of smoking mutton cutlets, with apple-sauce, flanked by dishes of carrots and potatoes; then came a platter of shelled beans stewed, a common dish here; then an immense bowl of apples, cut into halves, and stewed, followed by roast fowls, with excellent mushrooms; and then some preparation of meat, which I could not identify by taste or sight, and exceedingly tough. By this time our appetites were pretty well blunted; but the carver, unappeased, began whetting his blade, and all was expectation, till a noble Ardennes ham made its appearance, forest-fed, and with a strong smack of what we may fancy to be the wild-boar flavour, supported by craw-fish, smoking hot, and no less than four immense fruit-pies, served up in wicker platters, and a foot at least in diameter. For the whole repast, the sum asked was one franc (ninepence three-farthings), and for which we might have had fruit and coffee in addition if we had pleased. The raw materials at home could hardly have been given for three times the sum.

After such a meal, I shall make but one step from this to Rochefort, ten miles farther on. The country continues the same, and the only thing remarkable is the magnificent construction of the road, which is borne across deep valleys, and cut through hills, in a manner more resembling the great works upon a principal railway line, than an untravelled road in a remote district. Rochefort gets its name from a castle on a height, the ruins of which are still considerable, and worth a visit; but its chief attraction is its containing the only decent inn within walking distance of the great caverns of Hans, where the turbulent river Lesse forces its way through a barrier of hills, and flows through a long succession of stalactite caverns for a mile and a half before it emerges into day.

Another ten miles farther on is the ancient town of St Hubert, and half-way between Rochefort and St Hubert a solitary oak, at the bottom of a steep ascent, marks the beginning of Ardennes proper—the Arden of the poet. The sun was now fast sinking, when the outskirts of the great forest of St Hubert appeared close at hand; and deep black masses of timber-trees sweeping round the horizon, and at this instant overhung by heavy thunder-clouds, looked imposing and gloomy enough. The trees have been cleared away for about a mile on each side of the town, and in the open space stands St Hubert, a miserable collection of small houses, surrounding one of the finest churches in Belgium. Here, as the legend goes—which the peasantry all devoutly believe—Hubert, the mighty hunter, while pursuing his favourite diversion on Good-Friday eve, beheld a stag bearing a cross between its horns. The apparition, which he believed to be miraculous, and to be sent from Heaven, recalled him from his evil course of life. He became a holy man, so as to work miracles not merely by his hands, but by his garments; so that even a shred of his mantle possessed virtue enough to cure hydrophobia, if placed on the patient's head; and all hunters henceforth regarded him as their patron saint. The abbey church, supposed to be built on the very site of his cell, is still a great place of pilgrimage, and the government has of late years annually given a considerable sum towards its restoration, besides which, it has received magnificent presents from the queen. Externally, it is a square substantial building, only with a high-peaked roof, but the interior is dazzling. The Ardennes is a marble country, and everything is marble in the church, from the pavement and pillars to the smallest ornament—red, white, and black marbles in more than royal profusion.

Our evening's walk to Champlon was not quite so joyous as that of the morning had been; for by this time we could say with Touchstone, 'I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.' About two miles from St Hubert we re-entered the forest, and walked on, without meeting a soul during two hours, to Champlon, between rows of forest-trees, so closely set, that the momentary glimpses between the trunks showed like darkness visible, while from out of their depths the long whine of a wolf followed us with disagreeable distinctness. Not being used to such attendants, the first sensation was anything but pleasant, and I for one could have once more echoed Touchstone's opinion, 'Here I am in Arden, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place.' Late in the night we reached Champlon, and having succeeded at last in obtaining comfortable rooms, were soon happy in the full enjoyment of a good night's rest. When the bright sun came to light up all, we found, to our surprise, that the dismal gloom of the foregoing night, with its thick impenetrable shade of tall straight trunks, had changed into the prettiest sylvan scene imaginable. Huge oaks and beeches, side by side, flung their massive arms and coronals of leaves over an emerald green turf, with long vistas of light, and sudden breaks opening up between them into the inmost recesses of the woods; the ash, the hazel, and the birch mingled with these their lighter tints, as in a natural plantation; and alders and willows fringed the many rapid brooks which gurgled on the bottoms, or stagnated in solitary tarns, covered with the dazzling petals of the *nymphæa palustris*, and other great water-lilies. Still, the farther we strayed, the greater was the variety; for the forest contains all in itself—wild heaths, scattered rivers and pools, hamlets, villages, and towns, which might elsewhere seem considerable, but are here fairly subdued, and appear as nothing among the wilderness of woods. 'It is not,' as Inglis says, 'like the woods which one is accustomed to in England, stretching over plains or the sides of the hills. It encloses within it every diversity of hill and dale—deep ravines, wide valleys, rocky steeps, high hills, rivers, streams, and lakes, presenting a combination of the most striking and diversified scenery. We trod upon a carpet of the greenest velvet; the long arms of the rugged pine or the branching oak occasionally met overhead, while here and there the trees receded, and formed little amphitheatres of surpassing beauty; sometimes the path descended into deep dells, sometimes it climbed abrupt precipices; brooks frequently obstructed its progress, often with no bridge over them, and at times with one formed of the trunks of trees. Sometimes at the opening of a forest vista a deer would bound across; sometimes at sudden turnings little animals of the ferret tribe would be seen for an instant, and then be heard rustling through the thick brush-

wood.' Just as Inglis describes we wandered on through the day, and when twilight came, blending everything in its uniform dusky hue, we returned to our inn, fully convinced that this was Shakspeare's Arden, and no other.

The correspondence, indeed, between the poetic description and the reality is curiously exact, considering the scenes described were unknown to the poet. The savage touches indeed are wanting; the 'green and gilded snake,' and the 'lioness with udders all drawn dry,' from which Orlando delivered his tyrant brother, existed only in the imagination; and though wolves there are, they are as unlike as possible to their hungry brethren of the Russian steppes—peaceable animals, well fed by royal orders, to be slain in state by great personages on great occasions. But the spirit and character are given to the life, and it is difficult to believe, when thus on the spot, that Shakspeare wrote without actual knowledge of the ground. We know that he never was out of England, so that his details are purely imaginary; yet few travellers would doubt that he had often been here. Everywhere the wanderer is tempted to identify the names in the poem with the spots before his eyes. He even begins to conjecture about time and place, and to ask himself where the forester lords most lived, and how long they had led their pleasant life under the greenwood tree. He concludes that it was assuredly summer when Jacques laid himself down at his length under an oak to pore upon the brawling brook; and one winter they would seem to have braved among the oaks, and had learned by experience what it is to endure the icy pangs and chiding of the winter's wind when in Arden, where the snow lies from November till March. The reason seems to be that which Coleridge assigns; namely, that Shakspeare does not give a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint an actual object: he only touches upon the larger features and broader characters, leaving the filling-up to the imagination. Thus a few very brief touches give the glimmer and gloom of old trees; so that all the details of the well-known landscape by Sir George Beaumont, now in the National Gallery, are suggested in fourteen words: but what words these are, and how each of these fourteen words helps out the picture! The like has been remarked of Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenes which he had never personally visited, and is probably true of every great imaginative observer of nature.

The constant perception of natural phenomena which they lack the knowledge to explain, the sights and sounds of nature in her wilder moods, but especially in forests, the roaring and whistling of the wind through the trees, the cries of nocturnal beasts and birds, and the flitting and reappearing of marsh-lights and exhalations—are all eminently calculated to make an uneducated peasantry superstitious; and the foresters of Arden are no exceptions to the rule. Here flourish undisturbed many of those beliefs and observances which extended reading is effectually putting to rout on our northern borders, together with some peculiar to the district. The belief in the existence and agency of good and evil spirits is more or less prevalent, and mountain spirits, dwarfs, and domestic goblins abound. The principal spirits are a kind of 'lubber fiend,' called Sotays, corresponding exactly with the Scottish brownies. They work hard, like the brownies, for those they take a fancy to: thrash the corn, and winnow it, mow the hay, clean the house, and rub down the horses; their customary reward for which is a bowl of milk. The ruined castles which abound hereabouts are believed to be under the peculiar tutelage of a class of evil spirits called 'gattes d'or,' from the Walloon *gatt*, a goat. The worship of the goddess Diana, the ancient tutelary genius of the Ardennes, long held its ground against the priests; and on certain festivals, not many years ago, was displayed a mysterious banner, with the likeness of a centaur, half-woman, half-horse, ending in a lion's tail, holding a bow in its right hand, and an arrow in its left, for which the peasantry, who held it in the highest reverence, could give no explanation, but which the learned have agreed to be a relic of the worship of Diana.

It may be concluded, from the above, that the Ardenais are not peculiarly enlightened, which is true; but it is only fair to them to add, that, with the intelligence, they likewise lack some of the besetting vices of people living in large masses. A more simple people does not exist. It would be easy to speak of their valour and military qualities, when, like the Swiss, they served in the armies of Spain and France; but a more honourable distinction is their unfailing industry, together with the patience they display under calamity. The traveller cannot fail to be struck, in Belgium, with the multitude of beggars which beset him everywhere—by the road-side, at the railway stations and hotels, and in and about the churches: their number is legion. Even in the happy valley of the Meuse, where agriculture and manufactures go hand in hand, the pedestrian may reckon, with tolerable certainty, upon being importuned for charity once in every two miles. In the Ardennes alone, which is by far the poorest part of Belgium, there are no mendicants. There are no rich: here and there a great square building, pierced with many windows, looking like a manufactory, and called a chateau, denotes a resident proprietor; but these are rare; and he is rich even for a baron in Ardennes who has a thousand pounds a-year. But then there are none absolutely destitute; all stand alike upon the same level of a real but uncomplaining poverty. During the last winter, when the potato crop failed all over Belgium, the Ardennes, which had suffered most severely, were the only part which did not petition the government for relief. Their cottages, built of stone, turf, and thatch, are small, but reasonably clean. Each cottage contains its Dutch clock assiduously ticking in a corner, its pewter and earthenware utensils, its wooden table and chairs, and ample wood fire, smouldering on a hearth of bricks. Rye-bread and potatoes form the staple of their food, with coffee when they can get it, and a little tobacco. The means of getting even this are wrung with difficulty from an inferior soil, which the want of capital and markets prevents from being cultivated to the best advantage.

As you walk along, small fields and little narrow strips of land of themselves denote the existence of a number of small proprietors. The agricultural system adopted is something like that of out-field and in-field once universal in Scotland; but the great resource of the peasantry, as in all upland countries, is pasturage, and the irrigation of their meadows is pursued by them with great assiduity and skill. At the time of the snow-melting, when the hill-sides are running with water, the overplus is distributed equally over the surface by a multiplicity of ditches and conduits, the level being regulated with great care. The reward of this labour is an abundance of coarse herbage, nourishing large herds of cattle, the sale of which in the border provinces of France is a chief source of subsistence. Many of the streams which feed this verdure are dried up during the fierce heats of summer; and a prairie or water-meadow, warranted to last through the year, fetches a very high price, considering the value of money. It is not probable that the state of things here described will continue much longer. Already a railway, planned by British engineers, and executed by British capital, is commenced through the district, to construct which thousands of acres will be dismantled of their timber. The consequent demand for labourers has already raised the labour-price one-half. The railway will bring lime, and lime will make fruitful cornfields out of desolate heaths. The fine oaks and beeches, now rotting on the ground, or felled only for firewood, owing to a want of the means of transport, will then realise their value, and a general clearance will ensue. The squirrels will be dismounted; the few remaining wolves knocked on the head; the deer will vanish with the destruction of their covers, or survive only in

parks; the sights, sounds, thoughts, and feelings of pleasant but unprogressive woodland life, will give way to the features and habits of a thriving and well-peopled country; and a few venerable trunks, preserved by accident or taste, will alone mark the site of the perished Forest of Arden.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

We are all aware of the importance of water in the aliment of plants; but in some parts of the world vegetable food is grown in lakes and rivers, just as here it is cultivated in fields. The closest approach we make to this is in our plantations of water-cresses; but in the south of France and in Italy, as we proceed towards a higher latitude, the water-nut—a most important production, as we shall see—first appears in the market. The seeds of this plant, which grows in the water, consist of pure edible fecula, and are eaten raw, roasted, or in soups, and, from their taste, usually receive the name of water-chestnuts. In Venice they were formerly sold, we do not know why, as 'Jesuits' Nuts;' and Pliny's account of their being gathered by the dwellers on the Nile, is confirmed by some being still occasionally found in the folds of the mummy cloth.

In India the water-nut, which is there called Singara, is extensively grown, both for local consumption and transport, and is frequently carried on the backs of bullocks several hundred miles to market. The tanks where it is cultivated are laid out in *fields*, the limits of which are marked by tall bamboos, and the peasants pay for the holdings by the acre. These water-farmers conduct their operations by means of boats; planting, weeding, and gathering in their singara at the proper seasons, just as their brethren on land do with their wheat or barley. And a tank in India, be it remembered, is rarely a pond; it is often a considerable lake, and sometimes might present to an unaccustomed eye the appearance of an inland sea, with only the high land dimly visible beyond. In such cases the tanks are not excavations, but extensive valleys, dammed up at the lower end, so as to confine the waters of the district in one immense basin; and the steps which lead to them, instead of being formed of hewn stone, as in smaller works of the kind, are the declivities of granite mountains. In southern India these vast reservoirs are, in some instances, more than twenty miles in circumference; and we are told of embanked dams between the Indus and the Suliman mountains thirty miles long.

The singara lakes have sometimes proved a great blessing to the towns in their neighbourhood—for the water plants do not fail, like those of the land. Colonel Sleeman mentions a lake in Bundelcund which, by means of nuts and fish, preserved the lives of seven towns during a recent famine. This sheet of water was four miles long by two broad; but from the mountain-ridge forming one of its sides the traveller saw a still more extensive lake, which had answered a similar purpose on a larger scale. The ridge, dominated by the ruined palace of the Hindoo prince who constructed the tank, was composed 'of high and bare quartz hills, towering above all others, curling and foaming at the top like a wave ready to burst when suddenly arrested by the hand of Omnipotence.'

The leaves of the plants float upon the surface of the water, and in the earlier part of the day present the appearance of a green field; but in the afternoon their pure white flowers expand, and peeping, opening, or bursting into beauty, give an agreeable variety to the picture. When the flowers decay, the nut, which is under the water, begins to ripen, and in September the harvest is ready. The white kernel is covered with a tough brown integument, and the whole is imbedded in a triangular shell. It is not fit for consumption for more than three months, when eaten *au naturel;* but it is likewise used in the form of meal, and will then keep for a considerable time.

In China the water-nut is extensively cultivated in lakes and ponds, but more especially in the shallower waters of the Imperial Canal. The sacred lotus, however, appears to be there more widely diffused; and not, with so practical and prosaic a people, on account of its superior beauty, but more probably because the roots, as well as the seeds, are eatable. The seeds are described by Davis as resembling an acorn without the cup, and the roots as being white, juicy, and of a sweet and refreshing taste. Its 'tulip-like but gigantic blossoms, tinted with pink or yellow, hang over its broad peltated leaves;' and this gorgeous carpet is spread over immense fields of water.

Cashmere, however, must be considered as the country *par excellence* of the water-nut, since there a very considerable portion of the population live upon it alone. This region is embosomed in mountains, the culminating ridge which shuts it in from the rest of the world forming an oval figure one hundred and twenty miles long and seventy miles broad. The plain at the bottom, however, is estimated by Hugel at only seventy-five miles long and forty miles broad; the intermediate space being composed of the precipitous sides of the mountains, swelling out as they descend into green hills, that sink gracefully into the emerald sward of the plain. The summits are crowned with perpetual snow, and cataracts rush down their ravines; but, on approaching the vale, these torrents lose their fierceness, and roll in smooth streams, between undulating hills, till they reach the central waters. These are surrounded with perennial spring, and wander through groves and plains which the traveller Bernier concluded to have been actually the site of the Garden of Eden!

The waters are composed of the river Jailum, which wanders through the whole valley, now expanding into shallow lakes, one of which is twenty miles long and nine broad, and now rolling in a deep full stream, flanked by numerous small lakes and tarns. The excessive richness of the vegetation in this remarkable valley is not confined to the dry land; for every piece of water is mantled over either with nuts or lotus. In the Walur lake, sixty thousand tons of nuts are raised every year, and they are the sole subsistence of twenty thousand persons, who think it an almost intolerable calamity when driven to have recourse to any other kind of food. The superficial extent of this lake is a hundred square miles, by which some idea of its extraordinary productiveness may be formed, supporting as it does two hundred persons to the square mile.

The other waters are clothed with the more picturesque lotus, the seeds or beans of which are here eaten as a delicacy when they are unripe; and the leaf-stalks, when boiled till they are tender, are considered palatable and nutritious food. The flower and leaf of the lotus always floats; and for this reason, probably, the plant is regarded by the Hindoos as a mystic emblem of the preservation of the world during the deluge. In Cashmere, however, it has the more practical merit of supporting a considerable part of the population, although no author has attempted to estimate the amount of its produce. We may add, that the population fed upon such substances—including those who live upon the nuts alone—are described by all travellers as being models of strength, symmetry, and beauty.

The lotus appears to be likewise indigenous in America; and there the seeds, as in Cashmere, are eaten when green. We copy the following very remarkable picture from 'Flint's Geography and History of the Western States:'—

'Among the flourishing aquatic plants, there is one that, for magnificence and beauty, stands unrivalled and alone. We have seen it on the middle and southern waters; but of the greatest size and splendour on the bayous and lakes of the Arkansas. It has different popular names. The upper Indians call it Panocco. We have seen it designated by botanists by the name *Nymphœa nelumbo*. It rises from a root resembling the large stump of a cabbage, and from depths in the water of two or three to ten feet. It has an elliptical, smooth, and verdant leaf, some of the largest being the size of a parasol. These muddy bayous and stagnant waters are often so covered with those leaves, that the sandpiper walks abroad on the surface without dipping her feet in the water. The flowers are enlarged copies of the *Nymphœa*

oderata, or New England pond-lily. They have a cup of the same elegant conformation, and all the brilliant white and yellow of that flower. They want the ambrosial fragrance of the pond-lily, and resemble in this respect, as they do in their size, the flowers of the laurel magnolia. On the whole, they are the largest and most beautiful flowers that we have seen. They have their home in dead lakes, in the centre of cypress swamps. Mosquitoes swarm above, obscene fowls wheel their flight over them, alligators swim above their roots, and moccasin snakes bask on their leaves. In such lonely and repulsive situations, under such circumstances, and for such spectators, is arrayed the most gaudy and brilliant display of flowers in the creation. In the capsule are imbedded from four to six acorn-shaped seeds, which the Indians roast and eat when green; or they are dried, and eaten as nuts; or are pulverised into meal, and form a kind of bread.'

The *Victoria Regina*, found by Mr Schomburgh in the river Berbice, slightly differs from the nymphæa botanically. He describes it as 'a vegetable wonder—a gigantic leaf from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim of a light-green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting on the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms; and as I rowed from one to the other, I always found something to admire.'

Among the plants cultivated in water for the food of man may be included rice; although this grows not in lakes or rivers, but in small dams, as the fields may be termed. Rice is likewise different from the other productions we have mentioned, inasmuch as the plants live, though they do not thrive, in dry ground. In this case, however, the produce is rarely a tenth part of a full crop; to obtain which, not only irrigation, but entire submersion is necessary. In India the rice-fields are frequently under water, even when they are ploughed; and thus the operation, as Tennant observes, more nearly resembles that of a potter in preparing and *setting* his clay, than the cultivation of a field. The plants, however, are first brought to a certain height in a separate bed, and then transplanted into the water; which is done by fixing a ball of clay to the roots of two or three stalks, and dropping the whole into the pond. This explains a passage in Ecclesiastes, more frequently quoted than understood—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;' which means that, in the ordinary providence of God, we shall enjoy the reward of a good work in due season. *We* have but to plant; and the sun, the winds, and the waters—the ministers of a higher Power—whose operations we cannot comprehend, will bring the seed to perfection.

In China, Captain Hamilton observed the cultivators sailing among their crops in boats; and Medhurst tells us that, from the preparing of the ground for the seed, almost to the reaping of the harvest, the rice-fields must be overspread with water. For this purpose each field or shallow pond has an elevated ridge or border, with a stream continually flowing in; a precaution requisite to provide against waste by evaporation, as well as to insure a supply from the overplus to the lower grounds. The water is either 'raised by artificial means—such as pumps, levers, wheels, &c.—from a lower to a higher region, or conducted, with great skill and care, from some elevated position along the sides of hills, and across valleys, to the desired spot; where, introduced into the highest field of the series, it gradually flows down to the lower terraces, until it is lost in the river or the sea.' Crawford notices the same practice in some parts of the Indian Archipelago, and adds that, when ripe, this most beautiful of all cereal crops, then of a rich golden colour, waving in tall masses, terrace above terrace, gives an inexpressible magnificence to the landscape.

The necessity for a copious supply of water in the cultivation of rice is one principal cause of the famines which from time to time have desolated India. There the abundance or scantiness of the rains during the wet season is a question of life and death to tens of thousands. The wells and tanks are at such times of little use for irrigation, as the bullocks die for lack of provender; and the grain perishes, partly from the drought, and partly from want of cultivation. In this position each inland district is shut up in its own misery; for, generally speaking, there are no roads by which to bring relief, and no money, if there were roads, to purchase it. The people die in thousands without a murmur, for they recognise in the cause of the famine the finger of Providence; ignorant, from ages of misrule, of the awful responsibility which weighs upon their rulers. The roads swarm with fugitives from the land of famine, travelling sick, faint, and weary, in search of food. In the villages, as they pass, the mothers offer their babes to strangers, but the strangers are as destitute as themselves. Some lie down by the wayside, and the highway is strewed with their corpses; while others crawl into gardens and ruins, to die in silence and alone. The less hopeful never leave their famine-stricken hamlet at all; but, ashamed to go forth for the purpose of begging, take opium—husband, wife, and children—and expire in each others' arms.

In such awful cases, the lakes and tanks at least diminish the misery they cannot remove. The water-nut supports its thousands; and the sacred lotus realises the dream of the Brahmin—being not only an emblem, but a means, of the preservation of human life till the angel of destruction has passed by.

FACTS FROM GWEEDORE.

In the county of Donegal, on the north-west coast of Ireland, is situated a wild mountain district called Gweedore, about which a pamphlet of a remarkable nature, from the pen of Lord George Hill, has lately made its appearance.* The object of the publication is to satisfy a reasonable curiosity which has been expressed by his lordship's friends respecting a somewhat Quixotic attempt to improve an estate, or, more correctly speaking, to reclaim from worse than a state of nature a tract of country of which he had become the purchaser. The noble author's production boasts none of the graces of polite literature; it is little else than a series of facts treated plainly and statistically; but on that account we like it all the better. Practical and to the point, it demonstrates, in language not to be misunderstood, what a new world Ireland might become were its landowners resolutely to address themselves to the task of improvement. The account of Lord George Hill's efforts, however, may be inspiriting in other quarters; and as his 'Facts from Gweedore' have as yet attracted little attention from the press, we propose to give them as wide a publicity as may be possible through the medium of these pages. It will be necessary, in the first place, to describe the condition of Gweedore previous to its change of owners.

Gweedore, which forms part of the parish of Tullaghobegly, extends to twenty-three thousand acres of mountain-grazing and arable land. Up to 1838, it belonged to a number of proprietors, none of whom resided in the district. The population of the parish amounted to about nine thousand individuals, of whom a third were located in Gweedore. The Irish language was universally spoken, and comparatively few knew English. There does not appear to have been any clergyman of the established church within the district. The people were all Roman Catholics, and had a chapel and a priest. Besides this gentleman there was a schoolmaster, on miserable pay, who taught a few pupils; likewise a coast-guard and constabulary force. And here may be said to conclude the list of individuals above the condition of an ignorant, wretched, and lawless peasantry. Grazing of cattle and sheep, the cultiva-

* Facts from Gweedore; compiled from Notes, by Lord George Hill. Dublin: Philip Dixon Hardy and Sons. London: Hatchard and Sons, Piccadilly. 1846. An 8vo. pamphlet, with cuts and map.

tion of patches of land, fishing at certain seasons, and the illicit distillation of whisky, formed the means of general subsistence. Everything was on the rudest possible scale. There were no handicrafts, no inns, no shops; articles were purchased at a dear rate from hawkers, and the produce of the district could be disposed of only at fairs or in distant towns. The state of the roads was also deplorable. 'Even in the year 1837, when the lord-lieutenant made his tour through those parts of Donegal, the leading road was so broken up and intercepted by boggy sloughs (though in the middle of summer), that his excellency might not have been able to proceed along part of it, had it not been for the ingenuity of a country fellow, who, observing the difficulty, with all the quickness and spirit of a rustic Raleigh ran to his cabin, whipt off the door, and hurrying to his excellency's relief, laid it down before his horse's feet; by this device his lordship and staff were enabled to proceed in comfort. As soon as they had passed, the man immediately hoisted the door on his shoulders, tripped on merrily before his excellency, until he saw it necessary to lower it again; and thus he accompanied the cavalcade, being, perhaps, not the least useful attaché to the suite.'

In the same year in which the lord-lieutenant paid a visit to Donegal, a memorial was presented to his excellency by Patrick M'Kye, teacher in the parish, showing the general state of affairs. We transcribe it as a curiosity.

'Humbly showeth—That the parishioners of this parish of West Tullaghobegly, in the barony of Kilmacrennan, and county of Donegal, are in the most needy, hungry, and naked condition of any people that ever came within the precincts of my knowledge, although I have travelled a part of nine counties in Ireland, also a part of England and Scotland, together with a part of British America; I have likewise perambulated 2253 miles through seven of the United States, and never witnessed the tenth part of such hunger, hardships, and nakedness.

'Now, my lord, if the causes which I now lay before your excellency were not of very extraordinary importance, I would never presume that it should be laid before you. But I consider myself in duty bound by charity to relieve distressed and hungry fellow-man; although I am sorry to state that my charity cannot extend farther than to explain to the rich where hunger and hardships exists, in almost in the greatest degree that nature can endure. And which I shall endeavour to explain in detail, with all the truth and accuracy in my power, and that without the least exaggeration, as follows:—All within the parish [9049 in 1841] are as poor as I shall describe them. They have among them no more than one cart, no wheel car, no coach or any other wheeled vehicle, one plough, sixteen harrows, eight saddles, two pillions, eleven bridles, twenty shovels, thirty-two rakes, seven table-forks, ninety-three chairs, two hundred and forty-three stools, ten iron grapes, no swine, hogs, or pigs, twenty-seven geese, three turkeys, two feather beds, eight chaff beds, two stables, six cow-houses, one national school, no other school, one priest, no other resident gentleman, no bonnet, no clock, three watches, eight brass candlesticks, no looking-glasses above threepence in price, no boots, no spurs, no fruit-trees, no turnips, no parsnips, no carrots, no clover or any other garden vegetables, but potatoes and cabbage, and not more than ten square feet of glass in windows in the whole, with the exception of the chapel, the school-house, the priest's house, Mr Dombrain's house, and the constabulary barrack.

'None of their either married or unmarried women can afford more than one shift, and a few cannot afford any; more than one-half of both men and women cannot afford shoes to their feet, nor can many of them afford a second bed, but whole families of sons and daughters of mature age indiscriminately lying together with their parents.

'They have no means of harrowing their land but with meadow rakes. Their farms are so small, that from four to ten farms can be harrowed in a day with one rake.

'Their beds are straw—green and dried rushes or mountain bent: their bedclothes are either coarse sheets, or no sheets, and ragged filthy blankets.

'And, worse than all that I have mentioned, there is a general prospect of starvation at the present prevailing among them, and that originating from various causes; but the principal cause is a rot or failure of seed in the last year's crop, together with a scarcity of winter forage, in consequence of a long continuation of storm since October last in this part of the country.

'So that they, the people, were under the necessity of cutting down their potatoes and give them to their cattle to keep them alive. All these circumstances connected together, has brought hunger to reign among them to that degree that the generality of the peasantry are on the small allowance of one meal a-day, and many families cannot afford more than one meal in two days, and sometimes one meal in three days.

'Their children crying and fainting with hunger, and their parents weeping, being full of grief, hunger, debility, and dejection, with glooming aspect, looking at their children likely to expire in the jaws of starvation. Also, in addition to all, their cattle and sheep are dying with hunger, and their owners forced by hunger to eat the flesh of such.

''Tis reasonable to suppose that the use of such flesh will raise some infectious disease among the people, and may very reasonably be supposed that the people will die more numerous than the cattle and sheep, if some immediate relief are not sent to alleviate their hunger.

'Now, my lord, it may perhaps seem inconsistent with truth that all that I have said could possibly be true; but if any unprejudiced gentleman should be sent here to investigate my report, I will, if called on, go with him from house to house, where his eyes will fully satisfy and convince him, and where I can show him about one hundred and forty children bare-naked, and was so during winter, and some hundreds only covered with filthy rags, most disgustful to look at. Also man and beast housed together; that is, the families in one end of the house, and the cattle in the other. Some houses having within their walls from one to thirty hundredweights of dung, others having from ten to fifteen tons weight of dung, and only cleaned out once a-year!

'I have also to add, that the national school has greatly decreased in number of scholars, through hunger and extreme poverty; and the teacher of said school, with a family of nine persons, depending on a salary of L.8 a-year, without any benefit from any other source. If I may hyperbolically speak, it is an honour for the Board of Education!'

It would be scarcely possible to imagine a state of things more deplorable than is here represented; and it will appear surprising how such abject destitution should have occurred at all. This involves an interesting point in political economy; affording a striking picture of the abyss into which a people may sink by following a wrong social and industrial system. It may be said that affairs could not have sunk into so lamentable a condition had the landowners resided on their properties; but at the same time it would be too much to impute blame exclusively to absenteeship. The landlords drew comparatively little money from their properties. The rents were small, and ill paid. Arrears frequently accumulated for years; bailiffs were afraid to execute writs within the district; and often no rents were paid at all. Practically, the land was held in permanence by the tenants. There was no getting them out of it. They appropriated and used, divided and subdivided, mortgaged and bequeathed their farms just as if they had been their own property. In the course of time, accordingly, the whole district was cut up into patches, and had got into a numerous variety of hands, altogether different from those

acknowledged by the lawful owner. As an instance of this species of subdivision and transfer, one field of about half an acre was held by twenty-six persons. 'The farms were also frequently, at the death of parents, reduced to atoms at once; being then divided among all the children: in such cases, when the farm was small, it left to each a mere shred, and by this simple process the next generation were beggars.' The whole district, therefore, was as nearly as possible an arbitrary appropriation by its inhabitants; and yet these people, in doing what they liked, were plunged into a state of poverty the most appalling the imagination can conceive. Those who entertain the theory that capitalists are monsters of rapacity, and that the world might be transformed into an earthly paradise by giving every man his acre, will do well to ponder on this instructive fact.

The truth is, neither the landlords nor tenants were specially to blame. The error lay in a system which had been growing up for ages, and of which both parties were ultimately the victims. The practice of dividing and re-dividing the lands, to accommodate a poor and increasing population, was the proximate source of deterioration. We are told that in many instances farmers had patches of land in thirty to forty different places, without fences to separate them from other patches, or to keep out cattle; and it was a rule that such patches should be of different qualities — good, middling, and bad—in order that all might share alike. Disputes, fights, trespasses, and confusion were the natural consequences of this *Rundale* system, as it was called; and sometimes a poor man would abandon his inheritance of thirty shreds of ground, in utter despair of ever being able to make them out. Worse than all, 'on a certain day all the cattle of the townland were brought from the mountains, and allowed to run indiscriminately over the arable land, and any that had not the potatoes dug, or other crops off the ground, were much injured; neither could any one man venture to grow turnips, clover, or other green crops, for nothing short of a seven-feet wall would keep out the mountain sheep.' In addition, there prevailed a practice of holding pieces of land in partnership, and the very animals were sometimes matter of division. 'In an adjacent island, *three* men were concerned in *one* horse; but the poor brute was rendered useless, as the unfortunate foot of the supernumerary leg remained *unshod*, none of them being willing to acknowledge its dependency, and accordingly it became quite lame. There were many intestine rows on the subject; at length one of the "company" came to the mainland, and called on a magistrate for advice, stating that the animal was entirely useless now; that he had not only kept up, decently, his proper hoof at his own expense, but had shod this fourth foot twice to boot! yet the other two proprietors resolutely refused to shoe more than *their won foot!*'

Here we may close the evidence as to the condition of Gweedore previous to 1838, in which year, and subsequently, the properties now composing the estate were purchased by Lord George Hill. We shall now see how his lordship set to work to remedy this state of affairs.

The acquisition and transference of land in Ireland is usually a matter of serious difficulty; any attempt to reorganise the tenantries being frequently visited by the assassination of the principal or his agents. Perhaps too little pains is taken on such occasions to explain matters to the people, or to commence in the right way. It does not appear that Lord George Hill was exposed to anything like indignity or outrage on taking possession of his property or remodelling the tenantries. Fearless of danger, he went with his agent to reside on the spot, central to the operations which he intended to pursue. His object was to become personally acquainted with his tenantry, and so obtain an insight into their condition and character. For this purpose, on establishing himself at Gweedore, he visited every house in the district, and entered into conversation with its inmates in their own tongue, which he fortunately was able to speak. The intercourse so established was pleasing and attractive to the people, who had never before heard the language of sympathy from a superior; and they asserted that their new landlord 'could not be a lord at all, particularly as he spoke Irish.'

The first thing done was to induce the abandonment of illicit distillation, which caused ruinous habits, poverty, and social disorder, and likewise occasional famines, by consuming the grain which should otherwise have been made into food. It was of no use, however, attempting to preach down this evil. The plan consisted in opening up a market for the disposal of grain at a fair price, payable in ready money. 'In 1839, a corn store, eighty-four feet long by twenty-two feet wide, having three lofts and a kiln, was built at the port of Bunbeg, capable of containing three or four hundred tons of oats. A quay was formed in front of the store, at which vessels of two hundred tons can load or discharge, there being fourteen feet of water at the height of the tide. A market was thus established for the grain of the district, the price given for it being much the same as at Letterkenny, six-and-twenty miles distant. There was much difficulty in getting this store built; even the site of it had to be excavated, by blasting from the solid rock, and there were no masons or carpenters in the country capable of erecting a building of the kind. So great was the difficulty of getting even a coffin made, that to secure the services of a carpenter, such as the district afforded, many of the people gave him annually, by way of a retaining fee, sheaves of oats, on the express condition of making their coffin when they died! It was therefore found necessary to introduce competent tradesmen; and even then much manœuvring was requisite to get those who were brought for the purpose to remain. They were paid regularly every Saturday night; but it was by no means unusual, on mustering the hands on Monday morning, to have it reported that a carpenter or mason had deserted in the interval; and it was no wonder! The aspect of the country being so prodigiously different from anything they had ever seen, and the comforts they had been accustomed to, such as bread and meat, not for any consideration to be procured, there being neither baker nor butcher nearer than a day's journey!'

The store acted like a charm. In the first year of its operations the sum of L.479, 9s. 6½d. was paid for oats; and for the year 1844 the amount was L.1100. Grain, butter, hides, and wool were also purchased; the whole being shipped for Liverpool; and between that port and Bunbeg a trade accordingly sprung up. Much as the money payments for oats were prized, they were of comparatively little use, in consequence of there being no means of laying them out to advantage. Lord George Hill, as a capitalist, again interposed to do that which no one else had the means to undertake. He established a wheelwright, to make carts and wheelbarrows; and opened a shop, at which iron, wood, salt, soap, candles, sugar, tea, and a few other articles were sold at the Letterkenny prices. The wheelwright, under the superintendence of the agent, acted as shopkeeper; but its noble owner put up a signboard with his own name over the door, expressing in Irish that he was licensed to sell tea, tobacco, and other excisable articles. Every year the business of the shop increased. The first quarter's sales to December 1840 amounted to L.40, 12s. 10d., whilst the corresponding quarter for 1844 was L.550. So many new articles are now added to the stock, that the shop embraces pretty nearly everything in groceries, crockery, hardware, drapery, and stationery; also some few drugs, and articles of confectionary and drysaltery. The concern having gone much beyond the powers of management of the wheelwright, has been put under the charge of an experienced person, with several assistants. His lordship also erected a mill for grinding wheat, and a bakery for making bread and biscuit; and of these articles, as also

of flour, a large sale ensued, in consequence of the improved habits and circumstances of the inhabitants. The whole transactions in buying and selling are in ready cash.

Soon after the establishment of the store, Lord George Hill began his endeavours to regulate the territorial arrangements. All the old and complex holdings were to be abolished; instead of having his land in disjointed scraps, every man was assured of getting a just proportion, according to his rent, in a single piece. The tenants were all assembled to hear the new measures proposed; and although they advanced innumerable objections, they peaceably consented to allow the allotments to be made; a degree of confidence being inspired in their minds, by being allowed to appoint a committee of themselves to assist in laying out the new farms. When all had been surveyed and laid out, the farms were distributed with the greatest regard to existing interests, and also by casting lots in cases of competing claims. 'It took about three years to accomplish the divisions, as upwards of twenty thousand acres had to be thus arranged and distributed. Altogether, it was a difficult task, and much thwarted by the people, as they naturally did not like that their old ways should be disturbed or interfered with, nor were they disposed as yet to abandon the Rundale system. They did not seem to have a *taste* for simple plain-dealing, or that matters should be put straight, and made easy of apprehension. The greater part of the tenants had to remove their houses, formerly in small clusters, to their new farms. This, though troublesome to them, was not a very expensive affair; as the custom on such occasions is for the person who has the work to be done to hire a fiddler, upon which *engagement* all the neighbours joyously assemble, and carry, in an incredibly short time, the stones and timber upon their backs to the new site: men, women, and children alternately dancing and working while daylight lasts, at the termination of which they adjourn to some dwelling, where they finish the night, often prolonging the dance to dawn of day, and with little other entertainment but that which a fiddler or two affords.'

The only arrangement to which the people made any violent opposition was the fencing of a few ten-acre farms on the waste land. Nothing would induce them to construct the fences, though good payment was offered; and when strangers were employed in the work, they molested them, and pulled down at night what was erected during the day. An energetic display of police force at length quelled this turbulence, and the fences were permitted to stand. The evident improvement in the condition of those tenants who had first got their allotments, helped considerably to allay discontent; and in time the people became absolutely pressing to have land allotted to them in the same manner. When the arrangements were completed, the whole district formed a well-organised system of farms varying in size, each with a cottage attached, and approachable by roads made chiefly at the expense of the proprietor. And as the store carried off the produce, so did the shop furnish the cottages with crockery, pans, bedding, and other articles necessary for domestic comfort.

In order to inspire a taste for neatness and habits of industry, Lord George Hill offered premiums to all who chose to compete in improvements in agriculture, draining, fencing, green crops, breeds of cattle and pigs; also for neat cottages with chimneys, plastered and whitewashed; making butter, weaving woollens, knitting, &c. 'The first year not a single individual could be induced to compete for the premiums, the people thinking it all a hoax, being convinced in their minds that no gentleman would be so great a fool as to give his money merely to benefit others. No doubt they considered themselves very knowing in not being taken in. In 1840, the tenants observing that any promise made to them was strictly fulfilled, acquired confidence, and some thought they might at all events try the thing. That year, therefore, there were thirty-six competitors for the premiums, which amounted to L.40, 1s. 6d.; and were so fairly awarded by the judges, that they caused general satisfaction.' Every year the number of competitors increased. In 1844 they amounted to two hundred and thirty-nine, to whom L.60 was paid.

Some things were still wanting. The district had no hotel. Here the noble proprietor once more acted nobly: he erected a handsome and commodious hotel at Gweedore, where travellers could be accommodated with lodgings, horses, and cars. Subsequently, a convenient session-house, and an airy and commodious schoolhouse, were erected, and put in operation. To the school a mistress was attached, to teach the girls sewing. In the schoolhouse, on Sundays, divine service is performed by a minister of the established church. Along with other improvements, illicit distillation and intemperance disappeared. Formerly, it was the custom at weddings for each friend or relation of the bride and bridegroom to bring a bottle of whisky: now, this is gone, and each deposits a loaf, or some other simple article of refreshment. With respect to advancement in economic arrangements, the following passages occur in a report by the gentlemen who adjudged the premiums in 1843:—

'We have found a considerable extent of new ground, reclaimed from bog and mountain, bearing good crops of oats and potatoes, and in many places the tenants already attempting the cultivation of green crops, by raising turnips, the value of which, as it becomes more generally known, will no doubt induce numbers of others to follow their example.

'We have to express our satisfaction at the evident improvement in the mode of reclaiming and cultivating the boggy and mountain lands, by draining and spade husbandry, and at the judicious manner in which, under the guidance of his lordship's agriculturist, the exertions of the people are directed, and their time and labour turned to the best account.

'We are also happy to find so much attention given to the home manufacture of woollens, the quality of the cloth of various kinds, and the flannel, stockings, &c. exhibited being most creditable. This branch of industry is, we conceive, particularly valuable, as it gives that employment to the females for which they are peculiarly fitted, and enables them to contribute, in no small degree, to the health and comfort of their families—affording cheap and warm clothing, and inculcating a spirit of exertion among them.

'In nothing, however, have we had such pleasure as in the marked improvement in the dwelling and office houses of the tenants, knowing what difficulties old habits and prejudices present to such changes. Until lately, the people were crowded together in miserable villages, where want of cleanliness, and the impure exhalations of dung-pits close to their dwelling-houses, generated disease and misery. Now we behold in all directions neat and comfortable cottages, attracting the eye by their well-thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, giving an aspect of life, health, and cheerfulness. Nor were we disappointed upon a closer inspection: we found that the interior of the houses fully realised the expectations raised by their exterior appearance—clean, orderly, and well-ventilated rooms, comfortable and suitable beds and bedsteads, with a supply of bedclothing and furniture equal at least to the wants of the inmates, and in many instances showing a taste in the arrangement for which we were quite unprepared.

'These various improvements we consider in a great measure attributable to the division of the lands into separate farms, and placing each tenant's house upon his own ground; one of the great advantages of which is, enabling them to place their dwellings, offices, and manure heaps in the most convenient situations for comfort and cleanliness—advantages of which, it is but justice to the tenants to say, they have fully availed themselves.

'It was peculiarly gratifying to us to witness the respectable appearance and orderly demeanour of the crowds of persons assembled upon this occasion, and the gratitude displayed in the looks and manner, even more than by the expressions, of the successful candidates, when, after the dinner provided for them by his lordship, and his agent had announced the decision of the judges, they approached his lordship and received from his hands the amount of the prizes respectively awarded them.'

We learn by a foot-note that on the above occasion Lord George Hill not only provided dinner for, but dined with his tenants. This was an honour altogether overwhelming. 'The poor people could not believe that they would be permitted *to dine with his lordship!* When assembled outside the house where the dinner was provided, seeing the surveyor, whom they knew, at the door, they anxiously inquired of him "if it was *really true* that they might go in?"'

Here may appropriately conclude this gratifying and 'eventful history.' A nobleman, abandoning the frivolities of the metropolis, has been seen expending his wealth and his energies on the reclamation of one of the least hopeful tracts of country in the British islands. By dint of benevolence, intelligence, and perseverence, he is successful. Lawless resistance to authority is suppressed—without firing a shot. Poverty is turned into prosperity, intemperance into sobriety, vice into virtue, ignorance into knowledge. While thus benefiting others, we trust that Lord George Hill has equally improved his own fortune by the hazardous enterprise which he undertook, and so courageously brought to an issue. As a lesson to Irish landlords, his example is invaluable, more particularly as his improvements have been carried out at his own cost and risk. Will this example be lost on those who are everlastingly seeking to have *something done for them*, instead of *doing for themselves?*

THE MANTLE OF LOVE.

'Love covereth all sins.'
—*Proverbs*, x. 11.

'I WISH, mamma, that you would buy me a satin mantle like that which Caroline Morrison had on to-day,' exclaimed Emily Thornley, looking up anxiously into her mother's face as she spoke. 'Did you not remark how elegant it was, and how beautifully it was trimmed with gimp and fringe?' she added, finding her parent did not reply.

'To own the truth, I took no notice of Miss Morrison's dress; my thoughts were too much engrossed by the conversation I was holding with her mother,' Mrs Thornley made answer. 'Perhaps, Emily,' she continued a little reproachfully, 'you were so taken up with your admiration of the mantle, that you did not listen to it: was it so?' Emily blushed, and hung down her head. 'I feared as much,' the lady resumed. 'Now, my dear, I must say that I think you would have been better employed in listening to Mrs Morrison's account of the good effected by the Infant School she has opened for the poor of the village, than observing either the texture or the trimmings of a mantle.'

'Oh, now you remind me, mamma, I do remember all about it; but I was thinking just now how much I should like to have such a mantle, and I forgot for the moment.'

'This is a proof that such frivolous things occupy your thoughts to the exclusion of subjects of utility.'

'No, mamma; one must think of one's dress sometimes; and you know that you were so kind as to say that you would take me with you to town to-morrow for the purpose of buying something of the kind for the autumn.'

'I did, my dear; and I do not intend to disappoint you of a suitable dress for the season: but you must remember that Mr Morrison is more wealthy than your papa, and can afford more expensive dress for his daughters.'

'Oh, I don't think Mr Morrison is very rich, mamma, though Caroline and Georgina always hold their heads up higher than any one else,' Emily interposed. 'Caroline would scarcely notice me to-day, because I was not so smart as she was; and so I should very much like to have such a mantle, if it were only just to show her and her sister that you *can* afford to dress me as well as their papa and mamma can dress them.'

'That is an unworthy motive, Emily; and you certainly do not advance your own interest by such a plea,' Mrs Thornley observed. 'I was sorry to find that your thoughts were so much taken up by a trifle, that you could feel no interest in the benevolent cause which formed the subject of conversation; but I am still more grieved to discover that the wish to rival your friend was stronger than your admiration of the article in question.'

'Well, mamma, but everybody says how proud the Misses Morrison are.'

'I never observed it; and I am of opinion that your everybody consists of some few envious girls, who, like yourself, Emily, have the desire, without the means, of making a similar appearance.'

'Oh no; indeed I do assure you it is so, mamma.'

'Well, we will not dispute the matter, my dear; but I should much like to see you possessed of a mantle which would become you better than the one Miss Morrison had on to-day.'

'You mean something plainer and more durable, mamma?'

'I mean something more durable, Emily; but one which would be at the same time more *beautiful*.'

The little girl looked astonished. 'What *can* be more beautiful than that richly-figured satin?' she interrogated.

'The mantle I refer to,' the mother resumed, 'would make you appear more attractive than the richest satin could do; and it would at the same time afford you more pleasure than the ungenerous and unamiable gratification of competing with your friend. I allude to the Mantle of Charity or Love.' Emily looked disconcerted. 'This mantle,' continued Mrs Thornley, 'would lead you to remark the estimable qualities of those around you, rather than their failings; and as it is much more gratifying to the feelings to contemplate that which excites our admiration, than those actions which arouse resentment or indignation, you would yourself be the gainer by it.'

'But we cannot avoid seeing people's faults when they are so very obvious,' Emily interposed.

'They may not be so obvious to one who is not predetermined to observe them; of which a convincing proof has this morning been given. I saw not the slightest indication of pride in Miss Morrison's demeanour; but, on the contrary, observed with great pleasure the lively interest she evidently takes in the plans of benevolence her parents are executing. It is most probable that this circumstance was the real occasion of her seemingly distant manner towards yourself. Thus you see, my dear girl, I who was looking for her good qualities, readily discovered them; whilst you, having your thoughts full of envy, not only failed to see what was truly estimable, but committed an act of positive injustice, by putting an unfavourable construction on the motives which actuated her conduct. Now, which think you derived the most pleasure from Miss Morrison's presence—I who was admiring, or you who were condemning?'

Emily answered by a flood of penitential tears.

'Let this be a lesson to you, my child, not to be too hasty in your censures,' the mother resumed; 'for where you are not capable of forming a correct judgment of the motives or actions of others, it is better to err on the side of charity, by which means you avoid wronging your fellow-creatures, and at the same time afford yourself a gratification for which no malevolent feelings can compensate.'

RICH AND POOR.

The envy and hatred with which the hard-working poor contemplate their more fortunate neighbours, would be much mitigated, and perhaps altogether extinguished, if they could be brought to reflect that, in a commercial country such as England, opulence and indigence are, in a majority of cases, the direct results and representatives of poverty and industry. For what does any man toil except to purchase an exemption from toil? What is the stimulus and support of a poor man? The hope of becoming rich. If the Hindoo system of castes prevailed among us—if the humble man, however gifted, could never expect to emerge from his obscurity, he might justly complain of his lot; but in no country is the road to distinction more unobstructedly open to all classes than in England. The fathers and

grandfathers of some of our wealthiest gentry, and of the most eminent of our living statesmen, have been mechanics and artisans. From the nature of things, these grand prizes in the lottery of life can be only gained by a few; but if every man has a chance, it is as much as he has any right to expect. All poor men try to get rich; and it is no injustice to the many that only a few succeed. Drudgery and dependence are doubtless evils; but it is a great mistake to suppose that opulence is always a good.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A GOOD TRUTH WELL STATED.

We regard man as a progressive being, and capable of being lifted by moral and intellectual culture to a far higher position in the scale of being than he has yet occupied. Classes and communities may be rough and rugged, and even reckless, but they are capable of improvement—they have heads to think, and hearts to feel. They can be reached by kindness, and are soon able to distinguish between the man who courts merely to make tools of them to serve his own personal or political purposes, and the man who seeks, from no self-interested view whatever, not to court, but to counsel them, and to tell them the truth in love—though the truth he tells may be frequently disagreeable for them to hear.—*Airdrie Advertiser* (*a new monthly paper*).

FLUENT SPEAKERS.

I have heard of some whose boast it is that, on any given topic, they can speak for any given time; even as Lucilius used, standing on one foot, to make two hundred verses, quality being, in either case, 'no object.' I have asked to what use is this power applied, and I have been told of some 'neat and appropriate' after-dinner advocacy of a patriotic and popular sentiment, amidst much jingling of glasses and great applause; or of some pathetic exposition in a debating club of the wrongs of the Scottish Mary, and the cruelty of her decapitation. I have listened to such, and if they were fair specimens of their class, there have been much well-considered gesticulation, much not unpleasing play of countenance and modulation of voice, 'periods well turned,' and 'points well made;' but no earnestness, no sincerity, no soul. The words rang hollow; they seemed to come from, rather than from out, the speaker; from the 'outer wall of the teeth,' not from the citadel of the heart. They were a reflection not of the speaker's thoughts, but of what he thought that the hearers thought his thoughts should be. And when the exhibition was over, there was left no distinct or strong impression; no lesson had been taught, but (most unconsciously) that of the worthlessness of words, when they are only the ornamental cenotaphs of thought. To persons of this class the abolition of some good stock grievance, if they meddle with such, is a sad calamity; it narrows their vocation, and puts them on 'short time.' But, generally, it is only against obsolete oppressions that they wax indignant; it is only for widely-admitted utilities that they contend. Applause, the breath of other men's nostrils, by which they live, would be more scarce, if they could not denounce or plead without offence to any. To all such let there, in every sense, be peace!—*Dr W. B. Hodgson's Address to the Mental Improvement Society of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.*

SONNET,

ON HEARING THE CLOCK STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT ON THE 31ST DECEMBER.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

HARK! In that dirge-like peal what magic lies
To move me thus? Unwilling thoughts that come,
Like long-laid ghosts from some forgotten tomb,
Tell me what potent spell hath said, Arise!
Yet stay awhile, ye dreams that my young eyes
Once loved to rest on; linger smiles, and tears
Far sweeter: but the shadow of lost years,
Mingling with darker clouds, already flies.

So, when a few faint notes of distant song
Pass o'er the heart of some lone traveller,
Like sounds he once had loved, the echoes there
Are straight awakened, that the tones prolong
One busy moment: soon 'tis heard no more,
And the cold heart is silent as before.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

FIFTEEN years have now elapsed since the commencement of our literary labours. The present number of the Journal is the beginning of our sixteenth year. Fifteen years are a considerable section of time, and witness many changes which, however inadequately appreciated as they occur, assume a degree of importance in the retrospect. We may be said to have seen two generations change their character. Those who, fifteen years ago, were babies dandled in the nurse's arms, are now young men and women about to enter into active life; those who were boys, are now men; lads just emerging from school and college, are now grave papas of thirty years and upwards; misses with red shoes are no longer romps, but mothers of families, engaged in the high consideration of finishing establishments for daughters and professions for sons. Our sheet is now read by the children of those who were children when we entered on our career. By many our paper must be looked upon as a prodigiously old concern: they will profess having seen it as long as they can remember. 'I have read you ever since I was a boy,' said a gentleman of portly bearing to us one day. The lapse of time had never before been presented so palpably to the eye. We began forthwith to consider ourselves as somewhat aged persons.

And yet the progress of years is felt by us in no other way than in the consciousness of an increased desire to work out the purposes for which the present work was established. It is now so long since we told what these purposes were, that many who have not followed us from the commencement are apt to form incorrect impressions on the subject, and to recommend plans inconsistent with our principles of management. In the Editor's address to his readers (February 4, 1832), it was intimated that the object of the publication was to 'take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such a form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the labourer draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction: nay, every schoolboy shall be able to purchase, with his pocket-money, something permanently useful—something calculated to influence his fate through life—instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, by associations established under all the advantages of an extensive capital, as well as the influence of baronial title, and the endeavour has generally been attended with beneficial results. Yet the great end has not been gained. The dearth of the publications, the harshness of official authority, and, above all, the method of attaching the interests of political or ecclesiastical corporations to the course of instruction or reading, have, separately or conjunctly, circumscribed the limits of their operation; so that the world, on the whole, is but little the wiser for all the attempts which have in this manner been made. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Carefully eschewing the errors into which these praiseworthy associations have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel. Whatever may be my political principles—and I would not be in the least degree ashamed to own and defend them—neither these principles, nor any other, which would assuredly be destructive to my present views, shall ever mingle in my observations on the conventional arrangements of civil society. Nothing could afford me more unmitigated pleasure than to learn that CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL yielded equal edification and delight to the highest conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of a universal democracy: or was

read with as much avidity at the cheerless firesides of the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cottars of my native land.'

This frank avowal that our paper was to be addressed to *all;* that it should, as far as possible, avoid topics and allusions of a controversial nature, met with general sympathy and approbation; and it seems scarcely necessary to explain that, by adhering to these maxims throughout, while keeping at the same time ahead in questions of social economy, the work has attained its well-known large circulation, and has survived amidst the wreck of numerous competitors.

With these good results before us, it would surely be highly unwise now to alter our plans, in order to please the fancies of any sect, party, or individual. It is our firm conviction that any attempt to do so would be attended by failure. The many would be lost for the sake of the few who would be gained, and the work would soon dwindle into deserved insignificance. So much we say in all friendliness to those who seem inclined to fasten upon us functions for which we have no vocation. No, no; we must decline usurping the mission of the politician and the divine; we must leave the newspaper and the evangelical magazine to follow out their respective aims. To us, be it enough that we hold by the original charter of our constitution. CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL shall never be written for this or that country, or to meet this or that fashion of opinion, but remain to the end what it has been from the beginning—a LITERARY MISCELLANY, aspiring to inculcate the highest order of morals, universal brotherhood, and charity; to present exalted views of Creative Wisdom and Providential Care; and to impart correct, or at all events earnest and carefully formed, ideas on subjects of economic or general concern; endeavouring at the same time to raise no false expectations, to outrage no individual opinion, and to keep out of sight everything that would set mankind by the ears.*

It is so far favourable to the performance of these resolutions, that our task is becoming daily more easy, in consequence of society having outlived differences which used to excite hostile and unpleasant emotions. Much clearer views are now also entertained on subjects that were formerly treated with comparative indifference. Great, for example, have been the advances since 1832 with respect to the accountability and punishment of criminals, the treatment of the poor and the insane, the temperance cause, the education and management of infants, the preservation of peace and repression of war, the commercial intercourse among nations, the transmission of letters by post, the abolition of exclusive monopolies and privileges, the slave trade and slavery, the shortening of the hours of labour and other means of insuring health, the sanitary improvement of towns, and, generally speaking, everything which tends to elevate the mental condition of the people. With regard to the advances contemporaneously made in the arts, they are in themselves a wonder, and inspire the highest hopes of what is yet in store for busy and energetic-minded England. It is not the least remarkable fact in relation to these movements, that not one of them was projected or primarily assisted by any statesman, university, corporation, or other influential power. Even men of reputed learning had little or nothing to do with them. The whole were the suggestion of thoughtful persons moving in no high sphere of life. Opinions first combated as visionary, were afterwards embraced as truths. The press —that modern marvel— caught the general enthusiasm; and finally, statesmen and legislatures yielded a lagging adherence to what half the world had long since given their assent. The work of social, moral, physical improvement has, in a word, been of and by the people. Logic has not done it, mathematics have not done it, classical learning and endowments have not done it. The industrious and almost self-taught section of the people of Great Britain have alone done it. The honour is entirely theirs. How curious a tale to be hereafter told by the historian, that the great steps in civilisation which marked the second quarter of the nineteenth century were in no respect promoted, but actually retarded, by ministers of the crown; by all the learned bodies, so called; as well as by nearly every individual who, by his wealth, rank, or station, might have been reasonably expected to aid in the movement!

The necessary meliorations are not all completed. Society is only growing up to a due perception of many things which it is desirable to rectify for the sake of general happiness. The question of national education cannot now rest till divested of narrow views, and placed on a broad practical basis. This, we expect, will be the great work of the ensuing ten years. The condition of the accumulating masses of poor in large towns is likewise a problem requiring much consideration. A reorganisation of rural management is evidently necessary, for it is intimately connected with the subsistence of the people. Along with this, the game laws and laws of entail will require considerable modification. The practice of interring, and also that of having abbatoirs, in towns, are discreditable to the age, and cannot long endure. Why there is no system of registration for heritable property, no proper or safe receptacle for public records, and no public prosecution for offences, in England, while Scotland has all these, excites a reasonable degree of surprise. So also is it unaccountable, that while England is provided with a general system of registration for births, marriages, and deaths, there is nothing of the kind in Scotland, and neither has the latter country any coroner's inquest. More than one-half of all the public charities and philanthropic bequests, in England, are in a state of abeyance and dilapidation, for lack of a vigilant and controlling power. The committing of nearly the whole business of public conveyance to private and practically irresponsible companies, is already felt to have been a grievous error in legislation. Other things requiring to be considered and amended will occur to every one. So far as any of these momentous questions fall within the scope of our paper, they will as usual engage a due degree of attention. Nor will less interesting matters connected with the feelings and affections, along with all proper subjects of amusement and instruction, cease to form a principal part of our material. While helping the world on its way, in as far as our poor abilities serve, we can still promise to entertain the young, to cheer the desponding, and to recommend love and kindness among all.

* Pursuing a similar line of policy with respect to our EDUCATIONAL COURSE, we have found that series of school-books (to which particular sects find no difficulty in supplementing their own doctrinal treatises) adopted in India and other countries, where books constructed on a different plan would probably have been excluded. A gratifying instance of this wide acceptability has just fallen under our notice in an Indian newspaper, 'The Bombay Witness' for October 8, 1846:—'CHAMBERS'S MORAL CLASS-BOOK, translated into Mahratta by Hurree Kesowjee, 226 pages, royal 8vo. This work is a valuable addition to Mahratta literature, and we are rejoiced to see the translation from so skilful a hand. The subjects discussed are most important; and the instruction is communicated, not in a dry didactic style, but for the most part by means of fables and anecdotes—a method peculiarly adapted to the present state of the native community. The following are the titles of some of the chapters—Conduct towards Animals, Conduct towards Relations, Industry, Modesty, Temperance, Contentment, Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Truth, Love of our Country, &c. The work has been prepared and published at the expense of the Board of Education, and is sold at one rupee and twelve annas per copy. As the translator has endeavoured to follow the original closely, it will be found useful to those engaged in the study of English, and to Europeans who are studying Mahratta.'

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 158. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1847. Price 1½d.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Near a large inland town in England there is a line of aristocratic-looking villas, interrupted by gardens and pleasure-grounds. The most distant of these is likewise the most ancient—having been built in the time of the last generation; and, accordingly, it has hardly anything of the card-board appearance which so often distinguishes the edifices of the present day. Its grounds, besides, are more extensive, and more finely-wooded, than those of its neighbours; and, taken altogether, were it not for its façade forming nearly a line with the public road, it might well seem entitled to the name of a gentleman's seat.

This house is a favourable specimen of that class of the 'homes of England' to which it belongs; namely, the abodes of the wealthy and respectable families, who spend their fortunes in the towns where they have made them; only retiring a little way from the bustle of the streets, and surrounding themselves with the comforts which, having earned by their industry and integrity, they have a right to enjoy. The interior at this moment presents a picture of the quiet yet somewhat luxurious respectability which might be anticipated from the outward aspect of the house. It is far on in the evening, but the family are still enjoying the long twilight, helping it a little with one of the earliest fires of the season. They consist of a lady and gentleman, persons of middle life, and several children and young people; all taking advantage of the holiday interval between daylight and candlelight to do as little, and feel as comfortable, as possible. The father might seem, at first sight, to form an exception; for he is walking in silence up and down the floor: but this is only a habit—and every now and then he pauses in the midst of his meditations to look at his wife and family, in their large and handsomely-furnished room, and then at the evening out of doors, gathering dark and bleak round the common, and to *feel*, without expressing it, a deep thankfulness to God for his position.

'Papa,' said one of the children who was standing at the window, 'the man is still there: he is sitting on the chain.'

'Is he?' replied the father vacantly, and he continued his silent walk.

'He is now leaning against the lamp-post,' said another by and by; 'he looks so lonely!'

'Perhaps he is very poor,' remarked the eldest girl softly, who was sitting by the fireside. 'Mamma, I daresay, will allow you to give him some bread and cold meat?'

'Do you think, papa,' said the little boy, who was still gazing earnestly out of the window—'do you think that man has any house to go to, or any children, or any friends to care for him? He looks so very, very lonely!' The father, thus appealed to, stopped at the window mechanically, and looked in the required direction. He had himself observed the man, though half unconsciously, for a considerable time. There seemed to be some fascination for this stranger about the spot; for he had returned to it again and again during the evening, now looking up at the house, and then round the common, which was bounded by the road before it. Before the warmth of day had been entirely lost, he had occasionally thrown himself down upon the grass; but when the air became chill, he had walked along the road, or leant upon the chain which connected the row of chestnuts before the house, or reclined against the lamp-post. The master of this luxurious abode began to look as earnestly as his little boy; but when the man was taken in to receive the suggested donation of food, his eyes still continued fixed on the same spot, and it was evident that he was in a reverie, which had probably no connexion with the things or persons before him. Presently he resumed his walk, but in deeper silence and abstraction.

'Papa,' cried one of the children, bursting into the room, 'I am so glad! The man *is* hungry, and we have made him sit down in the hall, and he eats so fast!'

'He knows your name,' cried another; 'but he says you must be very old—and of course you are.'

'Nonsense!' interrupted the mother; 'he must take your papa for somebody else of the name.'

'To be sure he must,' said the little boy who had remained so long at the window; 'for he asked if you had any nephews——' Here the father started so violently, as to attract the attention of the whole group.

'Go on,' said he in a troubled voice.

'And when I said no, that you had never any nephews, he started—just as you did now!' The father turned away, and resumed his walk, but his pace was at first broken and hurried. He became calm, however, by degrees; and it was in his usual tone he desired them to ring for lights to the library, and to send the man to him there.

The library was an oblong octagonal room, with well-filled bookcases reaching on all sides to the lofty roof; and the idea of scholar-like seclusion was rendered complete by the inner side of the door being covered with imitative volumes, corresponding in appearance with the rest; so that, when it was shut, there seemed to be no means of ingress or egress, except by the large and lofty Gothic window looking into the garden. A lamp depended from the roof by a chain, and its shaded light brought out unobtrusively the gilding of the books and bookcases. A pair of lighted wax candles stood on the study-table near the fire, and beside it, seated in an ample library chair, the master of the house awaited the appearance of his destitute guest.

The man presently entered the room, and shutting

the door gently behind him, gave a quick, curious glance round the walls, and advanced slowly to the table. He was probably not older than his host, but the hair of the one was only grizzled, while that of the other was gray. The brow of the one was smooth, while that of the other was deeply indented, not by the parallel lines of thought or study, but the irregular wrinkles of anxiety, passion—perhaps crime. The one had a calm, reflective eye, and a mild though determined expression; while the glance of the other, full of fear mingled with defiance, was habitually restless, bespeaking a life of vicissitudes and expedients. The one was dressed with a precision bordering on the finical, and betraying the nicest discrimination as to the requirements of that middle period of life with which the gaiety of youth is as inconsistent as the gravity of old age; while the other was buttoned up to the throat in a threadbare black coat, scanty in dimensions, and yet permitting—perhaps for a good reason—no vestige of linen to be seen. The two gazed for some time into each other's eyes.

'Even so, Walter,' said the master of the house; 'it is thus we meet!'

'And as if we had never parted,' replied the guest, 'but for an hour or a day! Why, it seems as if there was not even a book out of its place! Nothing is changed but ourselves; and you are only changed by having become some twenty years older; while I—how is this, William—*cousin* William,' continued he passionately, 'why is this? What was the difference in our crime which has made this difference in our fortunes?'

'I can tell you *how* it is,' said William calmly, 'but not *why* it is; and even after we exchange revelations, I am of opinion that we shall still be in the dark.'

'No matter; I am curious to hear, and I shall not hesitate to tell. I have nothing to conceal; no motive for concealment; no house, no home, no family, no fortune, no respectability! I am more independent than you. Ha! ha! Proceed.'

'When we arrived at Liverpool,' said William slowly, like a man whose mind is busy in endeavouring to recall the past—'after——'

'I know, I know: go on. Our uncle was cold and harsh. We were treated more like slaves than assistants in his business and portions of his blood. We were, besides, young, sanguine, adventurous. The manners of the day and the place led us into dissipation; and if we did take what he ought to have given, and only a portion of what he would have left us at his death—Go on; I understand. When we arrived at Liverpool——'

'After robbing our uncle.'

'How!—this from you!'—and Walter's eyes travelled unconsciously round the beautiful library.

'It is merely the truth. It was our intention to proceed to some foreign country, with the vague notion of pushing our fortune——'

'And of sending back to our uncle, as soon as it might be in our power, the money we had made our stepping-stone. Do you forget that?'

'Pshaw!'

'Why, William, you are a worse reprobate than I! I cannot think of my first felony, even when alone, without summoning to my assistance all the excuses I can find.'

'My plan is different. When we arrived at Liverpool it was late, and we went to bed in the same room. I could not sleep. But it was fear that haunted me, not conscience. At every sound in the house I started in affright; and when, in the middle of the night, I heard the street door open, and a heavy, stern-sounding foot ascend the stair, the bed shook with my tremor. How I envied you! I might have thought, but for your deep breathing, that you were dead; and in that case I should have envied you still more. But at length the dawn came; and by degrees the rising hum of the great town; and then my wearied senses sunk into repose. When I awoke, I was alone!'

'What was your first thought?' demanded Walter suddenly.

'That you had robbed me in turn.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'The idea, under the circumstances, was natural—nay, unavoidable, in our state of mutual crime; but it turned out to be incorrect. My share of the booty was safe; and I concluded that, not wishing to disturb me, you had gone out to inquire about the sailing of a vessel. An hour passed away—two. What could have become of you? Had you determined to shake off the association of a companion you could not trust? Were you now on your way to some other seaport to escape from me? Or had you been arrested in the street, and carried to jail? If so, would you betray me? These were the questions that coursed each other through my mind; and at last a loud knocking at the door of my room threw me into an agony of terror. "*The coach for —— goes at twelve!*" cried a rough voice. How my heart leapt! The name of my native place brought with it a thousand associations; and my dead parents seemed to pass through the room, followed by every acquaintance I had in the town, and at last, closing the cortège, by my uncle: all bending eyes of sorrow, wonder, and reproach upon me as they glided away and disappeared. I buried my face in my hands and wept.'

'No!—did you? I see it now.'

'This tranquillised my spirit, and dressing myself hastily, I went out in search of you. I roamed through the principal streets, and along the interminable docks, fancying every moment that some one turned to look at me, and more than once darting into a lane, as I saw in the distance a figure which I persuaded myself I knew. At length I found my way back to the inn. The room was still solitary. Nothing was there but the things and persons of the past; and sitting down in the midst of the spectral show, ghastly, trembling, and bathed in a cold sweat, I gave myself up for a time to all the horrors of my situation. I was startled from my reverie by another loud knocking at the door of my room; and the rough voice cried this time—"*Only five minutes to twelve!*" Here William wiped his brow with his perfumed handkerchief.

'Go on,' cried Walter impatiently.

'I cannot tell precisely what followed. I have a confused recollection of rushing down the stairs; of forcing my way through a crowd; of being cursed and struck for my rudeness; of shouting after the coach, which had just started, till my brain reeled and my voice was lost. When I recover the thread of my narrative, I am on my way to this place at the rate of ten miles an hour.'

'Never mind the thread of your narrative,' interrupted Walter moodily. 'You confessed; you laid the blame upon me; you were forgiven—and there is an end.'

'Would that such had been the case! But I did not confess, because I knew that I should not be forgiven. The door being accidentally ajar, I made my way to my own quarters without being seen, first stealing into this room and replacing the money. No one came to look after me, for no one knew that I was in the house. I heard hour after hour strike; the daylight vanished by degrees; and when it became utterly dark, I crept shivering into bed. Fatigue, terror, agony of mind, and hunger—for I had eaten nothing all day—did their work; and I was found by the servants the next morning in a raging fever. From that day to this I never was asked a single question upon the subject! My impression is, that the vague guesses of the servants were received by my uncle as authentic information; that it was supposed that, on hearing of your flight, I had pursued, in order to bring you back, and that mortification and disappointment had occasioned my illness.'

'Was there ever fortune like this? Why, you might have kept the money, and it would have been supposed that I had taken the whole. And perhaps you did? Come, let us not have half confidences; only wait till I get to mine!'

'You forget,' said William gently, 'that I am here —and thus. But if you will not believe your own eyes, where is the use of my words? There are witnesses, however—hark!' and a knock was heard at the door, accompanied by a confused babble of small voices. It was the young children, brought by the nursemaid for the kiss of good-night; and in they walked, or tottered, according to their ages, with their snowy nightgowns, and white caps tied under their chin, and their rosy faces, dimpled with loving smiles, as they held up their little mouths to their father. Some of them offered their hands to their acquaintance of the hall; but the rough, shabby, destitute-looking man turned away to pore intently on the fire; although, when the door closed upon the children, his heretofore accomplice could see that his whole frame was shaken with silent sobs.

'I have little more to tell,' continued William. 'My illness gave me time for reflection; and the thoughts of my crime, though at first a spectre to affright, became at length a beacon to warn and to guide. My uncle seemed cold and stern to the last; and yet I often think that I should have found some opportunity of unburthening my heart, if an illness of any duration had preceded his death. But he was called suddenly away when I was still a very young man, and before a more mature observation of the world had led me to perceive how mistaken youth frequently are in their estimate of the supposed austerity of age. At his death, I found myself the heir of his business and property; and I had the misery of discovering, by the kind yet solemn terms of his will, that I had all along misjudged him—that his coldness was merely superficial, the result of hard experience and habitual thoughtfulness. In short, I married; I became a father; and I——'

'And you forgot,' added Walter bitterly, 'that you were once a——'

'Felon! Never. The fact is proved, as you will soon learn, by my name being well known in the annals of this town—I may say of this kingdom—among those of the men who have worked hardest for the prevention of crime and the reformation of criminals.' Walter rose hastily from his chair, and took two or three turns up and down the room, with long irregular strides, crushing his hands within each other. He then sat down again gently, almost timidly, and began his relation in a low voice.

'When I awoke,' said he, 'on that memorable morning in Liverpool, it was some time before I could understand where I was, or what had happened. Our scheme, you know, was not a sudden one; we had accustomed ourselves to it by degrees; and I had come to think it at least an off-hand, dashing, spirited affair. But that room was so silent! The hum of the town circled round without entering it, as it were; and you—you were like a corpse; white, ghastly, mute, motionless, dead. I could not breathe. I jumped up with a sensation of choking. I threw on my clothes violently: I would not awaken you *intentionally;* but I dragged about the chairs; I coughed, whistled, sung! and at length, enraged at your insensibility, I went forth to gasp in the open air. No warning met my ear—no messenger from Heaven gave me tidings of the coach—no mystic voice came to aid the whisperings of my conscience and my heart! A dull, gray, heavy sky hung over the town; the streets were crowded with phantoms whom I knew not, and who knew not me; the rush of the carriage wheels was as the rush of the viewless winds over a desert. I was suddenly asked, as I leant over one of the piers, looking into the dull waters, whether I would not lend a hand for a half-hour's trip; and descending mechanically into the boat, I soon found myself, with a single companion, going down the river before the wind.'

'Then, after all,' said William with curiosity, as the narrator paused, 'our separation was accidental? But how did you get to that foreign climate which has left such eloquent tokens upon your complexion?'

'You shall hear. The wind, which was with us going down the river, was against us coming back; and as it had increased in force, the proposed half-hour, notwithstanding all our exertions—growing more and more frantic on my part, as the time passed on—became at least three hours before we regained the pier. A misgiving, I could not tell of what nature, came over my mind, as I threaded my way through the streets to the inn. Still there was no warning; I heard no voice louder than another among the inarticulate murmurs of the town; and when a church clock struck *twelve* as I passed, it fell upon my heart, not like a peal for the living, but a knell for the dead. Before the sound was well out of my ear, I was once more in the deserted room—alone in my guilt, friendless and companionless in my despair!'

Up to this moment there had been something almost touching in the tone of Walter's voice—it seemed as if the young children had left some holy influence in the room. But here, smiting the table suddenly with his hand, he continued his narrative in a hoarse rude voice, and with an air of the desperado, so marked, that it might have seemed in part assumed. William in the meantime sat watching him with a calm and deep attention, on which not a tone or gesture was lost.

'Well, what was to be done. I was now alone—mark that—*alone!* There was not a human being in the world to whom I was not an object either of indifference or execration—who would not either have passed me by as a stranger, or arrested me for a felon. This is rarely the case even with the worst of criminals. Even in the bush of Van Diemen's Land—and I know Van Diemen's Land!—the ranger herds with the savages when he is cut off from his own fellows. Now, look you here. I went to London, when at length I had made up my mind that you had thrown off *one whom you could not trust,* and gone to try the world on your own account. But in London I was still alone; though not long! There is only one kind of society there that is freely open to the unintroduced; and that is the society of the depraved and the desperate. And what was I, that I should scorn such a resource? I was like yourself: I remembered that I was a felon; but I remembered it under different circumstances. I bethought myself that every shilling I spent was the produce of theft, till crime became a portion, as it were, of my existence! What could come of this when my money was spent—when, enervated by vice and misery, I could no longer look for employment—when the comrades of my brute enjoyments jeered me alike for my poverty and my cowardice? What could come of it, I say?'

'You had two courses; and notwithstanding your dreadful experience, you deliberately chose the worst.'

'That is false! It was not through deliberation, but in a fit of madness, aggravated by drunkenness, that I became a housebreaker! I was seized in the midst of my first crime—tried—and cast for fifteen years' transportation. The judge said it was a bad job. Perhaps he was right; that I know little about.' Walter's voice here became faint. The paroxysm to which he had wrought himself up was past; he had told the worst, and felt the worst, and he now went on in a subdued tone.

'I have little more to tell; for as I look back on these fifteen years, there is hardly one incident that, at this distance of time and place, appears to be distinguished from another. I believe I "behaved well;" at least I got a ticket of leave as soon as it could be legally granted. After the term was over, I tried to do something in Hobart Town; but it was not to be. I was ill—I was home-sick—I lost everything—even hope; and when I arrived in London a few weeks ago, I had no means, even of temporary support, but my apparel. I knew no one; I looked for no one; I felt like a man in a forest.'

'Then you came hither on the chance——'

'Of obtaining charity? No. I knew no one here any more than there. But this spot was England to me—

this was my home for which I had sickened—this was my country! The object of my journey was not accomplished till I came here. But when I did come, I saw nothing more than walls and trees. I lingered beside them simply because I had nowhere else to go. That is all.'

When Walter had finished his narration, he again looked round the beautiful library, then at the door, where he saw in imagination the young children, and their warm, loving smiles; and with an unconscious shiver he rose up, and pressing more closely the collar of his threadbare coat round his neck, seemed about to move slowly away. The earnest look with which William had been regarding him softened, and his eyes were suffused with that manly softness which in gentler woman is turned into tears.

'Sit down,' said he, 'my poor friend—my unhappy accomplice! We were separated for the good of both, and we meet again to complete the plan of a higher, wiser Power. A *circumstance* the most inconceivably trifling, the most apparently fortuitous, gave a different colour to our whole fortunes—a different direction to our whole lives. As a stone interposed in the course of a stream divides it in two, sending one portion through a garden and the other through a desert, so that circumstance made you a convict, and me—what you see. I was placed in circumstances where the wildnesses and indiscretions of youth were subdued, and my heart touched and changed even by prosperity; while you were permitted to pass from folly into guilt, that your more masculine nature might be wrung by its invariable attendant—misery. Sit down, Walter: let us be thankful for even the worst of the past, and look forward bravely, hopefully, confidingly to the future!'

Twenty years before, we have said, these two had sat in the same room; and twenty years after the present meeting they were still occasionally there together. But the same difference continued in their appearance and position. Walter was for many years the governor of a neighbouring prison, his cousin (never known as such) being security for him to a considerable amount; and he was highly respected in the country-side both for his firmness and humanity. They are now both dead; but though sleeping in the same churchyard, their relative rank is undisturbed. There is a tomb, which is one of the lions of the place, bearing an inscription commemorative of the talents and virtues of the deceased, and of his public services in the prevention of crime and the reformation of criminals. Near it is a plain slab, recording merely the name and age of the dead. And even this humble legend is nearly effaced by the footsteps of the visitors, who stand upon it to view the more remarkable monument. These are the tombs of the two felons.

VISIT TO THE BICÊTRE.

As superintendent of an asylum for the insane in one of the northern counties of England, I had for some time felt desirous of visiting Paris, for the purpose of examining the methods there pursued for cultivating the faculties and improving the habits of children of naturally weak intellect. This visit I was lately able to perform; and considering that what I saw may be usefully made known in my own country, I beg leave to do so through the medium of the Edinburgh Journal.*

The principal establishment for the reception of idiot children at Paris is the Bicêtre, a large hospital pleasantly situated on a rising-ground a short way from town. Aware that the French begin their labours at an early hour, and anxious fully to examine the subject which attracted me to this famed institution, I set out from my hotel soon after break of day on a fine autumn morning in the month of October. Before reaching my destination, the sun had completely risen, and shed his beams over the stately and venerable old palace, which, placed on a gentle eminence at the end of a long avenue of trees, formed a striking and imposing pile. Soon after passing the massive portals which form the main entrance, I found, on making inquiry, that I had arrived fully two hours before the time of opening the school for idiots. This circumstance, though causing a little loss of time, gave me, however, the opportunity of first walking through the whole establishment, and also of inquiring very narrowly into the state of several congenital idiots, who were loitering or playing in the yard adjoining the building devoted to their reception. After strolling about for some time, I stepped into one of the rooms, where several of the young inmates were separated from their fellows, owing to the prevalence of an epidemic ophthalmia which had recently broken out among them. The greater number were placed in bed, and were receiving the attention and appliances which their present condition rendered necessary. Three of them, who had recovered from the ophthalmia, were seated at a small table, partaking of excellent soup. They sat in an orderly and decorous manner, and took their food without scattering it or smearing the person—a circumstance nearly always observable in the neglected idiot. At the request of the interne, who kindly accompanied me, the youngest of the three rose from his seat, and repeated one of Lamartine's fables very distinctly, and with much spirit. During this recitation the others ceased to eat, and appeared to listen with pleasure to the display made by their young friend. Conceiving that this child manifested a precocity and irregularity rather than a deficiency of intellect, I intimated my wish that his cap should be removed, so that I could have the opportunity of examining the shape of his head. He immediately made the attempt to comply, but finding that the strings had become knotted under his chin, he showed some signs of impatience at the obstruction. One of the idiots, seeing his difficulty, rose from his seat, and rendered him the necessary assistance, by carefully untying the knot. I remarked that this youth, who thus noticed the dilemma of his companion, and then immediately relieved him, had all the characteristic appearance of a genuine idiot. I could not observe this simple occurrence without becoming at once sensible that much had been done for these poor creatures, who, born with an imperfect mental organisation, have been made capable of exercising the faculties of observation, comprehension, and a power of application, which, a few years ago, it would have been thought impossible to communicate to them.

After waiting a little while, the arrival of M. Vallée, the courteous and spirited instructor of the youths, was announced. I was conducted by him to a spacious room, in which were assembled about forty idiots. They were arranged along three sides of the room, and were standing still in a most orderly manner. The majority of them appeared to be about twelve or fourteen years of age; a few seemed to be not more than seven or eight; and a still smaller number had perhaps reached their twentieth year. There were no indications of impatience, no involuntary movements, gesticulations, nor any of those disagreeable moaning whining sounds known to be common among this class of persons. All seemed attentive, and ready to enter upon their exercises. I cast my eye around the room, with the view of ascertaining, from external conformation, whether the young people standing

* This paper has been forwarded to us from a respectable quarter, and though referring to a subject already noticed in these pages (No. 614, first series), its importance to society, not to speak of its consolatoriness to many an unhappy parent, induces us to give it a place.—Ed. C. E. J.

before me were truly congenital idiots. I recognised a few who had previously attracted my attention as having all the characteristics of this class in a marked degree, and most of the others presented similar indications, such as stinted growth, small and peculiarly-shaped head, and singular form and vacant expression of countenance. Satisfied that I saw before me a number of human beings born with that species of imperfect organisation in which the understanding does not become developed, I waited with no small interest for the commencement of their exercises.

At the request of their kind master, two of the younger boys advanced from the line in which they were arranged, and stood forward towards the centre of the room. Each placed his arm over the shoulder of the other without any degree of awkwardness or unsteadiness, and they remained thus for a short time, standing in an easy and graceful posture. At the sound of excellent music, played on several instruments by three or four old men, they began to dance; first performing a slow movement, and afterwards a quicker step. During the whole dance, each rested his arm embracingly on the shoulder of the other; and it was pleasing to observe the grace and uniformity of their various movements, as well as the accurate time kept by both to the music. They ceased the instant the performers ceased to play, and then retired to the places from which they had advanced. During this time the others remained standing in the same order as at first; there were no signs of restlessness, and many even seemed to regard the dancers with attention and pleasure, whilst only a few retained that vacant expression peculiar to their class. There were, however, no moanings or gesticulations, but each stood by his neighbour, forming three lines at the end and sides of the room.

After the completion of this dance, the whole of the boys were desired to sing one of the songs which had been composed for them. It was a very simple air—such as those sung by the classes of Hullah in our own country—and the words were well suited to their feeble comprehension. During this performance they were led by two assistants, who rendered important aid by singing with them, beating time, and encouraging them in a lively and spirited manner. A copy of the song was handed to me, so that I had an opportunity of noticing how far this congregation of idiots were capable of exercising the faculty of enunciation. The words were as distinctly, if not more distinctly, pronounced than we usually find to be the case with us by singers, and it was truly gratifying to follow them, line by line, through this beautiful little melody. It was sung with full force, but not over-loud; the time was well-kept; the pauses between each verse distinct; and, as far as I could judge, the tune appeared correct. In short, the whole piece was executed in a style quite equal, if not superior, to what we are in the habit of observing in the junior singing classes of Great Britain.

It may readily be conceived that the novel spectacle of so many unfortunate and hitherto-considered incapable creatures harmoniously engaged in the execution of this simple but touching piece of music, was calculated to produce a new and lasting impression; and I shall not easily forget the sensations which I experienced at the time when listening to the performance of it. Although apparently an unmoved spectator, yet that strange mixture of feeling arising from sympathy with affliction, and rejoicing at its relief, was powerfully excited within me. Every faculty of attention seemed roused into action; and I felt the full importance of devoting the little time permitted me to observe, with the strictest accuracy, the demonstration about to be made.

In a little while one of the youths, with a drum slung across his shoulders, advanced to the middle of the room, and placed himself in an attitude of readiness to take part in the next exercise. This consisted of a martial air, sung by the boys, and accompanied at intervals by beat of drum. The drummer had every characteristic of a congenital idiot in a marked degree; and although he possessed only that imperfect power over his fingers which rendered a secure hold of the drumsticks difficult, yet he executed his part with marvellous accuracy, and evidently with no small enjoyment to himself. It was interesting to observe the pleasure he manifested during, and immediately after, the short and occasional beats which constituted his part of the performance; and it was still more interesting to reflect on the consciousness he had, by education, been made to feel, so as to be able to appreciate the singing of the others, and understand the precise instant when his part required to be executed.

The next musical lesson showed that instruction in this department can be carried to a much higher degree of perfection than we could have supposed possible. The youths were arranged in three groups, each group taking a part of music different from the others, and each led by an assistant. One or two songs were surprisingly well performed, the respective sections singing different notes from the others, but all preserving the utmost harmony and exactness of execution.

A large black board, on which were chalked, in large characters, a gamut, and the notes of an air, was now brought into the room, and placed in a conspicuous situation, so that each pupil could readily stand before it. Arranged in this manner, the youths were desired first to read the several notes; this they did by pronouncing simultaneously, and with great distinctness, as the stick of the tutor was pointed to the notes, la, sol, fa, &c. After thus reading the music in the natural voice, they were requested to give to each note its musical tone. Accordingly, as the wand was pointed to each note, they sang it. This exercise began by first passing regularly up and down the gamut, and then they were led from one note to another indiscriminately, showing a power of memory, and immediate application of it, which I was little prepared to expect. They then sang the air, the notes of which were chalked on the board. This, though more pleasing to the listener, did not, however, show an amount of mental capability equal to that evinced by the sudden and unexpected transition from one note to another in the previous exercise.

During the latter performance I advanced forward amongst them, so as to be able to observe more accurately how far each youth took his portion, or whether some remained silent or not. This unfortunate step on my part disturbed their attention, and some irregularity as well as discord was the consequence, but only for a short time. Aware that my presence amongst them had unintentionally formed a cause of disturbance, I became sensible of my error, and was made conscious how slight a cause is sufficient to destroy the order and precision which has been created in these feeble and imperfect minds.

This completed the musical exercises, which were gone through in a manner that would have done credit to any juvenile class of singers enjoying the full use of all their faculties. The songs were sung with much clearness and great power. Indeed such was the force of sound produced, that whenever any of the musicians took up their violins by way of an occasional accompaniment, the instrumental music was completely drowned by that of the united voices. The general effect was remarkably good, and such as would have met the approval of any person ignorant that the performers were composed of a class of imbeciles. The effect of music, at all times grateful, was in this instance exalted in a high degree by the contemplation that it formed a powerful means of exciting faculties which otherwise might for ever have remained dormant. Its influence was manifest among this assemblage of persons, formerly supposed to be incapable of any amount of execution, still less of any capability of appreciating it. It was evident, however, that not only did each join with full spirit in the general chorus, but also that an exhilarating effect was produced throughout the whole body, well calculated to quicken the feeble and scanty germs of intellectual power bestowed on these forlorn creatures. Apart from this higher consideration, the evident delight they all manifested when engaged in singing their songs, was of itself very pleasing to witness; and I could not avoid thinking, that if it were to serve no other purpose than that of

illuminating, by a momentary consciousness of happiness, an existence otherwise dark, blank, and joyless, it would be desirable to institute such exercises.

In a future article will be given a description of the various methods adopted to communicate to the pupils a knowledge of things and signs, of reading, writing, and calculating, as well as the mode of instruction pursued to enable them to follow various mechanical employments.

RAGS.

THERE is lying in the kennel before the windows an object without determinate form or colour, yet giving the idea that it once belonged to the wardrobe—perhaps the under-clothing—of a human being. It bears the permanent stains of antiquity, only half visible through those of accident; and is infinitely ragged, not so much from violence, as from gradual decay. It is an object which a beggar would scorn to pick up; and indeed which a beggar, we have little doubt, has cast away. Yet will it serve us, who are less nice, for a text. In our eyes it is surrounded by a thousand proud and beautiful, as well as abject and melancholy, associations; and we pray the reader's forbearance for a few minutes while we vindicate the dignity of rags.

This rag has a history. It has a past as well as a present; and notwithstanding appearances, it is destined for a glorious future. It is in all probability (supposing it to be linen) of foreign origin; and in its condition of flax, once waved, perhaps, in the fields of Marienburg. But on this we shall not insist; for it might likewise be claimed by the whole of the Baltic provinces, and also by Belgium and Holland. Nay, it is not impossible, after all, that it may be a native of our own country; although here the cultivation of corn has almost entirely superseded that of flax.

However this may be, the flax in question received the fabric of linen possibly in the north of Ireland—more probably in Dundee; and was thence transferred to the weary fingers of those needlewomen, the inadequacy of whose wages (caused by the superabundance of labour in a kind of industry in which *all* women are proficient) has latterly awakened so much generous sympathy and thoughtless indignation. It is now worn by the fair and the wealthy, adding a lily-like freshness even to beauty itself. Perhaps it receives in its folds the wearied limbs that have just returned from floating through their first ball. Perhaps, after a time, it becomes the perquisite of the lady's-maid. This is an unfortunate vicissitude; for the lady's-maid, on losing her situation (supposing it to be in London), has recourse to the pawnbroker for a loan, and gives it as a hostage. Once in his hands, it is always sure to get back into them again and again, till on some occasion the time fixed by law elapses, and it is sold at a public auction of unredeemed pledges. The purchaser is the 'sale-shop' man, who exhibits it in his warehouse of miscellaneous bargains; where, after a time, it attracts the attention of an economical cook, who thinks that, with plenty of bleaching and a little darning, it may do very well till her next wages are due. After wearing and washing it almost to tatters, the cook presents it, in a fit of proud generosity, to the scullion; and she, when she finds it impossible to make it hold longer together, bestows it in charity. It is now never washed; its constitution is gone; its fabric moulders away; and at length the beggar-woman, in a rage, tears off a rotting dangling fragment from her dress and flings it into the kennel. This is the rag on which we are now lecturing.

To what base uses hath it come at last! Who would think that there is still restoration for it in its present disgrace—falling in tatters from a beggar's back, and flung into the kennel? Who would dream that it was still destined to return into the hands of its first mistress—that she would receive it with smiles of welcoming—make it the dearest companion of her solitude—press it, perhaps, to her lips and bosom, and cover it with kisses and tears? Yet this is the history of a sheet of writing-paper—of a metamorphosis as wild as Ovid ever imagined. Nor is this allusion to letters made solely for the purpose of rendering the contrast more striking; for it is this kind of paper we manufacture from our own rags, while we send abroad for the materials of our printing paper.

The rag before us will probably owe its preservation to an old woman who may be seen prowling about mysteriously in the morning and evening twilight, and stuffing such matters into her apron, gathered round her waist. In Scotland, the old woman is usually provided with a creel; but neither she nor her English sister has much of a business-like air. They seem to be half ashamed of their employment, and give you the idea of persons reduced by distress to some temporary shift. In France, on the contrary, the chiffonier is proud of his profession. He is not unfrequently a young able-bodied man; and we have known some of them dandies of considerable pretensions, dressed habitually in clean white trousers. Some years ago—for we have long been partial to rags—we printed elsewhere the following notice of the Parisian chiffonier and his trade:—

'The chiffonier has a basket strapped to his shoulders, and a sharp-pointed stiek in his hands, with which he dexterously picks up his rags, and throws them with a jerk behind his head. He has a fancy, too, for old bones, old bits of iron, pieces of dirty paper, and broken glass. Neither will he pass without some notice even a franc piece, if it should lie in his way. Some of these professors are well off; but in general they are supposed to make at the most only eighteenpence a-day. Still, this sum is produced, as it were, from nothing. One would have thought it an easier matter to make gold out of lead, than silver out of old rags! It may be said that a person who receives eighteenpence for running errands, makes his money also from nothing. But the runner does no good to trade. His service produces nothing but the transference of coin, and leaves no result that is felt in the business of the country. The labour of the chiffonier, on the contrary, *creates* capital out of refuse. The four thousand chiffoniers of Paris collect 1200 francs' worth of rags in a day, which, on passing into the hands of the wholesale people, whose employment it is to have them sorted and washed, give a living to five hundred persons, and become worth 2400 francs. About the same quantity of rags is obtained from the hospitals and other quarters; and thus the city of Paris, out of mere rubbish and refuse, produces a daily value of 4800 francs, or 1,752,000 francs in a year. The yearly amount for the whole kingdom of this singular trade is 7,480,000 francs; affording a living at the rate of 500 francs (or twenty pounds) to 14,960 persons.' It would not be easy to ascertain correctly the statistics of the rag-collection in England, for with us it is not a distinct profession. In London the greater part of the gatherings are obtained by the rag shops, distinguished by the sign of a black doll dressed in a white frock; and thither servants and others resort with fragments of all sorts. Even economical families of the lower middle rank save their rags for this traffic,

receiving for them a price which varies with the supply; but may be quoted as averaging twopence a-pound. These shops derive much assistance from the peddling merchants who go about from door to door, dealing chiefly by barter. They exchange glass and earthenware, and in other instances combs, mock jewellery, and other small wares, for rags and refuse of all kinds, such as dripping, &c. The Quakers are the most resolute hoarders of all such matters, although they probably dispose of them in another way; and we have frequently been reproved by these benevolent economists for throwing into the fire a fragment of string or paper, with the warning that we were wantonly destroying the food of the poor.

Much might be said upon the appearance of the rags of the various countries, and many curious analogies might be traced; but, economically, the only difference is, that those from the northern ports are stronger and darker than those from the south. At one time, it was important to the paper-maker that the rags should have as little dye in them as possible; but the powers of chemistry render this no longer of consequence. With certain bleaching powders, the paper-maker will deterge the darkest tint, whether natural or artificial. The rags, therefore, which now command the highest price in the market are those of stout linen materials, of whatever hue; an old sack in this respect being preferable to the finest cambric shirt. The United Kingdom being altogether incapable of supplying the vast and increasing demand for rags of a superior kind, a large import takes place from Hamburg and other ports in northern Europe; thither bales of rags centre from all parts of the interior for exportation; so that, in point of fact, the bulk of our paper is composed of the cast-off apparel of the German peasantry—continental chemises, bodices, blouses, and other articles, transformed, under the magical hands of our paper-makers, into a fabric of surpassing strength and beauty. Great, however, as is this rag trade, it falls very far short of what is required by the exigencies of literature; and England, if permitted, would sweep to itself every rag in Europe. Like the magician in Aladdin, we go about offering our new wares for the old, filthy, wonderful lamp, which has the property, when in skilful hands, of enlightening the darkest corners of the earth! But some there be who will not listen to our charming, charm we never so wisely. Of such are the Dutch, Belgians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese, who, in prohibiting the export of their rags, of course inflict an injury on those amongst them who would gladly exchange their disused garments for the well-told money of Old England.

Deprived of such means of recruitment, our paper-makers have been driven to their wits' end to find materials for their manufacture. Assisted by the deterging processes to which we have adverted, they now gather together and use substances which were formerly either thrown away as worthless refuse, or used as manure. Thus the sweepings of cotton and flax-mills, thick as they are with grease and dirt, have become materials for paper; and this circumstance, trifling as it appears, has given that wonderful Manchester another great manufacture. Old ropes, damaged flax—anything, in short, however foul, can now be purified and bleached as white as snow; and instead of throwing the materials in a heap, as formerly, to undergo a process of decay, they are merely cleared of the dust by one machine, and then torn into millions of shreds by another, before being subjected to the chemical treatment.

Woollen rags are chiefly used as manure, especially in the cultivation of hops; but some are mixed with new wool, and rewoven into cloth. The fabric, of course, is not the stronger for this intermixture, but it looks very well; and many a man who shudders at the idea of a coat from Holywell Street or Rag Fair, arrays himself with complacency in the worn-out covering of a German peasant. The same material is also used in some sorts of thick, but not tenacious, packing-paper, in felt, and in gun-wadding, and by the poorer classes as a substitute for feathers—if we should not rather say chaff—in their beds.

Paper made from cotton is said to have been known in Greece so early as the ninth century, although the Egyptian papyrus continued to be used, together with parchment, long after. Macpherson, in his Annals of Commerce, mentions a specimen of linen-rag paper in the year 1243, but others date the invention from the beginning of the fourteenth century. England, however, was much behind in the art. The first paper-mill was established at Dartford by a German, jeweller to Queen Elizabeth, in 1588. During the seventeenth century, England was indebted to France for the greater part of her supplies, and her first important efforts originated in Frenchmen chased from their country by the madness of Louis XIV. in 1685. The manufacture now began to improve in England; and in 1690 that of white paper, hitherto almost untried, was added. During the last century considerable progress was made; but in 1800, when we were in the very thickest of the twenty years' war, the scarcity of paper was so great, that the expedient was first resorted to of discharging the ink from what had been used, and remanufacturing it. This is effected, in the case of printed paper, by subjecting the pulp to a caustic ley of lime and potash, while the written paper is treated in the same way with oil of vitriol. Thus we see there is no end to the future of the wretched rag on which we are lecturing!

For a long period paper-mills were conducted on a meagre scale; the sheets of paper being made singly by a manual operation with a sieve. Fourdrinier's splendid invention of the paper-making machine has almost entirely superseded this ancient process, and now a single mill will turn out more paper in a week than one of the old concerns could manufacture in a year. Thanks to Fourdrinier for his skilful adaptations; for to his machinery are the public in a great measure indebted for the vast supply of cheap and popular literature they now enjoy. So expert have English and Scotch papermakers become in the use of rags, that Great Britain is no longer indebted to her neighbours for paper, unless it be for some French hangings, which she still occasionally imports at the demand of fashion.

We have described the fortunes of cotton, linen, and woollen rags, and it now only remains to say a few words touching silk. The fragments of this costly fabric, one might suppose, would be more valuable than those of commoner clothes; but the reverse is the case. Neither the peddling barterers, nor the black dolls of London, will look at your silk rags; even the gentleman who comes round with his donkey-cart, and traffics liberally with your servants for bones, bits of metal of any kind, broken glass, &c. turns away from them with contempt. He will buy your old bones by the pound or the bushel, and give you a good round price for them (perhaps as much as a penny a-pound), but he will not have the fragments of your once best dress even as a gift.

The unhappy position of silk rags we look upon as something very extraordinary, considering the value of the raw material on the one hand, and the progress of chemical and mechanical science on the other. We know that the Phœnician women unravelled the Chinese silks, and multiplied them into fabrics of such loose texture as gave great scope to the satirists. No attempt, however, has been made in England, so far as we know, to revive this species of industry; although we have recently heard of a French projector who has conceived the idea of *dissolving* the silk into its original glutinous substance, and spinning it silkworm-fashion anew. This seems feasible enough; but by unravelling existing rags, one would think that at least some coarse but compact fabric might be produced which would be found useful in articles less dependant upon elegance than a lady's gown.

We have only one word to add, and it is on the scandalous impolicy of taxing the manufacture of rags on their transformation into paper. At present, the excise

duty is three-halfpence per pound weight on the manufactured article—a rate almost equal to cent. per cent. on the cost of the raw material. It is to be trusted that the press will not long maintain its unaccountable indifference on this subject.

NATURE AT WAR.

To him who is accustomed to contemplate nature as a great scene, in which nothing but universal peace and harmony prevail, it will be a startling assertion to make, that all nature is at war. It is, however, not the less true. Throughout all animated nature, from man himself down to the meanest animalcule sporting in its ocean of a drop of water, there runs a system of reciprocative defensive and offensive warfare—the stronger against the weaker, the greater against the less. Nor are we to regard the vegetable kingdom itself, ordinarily looked upon as so passive and inoffensive, as an exception to this rule: the stronger and more luxuriant weed is more than a match for the delicately appetised flower, and it will eventually, though by a power of a negative character, succeed in expelling its gentler rival from the field. But, as a general rule, it is right to consider the vegetable world as 'more sinned against than sinning;' and we consequently find that the powers with which it has been endowed are chiefly of the defensive kind. Still let me not be misunderstood. It is not that I would intimate that a real harmony does not characterise the operations of the Divine creative intelligence; for such a harmony, as wonderful as it is great, really exists, and is, in fact, the wise and beneficial result of this very circumstance—the war of nature. From the scenes of confusion, anarchy, and mutual destruction, appearing such when separately regarded, springs that beautiful correlation of organised beings known to the natural philosopher as the equilibrium of species, or the balance of creation. It is my purpose, on the present and upon a future occasion, to enter into some consideration of the elements of this warfare, defensive and offensive. Some of those striking evidences of a foregoing design, which find their wide development in creation at large, are to be found in rich abundance in the discussion of this interesting subject, and reveal to us, at every step, a fresh demonstration of the stupendous attributes of that creative Wisdom which, while it produces a universe, can stoop to organise a humble insect, or to endow with form and functions a still more insignificant animalcule.

If, in our first excursions into a foreign country, we were to see the inhabitants going about carrying pistols in their belts, and swords in their hands, or covered with some impenetrable armour, we should make the very natural conjecture that an intestinal warfare must be going on. The weapons of offence and defence imply an enemy and a warfare in themselves. When, therefore, we discover among the inhabitants of the animal kingdom an infinity of apparatus expressly contrived for attack and defence, we are led to draw a similar conclusion. Thus, from a brief review of the defences with which the Creator has supplied his creatures, we shall collect the fact, that there is a civil war going on through all grades of the animated and organised worlds. These defences are of many kinds. Such as will admit of classification will be treated of first, and afterwards those of a miscellaneous nature. It will also be convenient to consider the defensory provisions of the vegetable world, though briefly, as distinct from those of the animal, although in their general nature they are closely assimilated.

To commence. *Imitativeness* is one of the most curious and interesting of these means of defence against an enemy; while it is one which in some cases exhibits in a singular light the mental faculties, if the expression can be allowed, of the creatures to whom it has been given. Imitativeness is a safeguard whose utility depends upon a creature passing for what it is not, and being thus overlooked by its foes. Imitativeness is either passive or active. Either the colour, form, or aspect of the creature resembles some other natural object, or, by an effort of its own, it is able closely to imitate the object for which it wishes, so to speak, to be mistaken. Among insects we meet with many instances of *passive* Imitativeness: some of the spectre tribe, or *Phasma*, exactly resemble small branches of trees, aping them in their appearance even to the very sprays, knots, and unevennesses on their surface. Others appear like dried leaves—brown, arid, and lifeless; while others have delicate frames of lace-like texture, so closely approximating to the aspect of leaves whose parenchyma has been removed (such as we find in ponds after they have undergone a long maceration), as to render it a matter of difficulty to decide upon their real nature until the creatures are seen in motion. The *Bombyx quercifolia*, and some of the *Lepidoptera*, come under this classification. When these creatures are seen on trees hanging down like withered leaves, none but an entomologist would dream of their being anything else. M. Lefevre mentions an insect he met with in the desert, which was of a perfectly identical colour with the brown sand; while a little farther on, where the soil was white, the insect assumed a silvery white appearance. Insects also often resemble pebbles, stones, gravel, &c. and can hardly be distinguished from them, when resting among such objects, even by a very sharp scrutiny. Many too, such as the little green and yellowish insects which infest our flowers, especially rose-trees, are of a colour so precisely that of the green leaves or branches they are devouring, as in many cases to escape detection. When these tiny creatures change their abode, their colour generally changes to a corresponding colour. Some resemble the mosses, bark, and even the flowers of trees and shrubs upon which they are found; and so nearly, that a leaf upon which one is resting may be taken into the hand, and yet the insect remain unperceived. Some which prey upon the ova, or produce of other insects, are so nearly like their victims in appearance, as even to be permitted to enter the nest, and accomplish their predatory objects, without discovery; they are little 'wolves in sheep's clothing.' It is stated that bees, who have generally something to afford, are frequently subject to this species of deception.

We find also among the finny tribes the evidences of a similar provision. Those fish which swim low in the water have their backs coloured to correspond with a deep-sea hue; while those which, like the mackerel, swim near the surface, have their bellies of a lustrous white, so as to be less distinguishable, by enemies swimming beneath them, from the bright sky above. Indeed the general difference in colour of the back and belly of fish seems a provision against enemies from above and below. Those fish which live among weeds, have the colour of the weed as their prevailing tint; while those which live at the bottom, such as soles, flat-fish, &c. resemble the sand or mud. Some fish, as well as frogs, change their colour with that of the mud and weeds of the waters they inhabit.

Birds, upon whose strength and swiftness of pinion depends their greatest security, are able likewise to avoid their winged enemies by the strict correspondence of their plumage in colour with that of the brown fields, or the withered branches and leaves, upon which they repose. Who, in the boyish pursuit after the tiny wren, has not half

conceived her to possess the power of invisibility, as she has ran along the seared stump or mossy bank before his feet? The hawk thus often loses his prey, and wheels off in sullen disappointment, while the lark he has been pursuing is all the time only crouching down among some kindred coloured herbage. The small birds, when under pursuit, seem to be quite sensible of the value of this defence, and seek out those spots of ground, or patches of vegetation, which bear the nearest resemblance to their own colour. Darwin tells us that birds which are much among flowers, such as the goldfinch, are furnished with very vivid colours themselves. The partridge, the woodcock, the tree-pigeons of the East, and the quail, and even the tiny tom-tit, are deeply indebted to this provision of colour for their defence.

Among animals too, although in a less remarkable manner, passive imitativeness is a means of defence. The changeful appearance of that animal Proteus, the chameleon, is a striking instance in point. The *trapelus*, the *polychrus*, and several of the *anolii*, possess the same wonderful property; some of them can change their colour even more suddenly than the chameleon itself. The reader must be familiar with the explanation of this phenomenon; which consists in the sudden inflation of the enormous lungs of these creatures, rendering them almost transparent. The hare, as she sits in her form, can only with great difficulty be distinguished, by the unpractised eye, from the herbage around her; and were it not for eyes and noses more acute than those of men, she would often escape by this means. It appears not improbable that the change of colour in the animals of northern regions in winter, is an additional provision against their enemies.

Active Imitativeness is one of the most curious subjects in natural history. To only a limited number of the members of the zoological scale has it been given to play the mimic in the great game of life and death. Commencing with insects again, which are mimics in a wonderful degree, the first stratagem we meet with is the *mock death*. Many insects, on being touched, instantly curl themselves up, and drop into a seemingly lifeless condition, out of which nothing but the pressure of urgent danger can arouse them, and then, like some human malingerers we have read of, they speedily find their limbs, and run for their lives. There is a beetle called the *Anobium pertinax*, commemorated by writers on entomology, whose astonishing endurance in this deathlike condition scarcely finds a parallel in the marble rigidity of the tortured Indian. This little Spartan may be pricked with needles, roasted over a slow flame, maimed, wounded, and even torn limb from limb, without evincing a single symptom of sensation or of life; but in its own time, if indeed it has not been too seriously injured, it will come to life again, and coolly walk away as if nothing had happened. The spider is known to every one to perform this feat of simulation. Some insects will, when assaulted, turn on their backs, and stretch out their little limbs in all the immobility of death itself; and after shamming until the danger is over, they will resume their briskness again. This device seems directed against that sentiment in the breast of their enemies which prevents their attacking anything from which life has departed. Other insects will lie on the branches of trees, and arrange themselves in such stiff, inanimate postures, as to cause them frequently to be mistaken for the branches or twigs themselves. An anecdote is told of a gardener who, seeing, as he thought, a dry twig on a tree, broke it off, and to his surprise found it to be a caterpillar. Another is related of a servant who, finding, as she thought, little round beads in the garden, began to string them into a rosary, when she found them to be animated creatures. The puss-moth, hawk-moth, and others, are caterpillars of the appearance of withered leaves and twigs. Among birds, the pee-witt or plover is familiarly known to imitate lameness. It will turn over and over, limping and hobbling, and uttering its peculiar plaintive cry, until it has drawn the intruder to a distance from its nest, when it takes wing, and leaves him baffled and disappointed. Its eggs, too, have a brown colour, which makes their discovery among the dry grass which surround them more difficult. The partridge also, to lure away an enemy, will run just as if it was wounded. Some of the feline tribe, and others among animals, will simulate sleep, until their hapless prey has been drawn near enough to be pounced upon. Singular to relate, there is a crab, the *Cancer phalangium*, which cuts off small pieces of a marine fucus, and fastening them upon its spines, marches upon its enemies, like Birnam wood to Dunsinane.

Armour must be considered as the next and most obvious defence, and may be regarded, as in the former instance, both as passive and active: passive where, like a coat of mail, it is a negative defence, and active when it consists of weapons used by the voluntary efforts of the animal. The insects are frequently provided with an armour of hairs, some of which, on being touched, will produce violent pain and inflammation of the hands; and others are protected by a covering of mail. Many beetles may be trodden upon by the human foot without injury: ants and others often escape death even after being apparently crushed beneath the weight of man. The forest-fly, or *Hippobosca equina*, is well known to be killed with the utmost difficulty by the pressure of the finger and thumb. The cocoon of the silk-worm is a beautiful illustration of this kind of safeguard. The larva is here protected by its silken envelope from many of the dangers that would otherwise be fatal to it. The 'frog-spittle,' as it is vulgarly called, so often seen on our bushes, contains and protects the larva of a little insect, by its very disagreeableness, from the attacks of wasps and birds, &c. Others are covered, or cover themselves, with a kind of cottony or feathery armour. Some roll themselves up; and their projecting hairs make it a matter of difficulty to take hold of them. Among the inhabitants of the waters we immediately encounter the crustaceous animals, which are protected by a calcareous coating outside; the familiar examples are the sea-urchin, the crab, the lobster, crayfish, &c. Shells are a defence common to land and marine creatures, and are in some cases so strong, as to render them almost impregnable. The scales of fish, as of the carp, are also of service as a defence. The solid armour of the genus *Testudo*, the tortoise tribe, are good illustrations. Among these the bosc-tortoise is wonderfully provided; for it possesses a shell articulated by two lids, so that when the head and limbs of the animal are withdrawn, it is completely encased in it, and can bid defiance to its enemies. The armadillo has received its name from the paving-stone-like armour which protects it. The term *Pachydermata*, or thick-skinned animals, is applied to those whose tegument is so thickened as to form a very effectual defence. The skin is sometimes so plated, as in the hide of the rhinoceros, as to resemble the roof of a house; while among snakes there is a remarkable illustration of mail-like armour. The scaly ant-eaters, again, are provided with large scales like tiles, which, on being attacked, they can elevate, and then roll themselves into a ball. The hedgehog curls up the vital parts, bending himself into a round prickly ball, which has not one weak part exposed. The dense coat of hair is in other animals a defence not to be despised; that of the shaggy bear is used on our soldiers' caps as a shelter from the blows of the sword. The feathers of birds are in some instances of a similar value. Many of the alligator family have skins so studded and carbuncled with warty excrescences, as to give them the appearance of those doors which are covered with iron nails. Helmets and bony shields are not uncommon among fish.

Active armour is, however, a more general provision, being possessed by an infinite number of the members of the animal world. Among insects it is the great leveller of the enormously disproportionate power between their enemies and themselves; rendering some of the least of such apparently insignificant creatures objects of terror, suffering, and aversion both to man and to the brute creation. The sting of the mosquito tribe, that scourge of hot and cold countries alike, is a well-known instance. The venom of the scorpion is frequently so powerful, as to prove fatal, or to require the amputation of the bitten

limb. Some of the black ants sting so keenly, that the part feels as if cauterised; and there is an ant called the 'Ant of Visitation,' before which the inhabitants will even rise in the middle of the night and fly. The celebrated *tarantula* spider, about which so many fables have been circulated, gives a very sharp and venomous bite; but its effects soon disappear. Many of the centipedes bite in a similar way. The stag-beetle is another ferocious insect, terrible from the power of the great forceps it carries, like antlers, on its head. The common ear-wig carries a similar weapon at his tail. Some of the large South American spiders are so powerful and venomous, as to be able to destroy humming-birds, pigeons, &c. The burning sand-fly occasions a wound so minute as to be almost imperceptible, as if the flesh were burned with a red-hot needle. There is a small wood-spider called the *tenderaman*, whose bite is usually fatal. Among fish are those terrific instruments the teeth of the shark; the spike of the xiphias or sword-fish, a weapon so powerful, as to be frequently driven violently through the bottom of a ship's boat; and many more. The saw-fish has a powerful serrated snout, with which it attacks, and frequently successfully, the largest whales. There is a roundish species of fish, known as the *diodon*, which looks like an aquatic porcupine. Cuvier compares it to the burr of a chestnut, it is so thickly covered with sharp-pointed spines, which it is able to erect at its will. Others are armed with sharp instruments upon their fins and tails, which are directed in different ways to suit the habits and motion of the fish. Some of the *Scorpœna* tribe are so hirsute with these fearful weapons, as to present an aspect perfectly frightful; and some possess poisonous instruments as well. The flying-fish has a long, stout spine, which forms a powerful weapon. A fish called the *monocentris* is wonderfully defended by being completely mailed with rough angular scales, besides having five or six immense spines disposed on different parts of its body. The reader scarcely requires to be reminded of the little stickle-back, whose sharp dorsal spines must often have pierced his hands. Some foreign members of the same family, in addition to these spiny ornaments, have likewise a bony hauberk. There is a fish vulgarly known as the *surgeon*, found in the Indian Ocean, which carries a strong movable spine on each side of its tail, as sharp as a lancet, and inflicts severe wounds on those who carelessly handle it. There is a curious fish with green bones, called the *belone*, which has a bite considered highly dangerous; and some of the genus *Silurus* possess a spine above the shoulder, which they can raise or depress at will, the wounds of which are often followed by tetanus. It is only necessary just to mention, to avoid incompleteness, the fangs of serpents, with the consequences of their bites; and the vast claws, sharp snouts, tusks, and horn-like processes of some of the Carnaria, are also weapons which will occur to the recollection of every one. The tail of serpents and apes, and particularly of the Marsupialia, is a weapon occasionally of considerable efficacy. The hoof and horns of the horse and buffalo may be also enumerated. The jaws of the lion, tiger, &c. are terrible instruments too: of the hyena it is mentioned that so great is the muscular force with which it fastens upon anything, that it is impossible to separate it from its object; the Arabs, on this account, give its name as a synonyme for obstinacy. It is a remarkable circumstance, that some of the *Orycteropi*, or ant-eaters, have a spur on their hind-feet, perforated by a canal, which leads to a gland secreting a liquid, and placed in the inner part of the thigh; the wounds of this instrument, which is almost an anomaly in itself, are said to be highly dangerous. Among birds, the talons and the beak form the chief offensive instruments. The courageous little shrike, and a bird called the American tyrant, use the beak alone, and with success, against the attacks of the largest birds. Many birds have hooked bills; the albatross, or man-of-war bird, eagles, and vultures, possess this powerful addition. Finally may be mentioned the claws or forceps of the Crustaceans—the crab and lobster. These are appendages of vast power, and are used with effect both as a defence and as a means for crushing the shells of the smaller creatures upon which they prey. It is even reported that some of the large species have been known to seize a goat, and drag it into the water, drowning and devouring it.

AMERICAN INDIAN SKETCHES.

In the vain hope of awakening the conscience of the United States government to a proper sense of the duty it owes to the unfortunate aborigines who still exist within its territories, the pen has been taken up by a zealous and well-known friend of the Indians, Thomas L. M'Kenney, late chief of the bureau of Indian affairs at Washington.* We have perused this benevolent gentleman's narrative with considerable interest, and cannot but lament with him that year after year the native tribes are lessening in number, less from their own intestine feuds, than from the dishonest appropriation of their lands, and the vices introduced among them by the whites. Alive to the disgrace of this national crime, a number of respectable citizens in New York, in 1829, attempted to move the government on the subject; but private interests were too powerful to be overcome, and nothing was eventually done to improve the condition of the sufferers. For the last sixteen years a systematic course has been persevered in of banishing the remains of the Indian tribes to wildernesses beyond the avowed limits of the States—to be again, doubtless, molested in these new hunting-grounds, when it suits the purpose of the white man to make further encroachments.

Referring principally to official proceedings, Mr M'Kenney's work does not admit of analysis, and nothing of the kind need be attempted by us. The author, however, occasionally relates an anecdote illustrative of his Indian experiences, and one or two of these we shall pick out for the amusement of our readers. The first refers to an expedition in which he was concerned, along with General Cass, in 1837, with the view of settling a treaty with several collected tribes at a place called Butte de Morts (Hillock of the Dead).

'The business of the treaty over, everything was in motion, preparing for the departure of all to their respective destinations. At one place might be seen a group of squaws, and children, and dogs, all seeming to be engaged in huddling together, or hauling to the water's edge their provisions and effects; whilst others had their canoes in the water, and others again were in the act of gliding away upon the smooth surface of the river, enjoying the quiet satisfaction which the presence of rations and good fare are so well calculated to produce.

'At this moment of general activity, a scream, wild and fearful, was uttered. It was by a female. A rush of a thousand Indians was made for the spot whence it proceeded. I looked, and saw in the midst of the crowd a man's arm raised, with a knife in the hand. It fell—and then was heard another scream! When I sprang towards the scene of what seemed to be a strife of blood, and just as I had reached it, Major F., having started from an opposite direction, was a few feet in advance of me; and at the instant when the third blow was about to fall upon the victim, he struck and knocked down the man who was thus desperately employing the bloody weapon. There stood, trembling and bleeding, a fine-looking squaw. She was mother of the wife of the man who had made the attempt upon her life. The deltoid muscle of each arm, just below

* Memoirs, Official and Personal; with Sketches of Travels among the Northern and Southern Indians. By Thomas L. M'Kenney. New York: Paine and Burgess. 1846.

the shoulder, was cut with deep gashes. These were given, as each arm was raised, in succession, to shield her body from the impending knife. The first thrust had thus disabled one arm, the second the other; and if the third had been given, there being no shield in the arms for further protection (for they both hung powerless by her side), it would doubtless have gone, where the two first were aimed, to the heart!

'I took charge of the trembling and agitated woman, giving orders to the soldiers to take the offender, and lock him up in our provision-house, until some suitable punishment should be agreed upon for a crime so flagrant and bloody. Our surgeons having gone to the village, I cleansed and bound up the wounds; and by the employment of bandages, kept the arms stationary, giving her directions not to use them, and sent her in charge of her daughter and some friends to Green Bay, to our surgeon, to be attended to.

'The cause of the outrage was as follows:—This woman and her daughter had carefully put away their supplies, &c. in their canoe, and were on the eve of embarking, when it was rumoured among the Indians that a whisky-dealer had arrived in the woods, behind our treaty-ground. The moment it reached the ears of this reckless Indian, he started with others in quest of the whisky. The mother-in-law, well knowing that their calicoes, and blankets, and strouding, and pork, and beef, and flour, &c. would soon be parted with, in exchange for this fire-water, followed him, intreating him not to go, but to go home and enjoy what had been given them there. She clung to him rather inconveniently, when he resolved on freeing himself by the use of his knife. For some time she kept off his blows with her paddle; but this being presently knocked from her hand, she had no shield left but her arms, and these were alternately disabled in the manner I have stated.

'Governor Cass coming along, I narrated all this, and to the inquiry, "What shall we do with this man?" answered promptly, "Make a woman of him." And so we did. The process was on this wise. The several interpreters were sent out to summon in the Indians, and to arrange them around the Butte de Morts —the women and children in front. This being done—from eight hundred to a thousand perhaps being thus assembled—the offender was brought from his confinement, and led by a couple of our voyagers to the top of the mound, and placed against the flag-staff; Governor Cass and myself, and the interpreters, being there also. Never before had I witnessed in Indians a feeling so intense. Every eye of chief, half-chief, brave, and squaw, ay, and of every child, and it seemed to me of every dog also, was beaming with concentrated lustre, and every eye was upon us. They had all heard of the assault upon the woman, but to a man justified it, alleging that a woman was nobody, when the power and freedom of the man were attempted to be interfered with; and that the life of any woman would be no more than a just forfeit for such intermeddling.

'The squaws entertained different notions, and were deeply interested, personally, in the scene before them—not one of them knowing anything further than that some punishment was to be inflicted on the man for his conduct. The offender stood unmoved. Not a particle of interest did he seem to take in what was to befall him. If he had been there alone, listening to the rustling leaves, and the moaning of the winds, and looking upon the woods, the sky, the river, and the lake, he could not have been more unmoved. He was dressed in his best. Moccasins, ornamented, were on his feet; his leggins were of scarlet cloth, fringed and decorated, besides, with bits of fur, foxes' tails, and rattles. A good blanket was about his waist; his ears were ornamented with silver rings, his arms with bracelets, his face with paint, and his hair sprinkled with vermilion.

'Attention being called through the various interpreters, the governor spoke, explaining the case—the innocence and kind designs of the woman—the propriety and usefulness of the interference, which was not rudely attempted—the noble object of keeping her daughter's husband from joining in drunken revelries, and being bereft of all their stores, and then going home poor, and naked, and hungry. That was her object; whilst the whisky-trader cared for none of these things, but sought only to rob them of their blankets and calicoes, &c. and give them nothing in exchange for them but fire-water. The Great Spirit looked down and smiled on this act of the woman, and was angry at the bad conduct of the man, and with the whisky-trader. It was for an attempt so kind and so proper on her part that this man, the husband of her daughter, had seized her, and with his knife struck at her heart, to kill her, and but for her arms, with which she had shielded her breast, she would have been murdered. Her cries, and tears, and blood, were all unavailing; nothing could have saved her but the timely arrival of help, and a blow that put it out of his power to consummate his bloody purpose. For this act he shall be no longer a brave; he has forfeited his character as a man; from henceforth let him be a woman!

'At this annunciation, the chiefs and braves muttered vengeance. We were told by the interpreters they would resist us. But never before were hearts put more at rest, or did hope gleam in upon such a multitude of squaws; never did eyes dance in frames of such emotion, or smiles radiate faces with such animation. Never was the "*neaw!*"—a term expressive of mingled surprise and gladness—uttered with such vehemence and joy. Even the papooses, turning from their sources of nourishment, looked round as if some new and blessed influence was felt by them; and the very dogs barked.

'Meantime a voyager had procured of an old squaw her petticoat, stiff with the accumulated grease and dirt of many years. As he ascended the mound with this relic, another mutter of vengeance was heard from the men, whose faces were black with rage; but it was literally drowned amidst the acclamations that broke at this moment from the squaws. Now they saw, for the first time, new light and new hope breaking in upon their destiny. Our burdens, they seemed to say, will be lighter, our rights more respected, our security more secure. There stood the voyager, holding the petticoat. The sight of both was far more obnoxious to the culprit than would have been the executioner armed with his axe. But still he was unmoved. Not a muscle stirred. Around his waist was a belt, with a knife in it, such as butchers use. Taking hold of the handle, I drew it from its scabbard, thrust the blade into a crack in the flag-staff, and broke it off at the handle; then putting the handle in the culprit's hand, I raised it well and high up, and said, "No man who employs his knife as this man employs his, has a right to carry one. Henceforth this shall be the only knife he shall ever use. Woman, wherever she is, should be protected by man, not murdered. She is man's best friend. The Great Spirit gave her to man to be one with him, and to bless him; and man, whether red or white, should love her, and make her happy." Then turning to the voyager, I told him to strip off his leggins and his ornaments. It was done, when the old petticoat was put on him. Being thus arrayed, the voyagers, each putting a hand upon his shoulders, ran him down the mound, amidst a storm of indignation from the men, mingled with every variety of gladsome utterance by the squaws; when, letting him go, he continued his trot alone to a lodge near by, rushed into it, and fell upon his face. An interpreter followed him, and reported his condition, and what he said. His first words, as he lay on his face, were—"I wish they had killed me. I went up the mound to be shot. I thought I was taken there to be shot. I'd rather be dead. I am no longer a brave; I'm a *woman!*"

'Now, this mode of punishment was intended to

produce moral results, and to elevate the condition of women among the Indians. It was mild in its physical effects, but more terrible than death in its action and consequences upon the offender. Henceforth, and as long as I continued to hear of this "brave," he had not been admitted among his former associates, but was pushed aside, as having lost the characteristics of his sex, and doomed to the performance of woman's labour, in all the drudgery to which she is subject, as well of the lodge, as of all other menial things. The whisky-trader had made off, or he would have been taught a lesson which, with the proper using, might have been made useful to him for the remainder of his days.'

On one occasion, when visiting the Choctaw nation, Mr M'Kenney was introduced to a professional 'rain-maker.' This personage had the address to pass himself off among his brethren as one who was in alliance with the Great Spirit, and could produce plenteous showers by his intercessions.

'I shook hands with him, and told him I was glad to see him; that I had heard of his greatness; and that I was so anxious to know the secret of rain-making, that I would give him an order on the agent for a pair of scarlet leggins, a pound of tobacco, a string of wampum, a pound of powder, two pounds of lead, and a blanket, if he would tell me all about it. He stood up, and looked around him; and then, holding his head first on one side, and then on the other, listened; when, looking well round him again, he sat down, saying to the interpreter, "Ask him if he will give me these things." Most certainly, I replied, upon the condition that he will tell me all about his art as a rain-maker. He stood up again, and looked and listened, and then seating himself, began:—

"Long time ago I was lying in the shade of a tree on the side of a valley. There had been no rain for a long time—the tongues of the horses, and cattle, and dogs, all being out of their mouths, and they panted for some water. I was thirsty—everybody was dry. The leaves were all parched up, and the sun was hot. I was sorry; when, looking up, the Great Spirit snapped his eyes, and fire flew out of them in streams all over the heavens. He spoke, and the earth shook. Just as the fire streamed from the eyes of the Great Spirit, I saw a pine-tree, that stood on the other side of the valley, torn all to pieces by the fire. The bark and limbs flew all round, and then all was still. Then the Great Spirit spoke to me, and said, 'Go to that pine-tree, and dig down to the root where the earth is stirred up, and you will find what split the tree. Take it, wrap it carefully up, and wear it next your body; and when the earth shall become dry again, and the horses and cattle suffer for water, go out on some hill-top, and ask me, and I will make it rain.' I have obeyed the Great Spirit; and ever since, when I ask him, he makes it rain."

'I asked to see this thunderbolt that had shivered the pine-tree. He rose upon his feet again, and looking well around him, sat down, and drawing from his bosom a roll which was fastened round his neck by a bit of deer-skin, began to unwrap the folds. These were of every sort of thing—a piece of old blanket; then one of calico; another of cotton—laying each piece, as he removed it, carefully on his knee. At last, and after taking off as many folds as were once employed to encase an Egyptian mummy, he came to one that was made of deer-skin, which being unwound, he took out the thunderbolt, and holding it with great care between his finger and thumb, said, "This is it!" I took it, and examined it with an expression of great interest, telling him it certainly was a wonderful revelation, and a great sight; then handing it back to him, he carefully wrapped it up again with the same wrappers, and put it back in his bosom.

'The reader is no doubt curious to know what this talismanic charm, this thunderbolt was. Well, it was nothing more nor less than that part of a glass stopper that fills the mouth of a decanter, the upper or flat part having been broken off!

'I wrote, and gave him an order for the presents, when he shook hands and left me, doubtless much edified, as well as benefited, by the interview, to carry on his operations as a rain-maker till it should rain.'

BLACK-FISHING.

It is generally known that salmon, during the winter months, swim up rivers to spawn; and, having obeyed this instinctive impulse, that they return in a lean and unsound condition to the ocean. To attack and kill the poor creatures while swimming up the streams, burdened with spawn, is cruel and murderous, for it is annihilating myriads of salmon which the spawn would in due season produce. To kill them coming down is not less brutal, for the animals are not in a fit state to be eaten: they are foul fish. In order to protect salmon in these circumstances, the law establishes a *close time*, during which, under heavy penalties, they must not be captured. Nevertheless, killing salmon while the rivers are legally shut is an exceedingly common offence. Along the whole course of the Tweed, and other rivers, this species of poaching is perpetrated nightly, on an extensive scale, by bands of men prepared to offer a determined resistance to authority. The plan usually pursued is to walk along the banks of the stream with burning wisps of straw or fagots, and the instinct of the salmon drawing them towards the light, they are readily speared. Many fish are thus killed while in the act of spawning. Touching the injurious consequences, individual and social, arising from these unfair practices, the following passages occur in an article on the subject in the Peeblesshire Advertiser, a small monthly paper of the kind we have frequently commended:—

'During the spawning season, not only the appearance, but the habits of the salmon are totally changed: the timid fish which, in its healthy state, is scared by a shadow, hiding itself in the deepest and strongest water, now exposes itself in the ebbest streams, with often scarcely enough of water to cover it, so that it can be caught with the greatest facility by means of any device, however simple, or indeed without the assistance of any device, but simply with the hand, so thoroughly does it put itself in the power of man at this season. It must be obvious, therefore, that if, in the violation of reason, mankind do not hesitate in destroying the fish, the law must be applied to prevent the utter extinction of the species. It is not unusual to hear persons, in their eagerness to vindicate a course to which they are addicted, argue that the fish, *under Providence*, expose themselves in the manner described, that they may easily fall into the hands of the people at a time when the necessity of using them for food is greatest. As well might they argue that birds and other animals might be destroyed when in a similar state; for assuredly no animal undergoes more deterioration than salmon do in similar circumstances. It is more on account of the welfare of the population, than any other reason, that we would endeavour to dissuade them from this pursuit. We may safely assert that no man can systematically follow any occupation denounced by the law of his country without having his moral nature grievously outraged; the very fact of its being forbidden, calls into exercise many degrading qualities—low cunning and duplicity of every description being necessary to commit and conceal the offence. It often results, too, in the commission of crimes at first not contemplated by the unfortunate persons themselves; namely, among others, in resisting the officers of the law, for which, instead of having to answer for the statutory offence of killing salmon in forbidden time, they may have to answer to a charge of assault, or, it may be, of murder! This is not a hypothetical case—it has unfortunately frequently arisen out of this and similar pursuits.'

So much may be said of the injurious consequences of *black-fishing!* as it is called; but we should scarcely be justified in dismissing the subject without pointing out

what we conceive to be the source of the evil. For four hundred years, as may be seen from acts of parliament, the law has been endeavouring to prevent this kind of poaching, and it has failed. In vain are the prisons more or less crowded every winter with black-fishers; in vain are heavy pecuniary penalties exacted; in vain are men ruined, generation after generation: the crime is now as rife as it was in the fifteenth century. Has it never occurred to the administrators of the law that there must be some cause for all this? Are they not aware of the excuse which black-fishers employ when challenged for their conduct? Let us give voice to this grumbling apology. The excuse of the men is, 'that they are dwellers on the banks of the river, and that if they did not catch the fish in close time, they would never be able to get them at all; because gentlemen, at the estuary and other places, set stake-nets to intercept and catch them wholesale.' Such is their mode of reasoning; and rude as it is, it carries with it an air of justification. We are not sure that the practice is not, in many instances, carried on from motives of vengeance, irrespective of any hope of profit. If such really be the case, how deplorable are the results ensuing from heedless legislation—a regular system of demoralisation arising from the constant effort to protect the interests of one party at the expense of another! To an unprejudiced observer, it will seem clear that the practice followed by landed proprietors, at the mouths of rivers, of sweeping up salmon wholesale, and so depriving all above them of any inducement to angle at the proper seasons, is inconsistent with equity, and must ever excite hostile feelings. What common-sense points out is this: rivers, from their source to their junction with the ocean, with all the creatures which dwell in them, are public property, or at least should be considered as such. It is true the law has imparted a right of private property with respect to the capturing of salmon by stake-nets; but surely this requires revisal and modification, with a view to the public advantage. At present, as we lament to observe, the populace on the banks of rivers are in a continual embroilment respecting the right of fishing, and, as above stated, mercilessly destroy the salmon at illegal periods. What we desire to press is, a general reconsideration of the whole question, in order to allay disputes, and to give each man an interest in preserving the law inviolate.

TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Inquiries into the nature and sources of animal heat have ever occupied a large share of the attention of physiologists, from the days when a subtle fluid was supposed to be the mysterious medium for the diffusion of heat, until modern researches have shown it to be the result of a chemical operation. By careful and well-defined observations, attempts have been made to trace its influence in derangements of the normal condition of the animal economy. Among these the investigations of Dr Davy of Ambleside possess sufficient general utility to render an account of them interesting.

The doctor's observations were commenced about four years ago on some fishes proper to the Mediterranean, among which, contrary to the generally received opinion, he found that the sword-fish and tunny are warm-blooded; and in extending his inquiry, was led to remark that the increase of heat in fishes is in proportion to the increase of red particles in their blood: thus showing that these red particles are in some way connected with the generation of heat. These observations prepared the way for others on the human subject: the result hitherto obtained is, that the temperature of the body in health is not constant, but rises and falls under the general influences of heat and cold, rest and exercise.

The method pursued was by the introduction of a glass thermometer, bent at right angles, into the mouth, so as to enable the observer to read off the indications as given by the mercury. The bulb must be placed as far back as possible, under the tongue, and the breathing be carried on through the nostrils. If introduced between the cheek and teeth, the temperature given will be under the real amount, as shown under the tongue, where it should be left for some minutes, to insure the maximum.

In a series of observations carried on daily for a period of eight months, the highest average temperature was found to be, just after the operator had risen in the morning, 98·74; the medium, about three hours after noon, 98·52; and the lowest, at the time of retiring to rest at midnight, 97·92. A corresponding depression of the respiration and pulse was noticed at the same hours. The temperature of the room in the morning was 50·9; and at night 62° on the average of the whole eight months; thus showing that the maximum temperature of the body is highest after the night's repose, and lowest at midnight, although at the latter period the atmosphere was many degrees warmer.

The effect of active exercise is to increase animal heat, when not carried to a fatiguing extent. The average temperature of 98° rose to 99·5 after a fourteen miles' ride under an August sun; the respiration and pulse quickened in a corresponding ratio. The proportion of heat to the amount of muscular exertion is seen in the sum of the results obtained after riding from seven to ten miles in a close carriage; which showed a lower temperature than any previously indicated, even by the midnight observations. Desultory walking exercise in cold weather is also attended by a depressing effect; there must be vigour and animation to insure an agreeable warmth. But the most lowering effects of all were noted after sitting, during service, in a church in which there was no fire. Notwithstanding warm clothing, a painful chill was experienced, with a strong tendency to drowsiness.

Excited and sustained attention, such as reading a lively book, the labour of literary composition, continued from two to five hours, has the effect of raising the temperature of the body slightly above the average; while, on the contrary, reading for mere amusement, or the mechanical process of copying, are shown to be followed by the same sedative and lowering result, as carriage exercise in comparison with muscular.

The taking of food into the stomach appears, from careful observations taken immediately after dinner, to have the effect of reducing the temperature: the more plentiful the meal, the greater would seem to be the depression. 'On particular occasions,' writes Dr Davy, 'when a larger quantity of wine than usual was taken, the reduction of temperature was commonly most strongly marked. A light meal, such as that of breakfast, consisting of tea, with a portion of toasted bread with butter, and often an egg, has had little effect in depressing or altering materially the temperature.'

From a few experiments tried on individuals advanced in life, the doctor finds that the animal heat in deeply-seated parts is greater than at middle age; which he accounts for by supposing that the food they eat is expended rather in the function of respiration than in compensating the waste of the system. The observations generally show that the temperature of man undergoes fluctuations in common with some other animal functions, and, like them, seems to obey a certain order—the one diurnal, in connexion with passive states of the body; the other accidental, dependent on irregular circumstances, exercise physical or mental, exposure to heat and cold. The temperature of various individuals, after working several hours in a heated factory, was found to be raised one or two degrees above the average; thus verifying the general proposition, that the heat of the body rises and falls with that of the atmosphere. Here, however, the doctor remarks that the increased heat penetrates but a short distance below the surface, whether it arise from surrounding causes, or from exercise. A certain law of compensation appears to come into play: 'by active exercise,

the pulse and the respiration are both accelerated; more oxygen, it may be presumed, is consumed; more heat is generated; the blood is made to circulate more rapidly, and is sent in larger quantities into the extremities, and where, in consequence, the excess of heat is conveyed and expended, and its accumulation in the central and deep-seated organs prevented, affording another striking example of harmonious adaptation.'

Dr Davy truly observes that the extension of these observations over a greater number of subjects will lead to wider results, from which 'more particular inferences may be drawn, especially in conjunction with respiration and the heart's action, not without interest to physiology; and they may admit of important practical application to the regulation of clothing, the taking of exercise, the warming of dwelling-rooms—in brief, to various measures conducive to comfort, the prevention of disease, and its cure. A step in advance is made if it is only determined that, in the healthiest condition of the system, there is danger attending either extreme, either of low uniform temperature, or of a high uniform temperature; and that the circumstances which are proper to regulate variability within certain limits, not prevent it, are those which conduce most to health, as well as to agreeable sensation, enjoyment, and length of life.'

THE WEALTH OF CONTENTMENT.

'Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.'
SHAKSPEARE.

'We will this morning, if you please, take a walk up the turnpike-road, instead of our accustomed stroll to the beach,' said Mr Vincent, addressing his children.

'Why, papa? Do you not think that the beach is much more pleasant?' expostulated the youngest, a spirited boy of twelve.

'Yes, Charles, if I had no other object in view than the pleasure of the walk; but I wish to pay a visit to an old acquaintance—I may say an old friend—who lives in this neighbourhood.'

'Oh, that alters the case; I did not think that you knew any one here. Is he known to us?'

'No; nor do I remember even having mentioned him to you; but I wish you to accompany me, because I hope that the visit may afford you both gratification and profit.'

'Is he rich, papa? and has he beautiful pleasure-grounds to show us?' Charles eagerly inquired.

'He is rich, and he has beautiful pleasure-grounds; but I shall not tell you anything more concerning him till you have seen him.'

'Oh, papa, you have quite excited my curiosity: there must surely be something very peculiar about this gentleman: pray let us go. Does he live far off?'

'Not more than a mile. Do you think that you can walk so far, Lucy?' he asked, addressing a pale delicate girl who stood by his side, attired in her sea-side bonnet and plain muslin dress.

'Oh yes, dear papa; I feel so much stronger than I did when we first came here; and we shall, I suppose, have a rest when we reach your friend's house?'

'Certainly; we are sure of a hearty welcome. I can promise you that Mr Thompson will be pleased to see you.'

'Thompson! Is he any relation to the poet?' Charles interrogated.

'Not that I know of,' Mr Vincent returned with a smile. The father drew the hand of his invalid daughter within his arm, whilst his light-hearted and light-footed son bounded forward, full of anticipations of delight from the coming visit.

'What a beautiful little cottage!' Lucy suddenly exclaimed, as, on turning an angle of the road, a small thatched dwelling, literally overgrown with honeysuckles and jessamine, met their view. The words had scarcely escaped her lips ere a venerable old man, who was leaning over the gate, looking anxiously towards Mr Vincent, as if recognising a familiar face, came forth and grasped the extended hand of that gentleman, who greeted him as his 'good friend Thompson.'

'This is an unexpected pleasure, my dear young master,' he cried, whilst his intelligent countenance was lighted up with an expression which testified the truth of his assertion.

'I have brought my children to see you, as we are making a few weeks' stay in the neighbourhood for the benefit of my daughter's health.'

'Miss looks very delicate,' the old man compassionately observed; 'and I am sorry that my dame is not at home to wait upon her. It is only on market days that she goes out: I am very sorry it has so happened.'

'I am sorry that we shall not have the pleasure of seeing your good wife to-day; but we could not foresee that she would be absent; indeed I did not know that you supplied the markets.'

'Oh, my dear master, I have grown quite a farmer of late. I have a cow, and a pig, and a roost of fowls; and my dame takes butter and eggs to the market every week.'

'I am truly rejoiced to hear that you have been so prosperous, Thompson.'

'Yes,' the old man rejoined; 'I was never in better circumstances, or happier in my life.'

'You seem always of a happy contented disposition,' observed Mr Vincent. 'I never knew you to dwell much upon the dark side of things.'

'No, sir; I always thought that it was not only more pleasant, but also more profitable, to look on the *bright* side; for a man cannot work when he is downhearted. Besides, we may always find blessings in our path if we only look for them; and I would rather thank God for his mercies, than murmur at the troubles he sees fit to lay on me. But,' he added with a half-repressed sigh, 'we have had a sore trial since I saw you last, which is, I think, sir, nearly fourteen years ago—a very sore trial,' and he dashed a glistening drop from his furrowed cheek with the sleeve of his coat. 'Our poor daughter and her husband both died in one week of a fever which was raging in these parts; and they left two children—babies you might have called them, for the eldest was not three years old—with no other provision than the workhouse.'

'That was indeed an affliction,' exclaimed Mr Vincent; 'one which needed no small exercise of Christian fortitude to sustain. And what has become of the little orphans?' he asked.

'Why, sir, my dame says to me, says she, "Well, John, we've lived together for these five-and-twenty years, and never wanted bread, and let us trust to Providence that we may not want it in our old age, and share our crust with the poor darlings." That's just like her, sir; she has a true woman's heart, and she's always the first in every good work.'

'But I will venture to say that you were nothing loath to second the proposal?' Mr Vincent rejoined.

'That I wasn't, sir; though, to be sure, we had a hard matter at first to fill their little mouths, and my old woman had a good deal of extra labour and trouble; but God has made these trials the means of a blessing; for of all the good grateful boys that ever lived, my little Sam is the best. He's a stout healthy lad now, and takes all the heavy work off my shoulders: he's gone to-day with his grandmother and sister to carry the basket. Then, sir, Polly is the cleverest little maid you ever saw; she's my dame's right hand: I don't know what we should do without either of them.' The old man had by this time conducted his visitors into the sitting-room of the cottage, which was in perfect keeping with the exterior. Lucy was delighted with everything she beheld, but Charles stood by with an air of evident disappointment.

'It is often the case that, by doing a generous or kind action without any hope of reward, we find a distant and altogether unexpected good result to ourselves,' Mr Vincent remarked, in connexion with the old man's last observation.

'That I take, sir, to be the meaning of the Scripture proverb, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."'

'True; and I think I may apply that proverb with equal appropriateness to a lesson which you taught me when a boy, and which you did not expect perhaps that I should remember and profit by to this day.'

'I, sir?'

'Yes; it was when you were in my father's service as gardener. I came running one evening to you whilst you were at work, in order to vent my ill-humour in fretful murmurs against some individual who had caused me a trifling disappointment. You listened with patience to my complaints, and then very quietly said, "Master Vincent,

I have myself had a *very heavy* disappointment to-day. I have lost a sum of money which I have for years looked forward towards possessing, intending with it to set up in business as a market gardener: it was a severe blow, young gentleman; but I said to myself, it's no use fretting about what can't be altered; my best way will be to go cheerfully on with my duties, and think of the blessings I still possess, instead of spending my time in vain regrets. Perhaps this money might not have done me the service which I thought it would, if I had had it; and I may be happier after all if I obtain an independence by my own industry. So I have comforted myself in this manner, Mr Vincent, and I am resolved to be satisfied with such things as I have." You said no more on the subject, my friend,' Mr Vincent continued; 'you made no attempt to apply the lesson to my case; but my *conscience* did it for you; and I was so thoroughly ashamed of my fretfulness and discontent, that I have never, I hope, given way to such feelings since that hour.'

Their venerable host only smiled on this reminiscence of his early days, and apologising for his awkwardness, proceeded to perform the rights of hospitality, by spreading before his guest the best fare his humble home afforded. This consisted of milk, home-made bread and butter, and fruit.

'Oh, papa, how could you say that Mr Thompson was a friend of yours, when he was only a servant, and that he was a rich man, and had beautiful pleasure-grounds?' Charles almost angrily exclaimed, when they had left the garden gate to return home.

'And may not a servant be a friend?' Mr Vincent asked. 'Many a servant,' he proceeded, 'has been a true friend to his master; and I think that I have proved to you, by the little anecdote I related, that Thompson was such to me.'

'But how could you call him rich?' Charles interrogated.

'He is rich, my son.'

'How, papa?'

'I think that I can guess in what his riches consist,' Lucy interposed; 'papa means that he is rich in contentment.'

'I do, my dear girl; and that is the most valuable riches a man *can* possess; without it, he is poor and miserable, though he may be surrounded by everything which could otherwise administer to his comfort and happiness.'

'But I thought that I should see a gentleman, and have a delightful walk in the pleasure-grounds you spoke of. I am certainly disappointed, papa.'

'I did not deceive you, Charles, even on this point; for I am sure old Thompson's little flower and kitchen gardens are better deserving the name of pleasure-grounds, than many of the expensively laid out parterres of the wealthy. They frequently have flowers and shrubs, grottos and statues, and seldom or never visit them; whilst I will venture to say that the good old gardener we have just quitted experiences the most exquisite enjoyment from the cultivation of his pinks and roses. I noticed your disappointment and chagrin,' his father continued, 'though I would not appear to do so, and it grieved me beyond measure to witness it; but I have told you how, when a boy, I gave way to a similar spirit, and I now hope that you will, like me, take a lesson for your future life from this contented old man.'

LITERARY SYCOPHANCY.

Horace Walpole, in his 'Letters,' relates that the Abbé Giustiniani, a noble Genoese, wrote a panegyric in verse on the empress queen. 'She rewarded him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and a patent of theologian. Finding the trade so lucrative, he wrote another on the king of Prussia, who sent him a horn box, telling him that he knew his vow of poverty would not let him touch gold; and that, having no theologians, he had sent him a patent to be captain of horse in those very troops that he had commended so much in his verses! I am persuaded that the saving the gold and brilliants was not the part which pleased his majesty the least.'

In August 1787, the prize of poetry, proposed by the Comte d'Artois, for an eulogy on Prince Leopold of Brunswick, was granted to M. Terasse de Marseilles, an officer in the queen's household, although the public thought his production inferior to that of M. Noel, professor in the college of Louis le Grand, who obtained the first accessit; but the queen, on being informed that her officer above named had appeared as a candidate, wrote three letters to the academy in his favour, designating the piece only by the motto, without giving the author's name. The academy, fancying from this that the king himself (Louis XVIII.) was among the candidates, and that the queen was eager for his success, accorded him the prize, or at least thought they had done so; but, on opening the capsule, they were not a little astonished to find, in lieu of the august name of Leopold's brother, the name of a common officer of the queen.

A fashionable authoress complimented Frederick the Great very extravagantly, saying 'that he was covered with glory, was the paragon of Europe, and, in short, the greatest monarch and man on earth.' The king, rather distressed at this fulsomeness, replied, 'Madam, you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable; in short, you possess all the amiable qualities; *but you paint.*'

Louis XIV. was weak enough to relish flattery. He found delight in singing the most fulsome passages of songs written in his own praise. Even at the public suppers, when the band played the airs to which they were set, the monarch delighted his courtiers by humming the same passages. What sort of courtiers he had about him may be inferred from the fact that one of them, when dying, begged pardon of the king for the 'ugly faces' which the acuteness of his suffering compelled him to make.

This vice of flattery and fawning sycophancy is sometimes practised even by reverend authors. Thus, in some very adulatory doggrel on our present sovereign, written by a minor canon of Windsor, we are assured that there is 'none so fair, so pure as she.'

Although the poet Young could complain that

> 'The flowers of eloquence, profusely poured
> O'er spotted vice, fill half the lettered world,'

and elsewhere exclaims,

> 'Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
> And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
> Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
> And satirise with nothing—but their praise?'

yet he himself disgraced his talents, and lowered his reputation, by the mean flattery with which he stuffed his dedications to great men. This foible of his character is thus cleverly touched on by Swift:—

> 'And Young must torture his invention
> To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.'

Sometimes authors heap the most outrageously absurd laudation upon one another. In this reckless and unmeasured way of praising, Jasper Mayne has no hesitation in saying of 'Master Cartwright,' author of some tolerable 'Comedies and Poems' (1651)—

> 'Yes, thou to nature hadst joined art and skill;
> In thee Ben Jonson still held Shakspeare's quill.'

Mrs Thrale relates that Hannah More, on being introduced to Dr Johnson, began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise had given him; she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having.'

AFFECTION.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than entomb

his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God; love to man.—*American newspaper.*

ARTS DERIVED FROM THE WORKS OF NATURE.

In the early days of railway engineering, we had commenced by laying the iron rails on blocks of stone, placed apart; the engineer did not reflect upon the construction of the human frame, in which the cartilage was placed to support and protect the bones; had he done so, he would have then adopted a continuous bearing. Sir Christopher Wren, in the steeple of St Bride's, had shown the advantages which might be derived from the works of nature. Reflecting that the hollow spire, which he had seen or built in so many varieties, was but an infirm structure, he sought some model which should enable him to give it the utmost solidity and duration. Finding that the delicate shell called turretella, though long, and liable to fracture from the action of the water amongst the rocks, remained unbroken, in consequence of the central column round which the spiral turned, he adopted the idea. Therefore, in the centre of the spire he placed the columella, surrounded by a spiral staircase, and had thus constructed, if not the most beautiful, at least the most remarkable and enduring of any spire yet erected. Also, when Brunnelleschi designed the dome of Santa Maria at Florence, the diameter of which was nearly equal to that of the Pantheon, but which stood at more than twice the height from the pavement, upon a base raised on piers, it was evident that, in giving it the same solidity as its original model, the weight could not be supported on such a foundation. But Brunnelleschi was an observer of nature; he reflected that the bones of animals, especially of birds, had solidity without weight, through the double crust and hollow within. But, above all, he remarked that the dome which crowned the human form divine was constructed with a double plate, connected together at intervals, and thus the utmost strength and lightness were combined. Therefore he followed this model in the dome of Santa Maria, and the traveller now ascends to the summit between the two crusts or plates forming the inner and outer domes. The same contrivance was adopted by Michael Angelo in the dome of St Peter's, and in almost every dome that had been constructed since that time.—*The Builder.*

EXPENSE OF PUBLICATION.

The community at large have a very imperfect notion of the sums of money which are expended in the publication of books. Sir R. Worsley spent twenty-seven thousand pounds in the publication of his grand work, entitled 'Museum Worsleyanum, or an Account of his Collection of Antiquities,' in two volumes, imperial folio, privately printed during the years 1794 and 1803. There was an expenditure, and consequent risk, of twenty thousand pounds on Dr Dibden's four works, 'The Spencer Library,' 'Ædes Althorpianæ,' 'Bibliographical Decameron,' and 'Bibliographical Tour.' Dr Edmund Castell expended his whole fortune, twelve thousand pounds, on his 'Lexicon Heptaglotton,' 1669; and he also lost his sight in preparing the work, to which he is said to have devoted eighteen hours daily for seventeen years. Dr Barnes spent his whole fortune on his admirable and learned edition of 'Homer's Works,' published in two quarto volumes in 1711. The French Polyglot Bible of 1645, in ten folio volumes, was the undertaking of Guy Michel le Jay, an advocate of Paris, who, having spent his fortune on its completion, declined Cardinal Richelieu's offer to pay part of the expenditure, on condition of the work being allowed to come forth in his name, preferring to submit to poverty rather than to share with any one the glory of so great an enterprise. Mr Jungmann, a zealous Bohemian patriot, has lately sold a vineyard to defray the expense of publishing a dictionary of his native language. In England, the expense of publishing would be considerably lessened by the removal of the nearly thirty per cent. tax on paper, and the hundred per cent. tax on advertisements.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

A PARODY ON THE 'SONG OF THE SHIRT.'

Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst, with a sad and a terrible tone,
He sang the song of the sword.

Fight—fight—fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight—fight—fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight—fight—fight!
Whilst mothers and wives lament;
And fight—fight—fight!
Whilst millions of money are spent.

Fight—fight—fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name
And a tax too great to bear:
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
Whilst every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

War—war—war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields, and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shed:
Whilst kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.

War—war—war!
Musket, and powder, and ball:
Ah! what do we fight so for?
Ah! why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honour to keep;
Alas! that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap.

War—war—war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
From my youth to the present time;
Misery, murder, and crime—
Crime, misery, murder, and wo:
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
A tenth of what now I know!

Ah! had I but known in my happier days,
In my hours of boyish glee,
A tenth of the horrors and crime of war—
A tithe of its misery!
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here.

And many a long, long day of wo,
And sleepless nights untold,
And drenching rain, and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine, and cold;
And worn-out limbs, and aching heart,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wound, and piercing smart,
Had I escaped full well.

Weary, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whilst thus, with a sad and a terrible tone,
(Oh, would that these truths were more perfectly known!)
He sang the song of the sword.

—*Fife Herald.* PACIFICUS.

NOTE.

Finding the interests of a contributor concerned in the matter, we take leave to state that a note to a tale entitled *Next of Kin*, in No. 457 of the Journal, was erroneous regarding the authorship of that story. It is said to have been by a person deceased, from whom we had received another story entitled *The Flitting;* the fact being, as we afterwards discovered, that the paper was contributed by a different person.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 159. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1847. Price 1½d.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity, or the desire of knowing, is an instinct not peculiar to the human race, although in the lower animals, as in some of our own species, it is bounded by the general narrowness of the intellect. An ape, for instance, is satisfied with his examination of a particular object; and although addicted more to the analytical than the synthetical process, he contemplates wisely its parts, and recognises them again when he meets them as a whole. But this study leads to no results beyond fun or mischief. The step in knowledge he has gained does not conduct him onwards. His inquiry terminates when the immediate question is answered; and his vagrant curiosity flits away to other objects.

In some portions of the human species we observe nearly the same thing. The curiosity, for instance, which pries into the domestic affairs of other people, which pants to know the price of a bonnet, or the arrangement of a dinner, is the same natural instinct neutralised for all good purposes by the same intellectual weakness. If it were capable of going further—of being led on, step by step, from specialities to generals—of theorising an individual character from the minute details of life—and ascending thence to speculations on the moral status and destiny of the species—then would this kind of curiosity, however annoying and vexatious in its exercise, be taken out of the category of vulgar instincts common to men and animals, and become one of the great agents in the progress of the human race.

I do not complain of people for seeking to learn even the most trifling particulars of my domestic economy; but I wish to know what they mean to do with them when obtained. Of what use are the scraps of information they collect with so much trouble? Have they displayed in the pursuit anything more than the unreflecting ingenuity of the ape? Are they capable of turning their acquisitions to any wiser or more useful account? But the parallel is closer still; for in nine cases out of ten the proceedings of the two animals, higher and lower, tend to mischief. The same weakness of character which leads people to waste their minds in such paltry inquisitiveness, prevents them from keeping to themselves what they may have gained. They are afflicted with an incontinence of knowledge, and to such an extent, that its acquisition would give little pleasure but for the prospect of retailing it. Hence gossip, scandal, slander, are the usual attendants upon idle curiosity; and an imbecility becomes formidable which would otherwise be only pitied or despised.

Ascending from this limited curiosity, we arrive, a degree higher perhaps, at passive curiosity—a passion, or rather habit, which abstracts itself from the things and persons of life, to fix upon imaginary beings, and trace with eager interest the thread of a fictitious narrative. It happens, fortunately, that this taste is not always inconsistent with a proper attention to the real business of society; for all students of the kind do not imagine, with the poet Gray, that supreme beatitude consists in lounging upon a sofa morning, noon, and night, and reading eternal new romances. Some study such productions as works of art; others peruse them for occasional recreation; and a few have recourse to them, as a more innocent kind of dram-drinking, in those pauses of the world when their jaded minds would otherwise prey upon themselves. Still, there is no doubt that vast numbers of weak minds, in all civilised countries, look to them for nearly their sole intellectual food. In France, England, Germany—the most literary and enlightened nations in Europe—the press teems with the fantastic brood; and in China, where one-third part of mankind read, if they do not speak, one universal language, fiction is the grand staple of the national literature.

This passive curiosity, like the limited curiosity already described, is confined by the general weakness of the character of which it forms a part. Were it otherwise, it would infallibly lead to the study of history, which is still only narrative, although of a higher kind, unfolding the destinies of men, not in little groups, but in large aggregates, and describing the action and reaction of individuals and masses. I am not sure, however, that a distaste for history is the *result* of romance reading. The distaste already exists in the weakness of the character, and romances serve only to fill a mind which is of too confined a calibre to admit history.

As we ascend higher, we find the same instinct assuming a more and more important character. No longer confined to the investigation of a neighbour's domestic affairs, or fixed to the sofa in the lazy paradise of the poet, it is busying itself with the courses of the stars, tracing the affinities of earthly bodies, or plunging into the depths of the human understanding. This moral chameleon takes its hue from the mind in which it lives. The sciences had probably all their origin in mere curiosity, and often curiosity of a kind quite irrespective of eventual advantage. The great men whose genius has enlightened the world did not set about their task like one of the advertisers of British plate, who kindly took the trouble the other day of 'discovering' this substitute for silver on complaints reaching his ears of the frequency of thefts of the real metal! Attracted at first by accident to a pursuit consonant to their genius, they ascended, stage by stage, by unwearied perseverance; and thus the little seeker of daisies and buttercups became in time a distinguished botanist; and the juvenile rabbit-keeper extended gradually his care over the whole animal kingdom, and enlightened the world on the classifications of zoology. In such

cases the progress of the individual is not owing merely to stronger curiosity, but to general strength of character, which impels him to press onwards and upwards from every new acquisition. Without this his curiosity would never have led him beyond the meadow or the rabbit-hutch.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the wise provision of nature in endowing different men with talents and propensities of a different kind. A very striking analogy might be drawn in this respect between the intellectual and the physical world; in both of which are soils of such different capacities and aptitudes, as to supply, in the aggregate, the varied wants and wishes of the whole world. Education in the one is what cultivation is in the other; and it should not be forgotten of both, that wherever the weeds are strong, useful plants will grow; and that the soil which is rich enough to produce articles of mere taste and luxury, will yield as easily to our demands the useful and the admirable.

The progress and victories of curiosity in the present age are reckoned marvellous; but the marvel is perfectly susceptible of explanation. In former times, owing to the limited diffusion of books, men worked in a great measure alone: each was mainly dependent upon his own experience, receiving but little assistance from that of others; and thus the acquisitions of a lifetime added comparatively little to the general stock of knowledge. The workers in those days, owing to the want of education, were few; and thus science, like the Scriptural seed scattered by the sower, fell among thorns and stony places, and comparatively little upon ground adapted for its reception. All this was changed by the mere invention of a mechanical art certainly not remarkable for complication or ingenuity. Books were multiplied by the press, and knowledge gradually penetrated throughout the holes and corners of society. The mind of Europe awoke slowly from its slumber, and the movement became quicker and quicker every year, till we are now confounded by its rapidity. How could it be otherwise? If a given number of minds produced so much, what will not be produced when that number is multiplied by many thousands? But books, besides, serve as stages in our onward progress. No man has now to pierce the wilderness for himself; the track is distinctly laid down, and his own difficulties and services only commence when he has reached the farthest point attained by his predecessors.

Let us not despise even the errors of the pioneers of science. Everything with them was a wonder and a mystery. Their new-born curiosity led them, like the wandering knights of old, to plunge into the depths of primeval woods, and sound the horn at the gate of enchanted castles. They traced a ghastly connexion between the material and immaterial world, demanding substance from shadows, and confounding things with words. Their mistakes, however, became our guide, and their darkness our light. We no longer waste our energies in the pursuit of phantoms, being acquainted with mightier genii than those sought in vain to be evoked by our ancestors. Even the gods and goddesses of mythology, the personified elements of nature, are no longer our masters, but our slaves. And this sacred thirst of knowledge can never be quenched; for every draught we take, while it appeases the pain, only increases the rage. Who shall say where that magnificent curiosity, which is the great distinctive feature of the age, shall stop, or where its discoveries will end? A philosopher of our own day laughed to scorn the fantastic idea of lighting the streets with gas, and another demonstrated the folly of trying to cross the ocean by means of steam. But our practical men attempted these impossibilities, 'yea, got the better of them.' We now not only rush through the country, from end to end, at several times the rate of the mail-coach pace, which was in its time the admiration of Europe, but we send before us, as an avant-courier, one of the dainty spirits of nature, who could put a girdle round the earth in less than a second. If an arm of the sea interpose, our communications need not wait for steam, already too slow for our proud impatience: our commands are transmitted through the body of the waters with a velocity which mocks the lazy flight of a cannon ball!

Such things seem wonderful to us, but they will be a very simple matter for posterity. The ratio of the progress of invention and discovery is neither arithmetical nor geometrical. In our generation we call it marvellous—what will it be in the next? If the art of printing confessedly performed such mighty things when its benefits were confined to the few, what will it do now that they are diffused among the multitude? How many minds, that would otherwise have slept for ever, are at this moment awakening to intellectual life under the influence of the cheap press of Great Britain! And the work, be it remembered, to which these minds are called is *unlimited*. There can be no glut of labour, for we are only at the opening of that eternal quarry, the riches and extent of which are beyond all imagination.

But nature, however wonderful, is always simple. The great agent she employs in the human character is merely well-directed curiosity—a fact which must be familiar to intelligent parents, and the observant instructors of youth. The boy's tastes become the man's business, and wo to those who fail to mould and train the former when as yet they are soft and ductile enough to be acted upon by Education.

THE TWO AUNTS.

A TALE.

However necessary it may be to use the curb with boys, there should, we think, be a leaning to mild principles in the education of girls. The character to be dealt with in the latter case is usually of a kind which only can be nurtured into perfection by gentle treatment, and we never yet knew a female heart to possess any value which was only to be operated upon through the medium of fear. To mothers of the middle classes especially, where individuality of character is of importance, we would say, treat your daughters with all the indulgence that may seem at all consistent with a prudent caution. Teach them, by kindness, to be generous-hearted, unsuspicious, trusting, loving; let a consciousness that you wish, even in trifles, to make them happy, strengthen the spring of hope in their minds, so that this elastic feeling, surviving the ignorance of their childhood, and growing with their growth, may carry them forward through many a privation, many a subsequent trial; and then, even if none but adverse circumstances should await them, if the loving heart must meet a chill, the trusting heart be betrayed, never, never imagine that the treasures of early affection made them the less prepared for the reverse, but believe, with the Athenian of old, that it was something at least to have given them 'one happy day.'

These thoughts were awakened by circumstances which lately came under our observation, and which would have convinced us, if proof were requisite, that of the two extremes, indulgence is far more favourable to the right development of the female heart than severity; though of course no truly beneficial result can be expected, unless even our favourite treatment be judiciously applied. In our neighbourhood, which I need only say was in the south of Ireland, there some time ago lived, each in a house by herself, two aged sisters, one of whom, Jane, had never been married, the other, Nance, was a widow, but without children. Why they did not live together it is difficult to say, unless their separation was a result of a considerable difference in temperament. Slender as their means were—for they belonged to a humble condition in life—a circumstance occurred which rendered it necessary for each to make these resources go still farther. A young wife, their sister-in-law, gave birth to twin-daughters, and died in her confinement. Her husband, with that brief interval of happiness continually in his mind, never afterwards

'raised his head,' but pined in gloom through three or four weary years, and then followed her to the grave, leaving the little orphans to the care of his sisters—one to each. They were poor, shy, awkward, neglected little things; and the two childless women, each according to her own peculiar character, welcomed the claim upon their sympathy, and resolved, as far as in them lay, to supply to them a mother's place.

But with what different ideas! Jane, accustomed to solitude, compassionate, reflecting, finding her only recreation in attending to her garden and the poor, rejoiced in the little creature that now was to give life to her lonely hours; she treated her with the tenderness that she would have bestowed on one of her own fair blossoms; she spoke to her with the gentle tones with which she comforted the lowly; and thus combining all former duties, all amusement, in her present delight, she was soon rewarded by the entire confidence of its object, who, forgetful of her shyness, followed her, with tripping footsteps, round the garden, and through the house, her sweet voice and merry laughter echoing like a fairy bell.

And Nance, still elbowing her way through the world—active, enterprising, and sturdy—what did she know of the softer feelings of the heart? They had never been strongly called into action in her earlier life, and she now never imagined their existence; indeed we believe that, in her inmost soul, she utterly despised such weaknesses, and imputed much of her sister's early sorrows and her present lonely lot to indulgence in those fancies; and therefore she determined, as a duty, even had her temper not inclined that way, to bring up her little charge with the strictest discipline, to discourage each softer emotion, and confine her attention to the less pleasing realities of life, convinced that kind words and caresses were more injurious to her mind than the most cloying sweetmeats would have been to her body.

Some months had passed away, and Nance had removed to a small farm taken by her late husband at a little distance from the village, so that the intercourse between the sisters was not frequent. But one morning Jane was surprised to see her enter the cottage with limping step; and eagerly inquiring whether she had met with any accident, desired little Margaret at the same moment to bring her a chair. With ready courtesy the child obeyed, and then retreating to her little stool at Jane's knee, resumed her work, looking up every now and then, with no admiring expression, at her other aunt.

In answer to Jane's repeated inquiry, Nance replied, 'Oh, 'tis only a trifle; but the walk made it painful: nothing would do that young minx at home but to go hunting the hens, and pelting them with stones; and when I ran out to stop her, she flung the last of them away, and hit me right on the instep, taking off a piece of the skin as large as a shilling. I'll be bound I gave her two or three good flakings, that kept her quiet for the rest of the day; but I could not put on a shoe or a stocking yesterday, and was obliged to stay at home from prayers, thanks to the little brat.'

Now, amongst the ravages of time, Nance had lost more than one of her once pearly teeth; this rendered her utterance at all times, but more especially when speaking in excitement, rather indistinct, besides which, those same inexorable years had deadened Jane's sense of hearing, so we must not be surprised at her answering Nance in a pleased and gentle tone—'Playthings—that was very considerate indeed of you to give the little creature some playthings, to keep her quiet within doors, instead of letting her run wild after the hens.'

'Playthings!' reiterated Nance in a tone of contemptuous impatience; 'indeed I would be well in my way making out playthings for her: no, I gave her some good flakings—*flakings*, Jane; and then I locked her up till she was tired of crying, and I did the same to-day, to keep her out of harm's way while I was out; that's the way to make them behave themselves right.'

She shook her head ominously at little Margaret, who nestled in still closer to her gentler guardian, while Jane, unwilling to enter into any discussion before her, contented herself with raising her hand in a deprecating manner, and the subject for the present dropped, to be often afterwards renewed, as each sister remonstrated with the other on a method so different from her own, each failing to produce any reformation, and each more and more convinced of the excellence of her own particular plan. Thus, while Bessy was drilled into a mere machine, efficient, indeed, often clever and off-handed, for Nance was determined to make her so, she still took no interest in any of her employments, but became each day more sullen, inert, and spiritless while in Nance's presence, more wild and thoughtless when the restraint was removed. Constantly under a dread of punishment, which was never adapted to touch her feelings or convince her reason, she became reckless when it was inevitable, sly and cunning while it could be averted: knowing that it was in vain to request any indulgence, she gradually acquired the habit of taking instead of asking leave, and, still worse, of appropriating what she could not obtain, too often covering the underhand practice by a deviation from the truth; and though sometimes discovered, and severely punished, still increased duplicity, instead of reformation, seemed the result of such chastisement.

Little Margaret, on the other hand, guided by the law of kindness, moved about at her daily avocations with blithe and gladsome looks, always endeavouring to do her best, or, failing in that, more sorry for the mischance than those who suffered by it. She took an interest, and felt a sort of property, in everything intrusted to her care; for did not all belong to dear Aunt Jane, who never denied her anything she could grant, or, if obliged to do so, had always the true and loving reason to reconcile her to the privation? She thus learned frankly to tell her thoughts and wishes, feeling, even through the difference of years, that she was relating them to a second self, only wiser, steadier, more experienced, but never less anxious or sympathising than she expected; and thus her young mind, moulded by constant application to that beloved model, received, even in its inmost recesses, the impression of that tried and gentle heart.

And thus they grew up; as twins, very similar in appearance, but with dispositions and expression of countenance as different as night and day. They were not much together; for, as we have said, neither aunt approved of the method of the other; and want of agreement on this important subject had, without impairing their affection, still lessened their intimacy. Visits were, however, at stated times exchanged, and no circumstance of particular interest ever occurred to one, without being immediately imparted to the other.

The girls had passed their eighteenth birthday at Aunt Jane's cottage. It had been her invariable practice to give them a little festival on this occasion; and Margaret, while delighted at poor Bessy's evident enjoyment, had seen more than ever to pity and deplore in her disposition and situation. The next morning she was talking over the subject with Aunt Jane, and proposing many warm-hearted but visionary plans, when suddenly the door opened, and the indefatigable Nance made her appearance. The visit was quite unexpected, and there was an excitement in her looks and movements which aroused Jane's apprehensions lest something unpleasant had occurred. Nance, however, seated herself deliberately, and laid her shawl and bonnet aside, as if for a lengthened stay; then addressing Margaret in kinder accents than she had perhaps ever in her life used towards her own ward, she requested her to bring her a drink of water from the old ivied well; 'for somehow,' added she, turning to Jane with an affectionate smile, 'I do not think the wide world holds another so pure or so refreshing.'

Jane's heart, ever dwelling on the past, gratefully acknowledged this little tribute to early memories, and

a quick gratified look from Margaret's sweet eyes showed her appreciation of it too. She took her pail and passed through the open door, and in silence the two aunts looked after her as she tripped lightly down the winding path; then their eyes met with a pleasant smile, and an expression of almost equal tenderness in each. 'She *is* a good girl,' exclaimed Nance with generous warmth; 'and no doubt, Jane, but, in the absence of other blessings, you have reared her to be a true one to yourself; very different will you feel whenever you are asked to part with her from the way I feel myself to-day.'

'If I parted with my darling for her own good,' answered Jane cheerfully, 'I hope I would not be so selfish as to indulge in one regret.'

'I believe you, Jane; 'twould be only like yourself: and if you were asked for a right hand or a right eye for the good of one you loved, I believe all the same that you would give it,' answered Nance with a merry laugh; 'but, after all,' added she, reverting to her favourite doctrine, 'that's no way to get through the world, and 'tis well if, in the end, Margaret hasn't too much feeling for her own good.'

'Not for her own happiness at anyrate,' replied Jane; 'and happiness here and hereafter is the only real good. But what have you to tell me, Nance; for I am sure when you came in you had something on your mind?'

'Indeed so I had, and great news too,' exclaimed Nance eagerly; 'but somehow the sight of you and that child, with your peaceful, innocent, loving ways, drove it for the moment out of my head, and made me feel in a different world. But I have no reason to reproach myself. I have reared her healthy, and useful, and obedient: if she's not very loving, why, I suppose it isn't in her nature. She ought to be grateful to me at anyrate, for I spared no pains to bring her up well, and now I have got the best match in the parish for her at last.'

'The best match!' exclaimed Jane; 'is it possible? Who in the world is he? and does Bessy like him?' added she still more eagerly.

'Oh, as to that,' answered Nance with a sort of grunt, 'I'd like to hear her object to a man with as fine a bawn of cows, and as honest a name as there is from this to himself. I'd like to ask her opinion indeed!'

'Oh, Nance!' exclaimed her sister in an expostulating tone; 'but still you have not told who he is.'

'No less a person, then, than Maurice Cruden of Knockane!' answered Nance in measured accents, drawing up her head to give greater dignity to the announcement, and disdaining to add another syllable to such an important fact.

'Indeed!' replied Jane, and there was a momentary pause—of triumph on one side, of consideration on the other. At last Jane smiled as she said, 'And yet, Nance, I cannot but ask you again, does Bessy prefer him? for, to my mind, he is very grave and settled, and rather precise for a wild thoughtless young creature like her.'

Nance interrupted her with a look half-angry, half-impatient, as she exclaimed, 'I vow to goodness, Jane, you never will learn sense. Here's a man with everything that heart could wish, and you insist on knowing whether a silly little monkey likes him: my only wonder is, that he liked or thought of her; but she may thank me for that.' Again Jane smiled, but did not raise her eyes, and Nance continued hastily—'But Bessy, after all, is not so foolish as you imagine; she's deep enough, and knows right well on what side her bread is buttered: besides, I believe she would not miss even a worse opportunity of getting away from me—there's gratitude. But no help for that. I assure you I left her quite *agreeable*, and brought over a message to ask you and Margaret to come back and spend the day, as Maurice is to be there too.'

While busied in their slight preparations for departure, Nance amused herself and them by expatiating unwearyingly on the advantages of the expected connexion. 'But Margaret here,' continued she suddenly, 'must be treated differently; for she, poor thing, is so differently reared. As to your having a heart, and a feeling one too, there's no question about that: if it wasn't there, child, Aunt Jane would have manufactured one for you; so all that *I* can do is to make it safe as quick as I can. And now no objections from either of you. When we are passing Mr Crosbie's lodge by and by, I must have my own way, and send up a message to the gardener that he must give a holiday to Laurence Quin, and let him come and spend the afternoon with us.' She silenced Margaret's faint remonstrances with a kiss, adding, with a knowing glance, 'Laurence is a smart, *apprehensive* boy, and will guess at once that he isn't asked to a settling family party of that kind for nothing. One match always brings on another, Margaret; so be sure you send a little bird to-morrow morning to tell me what the young gardener will whisper in your ear to-night when you are going home.'

On reaching the farm, as they passed within its shady enclosure along the margin of the little pond, Nance called on her companions to admire her fine collection of poultry dabbling in the stream, or swimming on the surface of the water. They had, however, hardly paused, ere her quick eye descried amongst the rushes the identical pair of Muscovy ducks whose death-warrant she had consigned to Bessy in the morning, and who, even while she gazed, took to the water, and, as if in mockery of their sentence, continued swimming up and down, displaying at every turn how well adapted they were for the table. An angry exclamation from Nance, a quick calculation whether another couple had suffered in their stead, and a thorough conviction that her entire clutch was still in the land of the living, was all the work of an instant, and with a threatening brow, and many an ejaculation at Bessy's forgetfulness, she had turned quickly away, and was hastening through the garden towards the house, when her attention was again arrested by the sight of a currant bush, the fruit of which she had ordered to be gathered for a pie, still exactly in the same state in which she had left it in the morning. She stopped short, and scanned it more closely; but there it stood, undoubtedly untouched, the branches bending with the ungathered clusters as gracefully as ever. Jane and Margaret thought she had again paused in admiration, and were just going to offer their tribute of praise, when they were suddenly silenced by a fresh burst of indignation from Nance, who, raising her eyes from the apparent fascination of the currant bush, spied beyond it a huge cauliflower, which, in honour of its size, had been destined for some great occasion, and directed this morning, in the fulness of her heart, to grace her intended festival. There it remained, stately as ever, its ample rotundity peeping out at every side through the encircling leaves it had so long outstripped. At this sight Nance absolutely recoiled, and with a gesture of speechless alarm, quite inexplicable to her visitors, hurried onwards into the house.

She called on Bessy, loudly—louder; till fright and anger elevated her voice into a scream; but still no reply. Participating in her alarm, without well understanding its origin, Aunt Jane and Margaret hastily searched through the house; but in vain. The latter then running out towards the offices, met the servant-maid coming in with some turf, and gathered from her that, half an hour after her mistress had left home, Peter Doyle and his sister had called for Miss Bessy, and prevailed on her to accompany them to the fair. She hastened back with this information to her Aunt Nance, who, worn out with excitement, was sitting on a bench in the little porch, fanning her heated face with her handkerchief, and rocking herself to and fro. At these tidings she started up with renewed energy, exclaiming, 'That rascally Peter Doyle—the very people I am for ever warning her against; and on such a day too, when she knew you were all expected, and that I wished to

have everything right; and Maurice Cruden coming too, and nothing ready.' For once Nance's presence of mind deserted her, and hopelessly wringing her hands, she burst into tears, overcome by the sudden overthrow of all her joyful anticipations.

Jane tried to comfort her sister, while Margaret, although herself exceedingly disappointed and uneasy at Bessy's absence, still endeavoured to excuse her, and then, with ready alacrity, hastened to assist in such preparations for dinner as could at that late hour be adopted; beguiling her anxious aunts into momentary forgetfulness by the little employments she assigned them, and even sometimes extorting a smile by the ingenious contrivances with which she sought to remedy the delay. Every moment, however, would they listen for Bessy's return, until at last Nance, with worn-out patience, exclaimed, 'The hussy will never come back till we send somebody to bring her back by force. She would be afraid now to face me alone, and knows right well that the Doyles dare not come into my sight. Only Tim went with the sheep, and rode old Dobbin, I'd have sent them both long ago to bring her back by hook or crook; but 'tis only to have patience now.'

Dinner-hour arrived, and with it the unconscious Maurice Cruden, and Margaret's friend, young Laurence, full of happiness and smiles. Few smiles, however, now awaited them, though Nance, who considered it impolitic to mention Bessy's thoughtless conduct to her admirer, just casually remarked that something must have delayed her and her friends at the fair; and then covered her deeper anxiety under the appearance of excusable impatience for their return. But Margaret and Aunt Jane, both unpractised in dissembling, found it impossible to conceal their uneasiness, and might soon have betrayed all, had not Nance, with her usual generalship, requested Laurence to pay a professional visit to her pinks and roses, and desired Margaret to show him the way.

They had hardly reached the garden, when Laurence anxiously inquired what was the matter; and Margaret found that, to his heart at least, her disturbed countenance had spoken intelligibly. With tears and emotion springing from more than one source, she related the cause of her uneasiness, and found it involuntarily confirmed by the deep seriousness of manner with which he listened. At last, with much tenderness and hesitation, he informed her that Peter Doyle was commonly spoken of as an admirer, or, in his phrase, as 'a bachelor' of Bessy's; that she kept company with him much more frequently than her friends were aware of, or would approve; and that that very morning, when returning from a message of his master's, he had met the whole party, Bessy included, driving on a car in quite an opposite direction from the fair. 'And dear Margaret,' added he, 'without wishing to add to your trouble, I cannot but say something should be done at once; only give me the word, and I will set off this minute, and as a friend, as a brother, will try to save her from harm.'

'Oh thanks—thanks!—a thousand thanks, my kindest friend!' said poor Margaret, wringing her hands; but the colloquy was stopped by the sight of various persons of the neighbourhood returning from the fair, who, when questioned, declared that they had seen nothing of the fugitive. All concealment now being at an end, a family council was held, in which Maurice, to do him justice, took a cordial and disinterested part; and it was resolved that the moment a hasty dinner had been swallowed, the men of the party should immediately set out, and, tracing her direction, without ceremony or delay bring the truant back.

'And as I am to be one of her captors,' interposed Maurice with a good-natured smile, 'remember, Mrs Burke, I make it a condition that poor Bessy gets no scolding when she comes back; we were all young ourselves once, and were glad to take a holiday when it came in our way.'

The good-humoured light in which the person chiefly interested represented the matter, had its effect on the rest of the party, and with something of composure they sat down to a dinner which Margaret's exertions had made perfectly comfortable; they even relaxed into many a laugh at Nance's consternation, many a compliment to Margaret's ingenuity, and were almost beginning to enjoy themselves, when a note was brought in by the servant, who had just returned from the fair, and handed to Nance. She at once recognised Bessy's handwriting, and grew deadly pale; and Margaret, rising hastily from her chair, threw her arm round her with a quick movement of support, as, taking the note from her powerless hand, she tore it open, and placed it before her. But the poor woman vainly tried to read, and handed it silently back to the agitated girl, whose tears fell like rain on the paper as she hurriedly perused it. It was enough: she did not speak, she gave no explanation; but pointing with her trembling finger to the one concluding word, she laid it again before the bewildered Nance, who, stooping over it, read mechanically and aloud the signature—'Bessy Doyle!'

We must hasten to conclude. It is said that 'misfortune never comes single;' so poor Margaret and her aunts had hardly recovered the shock of Bessy's elopement, and were vainly trying to reconcile themselves to the 'aggravation' of seeing her take up her residence in their neighbourhood as a member of an ill-conducted, unprincipled family, when their feelings were wrung afresh by the news that Laurence Quin, now Margaret's accepted lover, had been dismissed from his employment, on suspicion of systematically robbing the garden at the Park. At first such a rumour seemed utterly incredible, not only to Margaret's partial tenderness, and to Aunt Jane's scarcely less affectionate confidence, but even to the more sceptical worldliness of Nance; for Laurence had always borne an unexceptionable character, had no expensive habits, no dissipated companions to tempt him to such an act, and his undoubtedly genuine regard for one so innocent and engaging as Margaret, was in itself almost a pledge for his good conduct; but the report was only too true. He had lost his employment—a slur was on his name; and though Margaret had over and over again declared to him her perfect trust in his integrity, her firm conviction that it was all an error, which would one day be cleared up, she was still obliged reluctantly to yield to his own impetuous intreaty, and to the advice of even her indulgent Aunt Jane, that until this cloud had passed away, and his means of livelihood were again restored, their engagement should be suspended. She loved and she obeyed, though inwardly dissenting from an arrangement that seemed dictated by false pride on his part, and over-caution on hers; but to gratify them was her present wish, and for the rest she trusted to time and truth.

With affectionate earnestness she had pleaded for Bessy, and though unable to obtain her forgiveness from her aunts, still she had wrung a permission to visit her herself when she returned to her new dwelling; and day after day, during the hours when her husband and his family were likely not to interrupt her, she availed herself of it to seek an interview with her poor misguided sister. At first Bessy seemed inclined to carry matters with a high hand, and boasted of her adroit proceeding and freedom from restraint; but Margaret's watchful interest soon discovered that those gay spirits were too often forced and unnatural, and could not but suspect that poor Bessy's brief emancipation was only a prelude to stricter bondage; and that if Nance had beaten her with rods, she was chastised with scorpions now. Nance still held aloof with unchangeable determination. It was not anger alone; mingling with it in yet larger proportion was genuine grief at such a termination to all her cares; and, in addition, the inward mortification of suspecting that she had partly to blame herself, and that the system to which she had so pertinaciously and confidently adhered was a mistaken one after all. She could hardly bear to allow this, or to give even the gentle Jane such a triumph; but her mind

was working with sorrow and self-reproach; and though still unwilling to confess herself in error, she tacitly admitted it by the cordial encomiums she bestowed on Margaret's conduct, and by the privilege she granted her alone of occasionally mentioning the poor offender, and affectionately pleading her cause.

In the meantime, the depredations at the Park had not ceased, though now no longer confined to the garden; a wholesale robbery had been effected in the orchard, and several young ash-trees were cut, and silently removed in the night. Even Mr Crosbie's indolence could endure such trespasses no longer; for though he loved his own ease, he also loved a good table and a shady walk; so shaking off his habitual carelessness, he took active measures to ascertain the offenders, and offered a reward for their detection sufficient to put half the parish on the watch.

Those steps were effectual in checking further mischief, though not in bringing the actors in past delinquencies to light. There were many different opinions relative to Laurence, the majority declaring in his favour, and arguing that a long-established good character should not be whispered away on mere suspicion, while others, less magnanimous, asserted that suspicion almost amounted to proof; that the robberies had certainly been managed by some one well acquainted with the localities and habits at the Park; and who so likely as Laurence, who had been constantly employed there for years, and to whose old aunt, a market-woman in the next town, the fruit and vegetables had been traced? 'True, she had declared they were delivered to her by a stranger; but where was the fool who could believe such a story as that?'

And yet, as we have said, many did believe it; none more steadfastly than the friends he loved best. So, though under a cloud in the estimation of some, poor Laurence still found stanch and warm supporters, and anxiously awaited the result of Mr Crosbie's more stringent measures, trusting that they would yet be the means of discovering the real offenders. He had accompanied Aunt Jane and his fair Margaret on an afternoon visit to Nance, and their return had been delayed by an unexpected fall of rain. It continued until very late, but Jane had particular business to prevent her remaining; and when at last it cleared up into a lovely night, they set out, quite contented with the protection of Laurence's stout arm and shillelah. As they approached the Park, he exclaimed, 'I know a short cut across the demesne that will bring us in half the time, and I can find my way there as well by night as by day, though,' added he with a half sigh, 'it is not to every one I should confess that!'

A trusting pressure of Margaret's hand on his arm checked the bitter feeling; and turning the conversation into a pleasanter channel, he guided them along by familiar paths until they reached the immediate neighbourhood of the 'great house.' Silently, and with light footsteps, they were crossing the short mown grass, when a slight rustle in the adjoining shrubbery caught Laurence's quick ear. With an impressive gesture he stopped short, then drawing his companions farther back into the shade, waited breathlessly, and with eyes accustomed to the gloom, for an explanation of the sound. For a moment or two all was still, then again the branches moved, and all three could plainly discern a man creeping stealthily along by the garden wall; another and another followed, until they reached a low arched door leading into the private pleasure-grounds, which was always strictly locked, but through which, nevertheless, after a slight pause, they disappeared. 'Now is my time!' exclaimed Laurence in suppressed but earnest tones; 'the hand of Providence is surely in this, and, with the blessing of God, we shall now discover all. Wait here in safety,' continued he, leading the trembling females to a bench under the deep shadow of a spreading beech, within a few paces of the front of the house—'remain quietly here, dear Margaret; you have a courageous heart, and will not be afraid. Remember all our hopes are now at stake; and if, in twenty minutes—where is Aunt Jane's watch, it will tell you the hour even in this dusky light?—I do not return, go to the hall door; do not knock, for that would be heard outside, but ring the bell, and give the alarm, for be sure then that something bad is going on.'

He left them, and in a moment had vanished through the little portal, and with noiseless footsteps on the grass beside the walk, was following on their track. He knew this piece of ground was merely ornamental, and perfectly enclosed; so hastening onwards to a glass door opening into the lower apartments at that side of the house, his worst apprehensions were verified by finding it open. For a moment he paused with natural hesitation, unwilling to enter a strange dwelling in secret, and at such an hour; while the thought that the individuals he had so dimly seen might, after all, have been members of the family, and that, if he were discovered within those precincts, it might confirm every previous suspicion, made him hesitate still more. But it was only for a moment: relying on the purity of his intentions, and his conviction that mischief was impending, he made up his mind, and resolutely but cautiously entered the house.

He was familiar with the somewhat intricate passages of this part of the mansion, which was appropriated to the domestics, and quietly made his way to a door at the foot of the staircase communicating with the principal apartments, but it was locked; and aware that this was a nightly habit with the family, he retreated, satisfied that so far at least they were safe. He then took the way towards the butler's pantry, knowing what temptation was there: this door was also shut, but a faint light was visible; and looking through the keyhole, he distinguished the three figures in the act of rapidly stowing away the plate! What would he have given at that moment for the key, to have turned it on them quickly, and left them secure; but they had apparently made good their entrance by picking the lock. The key, in all probability, was safe in the old butler's pocket, and before he could be aroused from his slumbers, the villains might escape. He was thus deliberating, when the loud and startling peal of the hall bell warned him that the twenty minutes had elapsed, and quick as thought, he anticipated the rush from within, by driving his cudgel into the staple of the pantry-door, which luckily opened outwards. For a moment this expedient checked their progress; but it could not long have resisted their united and desperate efforts, had not the continued pealing of the bell roused up a reinforcement, just as, with a final effort to clear their way, one of the robbers fired a pistol through the panel, wounding Laurence in the arm, and flinging him outwards with the shock. A rush of the servants from their apartments, and of the gentlemen from the upper part of the house, immediately followed the report; and at length, after a serious scuffle, the culprits were secured.

Laurence, too, was seized, soon to be released with many an apology and expression of heartfelt gratitude, as Jane and Margaret, with pale and terrified countenances, related their adventure, and wept over his wounded arm; but he reassured them all, by declaring it was only a trifle, and then attention was turned to the real delinquents. Bessy's husband was discovered amongst them. They were put into confinement, during the course of which one of them made a full confession of their past depredations, completely exonerating Laurence from all participation, and pointing out their real leader in a stable-boy, who had been dismissed some years before.

Those robberies were the secret which had weighed so heavily with poor Bessy, a secret of which she had little suspicion when she married, but which she discovered too soon—too late. Her unworthy husband was transported; and Nance, softened by compassion, and grown wiser by past experience, took the forlorn one back to her heart and to her home, where, in the full

tide of mutual affection and forgiveness, they never since have uttered, or had cause to utter, one harsh or one reproachful word.

We need not dwell on the happiness of Margaret and Aunt Jane. Laurence seemed doubly dear when steadfastly refusing Mr Crosbie's offered reward: he declared he could not bear to accept money for a discovery that had implicated poor Bessy's husband. His own innocence was clearly established, his good name restored, and that was all he desired, all he sought.

Mr Crosbie was obliged to acquiesce, but soon adopted a recompense more congenial to his feelings. He paid a handsome apprentice fee, and bound him for three years to Mr Drummond, the Scotch gardener of a neighbouring nobleman; and at the expiration of that time, it is arranged that old Green, his former master, shall be superannuated with a pension, and that dear Margaret shall be united to Laurence Quin, then 'head gardener' at the Park.

NATURE AT WAR.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Concealment is the next defensive stratagem, and must not be omitted in an account of this kind. Many are the insects, and multifarious are the devices they adopt, which resort to this mode of securing themselves. Those which instantly drop on being touched with the finger, frequently, on reaching the ground, start up, and make at once for some crevice where they may hide. Several beetles cover themselves with sand and mud, so as to be quite undiscoverable by any but those acquainted with their habits. A little black beetle is mentioned which, dwelling upon chalky soils, would become very conspicuous, were it not that it bedaubs its back with chalk, and thus becomes almost invisible. The *cimex* adorns itself with fragments of wool, dust, feathers, silk, &c. and carries its covering about with it; and it is a ludicrous sight to see this creature sometimes drop all its clothes, and come forth nude out of a little heap of odds and ends. There is another, whose operations Kirby and Spence prettily compare to the feat of Hercules after destroying the Nemæan monster. This creature kills and devours a large number of the *aphides*, and then covers itself with several of the skins of its victims, and thus the little murderer perpetuates his deadly doings. Many bore into the earth, or take refuge in the stalks and flowers of different plants. Some make themselves coats of leaves, and roll themselves or their larvæ up in them. The caddis-worm, so well known, and eagerly sought after, by the young angler, covers itself with fragments of straw, rushes, and wood. Several spiders surround themselves with earth or gossamer-mesh.

But the most singular of the methods of concealment —I was about to write the most artful—is practised by molluscous animals. The *cephalopoda* have the power of concealing themselves from the eyes of their enemies by darkening the surrounding water. They have a gland for the purpose of secreting a fluid of an intensely deep ink-black colour; and on their being attacked, this liquid is instantly cast forth, and the water becomes obscured for some distance around, so that they effect their escape in the darkness. It is said, though there prevails some doubt upon the subject, that China ink is made from it. Others colour the water of a deep purple; and there is a pretty shell-fish, found in the Mediterranean, known as the *jacintha*, which dyes the water of a splendid violet. There is a small *gasteropod* remarkable for gluing to its shell little pebbles, fragments of shells, and sand, underneath which, like another Atlas, it lies concealed. The *solens*, a testaceous tribe, instantly plunge themselves in the mud on the approach of danger; while the *petricolæ*, *lithodomi*, *pholades*, &c. perforate rocks, and obtain a shelter there which their own weak shells cannot afford them. The *Teredo navalis* bores into wood; it is a little creature which, Cuvier tells us, has more than once threatened Holland with ruin by the destruction of its dikes. The eel, loach, cockle, crayfish, &c. defend themselves by burrowing in the sand. Many fish muddle the water by stirring it up, and thus hide themselves from their enemies. The burrowing birds are the puffin, and the sand-martin among our more familiar ones. The anxious concealment of the nest, the complicated approaches to it, and its artful construction, especially in warmer countries, must be sought for by the student of natural history if he wishes for a further illustration of the subject. There are many animals which conceal themselves and their young by burrowing in, or under the ground: let me only enumerate the rabbit, badger, and fox. The mole effects his tunnelling by his long trenchant nails, and by means of a little bony process on his long snout. The *tatouay* has an enormous nail for the same purpose, and can earth itself in an incredibly short space of time. There is a curious little crab named the hermit, which, on finding an empty shell, ensconces itself there, and makes it a home.

And now for the *miscellaneous* defences. The simplest of these is velocity of locomotion. It is a mode of escape from danger granted to the weaker members of the animal creation. Insects and birds are thus enabled to fly from a power they were never intended to resist. The swiftness of fishes, such as the trout, mackerel, salmon, and particularly the anomalous provision in the flying-fish, is a further illustration. We are apt to look upon *Crustacea* as a very slow-going race of creatures generally; but the reader will be surprised to learn that there is a species of land-crab, named the *ocypodes*, or swift-footed, which can, and does, when alarmed, run so fast, that it cannot be overtaken by a horse: and some of the *grapsi*, when attacked, hurry down to the water, making a tremendous noise by their claws striking against one another. If I allude to the swiftness of the horse, deer, and antelope, it is only to suggest to the reader a fuller development of the same feature among animals.

Military stratagems are not uncommon as precautions against dangers. A system of sentinels is often adopted by insects. Wasps and bees place sentinels at night, to pace backwards and forwards before the entrance to the hive; and these little watchers carry their *antennæ* or feelers far extended, as the human sentinel does his musket. If an intruder is detected by the feelers in the attempt to enter, the sentinels instantly fall upon him, making a fearful riot, and so drawing forth some of the slumbering garrison to their assistance; by whose aid the enemy is generally triumphantly despatched, when the reinforcement returns to its rest, and the sentinels resume their post. Every one has heard of, most persons have seen, the sentinel rooks and crows; and the examples of deer, buffaloes, wild horses, asses, and chamois, have become equally familiar. Wild hogs and goats, and other gregarious animals, will frequently, when attacked by wolves, form a circle, placing the defenceless members of the flock in the centre, while the circumference bristles with tusks and horns; and the enemy will rarely venture to attack a resolute band like this. Bees sometimes guard the entrance to their hives from the attacks of the death's-head-moth, by putting up a thick wall of wax, as a castle gate; or, if the apprehended danger is great, sometimes even two, the one within the other. There are some insects, also, which form labyrinths, and ramparts, and bastions, as defences to their cells, and all of the most elaborate and complicated nature.

Electricity is the wonderful weapon wielded by a few creatures. It may possibly be new to some of my readers to learn that there are *electrical insects*. Messrs Kirby and Spence give us, however, an account of an insect called the *wheel bug*, a denizen of the West Indies, which is able to communicate an electric shock by means of its legs. Mr Yarrel, in the 'Transactions of the Entomological Society,' mentions a beetle of the *Elateridæ* tribe, which seems to possess a very similar power; and a large hairy caterpillar of South America can likewise administer pretty smart shocks. The electric centipede, *Geophilus electricus*, has the same faculty. The *gymnotus* or electric eel, the *torpedo*, the *silurus*, and a few others, are more generally known to enjoy this distinction. When in the plenary exercise of this astonishing power, one

would conceive these creatures to be next to invincible. The gymnotus is able, by some mysterious agency, to direct the current of electricity whithersoever it wills, so as even to destroy fishes at some distance from itself. Humboldt has given a very spirited account of the only method by which the gymnotus can be taken. The torpedo employs its power chiefly to bewilder its prey.

There can be little doubt that if phosphorescence is in some cases only effectual to betray its possessor, in others it is a safeguard. The fire-fly, lantern-fly, and humble glow-worm may be, and doubtless often are, only glittering baits to some of their dreaded enemies; but it is equally certain that there are others of their foes who fear to attack them, and may be seen running round them half-desirous and half-afraid to do so. An interesting anecdote is related of a combat between a stag-beetle and a glow-worm which demonstrates this. The beetle was seen to be running round and round, tumbling over, and rolling his head in the earth; he had covered himself with some of the phosphorescent matter, and while the glow-worm slowly crept away, its enemy, confused by its own unnatural glare, continued, as it were, chained to the same spot of ground, and endeavouring in vain to rub the luminous matter off. Some creatures defend themselves by intimidation, and will show fight against an enemy however gigantic, either thrusting out their stings, or gnashing their forceps, or expanding their jaws in such a menacing manner, as to make even the stout heart of an entomologist fail. Others rely principally upon some natural, dismal, melancholic, loathsome, or hideous aspect; and to mention the frightful appearance of some of the *Saurians*, will be enough to convince the reader that it must be a bold enemy who will venture to make an onslaught upon them.

The emission of unpleasant odours is the well-known resort of others. There are many beetles which exhale a most offensive, rancid odour; the poplar beetle, in particular, has an apparatus of *eighteen* scent-bags, which, when it is attacked, pour out a milk-like liquid, the smell of which is indescribably suffocating and annoying. All the famous tribe of the polecats, especially the *skunk*, are pre-eminently distinguished for the insupportable stench they can exhale. Nor must I forget the very curious performances of the little bombardier, or *brachinus*. When pursued by its enemy the *calosoma*, it suddenly discharges an explosion of bluish smoke at him, and this seems to surprise the latter so much, that it is some time before he recovers himself. The pursuit renewed, the bombardier fires again, and again, and can discharge its artillery twenty times in succession, making its escape under cover of the smoke. Last of all, I may enumerate the ejection of different fluids as a defence. Many insects, beetles, and ants emit a liquid at their enemies, which is of a powerfully acid or even caustic nature. Some larvæ, when touched, bedew themselves all over with a disagreeable liquid. The puss-moth has the remarkable provision of a double syringe, with which it squirts a fluid of a very irritating character at its pursuers.

A few words upon vegetable defences. It is an interesting theme for inquiry, whether the wonderful mimicries of different natural objects serve the vegetable, as in the animal polity, for a defence against the indiscriminate depredation of enemies. For full illustrations, the reader is referred to a paper in a former number of this work.* Whether the remarkable simulations of different insects which occupy the centre of so many of the *Orchideæ*, may have the effect or not of scaring away real insects, the writer cannot undertake to determine. It does not seem improbable. I shall surely be anticipated on the subject of vegetable armour; so that it is not necessary to do more than to call to mind the spines, prickles, stings, thorns, hard envelopes, and husks, which appear to have been given for the protection of different fruits and pleasant flowers. And sometimes there are defences for weaker plants too; for thus a grateful herb, which would otherwise have been cropped down by the mouth of an animal, is often preserved by growing beneath the arms of some prickly plant, whose sharp weapons repulse the enemy. The odour of vegetables, and flowers in particular, consisting as it generally does of volatile essential oils, which are fatal to insects, may be regarded likewise as a kind of defence. Nor should be forgotten, lastly, those wonderful instances of apparently spontaneous motion, in which the offending insect is either violently hurled off, or crushed to death for his temerity.

I may now conclude; and in doing so, let it be remembered that a mere summary is all this paper pretends to offer—even in that being necessarily imperfect, so great is the richness of the Creator's designs, and such the infinite multitude of self-defensory provisions with which he has endowed the works of his hands. If no mention has been made of the defensory provisions of man, it is because they are chiefly mental; and it is an exalting thought, that by their exercise—the employment of his reason, wisdom, experience, and art—he is constituted lord of creation, and immeasurably superior, both in defensive and offensive resources, to the entire mass of 'the brutes that perish.'

* Vegetable Mimicry, No. 139.

SHUTTING UP OF THE HIGHLAND GLENS.

A VERY large portion of the north-west of Scotland consists of wild mountain tracts, full of picturesque beauty, little intersected by roads, and for the most part many miles distant from any of the Lowland towns. A hundred years ago this Alpine region afforded subsistence to a thinly-scattered Celtic population; but modern improvements have for the most part sent the Highlanders adrift, and many of them have found a home in Canada, where they are infinitely more comfortable than in the sterile glens of their forefathers. In the place of a human, a sheep population has been generally introduced into the Highlands; and where this is found not to *pay*—that being the great thing now-a-days—a population of deer, grouse, blackcock, and other game has been cultivated, for the sake of autumnal sportsmen. An English or Scottish Lowland estate usually consists of a few thousand acres, laid out in well-fenced fields. A Highland estate extends probably over twenty miles of country, and includes many tall frowning hills, deep valleys and ravines, lakes, waterfalls, and brown heathy moors—the whole unenclosed, and lying pretty much in the condition it has done ever since the creation. In the old times, these wastes were the domain of the chiefs of clans — Macdonnells, Macleods, Macgregors, Mackays, Grants, and so forth. In some cases, descendants of these heroes still possess and draw a rental from them; and in others they have passed, by purchase or inheritance, into the hands of English noblemen and gentlemen. There has latterly been something like a mania among Englishmen for buying Highland properties; and if it continue much longer, the lairds of the old stock will be as much adrift as their expatriated clansmen.

The cause of the odd-looking mania to which we refer is a love of 'sport;' for which, as is well known, Englishmen will go great lengths, and do very mad things. Satiated with shooting pheasants and other half-civilised game in English preserves, and longing for novelty, off set troops of wealthy southerns to buy, or at least rent, Highland estates, where battues can be carried on upon a great and enlivening scale. Such old Highland lairds as still call their estates their own, are usually glad to have dealings with these wanderers—at least their Edinburgh agents are—and bargains are made of a kind which would very much astonish the Fergus M'Ivors of former days. It is stated that in Perthshire alone shootings are let to the extent of L.10,000 annually, and altogether the money squandered every year on game rents in the Highlands is probably L.40,000. While this traffic is gratifying to

the lairds, it is equally satisfactory to the scattered sheep farmers and hangers-on of the wilderness; for they contrive to pick up considerable sums of money from the sportsmen-tenants for petty services and provisions. With all this, however, no one can find any fault, and it is only to be lamented that a number of these settlers from the south so conduct themselves, as to render their tenantries a nuisance to the country. Their insatiable and selfish love of sport is the source of the disquietude. Accustomed to consider a park or woodland preserve as a tabooed district, into which no unauthorised visitant shall set his foot, the renter of the Highland domain imagines that his wild mountains and moors should be equally sacred from intrusion. The fancy of shutting up vast tracts of country from the tourist and pedestrian—tracts without a house, tree, or bush for miles, and which even, when bounded by the common road, are altogether without fences—seems to the Scotch generally a very unjustifiable stretch of territorial title. Yet this is done on the plea of sport—the necessity of not disturbing the game. This word sport requires a little qualification: it is employed to cover a good deal of sound business. When shootings are taken at a pretty high rent, it would appear to be deemed necessary that they turn out fair speculations in a commercial sense. On reaching the clachan or village, near which are situated the quarters of the principal 'sportsmen,' the tourist need not be surprised to see an establishment for making deal boxes, and transmitting them full of game to the London market. Sent down the country by cart, gig, or stage-coach, these boxes are shipped at Dundee, Aberdeen, or Inverness, by steamer to the metropolis; and they may be known at once for what they are, by their direction on the lid to certain game butchers at the 'west end.' The traffic of this nature is now becoming a rival to that of the ordinary 'dead meat' freights. The London shops, in short, are now supplied with game by noblemen in the same way that they are supplied with meat by carcass butchers. To help them to kill for their customers, the sportsmen-tenants invite numbers of young noblemen, foreign dukes, military officers, and others, to enjoy a few days' or weeks' shooting; and the Highlands, accordingly, swarm with these visitants in the latter months of the year.

It will be observed that this is a different thing from the old-fashioned and gentlemanly Highland way of conducting field-sports, by which a few acquaintances are collected on the 12th of August at a shooting-box, and a number of pairs of grouse are despatched as presents to friends. Neither is it exactly the modern deer-stalking, in which patience and a high degree of skill are concerned: it is very much a wholesale system of slaughtering, like that of the battues in southern preserves, it being a main object to kill a certain quantity of animals, if not for the glory of killing, at all events for the sake of the cash the animals are worth. Be this, however, as it may, we should not be inclined to speak disparagingly of the practice, were it not fruitful of certain unpleasant consequences. Let the noble lessees in question fire away, kill, and sell as long as they have a mind. All that we and others care about, is their attempting to exclude the very harmless order of tourists and scene hunters, who frequent the Highlands, from walking about to see waterfalls and precipices, from taking short cuts across the hills, or from visiting the loftiest and grandest of the Alpine peaks. So many cases of this kind have lately occurred, that it has excited the indignation of the Lowland Scotch in no small degree. We are sorry for this. We desire to see Englishmen respected and rendered happy in Scotland, and detest all sorts of national jealousies. The new settlers, however, are clearly in the wrong; and they, as well as the native noblemen who imitate them in their exclusiveness, must hasten to recall their orders. There is no law of trespass in Scotland, as far as regards unenclosed lands. A person may walk to the top of an open hill, or across an open moor, subject to no other legal restraint than an action of damages. And to lead evidence of injury done to a peat-moss, or a bleak hill-side, would be somewhat troublesome. Of course, if a traveller seriously disturb sheep, that is a different matter. But who in his senses does so? We see that some of the Scottish newspapers recommend pedestrians in the Highlands not to turn back when ordered; but to leave the sportsmen-tenants to prosecute—which they will not do. The magazines, too, consider forcible exclusion to be unjustifiable. Blackwood remarks as follows:—'We have observed with great pain that a far too exclusive spirit has of late manifested itself in certain high places, and among persons whom we regard too much to be wholly indifferent to their conduct. This very summer the public press has been indignant in its denunciation of the Dukes of Athole and Leeds—the one having, as it is alleged, attempted to shut up a servitude road through Glen Tilt, and the other established a cordon for many miles around the skirts of Ben Macdhui, our highest Scottish mountain. We are not fully acquainted with the particulars; but from what we have heard, it would appear that this wholesale exclusion from a vast tract of territory is intended to secure the solitude of two deer-forests. Now, we are not going to argue the matter upon legal grounds, although, knowing something of law, we have a shrewd suspicion that both noble lords are in utter misconception of their rights, and are usurping a sovereignty which is not to be found in their charters, and which was never claimed or exercised even by the Scottish kings. But the churlishness of the step is undeniable, and we cannot but hope that it has proceeded far more from thoughtlessness than from intention. The day has been when any clansman, or even any stranger, might have taken a deer from the forest, a tree from the hill, or a salmon from the river, without leave asked or obtained; and though that state of society has long since passed away, we never till now have heard that the free air of the mountains, and their heather ranges, are not open to him who seeks them. Is it indeed come to this, that in bonny Scotland the tourist, the botanist, or the painter, is to be debarred from visiting the loveliest spots which nature ever planted in the heart of a wilderness, on pretence that he disturbs the deer? In a few years we suppose Ben Lomond will be preserved, and the summit of Ben Nevis remain as unvisited by the foot of the traveller as the icy peak of the Jungfrau. Not so, assuredly, would have acted the race of Tullibardine of yore. Royal were their hunting gatherings, and magnificent the driving of the Tinchel; but over all their large territory of Athole the stranger might have wandered unquestioned, except to know if he required hospitality. It is not now that the gate is shut, but the moor; and that not against the depredator, but against the peaceful wayfaring man. Nor can we, as sportsmen, admit even the relevancy of the reasons which have been assigned for this wholesale exclusion. We are convinced that in each season not above thirty or forty tourists essay the ascent of Ben Macdhui, and of that number, in all probability, not one has either met or startled a red-deer. Very few men would venture to strike out a devious path for themselves over the mountains near Loch Aven, which, in fact, constitute the wildest district of the island. Nothing but enthusiasm will carry a man through the intricacies of Glen Lui, the property of Lord Fife, to whom it was granted at no very distant period of time out of the forfeited Mar estates, and which is presently rented by the Duke of Leeds; and nothing more absurd can be supposed, than that the entry of a single wanderer into that immense domain can have the effect of scaring the deer from the limits of so large a range. This is an absurd and empty excuse, as every deer-stalker must know. A stag is not so easily frightened, nor will he fly the country from terror at the apparition of the Cockney. For a few moments he will regard the Doudney-clad wanderer of the wilds, not in fear, but in surprise; and

then snuffing the air, which conveys to his nostrils an unaccustomed flavour of bergamot and lavender, he will trot away over the shoulder of the hill, move further up the nearest corrie, and in a quarter of an hour will be lying down amidst his hinds in the thick brackens that border the course of the lonely burn.

'We could say a great deal more upon this subject, but we hope that expansion is unnecessary. Throughout all Europe, the right of passage over waste and uncultivated land, where there never were, and never can be enclosures, appears to be universally conceded. What would his Grace of Leeds say, if he were told that the Bernese Alps were shut up, and the liberty of crossing them denied, because some Swiss seigneur had taken it into his head to establish a chamois preserve? The idea of preserving deer in the way now attempted is completely modern, and we hope will be immediately abandoned. It must not, for the sake of our country, be said that in Scotland not only the enclosures, but the wilds and the mountains, are shut out from the foot of man; and that where no highway exists, he is debarred from the privilege of the heather. Whatever may be the abstract legal rights of the aristocracy, we protest against the policy and propriety of a system which would leave Ben Cruachan to the eagles, and render Loch Ericht and Loch Aven as inaccessible as those mighty lakes which are said to exist in Central Africa, somewhere about the sources of the Niger.'

Referring to the same subject, a writer in Tait's Magazine makes a remark, with which we conclude. 'If any bill, perhaps in the form of an act, "to interpret" some game act, should be brought in to extend the law of trespass to such new exigencies, we hope the public will be on their guard to defeat it.'

ANATOMY OF VAGRANCY.

In a recent number, we gave an account of a class of the people destitute of all regular means of living, and yet not necessarily dishonest.* We now propose to lay before our readers a general view of the various tribes of more formidable vagabonds, who, whether working separately or in concert, devote themselves to distinct branches of their unrighteous profession. This body of information, we ought to say, is mainly the contribution of a gentleman whose official functions have laid open to him peculiar sources of knowledge.

The dishonest classes are chiefly found among the lower classes; partly because education is not so general among these, but principally for the simple reason that they form the great mass of the people. It must be observed also that the crimes of the higher orders are frequently of a kind which cannot be reached by the law, as it exists at present; although it would be absurd to suppose that this is the consequence of any feeling of partiality. The victims of such crimes are not the poor, but persons in the same rank as the criminal, who are as unwilling to be fleeced as any other portion of the community. The notorious Joseph Ady, for instance, preys exclusively upon his own middle rank, and disdains any booty that does not amount to a pound sterling. A survey of the affairs of the 'genteel' would be highly curious; and if sufficient materials come in our way, we shall not be disinclined to undertake it. At present, however, our plan requires us to be satisfied with a single glance at the Corinthian capital of crime.

Marriage is a grand engine of the high-class sharpers, and is resorted to when all ordinary means of 'living by their wits' have failed.† Some of these are well born and well educated, but have passed their lives in discreditable or dangerous expedients, rather than apply to honourable industry. They at length either find their family of sons (idle, of course, like themselves) an intolerable burthen, or else, in the failure of their usual resources, they are driven to look to them for assistance. The emergency is critical. They are no longer at a time of life when they can take the world as it comes; and they determine upon a *coup d'etât*. Some unceremoniously 'assume a "title," if they have it not;' but others take the trouble of seeking out a certain colour for the assumption in family history. Among the extinct titles formerly annexed to the surname they really possess, or have thought fit to adopt, there is one to which no property is attached; and their claim to this barren honour being undisputed, it is gladly recognised in the proper quarters—on their paying the fees. My lord now hurries to London, with the honourable mister, his eldest son; and by means of a careful inspection of the wills in Doctors' Commons (which costs them only a shilling each time), they have little difficulty in discovering some wealthy heiress. The addresses of an honourable, backed by a baron, are irresistible; the lady does not presume to verify so ancient a rent-roll; and presently her hand and fortune become the prey of the noble swindler and his harpy family. In this case the title acts in the same way as the lying rags of a humbler class of impostors. To one, the heiress gives a tear and a shilling—to the other, a smile and her all.

But the high-flyer has other resources besides marriage; for his honourable title—frequently his own by right—is capable of duping more than heiresses. The history of the late railway mania would afford many curious instances of the 'magic of a name.' A scheme, however wildly absurd, required nothing more than a well-sounding list of chairmen and provincial committeemen: lords, baronets, esquires, F.R.S.'s, A double S's—'captains and colonels, and knights-at-arms.' It did not need even the ingenuity of the begging-letter concoctor; for it was not the document that was looked to, but the titles that adorned it; not the feasibility of the falsehood, but the appearance of the impostor. All this, however, has worked for good, and society thrives on the ruin of its simpler members. A railway project now would require more than 'honourable' projectors; and in like manner a thief in a draper's shop no longer escapes suspicion or arrest because she is a 'lady.'

Passing over for the present the gamester, and other congenial tribes, we shall descend at once to find a counterpart of the vices of the upper classes among the poor, with whom the cause of dishonesty is frequently the very same—a disinclination to regular industry, although its excuse may be greater, in the more immediate pressure of want, and the results of a neglected or wholly omitted education. Vagrancy has two classes, higher and lower, and the members of the former are technically distinguished as 'silver beggars.'* They are well-dressed, clean, and respectable-looking. They resort to no clamour—no demonstrations of distress; but, on the contrary, are quiet, unassuming, nay, retiring. Their melancholy story is contained in a brief, authenticated by the signature of clergymen and magistrates, and, when necessary, by that of a consul at some foreign port. You are welcome to read it, for that will

* 'The Supernumerary Class,' Journal, No. 157.

† Crime reduces all rogues to a level. Each class has its own professional name, which we shall give as a curiosity, only confining it to its due place—the bottom of the page. The worthy now alluded to is called by his brother vagabonds the 'knowing cove,' and 'gentleman high-flyer.'

* In the rogue's language they are 'lurkers.'

do you no harm. You may relieve them if you will. If you do, they will be grateful, but not servile; and if you do not, you need not fear their reproaches. God help them, they are too much accustomed to disappointment for that! They are aware of the many appeals that must be made to your kindly nature; for this is a bitter world—a bitter, bitter world—and for themselves they are nobody, they are strangers, and alone. Surely you cannot stand that! If you do, you relent before the man is round the corner. We have known an apoplectic servant grow black in the face with running after a silver beggar with a shilling.

One of these unfortunates has been persecuted by fire—it may be for twenty years at a stretch. He has been burnt out of house and home, as you may see by the testimony of more than one magistrate: the devouring element paying not the slightest regard even to the respectability of his character, vouched for though it be by several clergymen. But, fortunately for the victim of this chronic conflagration, there are still humane and charitable persons in the world; and he is proud to carry a book in which their names are registered. Some are down for a donation of L.5, while others could afford only L.3, or L.2, or L.1. Nay, there are modest signatures which descend so low as to ten shillings or half-a-crown: you may choose which example your pride or your circumstances will. This is a lucrative branch of the profession, and clever practitioners have been known to realise handsome incomes for a long series of years.

Water is another great persecutor of artists of this description; but, like fire, it eventually enriches the victim it has ruined. He appears in the likeness of 'a rude and boisterous captain of the sea,' whose animal spirits have been depressed by misfortune; and this result is not wonderful, since his whole property, and his whole crew, all but one man, have been swallowed up by the relentless waves. The catastrophe took place somewhere abroad, as is shown by a certificate from one of our foreign consuls, and likewise by an order from the same functionary providing the two survivors with funds or a free passage to Cork or Liverpool; for to one or other of these ports it is always their pleasure to be conveyed. There is also another certificate, old and well-worn in appearance, though probably just out of the manufacturer's hands, beginning 'Port of Liverpool to wit,' and signed by two magistrates, with the signature and seal of the consul in the corner; but to make assurance doubly sure, the unfortunate captain has still round his neck the identical gold chain he happened to wear at the moment of his shipwreck. These captains are never less than fifty in number; and being men of education and address—originally either supercargoes or lawyers' clerks discharged for drunkenness—they make a snug little income of some L.300 per annum each.

Next to these old sea-dogs, we may place the tribe of distressed foreigners who apply to the sympathies of British hearts.* Not that these gentry are always natives of other countries (which, indeed, is the exception rather than the rule), but they are dressed, complexioned, mustached, and imperialised to such an extent, that their own mothers would not know them from Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Poles. In fact the English foreigner is more foreign than the real foreigner, inasmuch as, in addition to the hair on his upper lip, he wears the tuft on the chin, called an imperial, which you rarely see abroad. These personages have been compromised by mixing too freely in the political squabbles of the country they honour by adopting. Some have been loyalists where loyalty has gone to the wall, and others liberals where tyranny has triumphed; but all are victims of one kind or other, and have selected for a place of refuge that noble country which is of all parties, and has money for all comers. The true refugee may be detected by his proud impatience of charity, and his anxiety to help himself by tuition or other employments fit for a gentleman; but the vagrant scorns every kind of industry but beggary and imposture. This has placed mustaches and imperials in such unamiable odour, that strangers wearing these decorations fall *ipso facto* under the surveillance of the detective police; and in the great towns, the landladies of furnished apartments, whom they used to terrify on account of their daughters' hearts, are now much more uneasy on the score of their silver spoons. Still this 'commodity of hair' is convenient, as a clip of the scissors metamorphoses the whole man; and the noble foreigner being above carrying certificates and a subscription book, his detection is difficult. These persons have often a military air, having deserted from, or been turned out of, the army; and they can make themselves extremely agreeable in society wherever singing, waltzing, polkaing, and gallopading are in request. This branch of the profession is followed likewise by the fair sex. The female foreigner in distress was originally, in all probability, an English waiting-maid, who married a soldier, went abroad, and picked up language and manner, and who has now returned to live upon her personal, family, and patriotic distresses. She would live much better were it not that the habitual depression consequent on her misfortunes has seduced her into the practice of dram-drinking.

Occasionally, instead of English foreigners preying upon their countrymen at home, our home vagrants betake themselves to foreign travel. A woman known by the name of Meg, who was at Manchester not long ago, and is probably there still, affords a remarkable instance of this. She was born in the middle class, and after her mother's death, was sent to a boarding-school, where she remained till she was seventeen. At this time she suddenly received a letter from her father, informing her that he was now married, which he had never been before, and that the new claims upon his income rendered it imperative upon her to provide for her own support. Meg, strange as it may appear, immediately made her election, and went forth into the world a beggar and impostor. She travelled over a great part of Europe, remaining some time at Rome, and acquired several languages, and picked up a considerable stock of information. Her taste, however, as well as her profession, led her to study the economy of the communities of beggars in the various countries she traversed, and she at length returned to England to practise the lessons she had learned on the continent. In Manchester, when we last heard of her, she was well known to the mendicity officers, and was supposed to be quite independent, occupying a genteel sitting-room and bed-room in a remote corner of the town. From this place, though impelled by no want, she sallied forth regularly to haunt with other beggars, and play off her impostures in damp cellars, and by means of hired children.

We are now rapidly descending in point of rank, and find the lower classes of vagrants, as might be expected, the great majority. The next we summon for review are those who live upon the losses they have sustained in their passage

> Thorough brake, thorough brier,
> Thorough muck, thorough mire,
> Thorough water, thorough fire.

They depend, in short, upon the chapter of accidents,* and are provided with certificates from magistrates and books of subscription. Floods, storms, and murrains are common calamities of these unfortunates. Some have seen their horse, their only support, drop down dead; and some have been ruined by the too great liveliness of the same animal, which overturned their crockery cart, their only property. If women, their husbands were killed on a railway or in a coal-pit. Their children accompany them, as living evidences of their poverty; and although children have the practice of growing up,

* The foreigner's lurk.

* The accident lurk.

and taking to the accident line on their own account, they can always borrow as many as they want at the cost of sixpence a-day per head. When the inquiries of the compassionate are too embarrassing, they decamp to the next large town, where they are sure of obtaining two nights' lodging gratuitously in the night-asylum; but after this they must resort to the trampers' lodging-house, where the accommodation costs twopence per night. Thus they traverse the whole kingdom, a circulating medium of fraud and beggary, and are always successful, because their faces, if not their stories, are always new.

A more ingenious portion of the same class* figure as sailors or colliers; the one having had his ship struck with lightning in the West Indies, and the other having been blown up with fire-damp in a coal-pit. Some blister salve applied to the arms gives one of the artists all the advantage of a dreadful scald, while his comrade looks wonderfully ghastly by the aid of nothing more than a white linen band across the forehead. Another unfortunate is still more afflicted in the arms, though at less cost of suffering. He stains them with some substance which gives them every appearance of inflammation, and bandages up his fingers towards the wrist with dirty rags. This, you will say, is not much; but the wretch has all the time a piece of fat in his closed hand, which, oozing out, as it melts, through the bandage, makes the stoutest stomach sick, and the hardest head sore. The diseased arms hang helplessly down, but there is an open pouch pinned to the clothes, into which, turning away your head, you make haste to drop your charity. These fellows travel in groups of two or three, and their average gains may be about ten shillings a-day.

Fits, occurring conveniently near the door of a house, are so common, that we must not do more than allude to them. They usually extort a glass of wine, as well as food and money; but it is said that a spoonful of salt stuffed into the mouth is quite a magical cure. Women of this class beg baby-linen, flannel, or calico; and their appearance is such, that the benevolent make haste to comply, thinking the application a little too long deferred. Their husbands are either at home, confined to bed through severe illness, or they were killed six weeks before, in the course of their labours as navigators, colliers, or sailors. Some vagrants are deaf and dumb, and are *therefore* supposed to be able to tell fortunes, communicating with their customers by means of a slate and pencil. They have before now been cured of this affliction, by some humane person proposing (they, of course, being unconscious of the conversation) to stick them a little with a knife in the back of the neck, a plan which the extempore surgeon heard mentioned as a wonderful restorative of the faculties of speech and hearing. While this business is discussed, the deaf and dumb is anxious and observant; but when at length he sees the gentleman step furtively behind him, with a knife gleaming from his sleeve, he gives a hollo! that alarms the very operator, and bolts out of the house.

Servants are imposed upon by servants out of place, who have lost their situations through illness, and have been left no clothes by their misfortunes but the neat thin dress they wear. Counterfeit weavers, cotton-spinners, and calenderers go singing about the streets in parties, accompanied by a woman, who sells cotton to the charitable at 150 per cent. profit. Others leave printed bills at the houses, stating how their factories have been burnt down, and adding that the bill will be called for, and the merest trifle gratefully accepted. The labours of such classes end when the sun sets, and the day's earnings are then spent in mirth and riot—which of course makes them all the more profitably dismal and sickly-looking for the morrow.

Begging-Letter Writing is a distinct trade in all the large towns, where the scribe charges from five to ten shillings for each production. Notwithstanding this handsome payment, however, there is little variety of genius exhibited, the letters usually proceeding in the same form—as thus: 'Sir, or Madam—Hearing of your well-known benevolence, &c. and having lost my all, &c. and having a wife and five helpless children entirely dependent on me for support, and I myself suffering from a grievous and internal disease, &c.' This is a numerous and invariably drunken class.

The shipwrecked sailors choose cold, rainy, and stormy weather for their peregrinations, when they go in groups, bawling their songs through the streets, half naked, and shivering in the blast. They have lost their all, it seems, and only saved their lives by swimming ashore. One of the gang, who is the spokesman, is a real sailor; but if you ask any of the others, as if by way of trying him, 'whether the timbrel is on the larboard or starboard side of a lugger,' he will betray, by attempting to flounder through an explanation, that he is unconscious of the imaginary nature of the article named. What these naked wretches seek is old apparel, which they sell to the people who are constantly advertising for cast-off clothes.

We close our catalogue with the cadgers, who, with the exception of a few who pretend to sell matches, make no excuse at all, but are genuine sturdy beggars, who depend upon your charity, and anything they can help themselves to at your back-doors or upon your hedges. An infallible way to secure exemption from the visits of cadgers, would be to keep a single little heap of stones before your door, ready to be broken by them at the rate of sixpence per hour. There is a free-masonry throughout the craft, and your house would soon enjoy a general taboo. An Irish gentleman effected the same purpose by having a machine at his gate, with a notice thereon that any person who chose, by turning the handle for one hour, would grind himself out threepence.

Some cadgers sit in the street, writing and sketching with chalk in a beautiful style;* proving by this very accomplishment their ability to find regular employment if they desired it. Others sit on the footpath at the entrance of a town with a label stuck on their breasts.† But perhaps the most melancholy crew in the whole catalogue are those who have been really ignorant all their lives of every kind of employment but theft and beggary. They are the children of vagrants, as well as vagrants themselves; they have passed most of their time in jail; and they have all a peculiarity in their expression, by which the experienced distinguish them at a glance.

Such are the vagrants of this country; and it will be seen that they form a class hardly second to any in ingenuity, perseverance, hardihood—everything, in short, which is requisite to enable individuals to gain a comfortable subsistence—but honesty. Seventy-two thousand persons in Scotland alone are almost entirely supported by private charity; but the fund is distributed in such a manner, that charity itself becomes a curse. It is a premium to dishonest ingenuity; it tempts poverty into crime; and swells the amount of vagrancy by the very act which is intended to diminish it. Do we then propose to limit private charity? God forbid! It is far too limited already, and we would fain multiply it tenfold. We would merely distinguish between fraud and destitution; we would have the humane bethink themselves that, in pampering vagabonds, they starve the honest poor. If they will not take the trouble of investigating cases themselves, there are almost everywhere societies that will do so for them; and it should be considered that investigation is a *favour* conferred upon the honest applicant, for which he will be devoutly grateful. Because we are merciful to the unfortunate, we would have no mercy on pretenders. When the latter extract money from the rich, they really prey upon the poor; and, in the case of dis-

* The sick lurk.

* Cadger screeving. † Cadgers' sitting pad.

covery, which of course must be frequent, by imbuing the classes capable of affording relief with suspicion and ill-will, they render the position of the really destitute hopeless. If our description of vagrancy is read in a right spirit, it will induce, as well as enable, the charitable to distinguish between the fraudulent and the unfortunate; and it will rouse their warmest sympathies in behalf of those classes of the poor that are pressed down into starvation by the crimes of the poor themselves.

JOSE JUAN, THE PEARL DIVER.

A few years before the states of South America threw off the Spanish yoke, I was staying one hot summer at San Blas, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of California. It was then the entrepôt of the flourishing commerce of Spain with the islands of the Southern Ocean, with China, and the East. A busy population filled the streets, and ships from all parts of the world crowded the roadstead; on the border of which there now remain but the ruins of arsenals and dockyards. San Blas retains only the remembrance of her former activity and her picturesque situation.

So stifling was the heat of the city, aggravated by the myriads of mosquitos that infested the air, that I was glad to escape on an errand of business to a place some distance up the coast; and engaged a passage on board the galliot Guadaloupe, a small vessel of fifty-eight tons burden. The captain desired me to take a lodging near the shore, as he might have to sail unexpectedly, and could not afford to lose time. After waiting three days, a canoe was sent for me to the landing-place, and in a few minutes I stepped on board. The deck was covered with heaps of the enormous and savoury onions for which San Blas is celebrated, mingled with gourds and bananas. This collection of fruits and vegetables formed, with my trunk, nearly the whole of the cargo. Our preparations were soon made, the onions were stowed away in the three canoes which we carried, the clustering bananas were hung up like long fringes on the starboard and larboard bulwarks, and then the vessel was abandoned to the discretion of the winds and the waves.

The crew was not less singularly composed than the cargo. Our Catalonian captain, Don Ramon Pauquinot, had under his orders a French sailor, deserter from a whale ship; a Mexican, who pretended to act as second mate; a Kanaka, or native of the Sandwich Islands; a Chinese, alike unwilling to cook or to work; and lastly, two young Indians, from one of the tribes in the interior of the country, in the capacity of cabin-boys. The captain, when he was not quarrelling with his sailors, passed his time in pacing up and down the deck, smoking and examining his store of gourds and onions. The Frenchman took upon himself the office of steering, and looked with contempt on all other persons in the vessel. The Mexican lay idle all day long in one of the canoes, strumming upon a guitar, and affecting to be highly indignant if the captain presumed to give him any orders. The Chinese, pretending to be busy either with cooking or the ordinary ship's duty, did neither one nor the other. The Kanaka was the only one who really worked; he cooked the rice, bananas, and *cecina* or dried meat, which alone constituted our fare.

We had been out fifteen days, and were yet far from our port: the water putrefied in our casks under the burning rays of a vertical sun; the cecina and rice were unendurable; when one evening, as the sun was disappearing behind a fog bank on the distant horizon, the Frenchman beckoned to me, and on my obeying the signal, he said, 'Look yonder; we are approaching the Isle of Cerralbo; and behind is that of Espiritu-Santo.'

On my inquiring what we were to think of it, he replied, that although the captain yet considered himself sixty leagues from Pichilingue, we were in reality that distance beyond it, making an error of one hundred and twenty leagues in a voyage of little more than double that length. When the captain was informed of his blunder, he said to me, 'Lucky 'tis no worse, or I should have to keep you longer; but never mind, everything is included in the passage-money, and after resting a little at Cerralbo, I will carry you back to Pichilingue.'

By the time we were near the islands the sun had disappeared: we could just distinguish the huts forming the temporary habitations of the population, when, amid loud outcries from the shore, two canoes, with a man in each, one of which seemed to be pursuing the other, were seen rapidly skimming across the channel which separates the two islands. The attention of our whole company, particularly that of the Indians, who looked on with intense delight, was at once absorbed in the interest of the chase. The captain took his telescope, and after gazing a few minutes, said, turning to me, 'He is lost!'

'Who?' I inquired.

'Who? the man yonder in the canoe trying to get away.'

'What makes you think so?'

'Jose Juan is in pursuit,' was his answer.

The mention of the name left me no wiser; and considering it useless to trouble the captain with further questions, I continued to watch the canoes. It was evident that the fugitive was trying to gain a little creek among the rocks stretching out from Espiritu-Santo. It was the only place where he could reach the shore. In spite of all his efforts, an adverse eddy prevented his making way, while Juan, who was farther out, rapidly approached to cut him off from his retreat. The man in the foremost canoe, despairing of escape, rose to his feet, and when his pursuer was within a few feet of him, plunged into the sea. Juan immediately stood up, and seizing in one hand the line used by pearl divers, leaped in after him. A minute had scarcely elapsed, when a head appeared above the surface of the water; it was that of the fugitive swimming towards the shore with all the energy of despair. All at once, as though he had been carried down by a whirlpool, he disappeared. A thin white foam, caused by the boiling of little waves above the place where he had sunk, indicated that a struggle was going on below. Was it between Jose and his adversary, or with one of the ferocious sharks which abound on the fishing-grounds? The spectators, however, were reassured by seeing that the foam showed no stains of blood; and soon after two heads appeared—Jose Juan and the fugitive. But it was at once seen that the latter supported himself on the surface of the water by the action of his legs only, for his arms were lashed close to his sides by Juan's cord. This marvellous feat, accomplished under the water, produced a shout of acclamation from every spectator, intermingled with cries of *Viva Jose Juan.*

The rapid approach of night hid the remainder of the scene from our eyes; at the expiration of a few minutes, however, we heard loud lamentations on the shore, accompanied with ironical bursts of laughter, and the confused noise of a struggle between one man and a number of others; after which all was still. We subsequently learned that the fugitive was a diver, who had stolen and swallowed a large pearl; for the losses thus sustained, the leaders or captains of the various parties are responsible. Juan was one of these captains; and as usual, when he had got his man on shore, made him swallow a dose of turtle-oil, which causing him instantly to vomit, the pearl was recovered.

The morning after our arrival, at the captain's suggestion, I went on shore, where I met our Mexican, who communicated to me some particulars of the life of Jose Juan, in whom I began to feel much interested: among others, of his having once attacked and killed a shark, which had devoured a fellow-diver, his intimate friend. I had been at a loss, while walking about among the miserable dwellings, where to apply for a night's lodging; but now my mind was made up at once to go to

Juan's hut, and request the owner's hospitality. The diver, who was a *metis*, as those are called born of an Indian father and white mother, received me courteously, and led me to his dwelling, situated some distance beyond the others, almost at the extremity of the island of Cerralbo. On our entrance, we found his young wife preparing the dinner, which consisted of a turtle, whose lower shell was torn off, simmering in its fat on a fire of glowing embers. I produced a bottle of excellent wine which I had brought with me, and seated on the ground, we enjoyed our meal. Night came on; the stars shone through the open door of the hut; the sea rippled softly on the shore, when, unable longer to restrain my curiosity, I begged Juan to tell me of his adventure with the shark. No sooner had I spoken, than a mortal pallor overspread the features of his wife; she looked with a supplicating glance at her husband, who with an impatient gesture motioned her away. When she disappeared, an expression of savage pride lit up Juan's features; pouring out another glass of wine, he said, 'I never felt more disposed for confidence. You said you would depart to-morrow?'

'To-morrow at daybreak,' was my answer.

''Tis well,' rejoined the diver; 'you shall know my history,' and he rose and beckoned me to follow him. When we were out of the hut, he added, 'The land-breeze blows as usual; and to-morrow by ten o'clock, when it will cease, the Guadaloupe will be far away.'

He then seated himself on the bottom of an inverted canoe, and recommenced:—'At the beginning of last year's fishing season there was one man that I met everywhere. Like me, he was a diver; and, like me, pretended to have no family name. He was called Rafael. At the washing, under the water, in all quarters, in fact, we were sure to meet. These frequent opportunities of seeing each other made us very friendly; and the remarkable skill with which he performed all his avocations inspired me with a great esteem for him. His courage was quite equal to his skill: he had no fear whatever of sharks; he had, he told me, a particular manner of looking at them which intimidated them; he was, in short, an intrepid diver, an excellent worker, and, above all, a merry companion.

'This went on very well, until one day a young girl came with her mother to live in the island of Espiritu-Santo. Some business that I had there with one of the dealers gave me the opportunity of seeing her. I became passionately in love; and enjoying a certain reputation, neither she nor her mother looked with an unfavourable eye on my pretensions and presents. As soon as our day's work was over, and every one thought me asleep in my hut, I went across in a canoe to Espiritu-Santo, whence I returned soon after midnight without any one suspecting my absence.

'Some days had passed after my first nocturnal excursion, when one morning, going to the fishing-ground before sunrise, I met one of our old Indian women, who accosted me with the words—"Listen, Jose Juan; I have something to say that concerns you." She then went on, much to my surprise, to tell me that I had a rival, Rafael, one of our divers, who threatened to do me an injury. That evening I discovered that she spoke truth, and that Rafael was actually swimming in the same direction as myself. All at once a wild cry burst across the waters. There was no mistake; it was Rafael's voice.' Here Juan sighed deeply as he continued —'I knew that Rafael was my enemy, and that he aimed at taking from me her whom I desired to make my wife; I knew likewise that his vengeance was deadly. But this was not a time for me to weigh feelings of selfishness. It was a gloomy night, and a wailing voice came across the waves. Turning my canoe in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, I heard vigorous blows on the water, and rowing in the direction of the noise, saw Rafael in the midst of a circle of foam. It struck me as strange that, instead of using his strength to swim towards the canoe, he remained struggling in one spot. But I soon became aware of the cause: a short distance from him, and a few feet below the surface, shone a phosphoric light, approaching slowly nearer and nearer to him. Can you guess what it was?'

'No.'

'It was a tintorera, a shark of the most voracious species,' answered Juan, and continued his narration. 'A stroke of my paddle brought me close to Rafael: on seeing me he uttered a cry of joy, but had not strength to speak. With a desperate effort he seized the gunwale of the canoe; yet such was his exhaustion, that he could not raise himself from the water. His eyes, though deadened by terror, looked at me with an imploring expression of agony so intense, that I grasped his two hands in mine, and held them fast. The streak of light under the water came steadily on; for one instant, one brief instant, Rafael ceased to strike out with his legs; a fearful shriek burst from his lips, his eyes closed, and his hands relaxed their hold. The upper portion of his body fell back into the sea: the shark had cut him in two.'

The diver paused in a struggle of inexpressible emotion. In reply to my inquiry, he said that, had he been a little more collected, he might possibly have saved his companion; his teeth were set, and his voice resembled a hoarse whisper. Recovering himself, however—'I have not yet come to the end,' he said: 'no sooner had Rafael's body disappeared under the water, than I plunged in myself. I had a hundred reasons for so doing. The tintorera, although he had rid me of a rival, became hateful to me, and exasperated me by the brutality with which he had torn poor Rafael to pieces. The honour of the corporation of divers was insulted: I am, you know, one of the captains. Besides, once enticed with the taste of human flesh, the monster would have come to attack us next. And how could the alcalde expect me to be responsible for my friend, if I killed the shark that had eaten him?

'I did not go deep, as you may think; having to look above, below, and around me all at once. The waves roared over my head with a noise like distant thunder, but around me all was calm: a dark mass drifted against me: it was the mutilated trunk of Rafael; and I concluded the fish I was looking for could not be far off. In fact, a distant ray of light, at first scarcely visible, grew more and more distinct. The tintorera was about the same depth as myself, but gradually slanting upwards. My breath was beginning to fail; I did not wish to give the shark the advantage of being above me. I rose to the surface: it was time; for so swiftly did the monster approach, that his fins brushed my body as he passed; and I could see his dull glassy eyes, and the rags of flesh yet hanging to his jaws, which he smacked together with greedy satisfaction. I snorted rather than breathed when my head rose above the water. The shark was close behind me, his silver white belly plainly visible as he turned on his back, at the same time opening his tremendous jaws, bristling with frightful rows of teeth. Darting away in the opposite direction, I buried my dagger in the body of the fish, and cut a gash as far as my arm could reach. The tintorera, wounded to death, dashed upwards with a prodigious bound, and fell back, lashing the water with his tail. Luckily I was out of the way of the blows; but was half drowned before I could get out of the storm of blood-stained foam which he raised around me. A minute after, at the sight of my enemy floating motionless and livid upon the water, frothing in the gaping wound, I raised a cry of triumph which was heard on both islands.

'Day was breaking as I regained the shore, exhausted by the efforts I had been obliged to make to surmount the fast-increasing waves. The fishermen visited their nets; and almost at the same moment that I landed, the remains of Rafael and the body of the shark were drifted on the beach by the tide.'

The diver ceased, and appeared lost in profound reflection. After a short silence, he bethought himself of the rites of hospitality. Re-entering the hut, he stood

for some moments contemplating the beauty of his young wife, who had fallen asleep in the inner apartment, the loosened plaits of her long hair stretching to her feet. On the wall, dimly visible by the expiring light of two candles, hung a rude picture, representing souls in purgatory. Hastily turning away, Jose unrolled a Chinese mat in the outer apartment, which was to be my couch for the night. The accommodation on board our ship was not much better; but the narrative to which I had listened prevented me from sleeping, and the first faint streaks of dawn were just visible when the diver's voice spoke close to my ear:—'The breeze still blows, and the Guadaloupe is about to lift her anchor.' I immediately rose, and taking leave of my host, returned on board without delay. The sails were dropped, and, yielding to the breeze, our vessel soon left the islands far behind. The next day we dropped anchor in the harbour of Pichilingue.

THE TRULY GREAT.

'If I were asked which of all the distinguished characters of whom I have read I would rather be, I should unhesitatingly say Alexander the Great,' was the exclamation of Francis Worthington, as he laid down a volume of Grecian history with a mind full of admiration of that renowned hero of antiquity.

'Your choice would be far from a happy one, my dear Frank,' his father quietly observed.

'Not a happy one, papa! What, should you not like to be the parent of an Alexander?'

'No, my boy—I have no such ambition; I would rather be the father of Frank Worthington.'

'You are surely jesting, papa? I cannot but think that you would like to see your son become as great.'

'I was never more in earnest, Frank; and if you seriously consider the subject, I think that you will allow that I am right. Alexander has, by general consent, been termed *great;* but now inform me, if you can, in what his greatness consisted?'

'Can you ask, papa, when he achieved such mighty conquests?'

'He did achieve mighty conquests; but tell me to what beneficial results those conquests led?' Francis looked a little puzzled at the question, and remained silent. 'He extended his power,' Mr Worthington resumed; 'but that power was not exercised in ameliorating the condition, or raising the character, of the nations he subdued. He caused the blood of thousands to be shed, and spread ruin and desolation where peace and plenty had formerly dwelt.'

'But great military achievements have always these attendant evils,' the youth interposed.

'And should they not on that account be deplored?' his father asked. Francis was again at a loss to reply. 'When wars are wholly defensive, and are engaged in for the purpose of protecting the rights and liberties of one's own country, they are not only justifiable, but praiseworthy; but such were not the wars of your favourite hero. He was instigated alone by ambition—the ambition to be styled a Conqueror.'

'He was ambitious certainly; but then his generosity was unbounded: surely generosity constitutes greatness, papa?'

'No, Frank, I cannot yield even that point. Generosity is indeed essential to true greatness; but it must be such generosity as Howard evinced when he performed his errand of philanthropy. The generosity of a Jenner who, at a noble self-sacrifice, forbore to keep that knowledge secret which, when known, conferred inestimable benefits on his species—of a Wilberforce or a Clarkson, when they stood almost alone in advocating the cause of freedom; not the prodigality of an Alexander, who lavished ill-gotten treasures on unworthy objects of favour.'

'Oh, papa, you speak very contemptuously of my hero. I thought everybody admired Alexander, and deemed him deserving the title he has always borne of *the Great.*'

'Such exploits as Alexander performed were likely to be admired in the rude ages, when it was universally acknowledged that military achievements conferred the highest possible glory on a nation; but in these enlightened days, such actions are seen in their true colours, and weighed in the balances of justice and morality.'

'But he was a heathen, papa, and on that account we ought not to expect the same from him as from the great men you have mentioned, who were brought up in the principles of Christianity.'

'True, my son, we must not look for Christian virtues in a heathen prince; yet as you hold him up as a demi-god, my object is to prove that he was possessed of vices which are altogether incompatible with true greatness. In the first place, his inordinate ambition led him to the practice of deception; for, not satisfied with human honours, he sought to impose on the credulous, by pretending that he was a descendant of Jupiter. You may remember, Frank, that the wise man of old has said that "greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city;" yet your Alexander was so wanting in self-government, that he slew his friend, with his own hand, in a fit of passion, only because he depreciated his achievements: then his death is generally supposed to have been caused by intemperance.'

'Ah, papa, you are exhibiting the blemishes of my hero; I was looking only at his shining qualities.'

'Such a course would, in some cases, be proper, being consistent with Christian charity,' his father observed; 'but in perusing the page of history, it will be injurious to the mind of youth to form a wrong estimate of the characters it presents to the view. Vice should be seen in its true aspects, and not through the medium of the shining qualities of which you speak; lest, whilst the young are admiring and imitating such striking virtues as courage and generosity, they be led to approve of, and even to commit, cruelty, injustice, and oppression.'

'Then, papa, I infer from what you say that greatness really consists in goodness?'

'Not exactly so, my dear boy; for there may be goodness without greatness, although greatness cannot exist without goodness. For instance, an individual may possess many excellent qualities, and yet be wanting in that strength of character which is a concomitant of greatness. Those milder virtues which make a man appear amiable in the every-day concerns of life may be designated goodness; whereas greatness exhibits loftier qualities, such as moral courage in cases of difficulty—fortitude in adverse circumstances—the exercise of strict justice, however opposed to self-interest—forbearance under injuries—a self-sacrificing spirit, evinced where that sacrifice would benefit others, or promote an important end—the pursuance of honourable independence, even if it should lie in a humble path—the possession of a mind above the influence of prejudice—following the dictates of conscience, irrespective of the world's censure or applause. These virtues, my son, are more deserving of imitation than the military achievements and prodigal disregard of wealth which your hero displayed; and it is only when they are united with the milder graces of which I spoke, that the character becomes worthy of being denominated *truly great.*'

THE JEWS IN INDIA.

In Bombay and the neighbouring places there are some five or six thousand Israelites. Some of these have more recently come from Arabia, and are called *white* Jews. Some have come from Cochin, and are called *black* Jews. But by far the greater portion, who have been long settled in the country, and to whom Mahratta is the vernacular language, are called Israelites, or Beni Israel. When their ancestors arrived here is not certainly known. They say it was about 1600 years ago—that the ship in which they came was shipwrecked, and that seven men and seven women who escaped settled at Nagao, some thirty miles to the south-east of Bombay. They were at one time generally engaged in the manufacture of oil; but at present many of them are masons, carpenters, cultivators, &c. When the missionaries first came to this country some thirty years since, the Israelites were generally unable to read, and were almost wholly ignorant of their own Scriptures. They had generally ceased to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest, and were in many respects conformed to the customs of their Hindoo and Mohammedan neighbours. It is stated in a printed journal of one of the earlier missionaries, that the magistrate described them at that time as being the most drunken and troublesome people on the island. The missionaries in Bombay have, from the first, taken a deep interest in the Israelites or Jews. They early established schools among them, in which both sexes were taught to read. They furnished them with the Scriptures, translated into their vernacular language, and in-

structed several of them in Hebrew, that they might be able to refer to the original. The Jews have in consequence forsaken many of those things which they, on becoming acquainted with the Scriptures, found to be forbidden; and they have greatly advanced in intelligence, wealth, morality, and general respectability. Some of them may feel little gratitude for the labour and expense bestowed upon them; but we believe they are generally free to acknowledge that the missionaries have been their hearty well-wishers and their best friends. The Jews worship only one God, the Creator and Preserver of all things; and they regard all idolatry as sinful. They believe the Old Testament or first part of the Christian Scriptures, and that alone, to be the Word of God. They have two regular synagogues or places of public worship in Bombay, and one at Revadunda. Here they meet on Saturday, which is their Sabbath, or day of rest, and read the Scriptures both in Hebrew and Mahratta. At Alibag, Panwell, and other places, where there is no synagogue, their meetings are held in any private dwellings. The white Jews have two such places for public worship in the fort.—*Dnyanodaya.*

THE 'LABOURING POOR.'

The vigorous and laborious class of life has lately got, from the *bon ton* of the humanity of this day, the name of the 'labouring poor.' We have heard many plans for the relief of the 'labouring poor.' This puling jargon is not as innocent as it is foolish. In meddling with great affairs, weakness is never innoxious. Hitherto the name of poor (in the sense in which it is used to excite compassion) has not been used for those who can, but for those who cannot labour—for the sick and infirm, for orphan infancy, for languishing and decrepit age; but when we affect to pity, as poor, those who must labour, or the world cannot exist, we are trifling with the condition of mankind. It is the common doom of man that he must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow—that is, by the sweat of his body or the sweat of his mind. If this toil was inflicted as a curse, it is—as might be expected from the curses of the Father of all blessings—tempered with many alleviations, many comforts. Every attempt to fly from it, and to refuse the very terms of our existence, becomes much more truly a curse, and heavier pains and penalties fall upon those who would elude the tasks which are put upon them by the great Master Workman of the world, who, in his dealings with his creatures, sympathises with their weakness, and speaking of a creation wrought by mere will out of nothing, speaks of six days of labour and one of rest. I do not call a healthy young man, cheerful in his mind, and vigorous in his arms, I cannot call such a man poor; I cannot pity my kind as a kind, merely because they are men. This affected pity only tends to dissatisfy them with their condition, and to teach them to seek resources where no resources are to be found, in something else than their own industry, and frugality, and sobriety. Whatever may be the intention (which because I do not know, I cannot dispute) of those who would discontent mankind by this strange pity, they act towards us, in the consequences, as if they were our worst enemies.—*Burke.*

SELF-DEVOURING ANIMALS.

Dr Mortimer records the case of a boy living at Blade, Barnsley, in Yorkshire, who possessed so ravenous an appetite, 'that if he was not supplied with food immediately that he craved it, he would gnaw the flesh off his own bones.' The 'Quarterly Review,' October 1822, states that 'in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there was an old hyena, which broke its leg by accident. One night, before the bone was united, the creature actually bit off the limb; and it was discovered in the morning that the animal had eaten it up, bone and all.' In Rennie's 'Insect Miscellanies,' it is related that 'an eminent entomologist having caught a green locust (*Acrida viridissima*), the creature, attempting to escape from his grasp, jerked off a hind leg. The limb was put with the insect in a vial, and was half devoured by the following morning.' Selby, in his 'Illustrations of British Ornithology,' mentions a captive eagle which plucked the flesh off its legs. Jesse says he has 'been assured that when rats have been caught by the foot or leg in a trap, they will sometimes gnaw off the limb in order to disengage themselves.'—*Gleanings in Natural History*, second series, p. 21. We have known mice, when just confined in a cage, gnaw their tails considerably, not from want of food, but apparently from vexation and remorse at not being able to escape from captivity. This savage spirit, which induces animals to wreak their vengeance upon themselves when deeply mortified and enraged, finds some resemblance in the case of those persons who, when greatly perplexed, thwarted, or annoyed, bite their own nails, tear their hair, or even their flesh; or, according to the prevalent custom of some countries, scar their bodies with flints or with shells—a practice forbidden in the Scriptures. Many sorts of caterpillars and toads devour their cast-off skins—striking examples of that admirable economy of nature which permits nothing to be wasted.

THE GIFT.

Oh blessed, blessed flowers! the hand
That sent ye hither, pure and fair,
Though it had swept through all the land,
Could nothing home so lovely bear.

Most tender and most beautiful,
All fresh with dew, and rich with balm,
How from art's garlands dim and dull
Ye bear the glory and the palm!

When thus your gathered crowns I see,
Young queens of nature undefiled!
Methinks your only throne should be
The bosom of a little child.

Yet breathe once more upon my sense;
Ah, take my kiss your leaves among!
Ye fill me with a bliss intense,
Ye stir my soul to humblest song.

And not alone ye solace bring,
Sweet blossoms! to my present hour;
In every fairy cup and ring
I find a spell of memory's power.

In every odorous breath I feel
That thus, in other spring-times gay,
The lips of flowers did all unseal,
To whisper gladness round my way.

And there were friends with loving eyes,
And cheerful step, and words of mirth,
And there was heaven with smiling skies,
That bade us look beyond the earth.

Therefore my gentlest thanks I sing
To her who sent these tender flowers;
They to my *present*, solace bring,
And to my *memory*, vanished hours.

—*Knickerbocker.*

PENALTIES OF CRIME.

It is a striking attribute of men once thoroughly tainted by the indulgence of vicious schemes and stratagems, that they become wholly blinded to those plain paths of ambition which common sense makes manifest to ordinary ability. If we regard narrowly the lives of great criminals, we are often very much startled by the extraordinary acuteness, the profound calculation, the patient meditative energy which they have employed upon the conception and execution of a crime. We feel inclined to think that such intellectual power would have commanded great distinction, worthily used and guided; but we never find that these great criminals seemed to have been sensible of the opportunities to real eminence which they have thrown away. Often we observe that there has been before them vistas into worldly greatness, which, by no uncommon prudence and exertion, would have conducted honest men, half as clever, to fame and power; but with a strange obliquity of vision, they appear to have looked from these broad clear avenues, into some dark, tangled defile, in which, by the subtlest ingenuity, and through the most besetting perils, they may attain at last to the success of a fraud, or the enjoyment of a vice. In crime once indulged there is a wonderful fascination, and the fascination is, not rarely, great in proportion to the intellect of the criminal. There is always hope of reform for a dull, uneducated, stolid man, led by accident or temptation into guilt; but where a man of great ability, and highly educated, besots himself in the intoxication of dark and terrible excitements, takes impure delight in tortuous and slimy ways, the good angel abandons him for ever.—*Lucretia.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 160. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1847. Price 1½d.

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

CONQUESTS.

When lately in Ireland, I was, like all other tourists, struck with, and interested in, two things the opposite of each other—one, the surprising number of objects of antiquity, indicating a former age of wealth, literature, and refinement; the other, the absence of all present moral vigour, with a wretchedness the very nearest thing to an entire negation of property and comfort. You see the remains of ecclesiastical edifices with the most gorgeous carvings; stone crosses lying prone in the dust, any one of which would be the marvel of an English county; and in museums you are shown books of vellum, in the ancient Irish character, bound in gold and silver, and ornamented with precious stones, which are said to be worth, in the present day, thousands of pounds. In the collection of the Royal Irish Academy I was shown a copy of the gospels which had belonged to St Patrick; an almost coal-black little vellum book, that could not be a day less than fourteen hundred years old; and also a similarly antique copy of the Psalms of David, which had been the property of the pious Columba, who went as an apostle to Scotland about the year 563. The eventful history of these literary relics was of course duly verified, and afforded, among other things, room for much melancholy reflection.

Ireland possesses an Archæological Society, whose head-quarters are in Dublin, and which has issued a number of volumes, transcribed from the ancient manuscripts at their disposal. The books are unique as historical records, and reflect much credit on the diligence of the members. Many of these persons are not mere dilettanti Archæologists, in patent leather boots and figured satin waistcoats, and whose chatter is of tumuli, mummies, and painted glass windows. In going through the apartments of the Academy, you see old men with wrinkled faces and spectacles poring over ancient manuscripts, each of which looks as if it had lain a thousand years in a peat-moss, and then been taken out and dried before the fire. One thin little man, of a nervous temperament, whose devotions I dared to interrupt, told me that he had spent six months in trying to decipher a single page of St Patrick's gospels, and that he had succeeded in all but three words in the right-hand corner. 'I would give fifty pounds,' said the little man energetically, 'if I could discover the meaning of these three words.' There was Archæology!

Besides these precious manuscripts, the museum of the Royal Irish Academy contains a vast collection of gold ornaments of various sizes and shapes; some heavy and massive, others small and delicate, suitable, as it might seem, for decorating the brow of a princess, or the wrist of a child. I was told, however, that these trinkets afforded but a meagre idea of the quantity of objects in pure gold which, from first to last, had been found in Ireland, and transferred to the melting-pots of the Dublin jewellers—coronets, rings, bracelets, and crosiers—realising large sums to the fortunate finders. It was the first time I had heard of all this, and I was of course correspondingly interested. I now felt that Moore had possessed something more tangible than a vague tradition for his mellifluous lyric—

> 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
> And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore'—

allusive to a lady of rank who, in a species of Arcadian unconsciousness that there was such a thing as evil in the world, wandered about the country respected and unmolested. I left Ireland an Archæologist.

The Irish, though possessing no distinct individual history, would nevertheless appear to have been at one period the most learned nation in Europe. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Ireland—these seem to have been the countries in which learning of a refined nature progressively found refuge and repose. The manner in which the civilisation of each was in its turn laid prostrate was the same—military conquest. Egypt was in part despoiled by Greece; Greece was similarly despoiled by Rome; Rome was despoiled by the Teutonic nations of the north; and two branches of these nations, the Danes and Anglo-Normans, completed the train of ruination by despoiling Ireland. Since their banishment thence, learning and literature have wandered, as if at random, through all the countries of Europe; but they are now, we hope, too deeply fixed, as well as too broadly scattered, to be again uprooted from their chosen soil.

In this view of affairs, Ireland is to England what Greece was to Rome—the spot whence it derived not a little of its civilisation, and which it afterwards maltreated in requital. In a word, and in all seriousness, Ireland is the Greece of the British Islands—a country in which relics of a period of refinement are lying everywhere tumbled about, like mangled corpses on a field of battle; while in the midst of these remains are seen, crouching in mud hovels, the shattered remnant of the conquered people, impoverished, dispirited, and in many features of character demoralised. There is, however, nothing peculiar in their state of debasement. The same thing may be seen any day in fifty different regions of the globe. The wild Indian lights his fire from the branches of the noble alamo, as it intertwines with and enshrouds the royal ruins of Metasco (Spain did it). The Syrian Arab encamps under the shelter of rock-sculptured palaces in the silent glen of Wady Moosa (Assyrians and Saracens did it). The Bedouin of the desert tethers his camels in

the once splendid gardens of Babylon (Persia did it). A naked Fellah, whose last shirt has just been torn from his back for a tax not the twentieth part of a farthing—his only food a handful of dead locusts—shrinks from the bright glare of an Egyptian sun, within the shadow of a mighty propylon, which once resounded with hymns chanted by the priests of Isis, and which, even after two thousand years of decay, is covered with the most exquisite sculpture and hieroglyphics. (Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts, Cyrus and his armies, Alexander the 'Macedonian madman,' and Saladin the slayer, did it.) The poor downcast Greek of Scios is seen waiting on a luxurious savage, who sits smoking his long pipe, made of the stem of a cherry-tree, amidst the ruins of Delphinium (Romans and Turks did it). The Italian brigand, a splendid animal flaunting in pistols and ribbons, leans his carabine on the peristyle of a ruined edifice, now a cow-shed, but once the sumptuous villa of a Roman senator (the Teutonic hordes of Germany did it). The Irishman cabins his wife and pig in a sty built from the dilapidated halls of the classic and lordly Tara—(shall I again say who did it?) There are, however, fresher scenes for the Archæologist. In a lone valley of Galicia is seen a ruined baronial castle. Its roof is half burnt off; the interior is a blackened and charred vault; and its vacant spectral windows resemble the mouths of a furnace. What is that moving through the gloomy den, like Christiana in the Valley of the Shadow of Death? It is a woman, a lady nursed in the halls of princes. A dying baby is clasped to her panting and sterile bosom. Her looks are wild; her face is famished, for she has been living a week on wild berries. She is looking eagerly for something. It is for the body of her husband, once the lord of the castle. She descries it, as it lies partially smothered among rubbish. Frantically she throws herself upon it. Her heart is like to burst. Her brain is on fire. God pity her, the last consolation of affection is denied! She cannot kiss the cold lips of him on whom she was wont to look with delight. A week ago the head was cut off, and sent labelled in a sack to Vienna. Rising to her knees, and with outstretched arms, she utters a cry of horror and despair, the last sounds of expiring reason. The shriek rings amidst the charred rafters and through the vacant roof. It is carried up by the angel of Mercy, and reported at the throne of Him who hath declared he shall one day judge the world in Righteousness (AUSTRIA HAS JUST DONE IT). We may drop the curtain. Why does not David Roberts give us an immortal work, PICTURES OF THE RUINS OF NATIONS—WITH THEIR TENANTRY? It would be the very Epic of Painting.

Out of the whole set of adventurers who produced these multifarious disorders, the Romans were, on the whole, the best. They were ambitious, but not cruel; and in all matters of municipal concern, in the countries which they conquered, they were perfectly tolerant and accommodating. All they ever cared about was imperial sovereignty and tribute. The people whom they took in charge might worship what they liked, and live in any way they liked, provided they sent annually to Rome a certain quantity of cash. The Turks were the next best; tribute with them being also the great thing; but they were intolerant and cruel, and smashed all objects of art in pieces. The Danes were a kind of sea Turks; they went about plundering and subduing nations, greedy for tribute, and regardless of what havoc they committed among the fine arts. Out of the whole, the Spaniards have been decidedly the worst. With them, conquest was annihilation. Not satisfied with a military sovereignty and tribute, like their half-ancestors the Romans, they took lands, houses, wealth of all sorts, burnt every record of independence, and finished by taking the people, whom they reduced to the condition of beasts of burden, till every one of them died.

The English, with respect to their conquests, have acted throughout pretty much like the Romans in similar circumstances. They have never meant ill towards any nation which they conquered; they have always at least been full of professions as to taking foreign nations in charge purely for their good. Never were there such lambs of conquerors, if you were to believe their own story. Any one, however, who wishes to get at the truth, must not sit down by the fireside and look into books. He must put his hat on his head, and take his staff in his hand, and go and take a view of the things which books do not speak out upon. Let him, if he is not afraid, cross the sea to Ireland, where he will see as hopeless a coil of confusion as ever was exhibited by any nation ruled by the imperial Cæsars.

Reflecting on what may be observed in an excursion of this kind to Ireland, and at the same time bearing in mind the aforesaid lamb-like character of the conquerors, we inevitably arrive at the conviction that there is, and must have been from the beginning, something radically bad in the whole conquering process. Can any one imagine what this can be? Let us hazard a guess or two.

In the first place, the acquisition is by VIOLENCE and INJUSTICE. That is just as clear as that the sun is in heaven. A great number of men, very much in want of employment, some of them on horses, and others on foot, land in a strange country which perhaps never before heard of them, and being expert in the use of certain weapons which they carry in their hands, and very powerful, they, without rhyme or reason, all at once begin knocking the people about, and making themselves masters of their country and all that is in it. This treatment being considered somewhat unkind and unreasonable, the people very likely ask what it means. They cannot possibly understand why they should lose their country! In some instances the commanders of the men with the weapons vouchsafe an answer, and sometimes they don't. The Spaniards were always exceedingly polite in answering questions of this unpleasant nature. They came prepared for it. Along with every squad there went a first-rate logician, the pick of the Spanish universities, who, if required, and at a moment's notice, could have proved that black was white, or that two and two made five: nothing came amiss to him. This useful personage never made his appearance till all the party were landed, and the talk about the why and wherefore had begun. Exactly in the nick of time he was introduced, and he took especial care to come forward in a dress which helped materially to mystify his audience. Clearing his throat, he delivered, through an interpreter, a remarkably neat harangue, in which he showed, by a course of history which began at the creation of the world, how the Spaniards were entitled, by every principle in law, reason, and divinity, to take possession of the country. And on concluding his discourse, he never omitted one important particular, which was this:—'My good friends, if you remain unconvinced after all I have said to you, I shall be under the very disagreeable necessity of allowing these gentlemen to do their duty'—pointing, almost with tears in his eyes,

to a row of stout fellows on horseback, frowning terrifically through their bushy beards and eyebrows, and handling their long knives as if ready to fall to. This latter argument usually prevailed. Bamboozled and frightened, the unhappy wretches scratched their sunburnt pates, and with a discontented growl submitted to their doom. The accounts of these interviews are among the richest things in history.

The English, to do them justice, never tried to come over the people whom they wished to conquer in this fashion. They would not give themselves the trouble. Yet, considering what a wise and saturnine people they are, they have done some remarkably odd things; and this brings us to a striking feature of our tableau. When an agriculturist gets uncomfortably rich on a good farm, he begins to have a fancy to take another, which he understands is to be let a number of miles off, and which he proposes to manage by means of servants and post-letters. This is called in Scotland 'taking a led-farm.' He accordingly strikes the bargain, which, ten chances to one, turns out a losing concern. The servants are far from being dishonest; they do all they can for their master; still the thing, somehow, won't pay. The ambitious agriculturist discovers his error when too late; he would give the lease of the led-farm to anybody who would take it off his hands; and as nobody will, it hangs like a millstone about his neck—*till he is ruined.* England on one occasion took a fancy to make a led-farm of Scotland, as she had previously done of Ireland. The way it happened was this. The Scotch having some difficulty in knowing which of two competing princes to choose as king, they, in order not to fight about it, referred the matter to the arbitration of the king of England. This king was selfish and knowing; and what did he do but get Scotland a good deal into his own hands, on pretence of keeping things in order, and then say that he was the proper king of the country himself. The Scotch, however, would not stand this sort of usage, and the unjust king, with his banditti, each one of whom expected a snap at something good, were at length fain to give up the affair as a bad job. It is, now-a-days, generally felt by the English that it was as well, if not better, that their cunning and avaricious old king did not on the above occasion get hold of Scotland, to make a led-farm of her, for she might have proved another Ireland, and then England would have had two millstones around her neck instead of one. Fortunate escape that was!

Talking of this, and if I am not tiring the reader with these historical portraitures, I may call to mind another escape which the English made from millstoneing. When the Normans gained possession of England they still retained their French territories; and these, by means of fighting, intermarrying, and balderdash sophistry, they contrived to swell out to such a size, that they included the whole of France. Being now kings of France as well as England, they seem to have hesitated considerably with respect to which country they should stay in, and which they should turn into a led-farm. England saw very little of them during these hesitations. At length they decided on setting up housekeeping permanently in England, which always abounded in good butchers' shops, and of making France the led-farm. Having, after many doubts, come to this resolution, they despatched two dukes and a bishop to live in Paris, and do what they could to keep things from going to disorder in their absence. The French were very far from being in a pleasant humour with these delegates, and were constantly telling them to go away home, and threatening their lives if they didn't.

At this juncture a very strange affair happened. A little girl, a quiet, modest, thoughtful creature, who lived near the village of Domremy on the borders of Lorraine, and whose employment was herding sheep, came home one day to her mother and said that she had seen an angel. The little girl had of course been dreaming while asleep, as she lay on the sunny hillside tending her small flock. However, one of the features of her character was a wild earnestness, which would not admit this interpretation of her vision. She stuck to her story, and insisted that she had seen an angel, who told her to rouse the French nation, and drive away the English. Was ever anything so frantic heard of? What a notion for a poor little herd lassie! Her mother and everybody said it was all nonsense; but the girl would not be driven from her purpose. She went away on a wandering excursion; spoke to this one and spoke to that one; and actually had the address to put herself at the head of an army. Long and desperate were the fights which ensued. The English were everywhere beaten; and the two dukes and the bishop were reduced to great straits. Enraged beyond measure at the courageous efforts of the little girl, they tried every sort of plan to catch her; and, by an accidental turn of affairs, they succeeded. Now was the time to do for the maiden of Domremy! They made short work of her. The bishop proved, by a line of reasoning which very easily convinced the dukes, that the girl was a witch; and so, being a witch, they burnt her to ashes with a collection of tar-barrels in the town of Rouen! With what emotions of compassion, horror, and shame—shame for England—have I looked around the square, with its antique buildings, where this fearful crime was perpetrated! Neither the bishop nor the dukes had a day to do well afterwards. The French rose *en-masse*, and turned them, and every one who belonged to them, out of the country. Thus was France saved from being made a led-farm, and England once more saved from being millstoned. Another fortunate escape that was!

There are differences in the manner in which conquered countries are brought efficiently into the condition of led-farms. The Spaniards, as has been seen, gave their preaching first, and did their killing afterwards. The English reverse the practice. They begin with the killing, and end with the preaching. Not that they ever want to kill; it is only people's own blame if they wont be quiet, and so get knocked on the head. True, it is all the same in the end; but it is satisfactory to go by regular rules. Having got the people somehow or other to be quiet, the next step which the English take is to land three boxes from a ship. These boxes are made up in London by persons who know all about it, for they have had immense experience in the trade. What is imported in these boxes is of the first consequence. Is the reader curious to know what are the contents? I shall tell him.

In the first box is contained a theodolite, with the entire apparatus for measuring land. In the second box is contained a set of the statutes at large from the reign of Edward I., with a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries on the law of England, and a chief justice's gown and wig. In the third box are found all suitable paraphernalia for the church service. Until these things have been opened out and brought into use, the constitution cannot be said to have begun. The theodolite usually

puzzles the natives. While loitering, poor innocents, about their cottage-doors on a sunny forenoon, they are very much struck with observing a man in a stooping posture, who is looking through a strange brass instrument mounted on three wooden legs. First he looks this way, and then he looks that way; he goes across fields, enters gardens, and pushes through hedges; and everywhere is he seen looking through that very droll instrument. They cannot make out what he is about; and they never do make it out till some months afterwards, when they are visited by a man with a red neck to his coat, who tells them to be off, for their lands now constitute Lot 17, Section D, in the third Concession of Bundle-and-go County, and were sold by auction yesterday at seven-and-threepence an acre. They might have bought them if they had a mind; the auction was duly advertised by the sheriff.

When the French take possession of countries they also bring boxes ashore, but their contents are somewhat different. Roads and land-measuring they don't care about; and a field-marshal's baton is the sum and substance of their constitution. Still they cannot do without bringing boxes along with them. These packages are made up in a tradesmanlike manner in a large establishment at the end of the Rue Richelieu. They contain a complete set of the plays of Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire; a great variety of dresses for mock kings, priests, soldiers, bandits, distressed ladies, savage old fathers, rebellious sons, clever waiting-maids, and so on. And in attendance on the boxes there is a troop of men and women, who are to perform the parts of these personages. A good supply of rouge, pomatum, and moustaches is not forgotten. With all these things the French set up a theatre wherewith to keep them merry in their exile from Paris; and provided they are allowed to do this in peace, they get on pretty well. Outrageous things no doubt they have done, as in Algiers; but it is a universal remark, that no foreign possessions are in the main so kindly treated as those of France; the truth being, that the French do not care a whistle about any country they go to, except to have the glory of calling the country their own, and giving it a taste of the legitimate drama.

Gipsies, thieves, and all other predacious classes have a language of their own, by which they can conceal or treat with levity any crime they commit. Any piece of deceit they call a *lurk;* to thieve is to *prig.* Something of the like ingenuity may be observed to exist with respect to conquered nations. In travelling through Germany, your voiture stops for a short time in a neatly-built, dull town. To stretch your legs, you walk to the end of the street, where stands a great whitewashed palace, with gardens behind it of a superb description. You walk into the gardens, and all through them, but there is nobody there. Flowers are blooming and opening their sweet petals to the sun; but there is nobody there to enjoy their beauty or perfume. A long row of orange-trees, each growing from a green-painted tub, the size of a sugar-barrel, in vain offers the spectacle of its golden fruit; nobody is there to rejoice in the feast. Leaden gods and goddesses, seated in the midst of fountains, are busy spouting water from their mouths, as if their cheeks were like to burst; but not a soul is there to see them—literally no one, except a decayed gendarme with one eye and a wooden leg, who sits by himself all day long under a tree playing at dominoes, his right hand against his left. You come back to the town, and with increasing interest you begin to observe that there is nobody in it. Not a living thing is seen in the street but two broken-hearted hens, which go disconsolately about looking for crumbs, having not been able to scratch up a single particle of food since breakfast time. What a marvellous phenomenon! Desperate with curiosity, you hasten to the inn, where stand your horses munching slices of brown bread out of a trough, and you ask Boniface what is the matter; has the town been conquered, and all the people carried away? 'Not exactly conquered, monsieur; we have only been *mediatised.* Bonaparte mediatised us one afternoon, when on his way to Russia. It was done, I am told, in seventeen minutes and a half: the document was signed on the top of a bass-drum.' *Mediatised,* you afterwards learn, is a slang law phrase, which signifies to be extinguished as a nation, and the country given away to different adjoining sovereignties—a bit to one, and a bit to another. Most of the German states have several times, without leave asked, been cut up, ruined, and handed from one to another in this free-and-easy fashion. The people grumble horridly, to be sure, to be so tossed about; but what can they do? Perhaps they are nursing up their vengeance!

Whatever be the actual methods of operation, it all comes to this: nations dishonestly taken possession of, like ill-got wealth, seldom thrive. 'We may read our sin in our punishment:' so saith the Scripture. 'Our pleasant vices make us whips to scourge us:' so says Shakspeare. 'Every immoral act contains the seeds of its own dissolution:' so says Philosophy. True, there are examples of military aggression—that INIQUITY OF INIQUITIES, of which the world has too long been tolerant—being not unattended with benefit and social happiness to the conqueror as well as the conquered; but in these a new sequence of action is evoked, of which I may afterwards have occasion to speak. Meanwhile I confine myself exclusively to the first or fundamental principle, followed by its usually rude and troublesome consequences. As to what may be inferred from the secondary or healing principle, I need not now further advert to it, than by saying that it is partly embraced in that sublime sentiment of Ezekiel, which forms the opening passage of every Englishman's Book of Common Prayer—'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.' Here Ireland, that terrible word, rises up in judgment—transgressions committed and persevered in hundreds of years ago, but for which, in the nature of immutable moral laws, there seems to be no oblivion. The only shade of penitential consolation consists in the fact, that the Danes were before the English in the diabolical work of mischief. But for these marauding wretches, what would that beautiful isle of the ocean not have been? Along the whole eastern coast are seen traces of their rapacity. Near Drogheda, on the borders of Louth, the seat of the great mediæval colleges of learning, I crept on my hands and knees into a temple of remote antiquity, and with candles brought with me on purpose, lighted up a dome-shaped vault of the most interesting construction; which, since its visit by the Danes, has been a scene of the wildest desolation. The ragged carman who acted as guide on the occasion had the Irish Monasticon by heart, and could tell who built, who endowed, who sacked, and who pocketed the rental of every ruined abbey which we passed. Such is Ireland, a country which, I confidently believe, is till this minute not understood by the English. W. C.

THE FISHERMAN.

It would be a curious and picturesque trip to embark in a coasting-vessel, and from port to port, from village to village, to visit all the shores of France; to go from Dunkirk to Bayonne in the Western Ocean, from Port Vendre to Cannes in the Mediterranean; to behold, gradually defiling before you, the undulating downs of the north, the white steeps of Normandy, the savage rocks of Finisterre, the smiling groves of Vendée, the wooded meads of the Gironde; and, mingling with the amphibious population of the coasts, to study and delineate from the life sailors, fishermen, preventives, smugglers, wreckers—all those who live by the sea, in skimming its surface, in fathoming its depths, in confronting its treacherous caprices.

The fishermen especially form a race apart, the more worthy of observation, as, from the nature of their life and habits, they present a perfect contrast with the industrial occupants of the interior. Characteristic traits common to the whole fraternity everywhere abound, although they are spread over a line of coast upwards of a thousand miles in extent. The species of the fish which they abstract from their liquid retreat varies according to the latitude; the tackle employed is modified according to the genus and locality of the prey which they pursue; but in the north or in the south, we find an ever-prevailing analogy in the minds, habits, and manners of fishermen. He who harpoons the tunny off Marseilles, differs but little from the Norman who caters for the saloons of Paris, or from the Breton, who tempts with a bait of red roe the shoals of migrating pilchards. At all points they inhabit the same cabins hung with nets, half buried in the sands, or perched like nests on the summit of a cliff. They are men of the same masculine figure, the same nervous limbs, the same healthy complexion—active, agile, indefatigable—sober as much from principle as necessity—freed from vice and corruption by isolation and by labour.

While children, the boys are occupied in collecting shrimps, cockles, and other shell-fish which are to be found upon the strand; and at about twelve years of age they accompany their fathers to the fishery. They set sail as the tide begins to turn, and avail themselves of the reflux to regain the shore. Thus twelve hours out of the twenty-four, one-half of the lives of the fishermen, they pass upon the sea. Their boat is at once their workshop, their refectory, their dormitory, and their magazine.

The fishermen's wives, not less industrious than their husbands, stretch the lines along the beach, mend the nets, gather oysters from the rocks at low-water, and carry the fish to market, without at the same time neglecting the cares of the household, and the education of a progeny always numerous. They watch for the return of their husbands, and when these re-enter the port, assist in unloading the vessel, in which the produce of the fishery glitters in silvery heaps. Often, alas! they watch in vain; too often the waves give them back but shattered wrecks and disfigured corpses. But recently, in the early part of July 1841, a numerous crowd was assembled upon the shore at Saint-Valery-sur-Somme, while a violent squall lashed the surface of the sea, and far in the distance a man was visible, clinging to the keel of an overset boat. An infant was upon his shoulders, whose feeble arms convulsively grasped its father's neck, and the hapless couple floated at the mercy of the waves.

A single fisherman had launched his little boat, and succeeded, after long and perilous efforts, in arriving within a few feet of the drowning persons; he stretched a boat-hook towards them, which the father essayed to grasp with one hand, without quitting his hold of the wrecked boat. At this moment a woman, bearing a basket of bread and boiled herbs, joined the spectators of this scene of desolation. 'What is the matter?' she asked. 'Look!' said one of the bystanders, 'yonder is Pierre Coulon drowning with his son.'

The woman was the wife of the fisherman; before night, his widow.

The fishermen who risk their lives in the pursuit of their occupation, never hesitate to brave dangers for the salvation of others. They have cast the rope of safety to many a shipwrecked mariner; they have dragged from the billows many a victim; rescued from the reefs many a half-drowned wretch; gained many a public recompense. The Dieppe fisherman Boussard, who obtained the honourable surname of 'the Brave,' has left many a successor among his compatriots. The rocky shores of Finisterre alone of all the French coast were long redoubtable to vessels in distress. The inhabitants placed a lantern between the horns of a cow, whose head they had fastened to the right leg with a cord. The animal, in bending the knee to walk, alternately raised and lowered its head, and the movements thus communicated to the lantern imitated those of a ship's light. Mariners who had lost their course believed that, in this vacillating light, they saw a faithful guide to a hospitable shore; but, deceived by the infamous fraud, they were precipitated upon the fatal rocks, and their last drowning cries of agony were welcomed by the savage clamours of the pirates. These acts of barbarity have happily ceased; the Breton fisherman is, as formerly, greedy of waifs, but the love of pillage does not stifle in his bosom the sentiments of humanity.

There is no class of men who have more affection for their natal soil. All attempts to naturalise them elsewhere than on the borders of the sea would be vain: there they were born, there they wish to die. Their precarious and sorry huts are dearer to them than palaces. Sometimes the moving sand, which the storms of wind raise in vast billows, swallow up entire hamlets. Some fine morning, the inmates, astonished that the dawn does not appear, perceive that they have been buried with their domicile. Nothing daunted, they reconnoitre from the chimney, and having dug a passage through the roof, set peaceably to work to disinter their dwelling. In other quarters the coast is bordered with cliffs, on the platforms of which the fishermen build their cots, while the sea slowly saps the base. Such are the favourite dwellings of a race of men familiar with all the dangers of waves, winds, and sunken rocks.

Pierre Vass had established himself upon the coast of Calvados, between the town of Armanges and the Fort of Maisy, at a little distance from Grandchamp. Pierre had lost his wife; the last of his sons had died at Trafalgar, and there remained to him but a daughter twelve years old. Though past the middle age, he had still sufficient health and strength to pursue his avocations with the assistance of his child. Lodged in a cabin upon the summit of a precipitous cliff, he descended to the sea by steps cut in the chalky soil. He fixed stakes in the sand, to which the little Louise attached long nets, and at low-water, soles, whiting, cod-fish, and flounders were taken in their attempts to regain the open sea.

The neighbours of Pierre Vass often made their observations upon the insecurity of his residence. The waves undermined the cliff, which fell away in masses. 'My house is not very firm,' said Pierre Vass, 'but I have dwelt in it more than thirty years; all my children were born there, and my poor wife lived in it—God re-unite us when he shall judge proper! I will die surrounded by my old remembrances.'

One day a tempest arose, the billows dashed against the cliff with fury, the wind shook the house of Pierre Vass, and the rocks started and cracked with a terrific noise. The old fisherman, habitually melancholy, seemed now lost in a dream. From time to time he rose, and opened the window to look out upon the dismal scene; then reseating himself, he would remain, his head resting upon his hands, a prey to some strange hallucination.

'Louise,' said he to his daughter, 'take this basket of fish and carry it to your uncle at Grandchamp.'

'Look at the dreadful weather, father!'

'He regales his friends to-morrow, and has need of provisions. Go directly—make haste,' added the old fisherman in a tone of severity, mingled with an indefinable expression of tenderness.

Louise was accustomed to passive obedience, and was soon ready. 'Adieu, father; I will be back before it is dark.'

'No; sleep at your uncle's to-night; you can return to-morrow. Adieu, my child—adieu. Heaven preserve you!'

He embraced her with passionate emotion, tore himself from her arms, and watched her disappear in the distance so long as his fast-falling tears permitted him to behold her. The house of Pierre Vass and five neighbouring cabins disappeared during the night.

This attachment of the fisherman for the rocks of his country, for the waves by which, and on which he lives, for the advantages, and even the dangers of his profession, is the cause of his submitting to the military service with an insurmountable repugnance. It is not that he is cowardly; he exhibits, on the contrary, a well-tried courage. Separated from death only by a few frail planks, he traverses the open sea, borne fearlessly onward at the caprice of the stormy waves. But a soldier he will not be; he would languish under the tedium of the apprenticeship; the air of the canteen would be more fatal to him than the balls of the enemy.

A fisherman of Etretat, named Romain Bizon, was named in the conscription of 1810. The other conscripts quitted their homes to join the army, but Romain Bizon answered not the appeal. His mother declared that he had departed by night without taking leave. His betrothed bemoaned him as if lost for ever, and showed herself not insensible to the advances of a new suitor. Descriptions of the deserter were sent to every brigade; the gendarmes rummaged the village and its neighbourhood, but Romain Bizon had disappeared.

At the distance of half a league from Etretat there is a cliff of immense height; the side which fronts the open sea rises precipitously to a point. Towards the centre of this façade there is a grotto, which the inhabitants to this day call the cave of Romain Bizon. It was there, in fact, that he had taken refuge. He had scaled the summit of the cliff, and by means of a rope, which he had succeeded in fixing firmly, had slid down perpendicularly as far as the opening of the grotto, more than a hundred and fifty feet below. Thence, by means of another rope, he descended every night to the strand, fished among the clefts of the rocks, received the visits of his mother and his betrothed, who brought him provisions, and before the break of day regained his inaccessible retreat. Several months had thus passed away, when the bold deserter was betrayed by the light of a fire which he had the imprudence to kindle during the night. The mayor gave notice to the lieutenant of the guard, and both swore to capture the rebel Romain Bizon alive or dead. But how to get at him? They were ignorant of his mode of access to the grotto, which was more than a hundred feet above the level of the shore, and the base of the cliff was bathed by the rising tide.

When the tide had receded, the mayor, girt with his scarf, the lieutenant at the head of his detachment, advanced upon the sand, and hailed Romain Bizon, who gave no sign of life. 'This joker wants the honour of a siege in form,' said the mayor; 'come, lieutenant, do your duty.'

'Prepare, armes!' commanded the lieutenant of the guard in a formidable voice.

In less than a minute the fire of a platoon was directed against the grotto; whilst, armed with poles, cramp-irons, ladders, and ropes, a band of officials made their preparations for the perilous ascent. Romain Bizon had remained hitherto invisible, but at the moment they were commencing the assault, he showed himself suddenly, and wielding a pickaxe, detached huge masses of rock, which showered upon his enemies. In a twinkling the troop began to make a retrograde movement, and the tide, now returning, decided the victory in favour of the refractory fisherman.

The next morning the rope which served him for a ladder swung idly from the cavern to the sands beneath; but Romain Bizon was no longer there. Eight years rolled away before he returned to Etretat. He arrived there about nine o'clock on a raw and gusty evening in autumn. The inhabitants had retired to rest, but one door was yet open, over which was inscribed, in characters of primitive form, 'Good draught cider.' Romain Bizon entered, seated himself, and invited the landlord, who was alone, to discuss with him a pot of his best liquor.

The host, surprised at the visit of a stranger at so late an hour, commenced the conversation. 'You are not a native of this part?'

'No; but I passed a considerable time here formerly, in the emperor's day. At that period there was a great deal of talk of one Romain Bizon. Have you any recollection of that?'

In spite of the affected indifference of the unknown, he trembled in pronouncing these words.

'Parbleu!' said the host, 'everybody knows that story. He was much sought after for a long time; but it appeared that he had embarked, under a false name, on board a privateer from Havre, and that he died a prisoner in England. 'Tis hardly six months ago that we buried his mother—the poor old soul! She had had a deal of trouble.'

The stranger kept silence; but without taking his elbows from the table, he clasped his hands together, wrung them in evident anguish, and sighed bitterly.

'I am sorry,' said the landlord, 'that what I have said appears to give you pain; but did you know that family?'

'A little,' stammered the unknown. 'Was not Romain betrothed to a girl named Madeline Lebreton? What is become of her?'

'Madeline! Bah! she is my wife!' said the host.

The stranger made an exclamation expressive of pain and bitter disappointment, then appeared to fall into a state of profound stupefaction.

'There is nothing astonishing in that,' said the host unmoved; 'she could not always remain single, because her future husband had chosen to decamp.' The stranger, who had buried his face in his hands, did not reply.

'Barnaby,' cried a voice at that instant, 'are you not going to shut up? It is growing very late, and we shall be fined.'

'One minute, Madeline,' replied the host: 'I am speaking with a guest. Put the children to bed; I will be with you directly.'

Urged by feminine curiosity, Madeline descended to the shop. The stranger had risen at the sound of her step, had cast upon the table a piece of money, and had his hand upon the latch at the moment that Madeline presented herself. He could not refrain from turning round to look once more upon her whom he had so much loved. She recognised him instantly. 'Ah, my God!' cried she, 'it is Romain!'

'Adieu, Madeline!—adieu! Here is the pledge you gave me eight years ago. You will see me no more.'

He cast the ring at her feet, and darting out, ran desperately towards the sea-coast. The host followed in pursuit, but arrived at the darkening sea only in time to hear his last agonising cry mingled with the murmuring of the waves.

A NEW CHAPTER IN NATURAL HISTORY.

However regularly like gives birth to like in the higher orders of animals, it is a law by no means universal among the lower or invertebrate races, as has been recently demonstrated by Sars, Steenstrup,* and other continental philosophers. Among these humbler creatures, it has been shown that the progeny often bears no resemblance, either in form or in functions, to the parent; that the progeny again gives rise to a third form, differing as widely from either of its predecessors, but returns, it may be, in the fourth generation, to the form of the primitive parent. Thus A may give birth to B, B to C, and C to a progeny which reverts to the original A; so that a parent

* The reader is referred to Steenstrup's interesting essay on the 'Alternation of Generations,' translated and printed for the Ray Society.

is not represented by her daughter or granddaughter, but by her great-granddaughter, or great-great-granddaughter, who becomes in turn the medium through which the species is perpetuated. This curious process is known to naturalists by the title of *Alternate Generation* — a process so completely at variance with the every-day maxim of 'like father like son,' that we are sure few subjects could be more interesting to the intelligent reader than a brief and untechnical account of its character.

This alternation of generations, whereby the maternal animal does not meet with its resemblance in its own brood, but in its descendants of the second, third, or fourth generation, is totally different from what we see in the ordinary mode of reproduction, and not less distinct from what we call metamorphosis. In ordinary generation among mammalian animals, the young, at the earliest stage of its separate existence, so closely resembles the parent, that there is no difficulty in assigning it to its peculiar species. Birds, though produced from eggs by external incubation, present no intermediate stage of active life, but pass at once into the form of their respective progenitors. And so also with fishes — the lowest of vertebrate classes: each speck of spawn passes in time into a perfect fish like its parent—presenting, it may be, very different aspects in its embryotic progress, but still retaining its individuality or oneness of existence. Such is the ordinary mode of reproduction; wonderful no doubt, and surpassingly beautiful in all its harmonies and relations, but not so strange as that of metamorphic life, and less startling still than that of alternate generation.

In metamorphosis, the animal passes through a circle of forms, often differing widely from one another, but still retaining the same vital principle or unity of existence. The successive forms are passively assumed; and in none, save the primitive parent, is there any reproductive or multiplying power. Take the frog, for example, which deposits its spawn in the wayside pool. Every speck or egg of this spawn becomes, under the proper conditions of moisture, temperature, and so forth, a tadpole, which is strictly aquatic; breathes by gills, sculls itself by an oar-like tail, and altogether presents a form so different from that of its parent frog, that no one could possibly predicate its original connexion. By and by an internal skeleton is formed, legs begin to appear, the tail drops off, the gills are replaced by internal lungs, and the tadpole passes into the perfect amphibious frog. Throughout this beautiful transformation everything has been passive, and limited to one exhibition of vitality —from the spawn arose the tadpole, from the tadpole the frog, in whom centered again the active power of reproduction. The tadpole might have been kept in the tadpole state for ages, without giving birth to other tadpoles; and therein consists one grand distinction between metamorphosis and alternate generation. To illustrate still farther, let us take another instance of metamorphosis. The common white butterfly drops its eggs on a cabbage leaf; from each of these, in a few days, springs a voracious caterpillar, having no feature in common with the maternal butterfly. A little longer, and the caterpillar instinctively seeks some sheltered crevice, becomes dormant, passes into a crysalis, which differs as widely from the caterpillar as it does from the butterfly; and from this crysalis springs in time the fluttering insect of another summer. Wonderful, again, but all limited and passive! Neither caterpillar nor crysalis could give birth to others of their kind: with the butterfly alone, of which the others were but metamorphosed forms, lay the power of increase.

Alternate generation differs from the preceding modes of reproduction, inasmuch as the several intermediate forms have the power of increase as well as the original parent. This curious phenomenon has as yet been traced with accuracy only in three or four animals, from which we may select for illustration the common 'jelly-fishes,' 'sea-nettles,' or *medusæ* of our own shores. These creatures are of a gelatinous consistence, very soft, and transparent as glass, and are met with of various forms—discoid, hemispherical, or bell-shaped—and they may be seen swimming about immediately below the surface of the water, at sea, or in creeks, from spring till late in the autumn, but only when the surface is tranquil, and no rain has been falling. They occur in vast numbers, especially where streams enter the sea; and they swim more deeply in the water when the surface is rough, or after a fall of rain—the slightest shower causing them to descend rapidly. Every frequenter of the sea-shore must have seen the jelly-like masses lying in hundreds on the sand after a storm in autumn; but then they are likely to be bruised, or partly shrivelled; and to see with advantage their varied rays and hues, their long pendent tentacula, and their curious mode of progression, one must observe them in deep water. On the approach of winter, they withdraw themselves to a greater depth, or probably nearly all die out at that period. Before doing so, however, they perform the important function of reproduction, the spawn or ova of the female make their escape, and these we shall now trace through their startling transformations.

An ovum, on its first escape from the parent, is a small roundish oblong body, floating freely in the water, but capable of locomotion, which is accomplished by means of innumerable *cilia*, or minute filaments, that cover its surface. By and by a small disk appears at one extremity, and by this it becomes immovably attached to some sea-weed or other substance. This is stage the *first*. In a few days the egg has become a polype, having a stalk of attachment, and a bell-shaped body, fringed with tentacula or filaments, by which it secures its food from the surrounding water. This is stage the *second*, in which it is a true polype, acting precisely as the hydra or fresh-water polype, and capable of increase by buds or gemmation. A little longer, and the body of the polype increases in length and thickness, and is marked by numerous transverse rings. These rings become lines of separation, little processes spring from their edges, the separation between the segments become more decided, and instead of a polype we have now a pile of cup-like bodies, seated within one another, each possessing a perfect life and individuality. This is stage the *third*. By and by the sections of the cup-like pile separate, each becomes a little fringed floater, like an inverted parasol; and from this stage (the *fourth*) they pass by degrees into perfect medusæ. We say a little fringed floater, for at this stage the creature is only a few lines long, while the full-grown medusa is a million times larger, often spanning a space of several fathoms with its tentacula, and swimming about freely in the ocean. Here, then, if there be no error in the observation, is one of the most curious transformations in nature. A medusa gives birth to a number of ova, which in time become polypes capable of multiplying themselves; and each polype separates into numerous cup-like creatures, which ultimately revert to true medusæ. Had the original ovum merely passed into a polypi-form, the polype into a cup-shaped creature, and this again into a medusa, the transformation would have been one of simple metamorphosis; but that the intermediate stages should be endowed with a power of reproduction, is that which constitutes the marvel.

Other examples of alternate generation might be added, as that of the *corinyæ*, or claviform polypes; the *salpæ*, these curious molluscs which are often observed floating in chains of from twenty to fifty in number; and the *trematoda*—that is, the fluke or liver-worm, which inhabits the liver of sheep in peculiar situations, and especially in wet years, causing much sickness among those animals. Enough, however, has been given to exhibit the peculiar character of the phenomenon—a phenomenon the explanation of which at once enlarges our views of creation, and inculcates humility and caution. In strict philosophy, we cannot regard the medusa, the polype, and the cup-like creatures, as belonging to different species; they are part and parcel of one great specific circle, indispensably necessary to each other, and must

be regarded, however dissimilar in form and functions, as belonging to the same vital unit. It may thus happen, as the subject of alternating generations is better known, that many of the so-called species and genera of the invertebrata are neither one nor the other, but component forms of some circle of alternate generation. We regard the butterfly, caterpillar, and crysalis as *one*; so also it will be with these curious circles of generation when their limits are determined.

It will now be seen how widely this alternating system differs from the ordinary course of generation, and how far it carries the complexity of nature beyond what is presented by the system of metamorphosis. And yet the metamorphoses which take place in such insects as the aphides, bees, wasps, ants, and termites, carry us to the very confines of alternate generation. Thus the wild bee which has been impregnated in autumn, and has afterwards sought a shelter to protect itself against the cold of winter, prepares a solitary habitation, in which it builds cells and deposits eggs; from the eggs proceed *larvæ*, but the bees into which these larvæ are metamorphosed are neuters, and all their faculties are directed to the assisting of the parent animal in the better nourishing of the future brood, and to the erection of a better habitation and cells, into which they convey the eggs of the queen-mother, and the food of the larvæ to be developed from them. Other cells, which contain a better sort of food, are erected for a later and less numerous progeny of eggs—namely, for *males*; and later still, others which are more roomy, and provided with the best food, but of which there are only a few, for fertile *females*. When all of these have come to maturity, and have performed their respective functions, the males die or are destroyed, the neuters also disappear, and the impregnated females alone survive the winter. Here, as in the case of the medusa, the neuter bee can scarcely be regarded as an individual existence, but merely as a step or stage towards the perfection of the males and females. Such gradations in being seem to point to an endless complexity in the system of nature; and yet the whole scheme, under the guidance of its omniscient Founder, goes on as smoothly as if it were composed of the plainest and simplest parts.

There is no one, therefore, who fully comprehends this discovery of alternating generations, but must be struck with the novel feature of variety, intricacy, and complexity which it confers on animated nature. *Cui bono?* asks the mere worldly utilitarian. To this end, responds the investigator—that the more we know, the more we wish and are fitted to know; and that the more we learn of nature, the better do we understand our relation not only to its Creator, but to its scheme, of which we constitute, physically and morally, the most exalted section.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Dissatisfaction with the *present*, and great expectations of the *future*, appear to be one of the most common follies of mankind. Every one is affected with it less or more; the young and middle-aged, however, much more strongly than the aged. Discontent is doubtless, on the whole, a useful element in our nature, for it prompts to better things; and it is only when it goes beyond the bounds of moderation, that it is seriously objectionable. The great error is, that people do not pursue their course of advancement with calmness; they forget to enjoy the advantages which they now possess; and while they look at the future, they neglect the present, forgetting that the present is the only real time. This error leads them into two follies: they believe that at some future period they will be happier than they are now, because they will then have at command means which are at present denied; and secondly, they fancy that people who follow a different mode of life are more favourably circumstanced than themselves. They seem to want a change. I have heard men in business say, 'Ah, if I could devote my life to study, instead of grubbing here to get money, I should then be all right.' And, on the other hand, students are heard to say, 'After all, it is the man of business who really enjoys reading, when in his hours of relaxation he goes to his books as a relief. But it is odious to make your study a workshop.' Both parties are labouring under a kindred delusion.

And thus people go on; their energies are devoted to the attainment of some object, and 'if they can reach that, they will find repose.' The end is gained, but soon the object fails to satisfy; they miss the excitement which the chase afforded, and they must propose some new goal, or be wretched. For instance, there are hundreds of men now in England labouring to become rich, who really believe that if they were wealthy, and could spend their lives as others do who are in affluence, they would not have a care; and yet what a mass of error is contained in such an idea! It is far from true that their wealthy friends are perfectly happy; nor is it true that, if they possessed the same means, they would be one whit more contented; and, in the third place, as far as external goods are concerned, it is absolutely false that satisfaction is necessarily connected with them; for our comforts depend much more upon the state of our minds than we are willing to admit. As Iago says, 'Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners.' But we too often imagine that this garden will not flourish until we have surrounded it with costly marble, while we neglect to sow precious seed, and forget to uproot the weeds.

The men who place their hopes exclusively in the future, confess, by the very act, that they are incapable of enjoying the present (and by enjoyment much more is meant than the mere taking of pleasure); but not wishing to make this humiliating admission, they flatter themselves that something else than what they possess is essential to peace and comfort. This is nothing less than an excuse for want of contentment; because, when the object of search is attained, they are as far from what they really need as ever. He who does not begin by placing contentment as the basis of external goods, heaps up in vain, and might as well try to fill a sieve with water, as to construct a building of happiness upon a shadowy foundation.

Besides, a constant restlessness is the greatest possible hindrance to sound education of the mind. The feverish gaze of the fortune-seeker cannot look aright upon the beautiful creation which is around him, if it ever looks upon it at all. There are many men surrounded by the comforts of life, who, if you told them to divert their eyes a while from future prospects, to cease envying their associates, to admire the wonders of nature and the beautiful world we live in, to be rejoiced at the remembrance of their daily blessings, and to be fully satisfied with their numerous advantages, would put you down for a madman or a fool.

It is quite as easy to cultivate such a state of mind as to be constantly pining after what you have not got, or distressing yourself because you are not so well off as other people; and while every man of active mind must desire to go through his daily duties with energy and skill, and to fulfil his vocation with diligence, yet when he has done all this, calm contentment is one great means to make him happy, and keep him so. The poet Horace, when a young man, saw these important truths, and in his first satire lashes the folly of mankind in a very just and lively manner. That satire is not directed merely against avarice, as many critics have supposed, but against the deeper spirit of disquiet, which is at the root of all. I shall present the reader with a translation of some passages which bear more

particularly upon the question. He opens with an expression of wonder that mankind will persist in esteeming the fortunes of others more than their own, and shows that they neglect to take into account all the circumstances of the case; nay, farther, that if they were fairly brought to issue, and had their choice, they would be disposed to draw back, and keep their present station:—

> How comes it, my Mæcenas, that the lot
> Which our own plans obtain, or chance presents,
> Never contents us, but we always praise
> Those who pursue a different course of life?
> 'How fortunate are merchants!' says the soldier,
> Whose aged limbs are worn with early toil;
> But yet the merchant, tossed by stormy seas,
> Says, 'Warfare is far better. Why—they charge,
> And in an hour comes death or victory.'
> The lawyer thinks a country life the best,
> When clients rouse him at the dawn of day.
> The countryman, obliged to answer bail,
> And to the city dragged from home, cries out
> That they alone are blest who live in town.
> But not to cite these numerous instances,
> Hear how I'll put the question. Let a god
> Come down and say, 'I will do all you wish.
> Soldier, be you a merchant; and be you
> A countryman who were just now a lawyer.
> Your lots thus changed, depart your several ways.'
> How now—you stand? They will not move a step,
> And yet they might be happy if they liked.

We may remark that Horace, with great truth, makes the various characters express discontent, and look with wistful eyes upon the condition of others, just when they feel any of the difficulties or inconveniences of their own stations press upon them. How interesting to observe the application to our own day of sentiments uttered in Latin verse eighteen hundred years ago! But the poet spoke the truth, and truth is eternal. Falsehood alone perisheth.

He then goes on to notice the second great error, whereby a prudent regard to the future degenerates into neglect of the present, and a desire of pressing forward to something distant, while the day of fruition is constantly deferred. As an example of care in making provision, and good sense in enjoying that provision when the proper time comes, he instances the ant, who (according to the popular opinion) lays up her store for the dreary hours of winter; and he contrasts with her wisdom the conduct of those two-legged gatherers who are ever piling up and never distributing:—

> They hope to find a safe retreat in age,
> And have provision for their closing days;
> Just as the little, labour-loving ant
> Gathers whate'er she can, and piles her heap,
> Cautious and mindful of the time to come;
> But when Aquarius, with his rainy storms,
> Saddens the year, she never creeps abroad,
> And uses what her patient care obtained.
> While you cannot be moved from lust of gain
> By summer's heat, or cold, fire, sea, or sword;
> Nothing can stop you while you yet perceive
> Another richer than yourself.

He thus states the common objects of our desires—the wish to have a retreat in age. There is no fault to be found with that desire in itself; but while we are procuring the means of living, we should also learn how to live, that when the one occupation has ceased, we may find resources in the other; that by studying the perfections of the Creator and his wonderful works, and by devoting ourselves to the general good of mankind, we may fulfil the greater and higher ends of our existence.

The poet then inveighs at some length against the folly of avarice, and asks, If you are satisfied with the little that nature requires, of what importance is it whether your granary contains a hundred measures of wheat or a thousand? He shows that the grasping spirit of covetousness is itself a curse; just as in the fable Tantalus is oppressed with thirst, though placed up to the chin in pure water, which, however, flies from his mouth every time that he attempts to drink. To illustrate the workings of a grasping spirit, he uses the following simile:—

> As, if you want to fill a single cup
> With limpid water, and would rather drain
> From a great river, than take just as much
> At this small fount, it comes to pass that you,
> So vainly pleased with superfluity,
> Will by the rolling stream be carried off.
> But he who seeks no more than what he needs,
> Neither draws muddy water, nor his life
> Loses imprudent in the dashing wave.
> But most men, led astray by vain desires,
> Say 'nothing is enough,' because our worth
> Is measured by our wealth. What can you do
> With people such as these? Let them remain
> In misery, since they act thus by choice.

He then returns to his original point of attack—to the manner in which people compare themselves with others; for it is curious that, while you can find hundreds who distress themselves because they are not so surrounded by advantages as others are, you do not so often meet with those who look at the numbers less favoured than themselves; and yet there is no reason why we should not look on the one picture as well as on the other:—

> But to return: should a man always praise
> Those who pursue a different course of life?
> Or should he pine because his neighbour's goat
> Affords more milk than his, nor once contrast
> The greater crowd far poorer than himself?
> But rushing forward, labour to surpass
> This one or that. He who thus hastens on,
> Will always find one richer in his path:
> As, when swift charioteers have left the bound,
> Each strains to outdo the steeds that conquer him,
> And ne'er vouchsafes a look on those behind.
> On the whole, we rarely find a man to say
> He has lived blissful, and who, at the last,
> When he has passed the appointed term of life,
> As a well-sated guest departs content.

It is very possible that the readers of Horace may flatter themselves upon having some valid excuse for neglecting to follow his advice, so difficult it is for men to stop in the chase and calmly consider their position. The seeker of wealth and the ardent lover of fame despise their quieter friends, and look with scorn upon the peace which they enjoy, nor will they admit the claims of contentment to their notice; yet the old English poet is quite correct in saying of the unambitious man—

> Thus he is free from servile bands,
> Of hope to rise, and fear to fall;
> Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet hath all.

No wonder that, when reverses come, the fortune-seeker is overwhelmed, and sometimes cannot rise again from his despair. How different would be man's condition and feelings were he to temper his desires, and restrain his expectations, within the bounds prescribed by a becoming spirit of piety and philosophy!

THE GOLD-MAKING DELUSION.

About five hundred years ago, an idea prevailed in Europe that certain base metals could be transmuted by a chemical process into gold. The pursuit of this chimera, called the 'Philosopher's Stone,' was carried to such lengths, that Pope John XXII. issued a bull, condemning to perpetual imprisonment those who attempted to transform one metal into another. This was in 1317; but towards the close of the same century, so much had knowledge retrograded in high places, that our Henry IV. addressed letters-patent to the professors, nobles, and priests, inciting them to prosecute the search after the Philosopher's Stone, as a means of enabling him to pay the debts of the state.

The respect, however, which princes had for the ideal science did not extend to the persons of the adepts, who were laid hold of without ceremony, and compelled to labour at the projection. In a former article on this subject, there is a quotation from a work attributed to Michael Sandovigius; but this worthy is said, in an old 'Historie de la Philosophie Humetique,' to have appropriated an honour which did not justly belong to him. Both the real and supposititious writer of

the treatise, however, experienced very harsh treatment at the hands of the great. The true 'Cosmopolitan' (the literary name of the individual), according to our author, was Alexander Seaton, who possessed an estate somewhere on the coast of Scotland at the commencement of the seventeenth century. In 1602, while travelling for his pleasure in Holland, accompanied by his wife, he called on a Dutch gentleman whom he had treated with hospitality in his own country; and in the course of this intimacy, had the imprudence to exhibit his skill in the art of transmutation. He pursued his travels to Basle, and afterwards found himself in Saxony; and on his route, so frequently repeated the same indiscretion, that his reputation as a living treasure could not fail to reach the ducal court. The consequence was, that he was seized and shut up in a tower.

The Duke of Saxony attempted to work upon him, first by promises, then by threats, then by torture; but all in vain. The unfortunate alchemist submitted in silence; and after having repeatedly burned his flesh and dislocated his limbs, his persecutors at length gave up active measures in despair, and trusted to the effect of protracted confinement. Michael Sandovigius, who resided at Cracow, was then in Saxony; and being himself addicted to the dangerous pursuit, heard with great interest of the adventure of Seaton. He obtained admission to his prison, and formed a plan for his deliverance, which he ultimately effected by making his guards drunk. He carried him and his wife to Cracow, and then demanded, as the price of his service, to be initiated in the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. But Seaton, showing him his emaciated body, his shrunk nerves, and powerless limbs, replied that all these things he had endured rather than disclose a secret he had won by study and prayer. He presented him, however, with a portion of the precious powder, by means of which, if we are to believe our author, and not by any scientific merit of his own, Sandovigius became famous as an alchemist. Seaton soon after died; and the persevering friend, thinking there might be some chemical virtue even in his widow, married her, and by this means became possessed of the treatise attributed to his own pen by the ignorance of the learned.

'It is impossible,' says our author, 'to find anything less suspicious or more precise than the adventure which occurred to M. Helvetius of the Hague, first physician to the Prince of Orange, and ancestor of the learned and virtuous Helvetius.' The circumstance is related by the doctor himself. On the 27th December 1666, he received a visit from a person unknown to him, who had the appearance of a respectable Dutch citizen, and whose visit was prompted by a desire the stranger had to remove his doubts, or rather disbelief, by showing him a portion of the actual Philosopher's Stone, and of the precious metal it had created. The one was in an ivory box, and in the form of three metallic lumps, of a sulphur colour; and the other was worn upon his stomach, in fine plates of gold, covered with mysterious inscriptions. Dr Helvetius examined attentively the contents of the ivory box, which the adept informed him were sufficient to produce twenty tons of gold; and on this boast, he thought it could hardly be a dishonesty worth mentioning to pinch slily off a little particle with his thumb-nail. It was in vain, however; but he solicited the adept to make the projection before him: the latter was satisfied with having *convinced his eyes*, and withdrew.

No sooner was his back turned, than the doctor sent for a crucible, and placing it eagerly on the fire, threw in a piece of lead, and when this was in fusion, projected (to use the proper Hermetic term) the stolen powder into the mass. The result was the instant evaporation of both lead and powder. The doctor was astonished; he thought he must have made some mistake in the manner of the projection; and when the adept returned some time after to ascertain what impression he had made, he besought him earnestly to give him even the smallest possible portion of the powder. This request was complied with after some difficulty; but with the advice to cover the particle with wax before projection, otherwise the volatile nature of the substance would cause everything to evaporate. Helvetius did as he was directed. He projected the powder thus prepared into six drachms of lead—which he thus converted instantaneously into pure gold! This gold was so pure, that it had the power of transmuting silver; and the *prejudices* of Dr Helvetius being now completely removed, he published in the following year his 'Vitulus Aureus,' in which the above incidents are related in full.

A circumstance is mentioned by Father Kircher in his 'Mundus Subterraneus,' which may serve as a pendant to the above. About the time in which Helvetius was engaged in his experiments, another stranger called on one of the Jesuit's friends, who had been, ever since his youth, devoted to the Hermetic philosophy.

'I see,' said the visitor, 'by your crucibles and furnaces what you are about. But you have no chance—you will not succeed.'

'Assist me, then,' replied the alchemist eagerly. 'You who talk so decisively must have some knowledge of the matter. Instruct me, and I will obey.'

'Agreed,' said the unknown—'let us work together; but first take a pen, and write down the process as I describe it, that we may make no mistake.'

So said, so done. The process was fairly written out; and then, with the paper before them, they set to work, and the pupil at length poured with his own hands from the retort a very brilliant oil, which congealed into a mass, and was then reduced to powder. This powder was projected into three hundred pounds of quicksilver, which was straightway converted into gold, much purer than any that was ever dug from the bowels of the earth. At this result the adept was wild with joy, but the stranger looked calmly on, as if the affair had been a matter of no moment.

'You can do nothing for me,' he said in reply to his professions of gratitude and offers of service. 'I am travelling to and fro for my own amusement; and although I am always ready to aid when I see people at a loss, I want no assistance in return.' The other intreated him at least to stay with him that night; but he would not consent: he must betake himself at once to his inn, naming it, and go to bed.

In the morning the adept went to inquire for him, but he was not known at that inn, nor at any other in the town. No human being but himself had ever seen him; he had utterly vanished—exhaled—evaporated!

'No matter,' thought the adept. 'Since I have the process in black and white, it signifies little what has become of the man. Three hundred pounds of gold! that is worth at least a hundred thousand crowns. It is a large sum; but it is nothing to what I may—must—and shall have! Let me to work.' And so saying, he spread out the paper before him, and proceeded to the manufacture of the wonderful powder. But he was not as yet so skilful as his teacher, or he was more careless, and the experiment failed. But this was only his first trial alone, and with an untroubled brow he began anew. What should disturb him? He had plenty of money, abundance of time, and an indomitable—avarice. But his second experiment was not more successful, nor his third, nor his fourth. The directions were distinct, the writing was plain—the fault *must* be in himself. And so, when the hundred thousand crowns were expended, he sold his property, acre by acre, piece by piece, and only stopped when he had no longer a coin for the insatiate crucible. At that moment he was seized with a religious terror, and ran to the Jesuits, who soon explained to him that the stranger was no other than the *devil!* But many were of a different opinion; and Father Kircher's publication of the circumstances occasioned a literary contest, which raged for a considerable time.

It was supposed that the miraculous powder, if used in another way, would prolong life to an indefinite period; and both these superstitions were derived immediately by the Europeans from the Arabians, although the alchemists professed that Egypt was the fountain of the occult philosophy, which they termed Hermetic, after Hermus or Thoth. However this may be, the very same delusions were productive of much more remarkable disorders in China several centuries before the Christian era. There the infatuation of the princes in their search after the 'Waters of Immortality' and the Philosopher's Stone was frequently one of the leading causes of political revolutions; and it was not only the profligate and depraved who were addicted to this fatal pursuit, but some of the wisest of the emperors. In Europe, however, alchemy, as the name implies, was merely an exalted chemistry, while in China it was the worship or propitiation of spirits. In the latter country it was believed that, in some distant islands (supposed to be Japan), where the people lived a thousand years, the waters of immortal life and boundless wealth were guarded by supernatural beings, and thither more than one deputation were sent by the credulous princes. The priests of Taou, being the great devil-worshippers, were of course the Chinese proprietors, so to speak, of this water, in which they succeeded in drowning the senses of so many of their imperial masters. In the year 133 before Christ, one of these mystics presented the emperor with the ingredients for composing the miraculous draught, telling him first to sacrifice to the spirits of the hearth, and then to throw some vermilion into the goblet, which would become gold, and this gold gave immortal life. The emperor brewed as he was directed, and drank; but feeling no stirrings of immortality within him, he took council of the other philosophers, who had each his own nostrum, consisting of particular sacrifices or temple-building. He tried them all by turns; till, every rite being performed, and every spirit propitiated, he was about to receive the reward of his magnificent labours. The goblet, however, was snatched from his lips by one of his indignant nobles, who drank off the draught. 'If I am immortal,' said he, 'your majesty cannot kill me; if I am not immortal, you will of course reward me for opening your eyes to so contemptible a delusion.'

Twenty years afterwards, when this emperor, it may be supposed, who lived and spent so fast, was still more in need of the Water of Immortality and the art of making gold, he fell as blindly into the snare. An adventurer offered to proceed to the islands of the Immortals, and kidnap one of the inhabitants for his service; on which the imperial dupe (who, by the way, was one of the most talented and energetic of the famous dynasty of Tsin) raised him to the dignity of prince, gave him his daughter in marriage, and sent him forth on his journey to the sea-coast, escorted by the most distinguished nobles of the court. These individuals were not so credulous as their master. They watched the sage narrowly, and on taking leave of him, despatched some trusty spies to hover in his rear. He was traced to a certain mountain with an unpronounceable name, where he was welcomed by a banditti of brother philosophers, and the whole made the welkin ring with their joyous carousals for three or four months, till it was time to return from the islands of the Immortals. One of the gang was made to personate the kidnapped native, and fully instructed in the art of making gold; and in due time the learned cortège arrived in great state at the palace—preceded some few days by the spies. They were received by the emperor and his court as became their dignity; and when they had told their tale, and exhibited their man, the headsman, at a given signal, appeared upon the scene, and made them all immortal in a few minutes.

But to attempt to trace the Philosopher's Stone and Elixir Vitæ of Europe to Egypt, or China, or any other country, would be waste of time, for the superstition is part and parcel of human nature. In all ages the world has run after some impossible good; and gold-making is one of the most widely diffused of its schemes, only because avarice is one of the most vulgar and universal of its passions.

SMALL COUNTRY PAPERS.

We have on divers occasions alluded to the rise in Scotland of small monthly papers, published at no higher price than a penny, and designed principally to furnish a channel for local advertisements. In towns not sufficiently populous to support a weekly newspaper, these minor publications are found to be of considerable use; and being acceptable to readers, they are increasing in number, as well as improving in the quality of their contents. Yet how unequal are the talent and tact with which they are conducted! Some abound in original articles on literary subjects, which must have cost no small degree of labour; while others are filled chiefly with extracts, and exhibit few signs of earnest industry. On the whole, however, these papers are respectably conducted; for we see in them no ministering to mean passions, and few transgressions on the score of taste.

It would, we think, materially increase the usefulness of this interesting class of periodicals if their conductors, who are, for the most part, literary amateurs, were to condense from the metropolitan and other prints, in an original and attractive way, notices of valuable improvements in the arts and discoveries in science; likewise accounts of manufactures springing up in obscure situations through the force of some solitary but energetic spirit—all with the view of imparting a mental stimulus to the neighbourhood. If there be a mechanics' institute, or a mutual improvement society, it should be invited to publish its proceedings in brief. Questions in mathematics and mechanical science should also find a place, in order to excite the minds of youth; and this, we observe, is done in one paper, 'The Alloa Advertiser.' Would not, likewise, a 'lady's corner,' with a few conundrums, help to make the little paper a welcome visitor at the farmers' firesides?

One of the latest competitors for public favour among the cheap country papers is one called by the odd name of 'The Pennyworth,' published at Arbroath. 'The Pennyworth' aspires to be more literary and original than most others of its class, and contains some writings which would by no means discredit periodicals of higher pretensions. We select the following little piece as a specimen:—

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

Death had been for some days hourly looked for, and when the surgeon of the ship, who had been in close attendance on the sufferer, whispered to me that all was over, I felt in noway surprised. The little innocent, a beautiful boy of about four years old, was released from a world of sin and suffering. For weeks previous, the poor child had struggled against a disease which baffled medical skill. The devoted attention of two affectionate parents had been lavished on it in vain; and when the quiet spirit winged its flight to resume its place in another and a better world, I could not but regard the tiny body, beautiful as it was, otherwise than the prison-house of that soul which, after a brief but painful sojourn below, had ascended to the mansions of bliss, there to rest with its Father and its God. As I passed the cabin of its parents, when retiring to my own, the partially-suppressed sobbings of the mother were audible; and for some time after, the melancholy event having banished sleep, I could distinctly hear the sound of the father's voice as he slowly and solemnly prayed, that that Almighty Being who giveth and taketh away, would bend their hearts in submission to his will, and make them learn that it was good for them to be afflicted.

The father of the child thus early called to its account had, for a number of years, held a high civil appointment in the Bengal Presidency. His own health had suffered little from the effects of an eastern climate, but the decline of that of a beloved wife, and the alarming symptoms of early disease developed in his only and his dar-

ling boy, had induced him to forego all thoughts of remaining in India, and at once to give up an honourable and a lucrative situation for the sake of those with whose existence his own might be said to have been identified.

Though no uncommon circumstance during an India voyage, the death of a child, who had become an object of deep interest to all, caused a general gloom to prevail on board; and it was curious to remark how, even among the kind but light-hearted seamen, the striking event subdued for a time spirits prone to be merry rather than wise into a settled calm, contrasting strangely with the natural dispositions of the men. Our noble ship was an Indiaman of the largest class, and every convenience and luxury, everything that could minister to the comfort of the poor invalids, on whose shattered frames an eastern clime had done its work, were to be found within her. She was wending her way through the waste of waters, full of passengers, for 'merry England,' from the shores of which not a few of my companions had for many years been absent. The sallow faces and emaciated forms of some told of toil and suffering under a tropical sun; and as I gazed on one wretched invalid, whose once manly frame was now in the last state of exhaustion and atrophy, and saw him carried up from his cot by half-a-dozen of black servants, in order that he might enjoy the renovating influence of the cool evening breeze, I could not help thinking that the land to which his affections were turned would never see him alive. Nor was I wrong; he died on our entering the Channel, when within sight of his native county, the lovely Devonshire.

It was the day after that on which the child had expired, and at two o'clock, that was fixed on for its funeral. The necessary preparations had been completed during the night, and the mortal remains, shrouded in the garments of death, deposited in a plain but neatly-finished coffin, made by the ship's carpenter. This man had, for a number of years, been employed in India traders, and the manner in which he had executed the task assigned him, afforded melancholy proof of his experience in a calling which, properly speaking, was none of his. The faint breeze, which the officer on watch had whistled for during the night, and which had sprung up towards morning, died away almost altogether by twelve o'clock; and so clear was the firmament, in which a scorching and almost vertical sun blazed, and so limpid and still were the mighty waters, that, as I gazed on the scene, it required no great strength of fancy to believe that the sky and ocean were united, and that our huge and magnificent vessel had been, by some unknown agency, dragged from her natural position, and now hung midway between the heavens and the ocean.

The last sad ceremony—the committing of the body to the deep—was conducted with becoming solemnity. As is frequently the case on such occasions, letters of invitation to the funeral from the captain of the ship were sent to all the passengers, and, in consequence, every one capable of coming upon deck was present, dressed of course in the manner which such a ceremony required. The sailors, too, had received their instructions; and, equipped in their best clothes, and all clean and neat, arranged themselves on the deck according to their respective stations. The large watch-bell had continued to toll for about half an hour previous, a flag was hoisted half-mast high, and exactly at two o'clock the little coffin, across which the ship's colours were thrown, was carried out of the cabin by two of the seamen, who, followed by the captain and the passengers, slowly advanced to that part of the vessel at which the sad ceremony was to take place. One of the cannonades to leeward had been detached from its fastenings, and removed midships; and the top slip of the bulwark, immediately over the port-hole, being also removed, a considerable space was thus left open, near to which the coffin was placed. A commodious awning had been erected across a portion of the deck, and on the captain opening the prayer-book of the church of England for the purpose of reading the funeral service, every head became uncovered, while the most perfect silence prevailed. That beautiful and impressive service was delivered in a solemn and affecting manner; and at that part of it when the body is committed to the dust, the coffin was gently raised, then slowly lowered over the vessel's side, and the rope by which it was held being detached, it, with its little occupant, sunk at once into the fathomless abyss. Two pieces of iron kentledge were fastened to the bottom of the coffin, so that it, with its light contents—for the poor child had been sadly wasted by suffering—were soon and for ever hid from sight.

That spectacle I shall not easily forget; it was a truly impressive and affecting one. Many an eye, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' was bathed in tears, while the father, stout-hearted and manly as he had proved himself on many a trying occasion, was carried rather than led to his cabin. That noble heart strove with emotions which were ready to burst it: he wept not, he spoke not; but the sorrow, the heart-lacerating sorrow within, was too big for utterance.

I have watched over the bed of the dying, and beheld disease in its most appalling forms—I have seen it commit its ravages on the old, the young, and the lovely. I have gazed on the pallid cheek and the wasted form of consumption's victim—been present when, maddened by raging fever, reason had lost its sway—seen the sufferer in the last stage of that scourge of the East, Asiatic cholera, and beheld death doing its work promptly when hope beat high and fortune was most lavish of her gifts—have witnessed interments in many countries, and under many circumstances, but few occurrences have struck me more forcibly than the funeral of that poor infant. It was committed to the 'dark and deep blue ocean,' and 'sleeps well,' far from parents and from friends. The sea has entombed it, and the surge alone sings its requiem. No tears can bedew its grave—no tombstone nor inscription marks its resting-place. Its dust mingles not with that of its relations; it is apart from them—solitary—alone. The sea-bird screams, the wild wave roars, and the tempest howls its funeral dirge; and in lieu of the sweet flowers, emblems of its innocence, which, under other circumstances, would have bedecked its little grave, nought but the furious and the dashing billow is there.

There is something particularly striking and imposing in a funeral at sea. Those who have never witnessed can form no adequate idea of the sentiments it calls forth, and of the solemn associations it is so well calculated to awaken. There is something fearfully sublime in committing the body to the deep—something which makes the most inconsiderate reflect, and calls the attention of the most thoughtless. Funerals on land we are too apt to regard thoughtlessly, as every-day occurrences. We pass them heedlessly, as things of course, or follow the hearse, the nodding black plumes, and the other trappings of wo, as a form which the usages of society, and a proper respect for the departed, require of us. At sea it is different: there, away from everything that familiarises and too often sears the feelings to those sentiments which ought to affect, the melancholy ceremony strikes with irresistible force. Surrounded by the heaving billow, and in the midst of ocean's roar, the committing of a body to the deep is strikingly imposing and impressive, and cannot fail to remind us of our own insignificance, and the power of Him who can still its thunders and arrest its waves.

PUBLIC HEALTH.

It gives us pleasure to perceive that the subject of Public Health, to which we have frequently directed attention, is not losing any of its interest with the inhabitants of our larger towns—that section of the population to whom it is most immediately important. The members of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, it appears, have recently been favoured with a course of lectures on the subject by Dr Guy of King's College, London—a gentleman already well known by his efforts to improve the sanitary condition of the English metropolis. His remarks 'On the influence of trades and professions on the duration of life,' as given in the newspaper abstracts, contain some statistical information deserving of the widest circulation.

LONGEVITY.

Forming a sanitary scale for the higher classes, we have to place at the bottom of it, as having the shortest lives, the very class which, in every other respect, is raised so high above the common run of mankind—kings. Their lives are even shorter than the average of the great mass of their subjects. The average age at death of all the several classes dying, of 31 years and upwards, is as follows:—Kings of England, 59 years; members of royal houses, not being crowned heads, 64; members of the families of the peerage and baronetage, 67; English gentry, 70. The general opinion which prevailed of the longevity of the peerage and baronetage is decidedly erroneous. If we compare the aristocracy with the members of the several professions, we find them shorter-lived than the clergy, than physicians and surgeons, than barristers; they are also shorter-lived than literary and scientific men, than men engaged in the pursuits of trade and commerce, than officers in the navy; but they have a slight advantage over the officers of the army—a class which is largely recruited from the ranks of the aristocracy. Amongst the professions, the clergy rank first as being most healthy, next physicians and surgeons, and lastly lawyers; but the last two are nearly on a par. Are the aristocracy longer-lived than the working-classes? Ninety-nine out of a hundred would answer yes; but this, however, is very far from being the case. At 30 years of age, the aristocracy have an expectation of 31 years. The expectation for all England is upwards of 34 years, while that for the agricultural labourer is nearly 41 years. It is true there are many members of the aristocracy who live to a great age—so there are of all other classes; but the average, and not extremes, should be our guide. These results show that bodily labour is in the highest degree conducive to health. There are honourable exceptions, but the majority of the aristocracy of all countries yield to the temptations to bodily and mental inactivity, to sloth and luxury, which are so thickly scattered in their path, and the consequences are feeble health and short life. It is the chase, the struggle, the contest, the labour, which is the wholesome and the pleasant thing. Though possession is nine-tenths of the law, it is not a tithe of the pleasure or the profit of the effort by which it is obtained. Labour, then—the labour of the body in the greatest degree, mental exertion to a less extent—is one of the chief elements, indeed *the* chief element, of health and long life. Bodily labour in pure air is the combination which carries health and physical development to its highest pitch of perfection; and this is the fountain from which the community at large draw a perennial supply of strength and vigour. It is from the rural districts that the large towns draw their recruits to fill up the wide gaps which disease is always making in their ranks; and it was from the warriors of old that our noble families derived the vigour which has enabled them to continue through successive generations the possessors of hereditary rank and fortune. So, too, the rude health and vigour which exercise alone can produce is constantly forcing its way upwards from the lowest to the highest places in the social scale, to supply the waste of life which luxury is constantly making among the higher classes of the community.

TOWNS'-PEOPLE.

Dr Guy next compares the three classes which may be said to make up the sum-total of our towns'-population—namely, the gentry, including professional persons; the trading and mercantile class; and the operatives. Some time since, he had been at some pains to extract from the mortuary registers of the metropolis for the year 1839, the ages at death of the three classes of society—gentry, tradesmen, and operatives—dying aged 15 years and upwards; and he found, taking the average, that the gentry lived 59 years, the tradesmen lived only 49, and the labouring class 48: that was to say, the gentry live 11 years longer than the labouring population, and 10 years longer than tradesmen; and this, it should be recollected, in spite of the circumstance that the labouring classes, when favourably placed, live much longer than the higher classes. How unfavourable, then, to health and life must be the circumstances by which they are surrounded in our large towns, to give rise to so very great a disparity! Tables, carefully compiled, went to prove that the tradesman himself is shorter-lived than the working man by one or two years, and much shorter-lived than the members of the higher classes; but the families of tradesmen have some advantage over those of the working-classes. The lecturer confessed that, for his part, he was not displeased with this result, for it might induce the middle classes to bring their influence to bear on the legislature to adopt sanitary measures for the good of themselves, their dependants, their workmen, and the nation at large. It was also satisfactory to observe that the lives of the higher classes were shortened, and their health impaired, in all those towns in which the other orders of the community are placed in unfavourable circumstances. The tradesman occupies an intermediate place, in a sanitary point of view, between those of the working-class who are employed out of doors and those who work in. In Leeds, the gentry live 44 years, the tradesmen 27, and operatives 19; in Preston, the gentry live 47 years, the tradesmen 32, and operatives 18; in Bolton, the ages for the three classes are 34 years, 23 years, and 18 years; in Manchester, the average age for the gentry is 38 years, for tradesmen 20 years, and for operatives 17 years. This was bad enough, but Liverpool was worse. Its gentry live on an average 35 years, its tradesmen 22, and its operatives (it scarcely seemed credible) 15 years! The average for the whole town is only 17 years, which is precisely the average for the operative class alone in the most unhealthy parish in London!

CONSUMPTION.

The three classes of society—gentry, tradesmen, and operatives—were then contrasted in reference to their liability to consumption. While 1 death out of every 6 occurring in the gentry, 15 years of age and upwards, was due to consumption, 1 out of every $3\frac{1}{3}$ occurring among tradesmen of the same ages, and 1 out of every $3\frac{1}{4}$ occurring in the labouring class, is traceable to that cause. It was not uninteresting to observe also that consumption, when it does occur, takes place later in life among the gentry than among tradesmen, and later among tradesmen than among the operative and labouring class. Persons employed in-doors die earlier, attain a lower average age, are more liable to consumption (and those who die of it, die at an earlier age), than persons working in the open air. Some might perhaps be inclined to attribute this superior wholesomeness of out-door occupations not to the purer air, but to the exercise which often accompanied them; but that this was not the case, might be inferred from the circumstance, that the hawker, who sits or stands about in our streets and markets, and certainly uses quite as little exertion as the majority of persons employed within doors, enjoys the same comparative immunity from consumption, and this in spite of his constant exposure to one of its most exciting causes—cold. He had found, from experience, that the liability to consumption was inversely as to the amount of exertion; that consumption occurs earlier in sedentary employments than in those requiring more exertion; and in the latter, again, than in those requiring great exertion; that the deaths from all causes follow the same rule; and that the average age at death is lowest in the sedentary class. There was then abundant proof that in employments carried on in-doors, exercise has a most beneficial effect. This was illustrated by the case of the compositor and pressman. They both breathe the same kind of air, in rooms similarly constructed, warmed, and lighted; they resembled each other, in fact, in everything but the amount of exertion which they employ. A comparison gave the striking result, that while the compositor suffers from attacks of consumption in about $3\frac{1}{2}$ of all other diseases, the pressman is liable to only 1 in 5. Then the question suggested itself, Was exercise in all its degrees conducive to health? Could a man not use too much exertion? Undoubtedly he might. Too much exertion, like too little, tended to shorten life. The result of an accurate comparison which he had made was, that the average age of pressmen is 34 years, that of compositors 28. It was a fair inference, then, that the pressman lives on an average six years longer than the compositor; and yet it was a curious fact that the compositor attains, in rare instances, a much greater age than the pressman. Thus, while the oldest pressman whom he had found at work was 60, the oldest compositor was 72. This apparent anomaly was easily explained. Men who work hard, begin, towards 50 years of age, to suffer from diseases produced by over-exertion, which diseases, if they continue their employment, are sure to prove fatal before many years have passed: but, on the other hand, those who lead a sedentary life, having resisted the unwholesome influences to which they are exposed, continue to live on in the use of a degree of exertion quite compatible with diminished strength, and may attain a good old age. In conclusion, Dr Guy alluded to the relative amount of injury

from want of exercise and foul air. It was an acknowledged fact, that consumption could be produced in animals by confining them in a hot and foul atmosphere; which was equivalent to consigning human beings, and especially the young, to sedentary occupations in ill-ventilated workshops. The labourer at 30 years of age has an expectation of 40½ years; the clerk of only 27½ years—a difference of no less than 13 years: and does not this speak volumes in favour of air and exercise? and does it not force upon us the duty of striving, with all our might and means, to secure for the poorer inhabitants of large towns facilities for exercise and pure air, of which a long course of negligence has deprived them?

GAS-BURNING.

In the state in which it is commonly used, the gas consumed in our large towns is very far from pure—its disagreeable odour is evidence of this. But in its purest state, it creates a poisonous gas, which diffuses itself into the apartment where it is burned. This poisonous gas—carbonic acid—is the same that issues from the lungs of animals, and renders the air they have breathed unfit for the support of life. The carbonic acid gas thrown off by one gas-light of the ordinary size, is equal to the products of the respiration of three or four human beings. The use of gas within doors, without making any provision for carrying off the poisonous products of combustion, is one of those barbarisms with which, in these days of semi-civilisation, we are surrounded. Respiration being merely a process of combustion, and the human body a furnace of flesh, the products of respiration are the same as those of combustion, and the human body has the same effect on the air of an apartment as a gas-light or a furnace, and employing men in over-crowded apartments, without making provision for ventilation, is like filling a room with gas-light or charcoal choffers.

CAUSES OF DISEASE IN LARGE TOWNS.

Having stated that England is naturally the most healthy kingdom in Europe, the lecturer went on to show that the amount of disease which prevailed in large towns was not natural; and that it was to be attributed mainly, if not entirely, to the impurity of the air, caused by the dense clouds of smoke from chimneys, and the exhalations arising from refuse matter, slaughter-houses, gas-works, cess-pools, &c. &c. It could not be said that the habits of the population of large towns are not as good as those of the inhabitants of rural districts. Some part of the evil had been attributed to intemperance, but the large amount of mortality among children, who certainly are not the victims of intemperance, showed that this cause had little to do with it. Again, the excess of mortality in towns could not be attributed to low wages, or scanty food, or deficient clothing, or want of shelter from the weather. In all these respects the agricultural labourers were in a much worse position. All comparisons led to the same conclusion—that the excess of disease was mainly attributable to impure air. A large city, as things now were, was a huge manufactory of foul air, where disease was always busy, and pestilence never absent. What with the over-crowding of the inhabitants, the absence of efficient sewerage, the almost total want of ventilation of houses and workshops, the too prevalent use of stoves, added to the national horror of draughts, the air was rendered a subtle and deadly poison, of which the labouring-classes, and persons following sedentary occupations, were the first and most numerous victims. The remedies necessary for the removal of this evil were broad, straight thoroughfares, with here and there large open spaces; in other words, wide streets, and large squares and public gardens, conjoined with an abundant supply of pure water, efficient sewerage for the removal of dirty water and other refuse; and last, but not least, clean and well-aired habitations.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, appears a eulogy on the newspaper press of Great Britain not less eloquent than just. It is very true that this press is an honour to the country, if only for its abstinence from slander, ribaldry, and other ministrations to the meaner part of our nature; we can also prize its ceaseless vigilance in denouncing corruption, oppression, wickedness, and fraud, wheresoever they exist; nor can we withhold our admiration and wonder at the activity manifested in the getting up of news—an activity which, in many cases, is restrained by no considerations of outlay or risk. With all these admissions, however, we can yet feel that the newspaper press, generally, is guilty of a delinquency which tarnishes its fair and honourable fame.

It will immediately occur to every one that we allude to the unscrupulous admission of advertisements of quack medicines and quack-medical books into the columns of our newspapers. The gross deception and falsehood, the scandalous impurity, not to say the revolting indecency, of these advertisements, ought assuredly, and at whatever pecuniary sacrifice, to prevent their circulation. Some newspapers there are which systematically, and on principle, repudiate this class of announcements; but these are intrepid and honourable exceptions to what would seem a universal rule. The *Lancet* the other day took occasion to allude to the subject, and disclosed some of the statistics, as well as injurious results, of these infamous advertisements.

'For the purpose of scrutiny, we took five of these quack names [in London], and found that, on an average, three advertisements per diem appear in each of the seven daily papers; this makes twenty-one per day, or one hundred and twenty-six per week. The weekly journals of various kinds number nearly one hundred, and in one week these five advertisements appeared upwards of two hundred and fifty times. This was exclusive of magazines, monthlies, and quarterlies, with miscellaneous publications, and exclusive of the country newspapers, in nearly all of which the whole of these advertisements appear. Taking the advertisements from these sources altogether, they may be fairly computed at another two hundred and fifty. This would make for the five six hundred and twenty-six per week, or thirty-two thousand six hundred and fifty per annum! The advertisements are known to be lengthy, and a respectable news-agent whom we applied to, assured us they could not cost less than 10s. each. This calculation gives upwards of L.16,000 a-year as the expenditure of these five quacks in advertising alone!* These persons live in expensive houses, and it is not unusual to see them calling in their carriages with advertisements at the newspaper offices, so that their entire incomes must be enormous, and all filched from the profession in cases of real illness, or extorted from the public where disease is only fancied!

'These quacks greatly affect religious and well-reputed publications; it gives them, as it were, *character* to appear constantly in these pages. With a keen eye to business, they are also delighted at having a next-door advertisement to a respectable book. They are, it is true, generally consigned to *the bottom of the page;* but as newspapers cannot draw a quarantine quite round them, some one or other must daily see their works advertised in contact with these abominations. This is a point worth the notice of those papers who will continue to circulate the pestilent humbug. They should, at least, place blocks of non-conducting puffs between them and the better sort of advertisements.

'We have said they greatly value the religious publications; they are now kicked out of nearly all the weekly newspapers of this class. Some, however, there are where Mammon prevails over decency.

'Enormous as are the sums spent in advertising, they would be much greater but for a system which obtains in the provinces of compounding for payment. These people are permitted to send down to country papers a quantity of their books and medicines with their advertisements; the books and medicines are sold at the newspaper office, or by some druggist or stationer in the neighbourhood, and the puffs are paid for out of the proceeds. In this way it is, or by direct payment, that in almost every provincial journal in the kingdom,

* As we observe that the same quack advertisements regularly appear in the colonial papers, this sum must be considerably understated.—Ed. C. E. J.

the physical results of human iniquity are blazoned forth with all that prominency of type-setting of which George Robins was the proud inventor. This will scarcely be believed of such a class of men as provincial newspaper editors, publishers, and proprietors. But the fact is so.

'One might pursue these creatures through the deceptions of their disgusting traffic, but the task is irksome, and we will add but one or two more glaring instances. Doubtless respectable readers are startled to see critiques of books of this class advertised, purporting to come from respectable papers.' But often the names of fictitious newspapers are employed; and so likewise are the names of respectable medical men simulated, as guaranteeing cures. 'Somewhat remains to be said about the more immediate depredations of these wretches upon the poor flies who become entangled in their webs. Like Peter Schlemihl's fiend, they hold him firmly if they have but his shadow in their grasp, and in most instances the price of silence is paid. We have known them reduce their dupes to beggary and to the madhouse.

'The whole question has its bearing on the medical profession, and forcibly urges the necessity of defending the faculty and the public from quackery by legal enactments; but it has, too, a still more important relation to public and social morality. It can scarcely be wondered at, when the young and the ignorant are exposed to the continual taint of these prurient advertisements—when the disgusting anatomy of vice is everywhere paraded with but the flimsiest covering—and the very *debris* of the grossest of our animal passions are thrust before the pure and the impure alike, irrespective of either sex or age. It is impossible that the continued exposure of such things to the curiosity of young people can be without a baleful effect. We are persuaded that they are a prolific source of the evils they falsely profess to remedy. The fabric we have attempted to expose, based as it is on lying, fraud, and every imaginable form of deceit, must be brought to the ground. We commend the subject to all those who desire to act as conservators of public morals; but, above all, the bringing public opinion to bear upon its indirect supporters is what we would aim at. Public opinion is the great lictor, and never were the axe and the fasces more imperatively required.'

Cordially uniting in these strictures, we would respectfully represent to our fellow-labourers of the press, that in giving publicity to such advertisements, they not only do a positive injury to society, but neutralise the good they then but attempt to effect. Virtue in one column is balanced by vice in another. Their generous diatribes against political venality and private profligacy, can have little effect when placed in such odious juxtaposition. Even their law and police reports, which so frequently hold up dishonesty and indecency to reprobation, can hardly be expected to deter those who see dishonesty and indecency countenanced and abetted in the next page. That proprietors and editors are generally men of honour, is perfectly true; and that is just the reason why we think a kindly-meant remonstrance such as this will have due effect with the really respectable journals, and induce them to leave such nauseous advertisements to others—if such be—which even they will not contaminate.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF SMOKING.

The wide-spread habit of smoking has not yet had due medical attention paid to it and its consequences. It is only by two or three years' observations that Dr Laycock had become fully aware of the great changes induced in the system by the abuse of tobacco, and of the varied and obscure forms of disease to which especially excessive smoking gave origin. He proceeded to state some of them as they were met with in the pharyngical mucous membrane, the stomach, the lungs, the heart, the brain, and the nervous system. The tobacco consumed by habitual smokers varied from half an ounce to twelve ounces per week, the usual quantity from two to three ounces. Inveterate cigar smokers will consume from four to five dozen per week. The first morbid result is an inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the lips and tongue; then the tonsils and pharynx suffer—the mucous membrane becoming dry and congested. If the thorax be examined well, it will be found slightly swollen, with congested veins meandering over the surface, and here and there a streak of mucus. Action ascends upwards into the posterior nares. The eye becomes affected with heat, slight redness, lachrymation, and a peculiar spasmodic action of the orbicularis muscle, experienced with intolerance of light on awaking in the morning. The frontal sinuses do not escape, but there is a heavy dull ache in their region. Descending down the alimentary canal, we come to the stomach, where the results in extreme cases are symptoms of gastritis. Pain, tenderness, and a constant sensation of sickliness, and desire to expectorate, belong to this affection. The action of the heart and lungs is impaired by the influence of the narcotic on the nervous system; but a morbid state of the larynx, trachea, and lungs results from the direct action of the smoke. The voice is observed to be rendered hoarser, and with a deeper tone. Sometimes a short cough results, and a case of ulceration in the cartilages of the larynx came under the doctor's notice. The patient was such a slave to the habit, that he hardly ever had the pipe out of his mouth. Similar sufferings have been caused by similar practices in other instances. Another form is a slight tickling, low down in the pharynx or trachea, and the patient coughs, or rather hawks up, a grumous-looking blood. It is so alarming, as to be mistaken for pulmonary hæmoptysis. The action of tobacco-smoking on the heart is depressing; and some individuals who feel it in this organ more than others, complain of an uneasy sensation about the left nipple—a distressing feeling, not amounting to faintness, but allied to it. The action of the heart is observed to be feeble and irregular. An uneasy feeling is also experienced in or beneath the pectoral muscles, and oftener on the right side than on the left. On the brain the use of tobacco appears to diminish the rapidity of cerebral action, and check the flow of ideas through the mind. It differs from opium and henbane, and rather excites to wakefulness, like green tea, than composes to sleep; induces a dreaminess which leaves no impression on the memory, leaving a great susceptibility, indicated by a trembling of the hands and irritability of temper. Such are secondary results of smoking; so are blackness of teeth and gum-boils. There is also a sallow paleness of the complexion, an irresoluteness of disposition, a want of life and energy, and, in constant smokers who do not drink, a tendency to pulmonary phthisis. Dr Wright of Birmingham, in a communication to the author, fully corroborates his opinions; and both agree that smoking produces gastric disorders, coughs, and inflammatory affections of the larynx and pharynx; diseases of the heart, and lowness of the spirits; and, in short, is very injurious to the respiratory, circulating, alimentary, and nervous systems.—*Literary Gazette.*

A HINDOO GENIUS.

A native of Calcutta, by hereditary profession a blacksmith, who was employed for many years in cutting punches for this press, having now little occupation, has adopted the following ingenious mode of obtaining a livelihood:—He has manufactured an iron press upon the model of one of those in use here, and set up a printing-office, at which he has commenced printing for the country at large. Last year he printed a native almanac of a superior character, which had a remarkable run. Soon after this he began to engrave on lead pictures of the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Pantheon, of which hundreds of thousands were struck off on inferior paper, and obtained a ready sale. Some of them were afterwards adorned by the art of the limner, and being set in frames, sold of course for a higher price. Hawkers were employed in traversing the country with packs of these mythological prints, both on account of our Serampore printer, and others who soon found it advantageous to imitate his example in Calcutta. Hence there are few villages to be found in a circle of many miles round the country in which the cottages of perhaps the poorest individual is not supplied with the veritable effigy of some one of the popular gods. The supply, however, soon became too great for the demand, and his competitors relinquished the trade, which has since languished, and is now confined to a very limited extent.

But his ingenuity was not exhausted. He determined to print English books for the numerous youths of the poorer classes, who are now endeavouring to obtain a smattering of our tongue, and for whom even the low-priced elementary works of the Calcutta School-Book Society are too high. Of these works, thousands of pirated copies have been printed in Calcutta, and disseminated through the country. But the individual we allude to, finding English type, at second-hand, too dear for his purpose, has cut a set of punches for himself, and cast the types which he employs for this work. They are entirely wanting in that beauty and exquisite accuracy which characterise our English types, but to an inexperienced eye the difference between them and letters cast in Europe or America would scarcely be apparent; and to a native, the inferiority would be altogether imperceptible. Thus furnished by his own ingenuity with the whole apparatus of a typographical establishment, he is enabled to produce works at so cheap a rate, as completely to undersell the presses in Calcutta. The native booksellers in that city, a rising race, though at present of little note, are happy to avail themselves of his labours, and purchase edition after edition of his Cheap Books. As soon as education in the vernacular language becomes the order of the day, it is by such men and such means that books will be multiplied. Capital will be poured in upon the enterprise; the natives who are acquainted both with English and Bengalee will find it to their advantage to cater for the press, and the means of improvement will be placed within the reach of the middling and lower classes of society.—*Indian paper.*

RICHTER'S PLAN OF SELF-EDUCATION.

The rules he laid down for himself in the work of self-education are worthy of special notice. First, since life is short in comparison with the work to be accomplished, he aimed at introducing a just economy through all his employments, resolving that, as far as possible, neither his time nor his labour should be without its use. The present was so to be managed, that he might fairly look to the future for payment of interest, increasing after a compound ratio. He sought for mental food in four principal fields—human life; the works of nature; the 'substantial, pure, and good' world of books; and last, but before all the rest, patient reflection. One-half of the day was given to writing; the other half was devoted to exercise in the open air, and to thinking. Like our own Wordsworth, he loved the fair face of Nature, and spent many hours daily in the contemplation of her charms, feeling, as he stepped into the free air, as if he were entering some mighty temple. In prosecuting his plan of noting, he formed a series of handbooks of various branches of science; and in one of these—indorsed 'Nature'—he entered all the examples that fell within his notice of a superior contriving mind; in short, he made a handbook of natural theology. As he conceived the scheme of any new work, he sketched an outline of the story and the characters, with some of the thoughts to be worked out, just in the way that a painter makes studies for any great design. Such a book was marked 'Quarry.' His 'Quarry for Titan' was found to occupy seventy closely-printed pages. Perceiving, as all great artists must do, the value of a command over language, he was at great pains to mark the various meanings of which words are susceptible. He commenced a dictionary of synonymes, to which he never afterwards ceased adding. Of one word he actually discovered two hundred nice shades of signification.—*Monthly Prize Essays.*

THE VALUE OF A DEAD HORSE IN PARIS.

After the horses are deposited, the hair of the mane and tail is cut off, which amounts to about a quarter of a pound; the skin is then taken away, which is disposed of to tanners, and used for various purposes; the shoes are sold as old iron; the feet are cut off, dried, and beaten, in order to make the hoofs come away, or are left to putrefy till they separate of themselves, when they are sold to turners, combmakers, manufacturers of ammonia and Prussian blue. Every morsel of fat is picked out and melted, and used for burning by makers of enamel and glass-toys, greasing shoe-leather and harness, and manufacturing soap and gas. The workmen choose the best pieces of the flesh to eat, preferring those about the head, and sell the rest for dogs, cats, hogs, and poultry. It is also much used for manure and making Prussian blue. The bones are disposed of to cutlers, fan-makers, &c. and often made into ivory-black; and also occasionally serve as fuel for melting the fat, and for manure. The sinews and tendons are sold to gluemakers; the small intestines are made into coarse strings for lathes, &c. or serve as manure.

SONNET.

I DREAMED—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed—one summer's day I stepped aside,
To let him pass: his face had manhood's seeming;
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called 'his bride!'
Once more—'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding;
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And in the midst I marked the smiling sire.
The heavens were clouded! and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell: the white-haired man was gone!

—*Old Journal.*

STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES OF TEA.

At the public meeting in this town, to promote a reduction of the duty on tea, Mr Martyn J. Roberts referred to the physical condition of the inhabitants of the Channel Islands, whose consumption of this article exceeds that of the people of England in about the proportion of 3 to 1, and to the published opinion of Professor Liebig, in proof that tea is a strengthening rather than a debilitating beverage, if used with moderation. During the week, we have learned from an eminent linguist and professor of the United States, that the most able medical men of that country entirely concur in the opinion. This gentleman also stated a fact from his own knowledge which is worth being recorded. A literary friend of his, under the conviction produced by certain statements which he had read and heard, that tea was injurious, resolved to abstain from it. He continued this abstinence for a year, during which time, instead of finding benefit from the change, he experienced a *want of tone* which surprised and mortified him. At the end of the year he resolved to try whether this arose from his abstinence from tea; he resumed its use, and soon had the gratification to feel a return of the healthful sensations which he had enjoyed previous to the abandonment of this cheering beverage.—*Leeds Mercury.*

TOO MUCH ANXIETY.

Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and careworn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and colour; but these appearances rarely survive the age of manhood. Cuvier closes an eloquent description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that 'life is a state of force.' What he would urge in a physical view, we may more strongly urge in a moral. Civilisation has changed our character of mind as well as of body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement; because it is partial, irregular, and excessive. Our muscles waste for *want* of action; our nervous system is worn out by *excess* of action. Vital energy is drawn from the operations for which nature designed it, and devoted to operations which it never contemplated.—*Thackeray.*

EFFECT OF LIGHT UPON HEALTH.

There is a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect in regard to the sun. Those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is well known that epidemics attack the inhabitants of the shady side of a street, and totally exempt those of the other side.—*Dr Moore.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 161. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1847. Price 1½d.

JOHNSON AND SAVAGE.

Richard Savage serves in England as the type of a wretched man of letters; not that he was singular in this respect, but that the friendship of Johnson has caused the particulars of his life and habits to be recorded with more than usual minuteness. His biography by the great lexicographer is still in some repute; more read, as well as more praised, than any other of its author's productions of that class. I was lately surprised, however, on an accidental re-perusal of it, after an interval of many years, to find so much in this narrative that appeared to me unsatisfactory. I shall endeavour, though it is almost like broaching a heresy, to show wherein I think it defective.

Savage, as is well known, came into the world (1697) under peculiar circumstances. In order to be divorced from a husband with whom she lived unhappily, the Countess of Macclesfield told a tale of infamy against herself. Her child, born soon after, and who otherwise would have been in time an English peer, was reared at a distance from her, in obscurity, and under strict care that he should never know his real origin. He received, nevertheless, a good education at a private school. It was while serving as apprentice to a shoemaker, that he discovered by accident that he had received his birth, not from the poor woman who had reared him, but from a lady of brilliant rank, who lived in affluence in the west end of London. Curiosity, ambition, perhaps some working of the natural affections, then led him to make an effort to see his real parent; but she never could be induced to grant him an interview. The poor youth used to watch whole evenings in front of her elegant mansion, that he might have the chance of seeing her go out or in, or pass through her lighted apartments; but in vain. Rendered desperate at length, he tried on one occasion to force his way into the house. She either affected or felt alarm at the proceeding, screamed to alarm her servants and neighbours, and poor Savage was thrust into the street without accomplishing his object. So far from affording him any countenance or kindly support, she attempted to get him kidnapped and sent away as a slave to the colonies. Johnson tells these and many other particulars of the conduct of this unnatural mother, but leaves her to be regarded as a mere anomaly or monster in human form. It is, however, always desirable to see motives or prompting causes for any extraordinary actions; and it seems strange that Johnson should have been unable to conjecture why this mother acted differently from her sex in general. It does not now seem difficult to suppose that the countess regarded her child, from the first, as a memento of painful circumstances in her own life, and shrunk from seeing a being invested with such distressing associations. She might think it better for him to regard himself as of humble, than of infamous extraction. When he afterwards became troublesome to her, and likely to revive her sad story before the world, she might be driven, in a paroxysm of selfish feeling, to wish him out of the country. This is not to excuse the unhappy woman; it is only an attempt to detect the workings of natural passions in her bosom as a cause for her actions. We must at the same time, in simple justice, keep in mind that the whole story has been handed down to us by the enemies of the countess.

Savage, when he learned what he really was, worked no more. He had education and abilities which were enough in themselves to have put him above a humble trade. Ambition and love of self-indulgence now determined him into that false position which, with his own bad passions, was the cause of his misery through life. With an excuse for considering himself unfortunate, and constant hopes of *something being done for him* on that account, he put common means of livelihood out of consideration. Sir Richard Steele took him by the hand—a bad Mentor, though a kindly and well-meaning one. Under his care, Savage began, before twenty, to write poems and plays. When, in consequence of ridiculing his patron behind his back, he lost his friendship, Mrs Oldfield the actress became his friend, and agreed, from pure generosity, to give him fifty pounds a-year till he should be better provided for. The beneficence of these amiable people is praised by Johnson, without his seeing that it must have fatally encouraged Savage in the irresponsibility he felt with regard to his own support. On giving proof of his abilities by a play on the story of Sir Thomas Overbury, many other persons of eminence became his friends; and he realised a hundred pounds by the work when published, ten guineas being derived from its dedication to a man of fortune. The story of the young poet was now known. Unluckily, his friends encouraged him in a disposition to trade upon it, by way of making up for the heartlessness of his mother, and as a kind of revenge against her. When it was narrated by a friend in a periodical publication of the day, with a request that persons commiserating the hero should send contributions for him to Button's Coffeehouse, seventy guineas were deposited there in the course of a few days. A duke remarked that Savage should be looked upon as an injured nobleman, and supported accordingly by his own class. The biographer tells all this, but makes no remark on the possibility of his hero maintaining a truer dignity by supporting himself, and sinking the birth which could reflect upon him no honour.

Supported chiefly by the bounty of others, and making a very imprudent use of any resources of his own, Savage advanced to thirty years of age, when he was tried for murder. He and two friends, having sat up till midnight drinking, went into a house of ill fame at

Charing Cross, and stumbled into an apartment already occupied by a party. One of Savage's friends chose deliberately to commence a quarrel with these people, by kicking over their table. In the confused contest which ensued, Savage wounded a Mr Sinclair in such a way that he died next day. A more wanton piece of mischief than the whole conduct of Savage's party could not have been exhibited. Savage was condemned to be executed. A pardon was interceded for, and, *notwithstanding opposition from his mother*, obtained. It certainly was right that he should not have suffered for murder; but it seems equally clear that a free pardon was a great stretch of mercy in a case of such culpable homicide. Yet strange to say, Johnson presumes that 'his memory may not be much sullied by his trial;' as if it was enough that he had not killed a fellow-creature out of deliberate malice. One can go along with the biographer in a more placid humour when he relates a subsequent act of his hero. 'Some time after he had obtained his liberty, he met in the street the woman who had sworn with so much malignity against him. She informed him that she was in distress, and, with a degree of confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her misery, and taking pleasure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury, and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.' Johnson adds, 'Compassion was the distinguishing quality of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakness, to attack the defenceless, or to press upon the falling; whoever was distressed, was certain at least of his good wishes; and when he could give no assistance to extricate them from misfortunes, he endeavoured to soothe them by sympathy and tenderness.' The partial biographer at the same time admits that he was implacable in resentment where his pity was not appealed to.

Savage continued for some time to live as he had done before—indebted to the accident of the day for his subsistence, sometimes deriving a little money from his writings or a theatre benefit; at others treated by his friends in taverns; and often retiring from a gay company, whom he had entertained by his wit, to wander, solitary and homeless, through the streets. In Johnson's strong phrase, 'he spent his life between want and plenty—between beggary and extravagance.' What he had, he was tempted to spend foolishly, 'because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.' He would 'purchase the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.' The biographer blames for this the conduct of his friends in treating him at taverns. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the treated party had a power of declining this degradation, and that honest men choose to live otherwise. Yet Savage became anxious for a settled income, and, after all the cruelty of his mother, attempted to extort a provision from her by threatening to harass her with lampoons. Johnson triumphs in the partial success of this expedient; of its essential unworthiness he says not one word. In consequence of Savage's application, Lord Tyrconnel, a friend of the countess, agreed to receive him into his house, and, besides supporting him, give him an allowance of two hundred per annum. He now lived at a regular and luxurious table, with a nobleman, to enjoy whose conversation was, he himself says, 'to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive as well as entertaining parts of literature—to receive from the most unassuming and winning candour the worthiest and most polite maxims.' Here he finished his longest poem, the *Wanderer*, the copyright of which he sold for ten pounds, because he wanted some trifling gratification which this sum could purchase, and because this was the first offer! Dressing handsomely, living as a kind of unfortunate nobleman, and possessed of literary fame and attractive conversational powers, he was now highly popular. 'To admire Mr Savage was a proof of discernment; to be acquainted with him was a title to poetical reputation. His presence was sufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular; and his approbation and example constituted the fashion. So powerful,' says Johnson, 'is genius when it is invested with the glitter of affluence!' A man of independent mind will of course see that it was not a situation fit to secure real happiness. It was but a gilded servitude at the best, with only one redeeming circumstance for a man of letters—that it afforded opportunities for quiet study, and for the observation of some departments of society not usually very patent to inspection. But if there was anything in it which a virtuous and unassuming student could have profited by, or by which such a person could have made it tolerable, that person was not Richard Savage.

During this externally brilliant period of his life, he published a poem in praise of Sir Robert Walpole, the then all-powerful minister. Its encomiums are in the style of the dedications of that age, although the poet boldly asserts that truth is his sole guide. Now, Johnson quietly tells us that Savage was in the custom of privately speaking of Walpole in a very contemptuous manner. But Walpole sent the poet twenty pounds for his panegyric, and was no doubt expected to send that or something more; and Lord Tyrconnel required his protegé, 'not without menaces,' to write in praise of his leader. In the eyes of the great English moralist, it was all owing to the dependent state of Savage, and this dependence was his misfortune, so that circumstances alone were blameable! The utmost that Johnson can admit is, that 'if his miseries were sometimes the consequences of his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compassion, because his faults were very often the effect of his misfortunes'—as if Savage had been under some moral prohibition to work honestly, as other men do, for his own bread! What crime is there for which some such excuse could not be made?

In no long time—we are not exactly informed how long—Lord Tyrconnel discharged Savage from his house, alleging reasons in the poet's own misconduct. Savage, his lordship said, was accustomed to enter taverns with any company that proposed it; there he would drink the most expensive wines with great profusion, and when the reckoning came, he was without money. When his friends paid his share grudgingly, he brought them to Lord Tyrconnel's, where he would entertain them with wines from his lordship's cellars, and disgrace the house with riot and outrage. A set of valuable books which he had bestowed upon Savage, stamped with his arms, he had the mortification to find on stalls exposed to sale, it being Savage's custom, when he wanted a small sum, to take his books to the pawnbroker. On the other hand, the poet alleged that a shabby desire to escape the expense which he occasioned, was Lord Tyrconnel's motive for sending him adrift. The reasons assigned by Lord Tyrconnel agreeing so well with the ordinary habits of Savage, as admitted by Johnson, we may well believe them to have been in the main true. Undoubtedly the gist of the whole matter is, that Savage's recklessly dissolute conduct was incom-

patible with the comfort of a sober gentleman's mansion. Yet still there is nothing from the moralist but pity. It has since become known that Savage wrote to Lord Tyrconnel's chaplain, representing his deplorable situation, and petitioning his intercession, in order that he might be taken back. This deprives Savage, of course, of all right to allege faults on his lordship's side. The case had been simply this—an undeserved bounty forfeited by the guilty folly of the receiver.

It was soon after this period that Savage published his most celebrated poem, the *Bastard*, which he dedicated, 'with all due reverence,' to Mrs Brett—such being now the appellation of his mother, in consequence of her having married a gentleman of that name. The piece contains many striking lines, and as it related to his own story, now a pretty notorious one, it met a large sale. Johnson informs us that it had the effect of driving the poet's mother away from Bath, where she was living at the time. The biographer manifestly rejoices in this poem. He quotes, as an apology for Savage, the lines—

> ——— No mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
> No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
> Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.

The grossness of the whole matter, the writing of such a piece, and the publishing of it, is unperceived by Johnson. He sees not the ludicrousness of an able, well-educated man of between thirty and forty whining about the hardships of such a peculiar orphanhood. He sees not the utter folly of palliating a homicide committed in a drunken brawl, by reference to any external circumstance whatever. Only one general remark of the nature which justice would require, does he make about this part of Savage's life, where he says, 'By imputing none of his miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same principles, and to follow the same path; was never made wiser by his sufferings, nor preserved by one misfortune from falling into another.' The fact is, that Johnson himself continually refers Savage's misfortunes, as well as his faults, to others, and but faintly in any case blames the sufferer. To show the mistaking spirit in which he writes, take his remarks on the queen's bounty, in allowing Savage fifty pounds a-year, in requital for a little complimentary poem which he sent annually on her birth-day, under the character of the Volunteer Laureate. Caroline, with her characteristic goodness, had permitted Savage to send such a poem. Let any one look at the verses, and then say if her majesty could have had any motive but to befriend one whom she believed to be an unfortunate man of genius. The very first ode, which led to the arrangement, is little but a new deploration on the hackneyed story of his birth. Yet what says Samuel? Her majesty's reception of the poem, 'though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest degree generous: to chain down the genius of the writer to an annual panegyric, showed in the queen too much desire of hearing her own praises, and a greater regard to herself than to him on whom her bounty was conferred!' Was there ever such miserable drivel as this? though it be a bold word to use towards Johnson. And this writer almost immediately after tells us, without a word of comment, how the wretched volunteer laureate used annually to retire with his fifty pounds to spend it in obscure sensuality, reappearing after a brief space as penniless as usual—for 'Mr Savage had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his appetites without the gratification which they solicited,' and 'nothing but want of money withheld him from partaking of every pleasure which fell within his view!' What on earth is this but the very wantonness of prejudice and partiality?

After he had endured some years of penury, a few friends solicited Sir Robert Walpole in his behalf, and obtained a promise of a place for him; but the promise was never fulfilled. It is easy, of course, to see how the minister might pause before trusting any public function to such a man as Savage; but Johnson sees nothing of the kind. He can only complain that a man of genius should not be supported by some means not of his own earning. The biographer loudly asserts the dignity of many of his friend's sentiments: he loved goodness, it seems, though he did not practise it. He was also inspired by religious sentiments; and at one time contemplated a poem in which the freethinker should be shown going through all the stages of vice and folly, till dismissed from the world by his own hand. Strange that Samuel Johnson should have failed to perceive how little worth is to be attached to such an idea, when he is himself delineating a man of contrary principles, who, nevertheless, goes through that very career in sad reality, excepting only the last particular. Savage was now living a half-outcast life, 'eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanness of his dress often excluded him.' 'Sometimes he passed the night in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers; sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; sometimes, when he had not money to support the expenses of even these receptacles, he walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a balk, or in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house.' In such places 'was to be found the man of *exalted sentiments*, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose *ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist*, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose *delicacy* might have polished courts.' Nothing of the kind, I venture to say. The balk and the glass-house never received any such tenant; they only sheltered an unreflecting sensualist and profligate. That any sensible man should have ever seriously spoken of one as possessing 'ideas of virtue, which might have enlightened the moralist,' whom he at the same time represents as indulging himself at all times without the least regard to others, and as utterly without any sense of the decencies of civilised life, is surely most strange.

Johnson now describes Savage as practising for some years the art described in the Vicar of Wakefield—keeping up a subscription for his works, which yet never came out. Whatever he got in this way, even though it might be a benefaction of ten guineas from a liberal nobleman, he immediately spent in luxuries at a tavern, never stopping till it was done. His friends at one time commenced a plan of sending him a guinea every Monday; it was commonly spent before next morning. Wherever he went, his lively conversation gained him new friends and support; but his irregularities quickly disgusted them, so that his only chance lay in a rapid succession of new faces. Amidst all this essential meanness, there was a fiery pride about trifles. When a gentleman, meaning to be of service to him, asked him to call at a particular hour, he took it as an insult. When a few friends proposed to club for a new suit of clothes for him, and sent a tailor to take his measure, he flew into a violent rage, because, forsooth, he had not himself been intrusted with his re-equipment. But Samuel Johnson is hardly more reasonable, as will presently appear.

The last move of Savage's life was in consequence of an association of friends agreeing to allow him fifty pounds a-year, on condition that he would go and live upon it quietly in the country. This led him to Swansea in 1739, having left London with much reluctance. The arrangement, it seems, was not made very readily. 'Such,' says his biographer, 'was the generosity of mankind, that what had been done by a player without solicitation, could not now be effected by application and interest; and Savage had a *great number to court and to obey* for a pension less than that which Mrs Oldfield paid him without exacting any servilities.' In the name of wonder, how should this have passed for a century, in a popular book, without condemnation?

Is it not, in reality, victimising the worthy and kind-hearted, to exalt the reckless and selfish? Actually, the same page which contains the ungenerous remark, relates that Savage, having got fifteen guineas from these friends for his journey to Bristol, wrote on the fourteenth day, in a state of distress upon the road, for want of funds to carry him forward! And this perversity exists in a work of the greatest English writer of the eighteenth century! It is now known that Pope alone contributed twenty pounds of Savage's allowance. Such liberality from a successful to an unsuccessful literary man, was surely as praiseworthy as it is uncommon.

While secluded in the west of England—residing, after all, chiefly in Bristol, and there acting much as he had done in London—Savage quarrelled with many of those concerned in the pension, whom, it would appear, he only thought illiberal because they did not give him whatever he wanted. He would have returned to London, but never could save or keep enough for the journey. By degrees the unhappy wretch wore out the patience of all who had befriended him in the western capital, and then fell into actual want. Arrested at length for a debt of eight pounds, he spent the last months of his parasitical life in the most appropriate manner possible—a dependent on the bounty of his jailor. A short illness carried him off in Bristol jail in 1743, and he was buried, also appropriately, at the expense of his last patron.

So concludes this strange story. It is of course of no consequence, as a matter of literary history, how an obsolete poet of the worst age of English verse lived or died. But it is of great consequence how the tale of such a man's life is narrated. I venture to affirm that it has been narrated by Johnson in a manner which outrages all propriety, and has no excuse but the imperfect one, that the author, though himself a virtuous man, had been fascinated by the society of one unworthy of his regard. He tells enough to condemn Savage for ever—as that he 'appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself;' that he retained hatred longer than good-will; and that, when a friend had trusted him, 'he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour and gratitude.' Yet he can coolly add, within the next two pages, 'No wise man will presume to say, had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived better than Savage.' There is, indeed, a sounding conclusion which has been often quoted, expressing a belief that the narrative will not be without its use, 'if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.' But this is the one drop of vinegar amidst hosts of honied palliations. And after all, it goes not to the root of the matter. Want of prudence, and negligence, and irregularity, are not phrases which can express what brought Savage to contempt and misery. He was wholly an untrue and unworthy man. For what is it that constitutes goodness? Is it not mainly the ratio in which self-indulgence has been avoided, self-control been practised, and self-sacrifice encountered for kindly social objects? If so, see what title Richard Savage has to gentle consideration—a man who acted upon heedless impulse all his days, who hardly ever was indebted for a mouthful to his own honest industry, and who, while looking to others for everything, never denied himself a single pleasure which he could obtain. Even the excuses on the ground of his unfortunate origin, become absurd when we consider, on the other hand, that nature had given him abilities superior to the generality of mankind. They become still more ridiculous, as referring, not to a person of tender age, which is perhaps the common impression, but to one who advanced through the whole period of life's prime, and died at forty-six. The whole strain of Johnson's narrative is therefore, in my humble opinion, false and dangerous. And there is no saying what fatal effects it may have had in affording self-justifications to subsequent men of talent disposed to lead idle and profligate, rather than sober and industrious lives. I am myself surprised to have this to say of a work of Samuel Johnson; but since I am led to think so, it would be cowardly to pronounce otherwise. Nor is it necessarily an assertion of personal superiority to one of our greatest men, thus to arraign and condemn his moral views. I believe that I write in the light of an age superior to that of Johnson, and only speak what hundreds of honest writers of our day would say, if they chanced to read with any care the Life of Richard Savage. R. C.

THE HEROIC WIFE.

When the revolutionary tribunals were established in 1793, Monsieur Duportail's name was one of the first which figured on the list of those suspected, who were to undergo trial, if the formula gone through on such occasions could be called such, and which so quickly sent its victims from the Conciérgerie to the scaffold. M. Duportail had many titles to proscription, among which might be numbered his being steward of the royal farms, and an upright honest man. He had been married about three years to a lady he had brought from Martinique, by whom he had two children: mutual affection, and all the happiness that wealth can bestow, centered in his household when the Reign of Terror commenced.

Having fortunately received intimation of the threatened danger, he quitted his dwelling a few hours previous to the arrival of the revolutionary emissaries, and secreted himself in the house of an old domestic in the faubourgs. The same evening his wife joined him. In expectation of such an event, she had, a few days previously, collected what money and valuables were in her possession, regulated the affairs most pressing, and prepared everything which she deemed necessary for a sudden departure.

'We must instantly leave Paris,' said she; 'a carriage containing the children waits for us; and if we reach Bourdeaux, we can easily conceal ourselves in my father's house until an opportunity offers for embarking for Martinique.'

M. Duportail, unable to comprehend the extreme peril of his situation, endeavoured to dissuade her from her resolution; and it was only when she implored him for their children's sake to flee, that he at length consented to leave Paris the next day.

During the evening, the old servant having gone out to reconnoitre, returned with the startling intelligence that every conveyance was strictly searched at the barriers, and that many persons endeavouring to escape had been arrested. The good fortune of his wife in procuring two passports did not tranquillise him; and, aware of the surveillance which existed in every town through which they would have to pass, he determined on pursuing another course, which would at least save her the misery of being a witness of his arrest.

The next day he met the carriage at the appointed hour, and after some persuasion, prevailed on Madame Duportail to leave Paris accompanied only by the children, promising that he would immediately quit the city on foot, and disguised. Once safe outside the barriers, he hoped he might be able to procure horses, and rejoin her at Bourdeaux, or possibly on the road.

As was expected, on reaching the barrier the coach was stopped, and at either side appeared a sinister countenance, surmounted by the red cap. 'It is a woman!' exclaimed one. 'Who are you?' demanded the other.

Madame Duportail tendered her passport, and after a short scrutiny, the order was given to proceed. With a lightened heart she continued her route, each moment hoping to be overtaken by her husband: but vain were her expectations. Hour after hour passed in feverish anxiety, her only solace being the caresses of her chil-

dren. On arriving at Tours, there was no intelligence of him: the same disappointment awaited her at every town through which she passed. On reaching Bourdeaux, she immediately drove to her father's residence.

'My husband?' was all she could utter, throwing herself into her parent's arms.

'Your husband! Unhappy child, you are not then aware of his arrest?'

'Arrested! Where?—when?'

'At Paris on the 9th of October.'

It was the very day of her departure. Though stunned by the intelligence, she quickly recovered herself. 'Tell me all. He is arrested, but is he still living?'

'He is; but every day these monsters judge, condemn, and——'

'Leave the horses to the carriage!' exclaimed the young wife; 'or rather get fresh ones: I shall instantly return to Paris. I must save him—I shall save him!'

All remonstrance was unheeded, nor would she even allow her father to run any risk by accompanying her. The only delay to which she consented was while he went to procure a letter from an old acquaintance to a member of the Convention, who, besides having some influence himself, happened to be the confidant of Danton, the then minister of justice. Leaving the children with her father, she retraced her route, and, nearly exhausted, arrived in Paris eight days after M. Duportail's arrest. Without loss of time, she sought the deputy for whom the letter was directed; but on inquiry, was told by an old porteress at the lodge that he was from home.

'I shall wait for him,' said Madame Duportail.

'As you please,' replied the old woman; 'but where will you stay?'

'I shall remain here,' replied madame, terrified by the insolent tone of the speaker.

'In the rain! You must be an aristocrat, then, for they are capable of anything. Our deputies have enough to do, I warrant; for they are beset from morning till night with petitions.' With a malicious glance she passed into the lodge.

Thus left to herself, the young wife could not avoid reflecting upon the situation in which she was placed; and though, under other circumstances, she would have shrunk at the idea of visiting a man unknown to her, she was too much absorbed with the thought of her husband's peril to heed it at that moment. A glance at her travel-stained dress, and a fear that her appearance in such plight would have an unfavourable effect on the mind of her protector, made her hesitate as to whether she should remain; but no time was allowed for consideration, for at that moment a gentleman, dressed in ball costume, carrying some papers in his hand, descended into the court.

'Here is the deputy, young lady. I find that I was mistaken in saying he had gone out,' exclaimed the porteress, chuckling as she emerged from the lodge, yet half afraid that her falsehood might get her into trouble.

Madame Duportail presented the letter to the stranger, who, glancing at the writing, and then at his visitor, requested her, with an air of constraint, to come into the house. On opening the letter, and perusing it rapidly, 'I am going to the Convention,' said he, 'and have no time to lose: this letter tells me who you are, and is sufficient to make me do all in my power for your husband. Oblige me by coming up stairs.' He led the way into an elegantly-furnished apartment, the furniture of which bore evident traces of the Revolution. The pictures were surmounted by armorial bearings, some of the subjects being devotional, while others represented battle scenes, in which members of the royal family were conspicuous: the room evinced all the luxury of a noble mansion of the old regime.

Having handed his visitor a chair, the deputy seated himself before a table covered with papers and pamphlets.

'Madame, I fear that Citizen Danton is at present in the country, but I shall give you a letter which must be delivered to him by yourself on his return.'

'Will his stay be long, monsieur?'

'A few days.'

'But, monsieur——' 'The scaffold will not await his return,' she would have added, but her voice failed, and she burst into tears.

'He may perhaps be here to-morrow,' said the deputy, as he commenced writing. Her eyes followed the pen in its movements, and with difficulty she restrained herself from sobbing aloud. 'There,' added the deputy, as he folded the letter, 'I am confident my friend will be satisfied that I have done all that lay in my power, as he has demanded. I am happy in having rendered you this little service,' continued he, as he rose and politely presented the letter.

Madame Duportail had also risen. 'Do you think, monsieur, that Citizen Danton will take pity on me?' she asked in an almost inarticulate voice.

The deputy regarded her for a moment silently, and with a scarcely perceptible smile replied, 'I have no doubt of it.' He made a few steps towards the door, but returning, added, 'Be sure to deliver the letter yourself.'

They descended the stairs, and the deputy, making a profound salute, rapidly traversed the courtyard. Madame Duportail followed more slowly. It was only then that she was struck by the peculiarity of the look which accompanied the injunction to deliver the letter in person, and she felt some misgivings as the idea arose in her mind that there was a mystery linked with it which she could not fathom. While walking along the street, her attention was excited by a stentorian voice exclaiming, 'A list of the execrable conspirators who have been condemned by national justice to suffer to-morrow morning.' She shuddered as she tendered a piece of money to the man, who, handing her one of the papers, continued his route, uttering his funereal cry. With a palpitating heart she glanced over the list, which contained the names, ages, and rank of the victims whose doom had been pronounced; but her husband was not among the number. 'He still lives,' was the wife's silent ejaculation. But who could speak for the morrow? The remainder of the day was passed in gleaning information respecting the prisoners: her husband, she learned, was incarcerated in the Oratorio.

The next morning she went to Danton's house. The citizen minister still slept. On her return some hours after, she was told that he had left town. 'Where has he gone?'

'To Auteuil,' was the reply of the domestic, in a tone of impertinent familiarity.

This suspense was dreadful; but her hopes again rose when, on consulting the public lists, her husband's name did not appear. The following day, changing her dress so as not to be recognised by the valets, she inquired for Danton. The minister was in his office, but could not be disturbed. Entering a cabaret at the opposite side of the street, from whence the house was observable, she called for some wine. The woman of the shop, interested by her youth and beauty, and rightly guessing that some other motive than that of drinking wine induced her to remain so long, strove by her attention to lessen the young wife's grief. The evening fell, and thanking the woman for her kindness, Madame Duportail, with the energy of despair, boldly entered the minister's hotel. On the domestics endeavouring to prevent her going beyond the courtyard, she showed the letter, mentioning its being from Citizen R——, and the necessity of its immediate delivery. The deputy's name acted like a talisman, and she ascended the grand staircase. Servants were hurrying to and fro, and in the confusion she reached the door of one of the upper apartments, from whence the sound of boisterous mirth proceeded. She was here accosted by a domestic, who inquired her business. Without making

a reply, she endeavoured to pass him, in which she partly succeeded, but recoiled with terror at finding herself in a brilliantly-lighted apartment, where a number of men were seated around a supper-table. The noise occasioned by her entry attracted the attention of a man with square high shoulders, his hair in disorder, and wearing a ribbon at the breast of his coat, who angrily demanded the cause.

'Citizen minister, it is a woman.'

'Ah, she wishes to see me, I suppose? We must attend to the ladies,' added he, coming forward and endeavouring to assume an air of politeness.

Madame Duportail lowered her eyes as she presented the letter, which Danton opened and perused.

'Madame Duportail, my colleague has already spoken of you: we must look after this affair.'

'You know, monsieur, how pressing it is.'

'Yes, yes; I know all about it,' replied Danton, as he rudely gazed at her.

'Monsieur, one line from your pen——'

'Assuredly: we shall see: but I cannot allow so pretty a woman to depart so soon. I have a few friends with me, but there need be no ceremony. Favour us with your company. Come!'

A dizziness seized her, as she entered the room, on perceiving that the eyes of all the guests were directed towards her. 'I present you, madame, to the friends of whom I have spoken; they will be delighted, I am sure, at seeing you amongst them,' said Danton as he handed a chair, which she, however, removed some distance from the table.

'Will you not, then, honour us by taking supper?'

Madame refused by a gesture. For a time her presence seemed to throw a constraint over some, while others continued their conversation, glancing at her with looks of impertinent curiosity. Danton alone addressed her, endeavouring from time to time to persuade her to join them at table. During supper he drank deeply, and now and then joined the conversation which was passing around him, his stentorian voice, when he spoke, drowning all others. A discussion at length arose, which was put an end to by Danton's health being proposed and drunk.

'To the Republic!' shouted a voice at the lower end of the table. The glasses were immediately filled, while the eyes of all were turned towards Madame Duportail.

'This time, I am sure, you will not refuse to join in the pledge with these brave gentlemen: the wine is of the mildest description.'

'I suspect,' said one of the guests, 'that it is not the wine she fears, but the pledge which the toast carries.'

'I'll wager that she does not voluntarily drink to the nation,' remarked another.

'Confound this hesitation!' exclaimed Danton impatiently; 'prove that you are a good patriot, and worthy to figure at table with the principal members of the Convention.'

Madame Duportail's agitation was excessive; but a sense of danger recalled her presence of mind, and taking the proffered glass from Danton, she replied, 'I shall drink to the nation with pleasure.' On her pledging the toast, the plaudits of all were vociferous.

'We want nothing but music to complete our enjoyment,' said a young man, addressing Danton.

'True, very true; I love music passionately, though I do not understand three notes. One would imagine that, with such a voice, I should sing well; but in my younger days

"The woods with echoes rang
From the tone in which I sang."'

While all laughed at the quotation, he leant gallantly towards Madame Duportail. 'With such a charming countenance, you must have a divine voice. Do you sing?' A reluctant affirmative escaped her lips. 'You will sing, then?' added he; 'but we must procure a harp.'

Madame Duportail, pale and indignant, and with the sensitive feelings of a woman, though she felt that the life of her husband might perhaps depend on her acquiescence, endeavoured, when the harp was brought, to excuse herself; but those by whom she was surrounded seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in the misery they were inflicting.

'Will you refuse me, then?' said Danton half aloud. 'Take care, madame; recollect it is the first favour I have asked.'

Having sat down before the harp, with a trembling hand she played a prelude, and sang with tolerable composure one of the favourite songs of that period, which Danton applauded with ecstasy, and obliged her to repeat. The effects of the wine became every moment more perceptible on all. Several coarse jests were hazarded; and at length became of such a nature, that she arose, under pretext of requiring air. 'Very well,' said Danton in a brusque manner, and without leaving his chair, 'you can wait for me in the neighbouring apartment.'

She was conducted by a valet along a corridor into a room, the walls of which were hung with costly pictures. In the centre, strewed with papers and writing materials, was a table from which in all likelihood had emanated those fearful warrants of death which had made so many hearths desolate. Such was the involuntary thought of Madame Duportail; and as the idea smote on her heart that her husband's condemnation might at that moment be lying before her, she was seized with a vague feeling of terror, and sank powerless on a chair. The sound of boisterous mirth caused her frequently to start, and her apprehensions were further increased by perceiving that the candle was nearly exhausted. She had been nearly two hours alone, when a domestic entered, bearing a lighted candle in each hand. 'When shall I be able to see the minister?' she asked in an agitated voice.

'He is coming,' replied the man, as he deposited the candles on the table and retired. At the same moment a door at the opposite side of the apartment opened with a shock, and before the young woman uttered the cry which rose involuntarily to her lips, she recognised Danton, who, staggering into the room, threw himself on a chair. He was without his cravat, and the frills of his shirt were disordered, and stained with wine. On perceiving his visitor, his inflamed countenance assumed a maudlin expression as he exclaimed, 'Ah, is it you, citoyenne?'

The injunction of the deputy, when giving the letter, flashed vividly across her memory.

'I shall surely die of apoplexy!' muttered the minister in a maudlin voice; 'that is, if they give me time. These suppers are very pleasant, but—the morning!'

Madame Duportail's terror changed to agony at the thought that he might be too inebriated to write, and hastily approaching him, she exclaimed, 'Citizen minister, you surely have not forgotten the promise you gave me?'

'Ha! What do you say?'

'The letter you are to write—the grace you would accord me at the recommendation of Citizen R——: the life—the life of my husband!'

'Well, it is but necessary to erase his name from the list—that is to say, to remove it from the bundle.'

'What bundle?' exclaimed the wife with feverish anxiety: 'Where is it?'

'Give me air. I am stifled!'

Not daring to go within reach of the drunken monster, she ran and opened the window.

'That Robespierre is a scoundrel—he never drinks unless it be blood. Baptiste, undress me!'

'Monsieur—monsieur!' interrupted the young woman, 'where is this bundle—this list? Give it me.'

Danton turned with impatience to the other side, and growled, 'Call Fauquier; he knows where it is: or take it yourself,' added he, pointing to an escritoir, the nests of which were filled with papers.

Following his directions, she quickly stood on a chair, and commenced her researches. 'Carton A?' asked she in a voice trembling with anxiety, taking down a lettered bundle.

'I ask pardon, my dear, for my gaiety. I feel obliged to R—— for having sent you. Do let me hear another chanson; you sing so divinely.'

For a moment she remained silent, but perceiving that he was again falling into a lethargy, she once more broke silence—'Carton B?'

'What's his name?'

'Duportail.'

'Duportail!—Carton A!—Carton B! Seek then in D. How stupid you are, my dear! You amuse me with your Carton A!' added he, giving way to a burst of laughter as he sunk back in his chair.

Without loss of time she took the bundle of warrants marked D, and opening the string, hastily perused the name written on the back of each. Her husband's was the third; the warrant bore the minister's signature, and his execution was to have taken place the following morning. Securing the paper with an inward thanksgiving, she moved forward to thank Danton; but seeing that his eyes were closed, noiselessly glided towards the door, and disappeared.

The next morning, with the warrant in her possession, she found little difficulty in getting Duportail's name erased from the jailer's book, and she and her husband were soon on their route to Bourdeaux, where, reunited to their family, they sailed for Martinique. At the Restoration they returned to France; and the Heroic Wife is, we believe, still alive.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS AT THE BICÊTRE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE means of educating the juvenile idiots at the Bicêtre, as formerly mentioned,* consists of a variety of exercises likely to rouse the dormant capacities of the pupils. Some of the exercises, not already described, consisted of marching in various figures, as arranged by small ornamented flags. These evolutions seemed to impart much pleasure.

The next series of exercises, though less attractive as a spectacle, were probably equally useful, if not more so, as a means of exciting attention and compliance with the particular directions of the instructor. At his request each pupil held up first the right hand, then the left, then both hands. Subsequently, the right hand was ordered to be pointed to the right side, and then to the left; the same also with the left hand: the corresponding leg and arm were now required to be advanced, then those of the opposite side; and lastly, they were desired to kneel and rise again at the word of command. They then embraced each other, and remained standing two and two in an easy and graceful posture, producing an appearance of mutual good-will and friendship. Indeed it is more than probable that the mere assumption of such attitudes may become the means of exciting some small share of fellow-feeling and attachment between the different members of this singular community. These various positions and motions of the limbs were simultaneously performed by the whole of the pupils at the instant the order issued from their preceptor.

A large mat was now unrolled, and placed in the centre of the room, when various gymnastic exercises were entered upon by several couples. At this time it was especially gratifying to witness the amount of observation and attention excited in the bystanders, as was manifested by their hearty laughter, whenever a failure or accident happened. As only a few could be engaged in these gymnastics, the rest were left to their own discretion, and in a little while they became distributed in various parts of the room: the majority, however, remained watching those at play, others loitered near the musicians, touching, with simple curiosity, the various instruments which had performed an important part in leading and guiding their feeble and wandering faculties. Before entering on the next series of instructions, it was desirable that the whole should assume an orderly demeanour, and they were accordingly required to arrange themselves, and prepare to march round the room. Having done this once or twice, they were ordered to halt opposite the seats placed ready for them; then desired to be seated; each taking his place at once, and all seeming ready to attend to their next lesson.

Several pieces of wood, cut in the shape of different geometrical figures, were now brought into the room. These were placed in the hands of different pupils, who named with much readiness the various forms—as round, square, oval, oblong, &c. In order to exercise the sense of touch without the aid of that of sight, a bandage was placed over the eyes of one or two, and the different pieces were put into their hands, when each of them slowly passed his fingers along the edges, and when satisfied with the examination, named the form of the respective portions. In doing this, no error was committed. The utterance was of course imperfect; but although the words were pronounced in what to the visitors was a foreign tongue, no difficulty was felt by the other pupils in distinguishing what was said.

A large black board was now brought forward and placed on a rest. One or two of the more proficient were desired by M. Valleé to draw upon it first a horizontal, then a perpendicular line, and afterwards to describe a circle, square, and hexagon. Words also were well and readily written in a good round legible hand. The same feebleness and uncertainty of grasp, arising from an imperfect power over the fingers, was again observable, but the writing was fairly executed, and the figures correctly described. They were slowly done, it is true, but still they were well done. Remarking that the compasses used in describing the mathematical diagrams had a movable hinge, I was surprised to observe, that although there was so much apparent unsteadiness of muscle, yet such a degree of adjusting power over the motion of the fingers had been acquired, that the various points necessary to form the different figures were marked on the board without causing the least variation in the limbs of the instrument.

One of the more elderly of the pupils, but one who in England would be called a hopeless idiot, was now brought forward. His whole appearance and expression previous to the moment when he was desired to approach the table, were indicative of an utterly hopeless, mindless object. Being raised on a seat, a set of dominoes were placed before him, the sight of which caused evident signs of pleasure, and he proceeded to make preparations to enter on the game. Although having a very imperfect control over his hands, he selected from the set the required number, arranged them, and played a game with his instructor. This was done deliberately, but without any faltering or inaccuracy; and during the progress of the game he showed signs of satisfaction or discomfiture, according to his success or otherwise. The efforts to overcome the congenital imperfections in this poor fellow were strikingly successful; and it is not improbable that, had they been undertaken at an earlier period of his life, a capacity of standing in the erect position and of walking might possibly have been obtained. In addition to other educational exercises, patient and continued efforts had been made to create in him a power over the various muscles constituting the organ of voice. Although only capable of slow, imperfect, and irregular utterance, he named the various letters of a word placed before him, first dividing them into syllables, and then pronouncing the word. I subsequently saw him, at a later part of the day, seated in the workroom amongst his fellows, usefully employed in making very excellent

* Journal, No. 159.

list slippers. As I approached his bench, he evidently showed signs of recognition, and seemed pleased at the notice taken of his work. He handed me several pairs of slippers which he had finished, then showed the one he was engaged with, entered on his work again, and looking up from time to time as he proceeded with it, evinced the pleasure he felt in his employment, and the gratification he experienced in finding that it interested and met the approval of others.

The attention of the pupils assembled round a table was now directed to a large sheet of paper, on which was painted every variety of colour. These tints were disposed in a confused manner, so as to prevent the liability which otherwise might arise of mere rote work, or the utterance, from habit, of consecutive words without comprehending their meaning. In this, as in all the other educational arrangements, the attention of the pupil was first directed to the simple and the more striking parts. On this occasion, consequently, the primitive colours were first named, and last the more compound, between which the shades of distinction are less marked. The perfection to which the sense of sight, the power of discriminating nice differences of colour, and of remembering and uttering their respective names was brought, in some of the pupils, was truly surprising.

Several examinations in the names of objects were now undertaken, such as the various articles of dress and pieces of furniture. Following these, the number of days in the week and months in the year were given; then the names of each day and month, as well as the seasons of the year. The replies to these questions relating to names of objects and periods of time were quickly and readily given; and had I not already witnessed so many evidences of the excellent system of training of which these poor fellows have had the advantage, I should have been inclined to doubt whether a proper comprehension of their meanings was attached to the several words they uttered. I had, however, sufficient reason to believe that, to a limited extent at least, they understood what was meant when they gave answers to the questions proposed.

Instructions as to the relation of objects to each other were now entered on. A small box being placed on the table, one of the youths, at the request of the master, first named the different parts of it—top, side, bottom, &c.; and subsequently the relation of objects as respects position in regard to it. For instance, when anything was placed upon it, the word 'sur' was given, and so also 'sans,' 'dedans,' &c. according as the little object was put in these various situations in relation to the box. Here was an evident advance on the other exercises, showing an increased capacity of comprehension. The simple, natural, and easy way in which such knowledge was communicated, was at once strikingly applicable, and was also admirably calculated to excite the mental faculties, by extending the very limited range of comprehension bestowed on these unfortunates.

A model clock was now brought out. It was constructed so, that the relative position of the fingers could be altered at pleasure. Under the direction of the tutor, the different hours of the day were indicated, as well as the fractional parts of an hour. The face of the clock, thus varied, was presented to several pupils, when the time was correctly and exactly stated by each. During the progress of these examinations, several of the boys advanced from the main body who had remained seated around the room. The few who thus left their fellows gathered round the table, and seemed to take interest as well as pleasure in the proficiency manifested by their brethren. Every now and then they approached the place where I was seated, and looked up inquiringly, as if desirous to know what I thought of their proceedings. That they were capable of entertaining such feelings, was made evident by several simple occurrences excited by passing events during my stay among them. Some amount of interest in each other was also shown, and the extent to which care was exercised by the improved over the more ignorant and wayward was undoubted. I was particularly struck on one occasion by the manner in which an elder boy led back to the seat his younger and more restless companion, in whom the system of education had not yet produced that power of self-control which most of the boys had attained. The youth who rendered this service to his neighbour had attracted my notice when I first entered the room. He presented every appearance of an idiot of the most hopeless class to such a degree, that I singled him out as one worthy of particular observation, with a view of ascertaining how far the functions of an intelligent being could be imparted to one apparently so forlorn. I may here mention, that at a subsequent stage of the proceedings this same boy advanced to the table, and appeared to take an interest in what was going forward. Observing a small note-book I held in my hand, he took it up, opened it, and after turning over a few leaves, returned it to me, as if his curiosity was satisfied.

The mode of communicating ideas of numbers, and of their corresponding signs (figures), was as simple and successful as the methods adopted of imparting a knowledge of the properties and positions of objects. The result of their tasks in this department showed how applicable such a system was to their feeble understandings. Several circular pieces of ivory were first placed on the table, and then divided into two unequal portions, so as to communicate the idea of quantity by requiring the pupils to say which was the larger and which the smaller portion. A certain number were then placed together, say three or four, and the question was asked—How many are there? The answer being given, the attention of the pupil was directed immediately to a board on which were painted the figures, and opposite to each figure a corresponding number of circular spots of the same size as the pieces of ivory. He here saw the figure placed opposite the number of pieces before him, and the idea of number was produced: thus several sums in addition and subtraction were now undertaken, and in the execution of these, the board was sometimes used as a means of fixing attention and assisting the memory. The more proficient, however, readily replied to the various questions put to them without calling into operation the aid of the sense of sight. They answered correctly, and without hesitation, such questions as—How many do 6 and 8 make? Take 3 from 9, and how many remain?

I was particularly struck with the burst of feeling produced in one of the junior pupils when foiled in the performance of his task. He was seated at the table on which were laid the pieces of ivory. These were first divided into two unequal portions, and he was requested to point out the greater and the smaller set. Three of the circles were then given to him, and he was desired to take from the others an equal number. Having performed these tasks, an even number were placed before him, with the request that he would divide them into two equal portions: this he proceeded to do by taking out very slowly and carefully the half of the number. An uneven number, consisting of nine pieces, were now given to him with a like request: this he tried to comply with as before, by separating four on each side; he then hesitated, re-examined his numbers, seemed perplexed, and at length finding, after a little pause, that he could not perform what was required of him, he burst into tears, and showed, by the difficulty which was experienced in assuaging his grief, how deeply he was capable of feeling both disappointment and vexation at his supposed inefficiency. This little incident told plainly of an important influence brought into operation. It explained how much could be done by acting on the *amour propre*. The grief at discomfiture, as well as the pleasure excited by success, showed that this power was used as a key to unlock dormant faculties, and to open the portals of intelligence.

My attention was now directed to a youth in whom the greatest difficulty had been, and was still expe-

rienced, in preventing a wandering and irregular action of the mind. Ideas of numbers, and a capability of counting, had been imparted to him; but unless his attention could be fixed by a simultaneous exercise of some of his senses, or by muscular movements, it was found difficult to induce him to advance from one number to another. Thus, when he was desired to count 1, 2. 3, &c. his eyes were bandaged, a triangle was held before him, and struck at regular intervals of time, so as to lead him on from one number to the next at each beat of the triangle. A ladder being placed against the wall, he was desired to mount it, and count at the same time: this he did regularly and slowly, naming an advancing number at each step he took. Other gymnastic exercises, I was told, had been employed with a view of fixing attention, and producing a more regular succession of ideas. The ingenuity and aptness of the means used in this particular case speak eloquently of the spirit in which the work of regenerating these all but mindless fellow-creatures is undertaken.

The series of exercises in the schoolroom was terminated by the construction of words, and the addition of figures, by means of letters and figures cut out and fixed on small portions of wood. A word or a number being given by the master, the pupil proceeded to select the letters or figures, and place them in the order indicative of the word or number. This lesson was executed with the same accuracy which had characterised the various proceedings which it was my good fortune to witness in this schoolroom at Bicêtre, and which served to excite within me a deep feeling of thankfulness for the opportunity I had enjoyed of becoming practically acquainted with the system in operation. As each successive and advancing demonstration was made before me of the extent to which the senses and faculties of these idiots had been educated, I could not avoid feeling a corresponding increase of the delight I at the first moment experienced in witnessing a sight so intensely interesting and important.

THE AGE OF FUN.

Every age claims to have a character of its own. This is the age of railways and jocularities—a curious combination, which no one could have predicated in that very sober state of affairs twenty years ago. England is decidedly getting into a hurry. We have no time now to be grave. We must go ahead as fast as possible, and by all means keep ourselves laughing by the way. How did all this come about; is the fashion imported or indigenous? Are other nations as busy in joke-making as we are? It is pleasing to know that they are, and that with a liberal hand they occasionally send us some of their own good things to laugh at. The caricature engravings at present stamped by the national taste to pass as laughable, afford an instance. We used to rally the French upon their unconsciousness of this kind of humour, and with great justice; for the utmost they could do to provoke cachinnation was to stick an enormously disproportioned head, with distorted features, upon a Lilliputian body. The French, however, persevered, and the consequence has been, that our own artists have now adopted the idea. I do not know a single illustrated book of the comic class of the present year in which it is not predominant. The joke consists in the preternatural ugliness of the face, and the impossible contortions of the limbs. We are expected to laugh at what in nature we should turn away from with pity, loathing, or horror; and since it *is* a joke, we do laugh at it with all our might. Some artists of course pay attention to the legitimate drollery of expression, attitude, and situation; but in general they are satisfied with attempting to surpass each other in hideousness. The expression 'out of drawing' was formerly used in criticism, but as regards this department of the fine arts, it is now entirely obsolete. Indeed the less a caricaturist knows about anatomy and physiognomy, the greater chance he has of arriving at distinction.

This, I need hardly say, is a mere peculiarity of the day, which will probably be entirely exploded before another New Year; but fashion is perpetually working little miracles of the kind. Sometimes it affixes its stamp to a particular expression, which straightway passes current as a jest, without possessing in itself the faintest meaning of one kind or other. There is one occurs to me just now which, in London, I never knew to fail, in or out of the theatre. It is used as a reply to a request, or as a remark on some expressed wish or longing, and consists of the simple words, 'I wish you may get it!' This talismanic sentence, whether pronounced in the street, in a private company, or on the stage, invariably creates a laugh, although the farce or song of which it may have been the catch-word—if it really had any origin of the kind at all—exists no longer even in tradition. I select this one, however, merely because it has continued longer unimpaired in force than any other I remember. The Londoners are always catching up some saying from the stage, and repeating it long after its parentage is forgotten. It signifies nothing that the associations which conferred upon it its jocular character are lost, it continues to pass as a joke on its own account. The instinct of imitation takes place of the perception of humour; and it circulates like the monosyllable 'ha!' in the philosophical game of 'Forcing a Laugh.' The reader knows that this is played by sending the suppositious fun round, gauntlet fashion, among the company; the leader beginning 'ha!' his neighbour instantaneously echoing 'ha!' the next passing it to the next, and so on—'ha! ha! ha! ha!'—till the result is a continuous roar.

The Americans, we believe, are no great jokers with the pencil; but there is a length and breadth about their literary perpetrations altogether peculiar. The physical aspect of their country seems to be reproduced in their drolleries, which have a character of vastness, wildness, and emptiness that baffles the imagination. A little book I have my eyes upon just now—and which I mean to lay hands upon presently—attempts to civilise these gambols of the Infant Hercules into the walking pace of a ladies' school. It will give the jokes of the new world, forsooth, a European meaning! And why? Because there is no *wit* in them as they are popularly reported. Why, who cares about wit in a joke? Whether is it wit, or the want of it, I should be glad to know, that makes people laugh? Commend me to the big American, who was so tall, that he was obliged to go up a ladder every morning to shave himself! There is no wit in that, I hope. It is a piece of sublime absurdity, as unadulterated as the Falls of Niagara. It sets the fancy at nought as completely as when you attempt to grasp the idea of Lake Superior. Try that little book, and you will find that, by no mental effort, can you picture to yourself anything more than a millpond. Compare this joke with the hail of the young chimney-sweep in Fleet Street to the gigantic barrister, 'I say, mister,' putting his black paws to his mouth, trumpet-fashion, while he turned his face to the zenith—'I say, mister, ain't it werry cold up there?' This is good—but we can understand it. It is European.

'A farmer had a scythe so exceedingly sharp, that, having hung it upon the bough of a tree on a moonlight night, a poor man passing by had his leg cut off by its shadow.' This is given as a specimen of American *wit;* but I say it is as genuine and immeasurable a Jonathanism, as the feat of the man who chased a flash of greased lightning three times round a field; or the rapidity of the gentleman's gig, in which the friend, seeing the milestones so crowded, inquired what churchyard they were passing through? The real wit, when it exists at all, belongs entirely to another world. The Americans were born too late to have any of their

own; it was all used up by their European ancestors. Take, for instance, a specimen quoted in the little book:—'A man in Kentucky imitated the crowing of a cock so perfectly, and sometimes indulged in the freak so early in the morning, that upon one occasion the sun in mistake rose two hours before its proper time.' This is only an imitation of a mistake that was made long ago by the identical sun—not to talk of any higher antiquity—and is much better related:—

'Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes—the break of day—
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain!

The little book I have alluded to is called 'Irish Diamonds,' by John Smith, late lecturer on education and geographical science.* In this, of itself, there is a rich antithesis between the mock and the true, the grave and the jocular; and the promise of fun thus conveyed in the title-page is fulfilled in the book. But the title is better (by way of a joke) than antithetical; for it is morally impossible to think of Mr John Smith as a lecturer, or anything else in particular. There is a puzzling uncertainty, a poetical indistinctness, a shadowy mystery about the name, which beats Jonathan hollow. The nearest approach we can make to the identity of Mr John Smith, is to picture him as one of the forty gentlemen who, in the pit of Drury Lane theatre, were seen clapping on their hats, and making for the doors from all quarters, when a voice was heard calling out at one of the entrances, 'Mr Smith is wanted!'

The book is a cluster of brilliants, chiefly Irish, of old material, but shaped and polished by Mr Smith, and set in metal of his own, sometimes genuine, and rarely with much alloy. I do not see, however, that his theory of Irish wit and blunders throws any new light upon the subject, or that the theory is at all assisted by the diagrams intended for its illustration. In these diagrams the English arrow (of thought) is seen flying horizontally to the mark at the other side of the room; the Scottish arrow turning cautiously round in the middle, as if to ascertain that it is in the right path, and then arriving at the same object; and the Irish arrow darting away diagonally, either to the upper or lower corner, and striking out a flash of wit in one, or an amusing blunder in another. This proceeding of the Irish arrow, we are told, is not caused solely by hurry or precipitation, but likewise by an antipodean habit of the people—a love of opposite extremes and contrasts, a delight in applying the contrary end of the telescope of thought. But this habit, in its application to blunders, is not national, but universal, and is *always* the consequence of precipitation, or the acting or speaking without thought. Speaking for myself, if I have two things in my hand, and am called on suddenly to drop one of them, I *invariably* feel an inclination to drop the wrong one, and this is only corrected by the counter-habit of thinking what I am about. The predisposition to error here is caused by the thought instinctively flying to the more valuable or needful object at the same moment when the necessity presents itself for dropping something. A gentleman stands by the fire, with an egg in one hand and his watch in the other, observing a saucepan. Suddenly the saucepan begins to boil, and, obeying the instinct of his anti-mathematical nature, he pops his watch into it instead of the egg. There is nothing out of the way in this, supposing him to be a person who does not attach reason to the boiling of eggs any more than to other things; but when he stands with the egg in his hand, watching how his watch boils, the incident is taken out of the category of practical bulls, and becomes a specimen of absence of mind. All, however, is set right again by the conclusion. He holds the egg in his hand for *three minutes*. This is the point of the jest, and we may laugh with a good conscience. We all blunder occasionally from want of thought, and the Irishman more frequently than any of us, owing merely to the quickness of his temperament and his aversion to mental discipline. The same quickness may lead him more frequently than other people to a witticism as well as to a bull; and in my opinion, his reaching the one rather than the other is, in nine cases out of ten, the result of mere accident.

The following specimen of the antithesis in which the Irish are supposed to delight is not new, but it is well worth repeating:—

An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable;
A Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad;
An Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

I shall now quote, in the words of Mr Smith, an instance of precipitation of thought, which is the *ne plus ultra* of an Irish bull, 'A jovial, good-humoured, and industrious commercial traveller, a native of the Green Isle, though he felt much fatigued by a hard day's duty in a country town, resolved, whilst enjoying his evening glass at the fireside of the inn, that, deep winter as it was, he would make an early stage in the morning by a coach passing through the place, and which would reach his next scene of business by breakfast-time. He named this project in presence of several of his brethren of the road, and gave orders to "boots" to call him just in time for the coach, and no sooner, as he would make his toilet in the next town, where he should arrive by daylight. Having paid his bill, and feeling that all was comfortably settled, he sat till rather a late hour in the warm room, where the fumes of a cigar or two from his neighbours probably contributed to his dropping fast asleep. Some of the party, taking advantage of his condition, carefully blacked his face. By and by he became wakeful enough, though still very drowsy, to find his way to bed. In the morning "boots" awoke him exactly in time; and hastily huddling on his clothes, he was soon in the coach, where, darkness being still around, he was soon again asleep. In a couple of hours the coach pulled up at the inn, and he was shown, in the gray light, and with candles still visible here and there, into the gloomy breakfast-room, when, after gaping and stretching, he took up a candle, that he might look at himself in the glass, and turn up the hair from his forehead, when, utterly astounded at the black and unknown visage he there beheld, he shouted out lustily, and in a tone of sudden alarm, "Why, by the powers, if boots hasn't wakened the wrong man!"'

Comment upon this would only spoil it. The absurdity is carried to a pitch of the sublime which it is perhaps impossible to surpass. Horace Walpole's favourite bull, in which a man is represented as bearing ill-will against his nurse for having changed him when a child, may be said to confound personal identity in the same way. But it wants the suddenness which is the charm and the naturalness of the other. We *think* of the Orford blunder, losing ourselves in its unfathomable depths; but the other gives us no time to think, but startles us at once into a shout of laughter. It is the suddenness, too, which makes it Irish; for in point of fact a similar idea occurs in Don Quixote. An Irishman would be the last person in the world to talk nonsense, if he gave himself time to think: his blunders are always, and his 'diamonds' sometimes, the result of mere haste.

The English have usually been represented as bad makers of bulls, but no one can now say they don't execute a vast variety of very funny sayings. Their fun, in fact, has become a staple article of literature; and on the whole—and here is the good feature in its character—it is not a wicked, or a personal, or a bad-minded fun: it has its faults, but, generally speaking, it is enlisted in the cause of what is estimable. With this tribute to its merits, however, I would take leave to hint that things are getting on at too great a rate. The fun is getting so 'fast and furious,' that, like a steam-

* Irish Diamonds; or a Theory of Irish Wit and Blunders: combined with other kindred subjects. By John Smith, one of the editors of the 'Liverpool Mercury,' &c. Chapman and Hall.

engine which has lost its governor, it almost threatens to knock the whole apparatus of literature in pieces. I hope our good friends the funny fellows will kindly look to this. The world should have a little repose in the midst of its jocular evolutions: if it has not, I fear it will be found one morning soon to have actually split its sides with laughing.

MUSEUM AT COPENHAGEN.

[Mr Kohl, whose tour in Great Britain we noticed some time ago, has recently published his Travels in Denmark. His volumes will probably not be deemed of sufficient interest to the English public to cause them to be translated; nevertheless there is a good deal of information scattered through them. The following is an abridgment of one of the chapters.]

The museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen is one of the most remarkable museums in the world; and indeed it may be called unique in its class, if we consider the richness of its stores. Since it was founded in 1807, there have been formed several similar museums in Mecklenburg, Stockholm, Christiana, and by private persons in Scandinavia; but all these collections are poor in comparison with the one at Copenhagen. It reflects great credit on the Danes, that they should have taken the lead of the European nations in the investigation of local antiquities. It is perhaps to be attributed, however, to the circumstance of their being a nation much devoted to historical and legendary lore, as well as to the fact, that primitive times are much nearer to them than to any other civilised people. It is manifest, from the utensils of stone discovered here and there in Italy, Greece, Spain, &c. that in these lands also dwelt barbarians, unacquainted with the use of metals, who made stone instruments serve their purposes. But doubtless metals were introduced much earlier in the south, and therefore fewer stone implements would be committed to the ditches and morasses for preservation; and when found, such rude things would be little esteemed, and therefore destroyed.

There have existed in Denmark for more than a hundred years societies for the study of Danish history. The society for the cultivation of northern history and languages was founded in 1744. From a member of this society, the librarian, Nyerup, a man well known for his historical and literary writings, first proceeded the idea of a national museum, and he was soon joined by Bishop Münter. By the exertions of these two men, the attention of the public was directed to the old barrows (tumuli) and their neglected contents. People began to collect, to dig, and to preserve. The students of the establishment founded by Christian IV. were aroused to a sense of the value of antiquities by Nyerup; and when they were afterwards scattered over the country, they took along with them a love of such things, and were useful in getting together a great number of objects. At length a royal commission issued, with the design of preserving all northern antiquities in Denmark, and a correspondence was entered into with learned men, clergymen, schoolmasters, &c. inviting them to forward intelligence of any ancient remains that had been found, and, if possible, the objects themselves. Formal instructions were drawn up, printed, and circulated, to carry out the purposes of the commission, and the government lent its aid, by adopting other judicious measures, particularly by notifying that the discoverer of any antiquities in gold and silver would be paid the value of the metal, notwithstanding they belonged by law to the king. Other indefatigable antiquarians trod in the footsteps of Nyerup, and in 1825 the Royal Society for Ancient Writings was incorporated, which took the museum under its protection. The activity of this society has been most laudable. Its influence has not only been felt in all Scandinavia, but all through the northern extremity of the earth—Russia, Great Britain, Northern Germany, the Netherlands, and North America. Members of it, learned and influential men, reside in all these countries, and it has a considerable income. In the course of a twenty years' existence, it has not only increased the museum to a great extent, superintended its removal to the castle of Christiansburg (part of which was lent to them by the king), and put the whole into admirable order, but it has also issued a series of very rare and important works relating to the history of the north. These valuable works comprise about sixty volumes, which, without the labours of the society, would in all probability have never been laid before the world, the cost of publication being greater than the profits of the sale. Amongst them are found—1. The Historical Saga of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, in the Icelandic, Latin, and Danish tongues. 2. The Mytho-historical Saga of the North before the Ninth Century, in Icelandic and Danish. 3. The Heroic Poem concerning the Deeds and Death of King Regnar Lodbrog, in Danish, Latin, and French. 4. The Historical Saga of the Inhabitants of the Faroe Islands, in Icelandic, Danish, Faroish, and German. 5. The Historical Saga of Iceland. Two of the latest and most remarkable works issued are, 'The Historical Monuments of Greenland,' and 'American Antiquities; or, Northern Writers on America before Columbus.' Both of them have thrown great light upon the history of the new continent; and the latter has clearly proved that, long before the time of Columbus, North America had been discovered by the Greenlanders.

The society is divided into sections; as the Asiatic section, which is devoted to the investigation of the relations of Asia to ancient Scandinavia; the Russian section, &c. A special committee is charged with the duty of attending to the increase and support of the museum. Their memoirs are published in Danish, German, French, and English; and a periodical, with essays on the history, archæology, and philology of the north, is also issued. These publications are for the most part only accessible to the learned. But in order to keep alive the interest of the people in antiquarian matters, they have proceeded to issue short popular papers on such subjects. The consequence is, that additions to the museum are continually pouring in from all parts of the country; and as the names of the donors are published in the official gazette, the public is made acquainted with the progress of the institution, and with those who are interesting themselves in it. The collection has thus become very important. Considering, however, that it is but twenty years since its formation, during which time not half the barrows in Denmark have been opened, and that the extensive morasses and bogs are depositories of antiquities which in a thousand places have not been disturbed by the spade and plough, we may readily infer that great riches have yet to be added. No doubt many, very many valuable pieces of antiquity have been now irrecoverably lost, but certainly, during the forty years' existence of the museum, an astonishing number of gold crowns, rings for the head, arms, and fingers, &c. have been brought to light. Some of these gold articles contain more than a pound of pure gold. Whole chests of amber ornaments have been brought together; and one discovery alone in Jutland produced 3400 pieces of amber, pearls, and other objects.

The museum is arranged in historical order. It commences with things of the Age of Stone—when the Scandinavians were yet ignorant of metal; when they slew their game with stones, felled trees, planed them, sawed them, and bored them with stones; when a stone served for a razor, for ornaments, and instruments of war. Many of these stone articles have been wrought with a labour truly wonderful. Knives, with handles richly adorned, and with keenly-sharp edges; arrow-heads, incomprehensibly thin and fine—these were the result of an art which the ancient artists in stone practised with ease, but which is lost to us. An antiquarian friend of mine told me he had offered a sum of money to a stone-cutter to make him an arrow-head in the old style out of a piece of flint, but it could not be done. It is surprising that they do not obtain a man from

some country where the art is still in being, at least to show them what the mode of working is. It surprises me also that engravings are not made of the most remarkable barrows, since there are many which, when engraved, would form very suitable ornaments for the museum. There need be no fear of such a collection of drawings looking uniform and monotonous, for the difference of situation and accompaniments would prevent this. One lies in the shade of noble beeches, another on the shore of a fiord, a third on a wild desolate heath, a fourth on the summit of a hilly ridge: sometimes a village church stands between two, sometimes one is planted round with gigantic stones.

A great part of the earth's inhabitants are yet in the Age of Stone, and we are here permitted to compare the productions of to-day in that line with ancient specimens. We see here the workmanship of the Greenlanders, of the South-Sea Islanders, and of the American Indians; and it is really remarkable what similarity prevails throughout between these and the Scandinavian productions. Two thousand years, or two thousand miles, might separate the labourers, still there is extremely little difference to be perceived between the vessels and implements of trade in shape, use, or make. They all seem to be turned out of the same workshop. Of some objects the visitor sees complete suites, as well as a great number of varieties of the same class grouped together. For instance, there are hundreds of hatchets small and large cut out of flint, serpentine, porphyry, and other minerals. There are also arrows and darts of all sizes, and shapes, and material. We are likewise shown suites of things in various stages of manufacture. Thus we see the block of flint out of which a little oblong fragment has been splintered to form the head of a lance. One sees the surface whence it has been taken, the fragment itself, the instrument inflicting the blow by which the severance was effected. Then we are shown such a fragment upon which the workman has bestowed some labour, but only half-completed his work; then a perfect lance-head; and lastly, one that has been used in battle or in the chase, and has got damaged. There are the grindstones upon which the points of arrows and the edge of hatchets have been sharpened. There are many long fragments or chips of flint which are very remarkable. They are often quite thin, an inch broad, and six or seven inches long. They look exactly as if they had been cut away with a knife when the stone was soft; for they are somewhat bent, like chips of wood. Yet connoisseurs affirm they were separated by a blow from the parent block. Still, the uninitiated, when they find nothing of the sort can now-a-days be done, are sceptical.

After the relics in stone, those in bronze and copper, with which some rooms are occupied, catch the attention. Copper and gold are the metals which have been almost everywhere first discovered. They are both more easily obtained, melted, and worked than silver, iron, and other ores. There is here a very extraordinary number of bronze swords, poniards, axes, rings, chains, buckles, saws, drinking utensils, spoons, scales, and other things, of which the neatness, taste, and beauty of the workmanship are quite astonishing.

It has been said that civilisation smooths away all peculiarities from different races, and that all nations are becoming more and more alike. In support of this position, it is usual to cite the uniformity of dress and other matters that is extending year by year, so that people of different nations are not distinguishable from external appearance. The old national costumes are disappearing from all nooks and corners of the world, and one sees the same kind of coats, waistcoats, and cravats, the same furniture, and similarly-disposed rooms, wherever we go: and no wonder, when we consider the great and ready intercourse which the world now enjoys. In this northern museum, however, we learn that even in the old times there was such a universal fashion in Europe in many things, as there is now in clothes and furniture. The old bronze swords and poniards, for instance, which are dug up in the north, have precisely the same form and ornaments which are found in Thrace and Macedonia, or in the barrows of Troy. It might be thought that the Trojan and Scandinavian weapons had been executed by the same person, so strong is the similarity. Now, this *is* remarkable, when one remembers the few roads and means of intercourse which Europe then possessed. They show in this museum a round and artistically-wrought shield of bronze, which gives a very high idea of the skill of the old smiths. Perhaps it may have inspired some ancient scald, as the shield of Achilles did Homer. The barrows which were erected on the shore of the Hellespont to Hector and Ajax, are exactly like the barrows which commemorate Odin, Thor, and other Scandinavian heroes. Such things prove, it seems to me, that the European nations had formerly a more intimate acquaintance with each other than we usually allow them; and this intercourse generated a uniformity in the spirit of the age.

It is impossible to say in what century stone-work gave way to copper and bronze. No doubt there was a period when all were used—a kind of transition age. Many learned men believe that shortly before the birth of Christ there was an emigration from the south to the north, and that the use of iron then became known. We see here bronze implements which have been edged with iron, as if it were something costly—a bronze dagger, for instance, fortified with an iron edge; a bronze hatchet, to which a rim of iron has been riveted, &c. There are many specimens of iron implements from heathen times. The want of silver articles is somewhat strange, when the collection is so rich in gold.

I was particularly interested with the runestaves and other old runic writings, of which so many have been discovered in various countries. A French gentleman, who lately published a work on the Germans, makes himself merry with that nation for tracing out, as they conceive, evidence of a derivation from them amongst all other people in the world. The Gascons, Burgundians, and Spaniards, are attempted to be shown to have German blood, and the mountaineers of Crim Tartary and the Caucasus are supposed to have marks of a common origin in their light hair; whilst to the inhabitants of the country about the African Atlas, the Germans stretch out a hand of brotherhood, because they are considered descendants of the Vandals. The Slavonians, inspired by nationality in the same way, detect Slavonic names amongst the villages of Germany, find Slavonic names of cities in Italy, and delight themselves with the old alphabet—the far-famed Testament of Rheims. The Scandinavians do the same thing with reference to their runes and other northern monuments; and from this zealous patriotism history has derived much advantage. Not only in all parts of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, not only in Northern Germany, Iceland, and Greenland, but also on many rocks of North America, have runic carvings been discovered, copied, and interpreted. It is true that the interpreters have occasionally quarrels with the naturalists, because these latter attribute to diluvial scratching what the former take to be runes. However, in most instances the antiquarians have carried the day. Even Italy has not been an unproductive country for runes and Scandinavian remains. A manuscript of the ninth century has been found in Naples, in which the northern deities, particularly Odin and Freia, are represented; and what is very remarkable, a line of scribbled signs, which some inspectors declare to be runic, have been discovered round the body and back of the lion in St Mark's Place, Venice. A cast of these characters is in the museum; some of them have been deciphered, but others are perfectly unintelligible. It is to this day an enigma how the signs got upon the lion's body.

Large as the museum is, it is rapidly increasing. Seven hundred new specimens were sent in one year lately, but four hundred or five hundred per annum is

the average rate of increase. So splendid a collection could only be formed where an active spirit of patriotism is stirring amongst the people. Their love of their country and of ancient things is manifested in the shops, where the booksellers deal largely in Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian literature; and there are many establishments for the sale of antiquities—old curiosity shops.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THERE is a skeleton in every house—something secretly tormenting—so says the Italian proverb; and we can well believe it. Our skeleton consists in the supposed obligation to read all the letters which the postman so obligingly brings us every morning—on Monday twice as many as on any other day.

What are all these letters about? On the same principle that father confessors are heard to say that they do not remember one word out of a whole day's self-accusatory depositions, we can scarcely give any reasonable account of these epistolary revelations. Some are modestly asking questions which it would require a sitting magistrate or a Highland oracle to answer. Some are abusing us as everything that is bad, because, as it would seem, we dare to think differently from their learned writers on subjects of great public concern; as, for example, because in the fifteenth line of page seven in a late number we had the audacity to spell *color* colour; or because, in speaking lately of a certain brown butterfly, we said it had eight legs instead of six. No one but an idiot, they tell us, could have made such mistakes, and they would advise us to go back to school! How happy the writers of these 'ticklers' must be after dropping them into the letter-box! In contrast with these snappish and generally anonymous correspondents, we would place those who, writing with temper, are not afraid to append their names to their suggested corrections. Of this latter class the following is an agreeable specimen:—

'*Electric Telegraph, Derby, Dec.* 25, 1846.

GENTLEMEN—I have just read a paper in the 147th No. of your Journal, "Whimsicalities of the Electric Telegraph." You will perhaps excuse my directing your attention to that portion of the article which is quoted from "*the Globe*," stating that the small birds which frequently congregate on the wires receive shocks when the instruments are in action. This is the common opinion, but allow me to suggest, that it is necessary that the bird form a part of the *circuit*, or it cannot be acted upon by the electricity. In our system of wires, the current passes from terminus to terminus along the wire, and returns by the earth. If we attach the most delicate galvanometer to a wire along which the current is made to pass, no effect is observed till we also connect it with the earth, and complete the circuit. Thus no bird can receive a shock, unless it is tall enough to stand on the ground and touch the wires; and even if such a monster were to attempt experimenting, the feathers of its head, and even the horny skin of its feet, would not act as conductors, unless well wetted.

'I have the inspection of above two hundred and thirty miles of line, or more than one thousand miles of wire, and I never saw any effect of the kind, nor have any of our staff on other lines. Birds, however, are frequently found dead under the wires. I have seen a wing hanging on them, and on searching, have discovered its owner on the grass below. Our men have frequently seen partridges fly across and kill themselves, not by a shock of electricity, but by striking themselves forcibly against them. I am sure that your well-known anxiety to afford the most correct information on the subjects which you notice, will afford me an excuse for thus trespassing on your patience.

'Between Norwich and Yarmouth I have often seen two hundred or more sand martens on a wire whilst the instrument has been in action, sitting as contentedly as possible: in fact the wires are a very favourite perch for these birds. During thunder-storms, even on short lines, the needles are violently affected, and the bells ring incessantly.

'Another very general but erroneous idea, even among the better order of folks, is, that the humming Æolian harp-like effect of the wind on the suspended wire is caused by the "*messages passing.*" Some even say they can tell when a train is coming by the noise.

'On all long lines some inconvenience is experienced by an occasional deflection of the needles, which change from left to right rapidly, and frequently perhaps four times in ten minutes. At first sight, it would seem to be merely the effect of an atmospheric current of electricity passing along the wires from the clouds to the earth, and *vice versa;* but there are many cases which cannot be explained on this theory. No effect seems to take place unless the wire is connected at each end with the earth.

'At Derby we have four lines, which diverge respectively to Normanton, Lincoln, Rugby, and Birmingham. In forty-nine cases out of fifty, if the first two instruments are deflected to the *right*, the last two point to the *left;* sometimes all are alike. The left-hand end of the galvanometer coil is in each instrument connected with the suspended wire, the right-hand end with the earth, so that a similar current passing along each wire would cause all the needles to point one way. And why, then, do they move in pairs so generally?—I am, &c.

R. S. CULLEY.'

The next class of contributors are poets, and they are the most numerous of all. No one but the editor of a literary periodical can have the slightest idea of the number of persons who write, or suppose they write, verses. One day when we have time, we mean to do justice to this meritorious order of geniuses, by presenting specimens of their claims to immortality. We shall not have more than a hundredweight of note-papers to look over. Meanwhile, to be serious, we would earnestly discommend the too prevalent practice of wasting time in versification, in which mediocrity is not only intolerable, but profitless.

Contributors of prose are not a large body, and their aims are usually less romantic than poets, and come nearer the kind of material we require. A few writings are good, some are bad, but the penmanship of many is so confused, that we really are not able to read or give any opinion on them. This leads us to impart some advices-editorial, worth their weight in gold, to all aspirant contributors. They are these:—Write in a large round hand, and only on one side of the paper. Inscribe your name and address on every article. Don't expect the article to be returned, if unsuitable, because to send back formally all the papers forwarded, would occupy a most unreasonable portion of time. If you wish to preserve what you have written, keep a copy. By attending to these rules, you will greatly oblige not only us, but all editors whatsoever. The thing that worries the unfortunate race to which we belong, are the numerous letters requesting the return of papers of which they have no recollection, and which are lost amongst a mass of contributions put aside as unsuitable.

We have pleasure in stating a somewhat curious circumstance connected with prose contributions. Apart from the papers of professed female writers, considerably more articles suitable for our purpose are contributed by ladies in Ireland than in England; while very few of any kind are sent by ladies in Scotland. It may add interest to this unexpected announcement to state, that the greater number of the Irish ladies who furnish acceptable contributions are either the wives or daughters of clergymen of the established church. It is at any rate a strange fact, that a number of these pages are filled with material from beyond the Shannon.

The last class of contributors whom we need mention, are persons of both sexes who sympathise in our efforts at social melioration, and hand us accounts of what

they or others about them are doing in the same cause. Some of the letters of these parties are exceedingly interesting, for they reveal the breadth and depth of the operations now in progress for cultivating hitherto waste and neglected intellect. They also often show how much good may be done by only a small sacrifice of time, trouble, and means. The following extract from a letter, received a few days ago from a gentleman in Chester, will convey an idea of this species of activity:—

The writer begins by asking the gift of any spoiled copy of a work on mathematics, in order to give it to a poor lad whom he has gratuitously taught, and inspired with a thirst for knowledge. As an argument in favour of his claim, he goes on to say, 'During the whole of last winter I gave gratuitous instruction to as many of the excavators employed in the formation of the railways in the vicinity as chose to avail themselves of it. The average nightly attendance was about fifty; and during that period three hundred men, the greater number of whom were in a state of entire mental destitution, received elementary instruction. The whole of them learned to read and write; many acquired also the elements of arithmetic; and nearly fifty of them, among whom was the young man above referred to, made so great a proficiency, as to justify the hope that it would have a decidedly beneficial influence on their future career. I may add, as another result of my labour of love, equally gratifying, that thirty-five men, previously very intemperate and dissolute characters, took the pledge of total abstinence. I have occasionally presented copies of your books to individuals who I supposed would value them; but as my means are limited,' &c. A copy of the book was sent.

The following letter from a young man, the librarian of a Self-Improvement Society at Uxbridge, speaks for itself.

'Sir—Some few weeks ago you inserted in your Journal a short account of the Uxbridge Young Men's Improvement Society; that insertion has conferred a benefit upon that society which the members will not soon forget, and for which, lacking more suitable means, we now most respectfully and sincerely tender you our grateful acknowledgments. Within a very short time of the publicity thus given to our proceedings, we received a number of letters from different parts of the country in reference to that account; some congratulating us upon our prospects, some inquiring for our rules, and further particulars; whilst, in two or three instances, there were offers of assistance, in the shape of London and other newspapers, to be sent a day or two after publication by the post. And here I would state that, by a curious coincidence, one of our members had a West Indian paper sent him a few days back, in which he saw an account of his own society, as copied verbatim from your Journal, although the person who sent it had no knowledge of his being a member. These things, sir, you may rest assured, did not pass unheeded by us—they stirred up the feelings of the coldest hearted; we one and all felt it would be a shame and disgrace, indeed a lasting stigma upon us, if, after having been thus honoured by and through your means, we did not strive with all our might to render ourselves every way worthy of that honour.

'A general meeting of the members was at once called, at which it was resolved to have the rules printed, a copy of which I have taken the liberty of forwarding for your inspection. A public tea-meeting was next resolved upon, to be held on Tuesday, October 6, and which, by the kindness of some persons in authority, we were enabled to hold in a large room over the market-place; for you must know, sir, however large we may appear in print, we have at present but a small room to meet in. Fifty-five persons sat down to tea, which we begun and finished by singing a verse of thanksgiving. After tea, a public meeting was held, at which R. Wilkinson, Esq. a gentleman well known in the town, presided, and commenced the business of the evening by congratulating us upon our prospects, enrolling himself as a member, and presenting ten volumes of useful works to the society. The report was then read, by which it appears that we have, during the last twelve months, nearly doubled our members, together with the number of our books; that we are at present in good working order, and bid fair to gain the respect and good wishes (for aid we do not ask, except in books; as it is a maxim with us to create as far as possible in the young men a feeling of self-dependence) of the influential portion of our neighbours. A number of books were then formally presented to the society, among which were two volumes, strongly bound, of "Chambers's Information for the People;" "Life of R. Burns;" "Walker's Dictionary;" "Crossley's Intellectual Calculator," &c. According to the plan laid down, the meeting was then addressed by several young men, members of the society, who, apparently to the satisfaction of the audience, made up in zeal what they lacked in experience. Mr Stamper, the Independent minister, very kindly patronised us, by speaking for about ten minutes during the latter part of the evening. At a quarter to ten o'clock we broke up; most of the young, and indeed many of the older folks, declaring they had not spent so pleasant an evening for a long time. We have at the present time eight or ten persons to propose as members, all shopmen; a likelihood of getting a suitable room in the Town-Hall for a constancy; with other advantages too tedious to mention; and all through what we can most justly say the impetus given to us, just in the nick of time, by your insertion of that account; for you must know that your Journal is well circulated in Uxbridge. That it may long continue to flourish, and be the means of stirring up the same spirit which it has done among my fellow-members, is the sincere wish of E. Austin, *Librarian to the Society.*'

Of the necessity for instituting societies of the above nature, and, above all, for teaching people to read works of even an ordinary description, we have an example in the following communication from a lady in Norwich:

'I have been asked to-day, by a member of a District Visiting Society in this city, whether you publish any serial tracts calculated for a lower grade of intellect than your "Useful and Entertaining Miscellany." My friend says, that in all the houses of the poor belonging to her society (a congregational one) I should either find your Miscellany lent to or read to the poor, but that often there come numbers which they cannot understand; and she wishes you could put forth a *lower* series. I know much of the poor in the country, and I have long thought that a light magazine, with a little natural history, domestic management, anecdote, sober poetry, and plain-sense morality, would be a treasure to many a fireside. I have vainly endeavoured to persuade booksellers that such a work is wanted. The only one who saw the want would not join me, because it required canvassers. Pray think of this. I fear, or hope, your intellectual Scotch labourers are not aware of the appalling ignorance of our farm-servants. Our artisans are rising; but alas for the condition of our peasantry! They seem to have no one to stir them up, nor can they stir up themselves.'

The suggestion to write and publish a series of tracts in language suitable to a child-like understanding, with a view to the instruction of English peasantry, is no doubt humane, but, like many other good ideas, it is impracticable as a matter of private enterprise. No peasantry, we fear, not even those of Scotland, buy books of general instruction or amusement; and if the truth must be told, the lower classes, so called, in towns, buy nearly as little. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the humbler order of manual labourers buy our sheets. In vain do we try to reach them with our literature; in vain cheapen tracts to the verge of being non-productive. There are of course exceptions to the rule; but the fact is well known to booksellers, that it is the better class of tradesmen, and middle classes of people generally, who buy nearly all the cheap publications

whatsoever. That this is not altogether owing to an indisposition on the part of the operative classes to possess themselves of these publications, but is in a great measure a consequence of existing and ineffective processes of distribution, we shall afterwards attempt to show in a separate article on the subject.

THE DOG OF BRUSSELS.

Does the reader love dogs? If he does not, let him skip this article, for with the dog-hater I have no sympathy. But to some one, methinks, the question will bring back the remembrance of his own faithful Dash, whose delight on the first important day of partridge-shooting was not less evident than that of his master. Or perhaps some single gentleman, who would yet be, far from willing to class himself among the fraternity of old bachelors, will give a kindly glance at the little rough wire-haired Scotch terrier, his constant companion by night and day. A mother, too, may look with kindness at the old Blenheim spaniel, which, averse to the caresses of strangers, and discouraging too great familiarity from the seniors of the family, will patiently endure the closest hugging from her baby boy, and return with gentlest love the somewhat rough and teasing fondness of the elder urchins. How well does she remember the day when her wild rosy-cheeked Frank, emancipated from the control of his teacher, whom he somewhat disrespectfully designated a 'she-governess,' in all the independent manliness of his eighth summer and first cloth jacket, ran down to the river to fish for minnows. His only companion was the brave Newfoundlander, Neptune, which sat gravely on the bank, watching with a philosophic eye the progress of his young master's sport. Suddenly the boy leant over the bank, the treacherous sod gave way, and the bright curly head was plunged beneath the waters. It was but for a moment; for when the terrified herdsman, whom the child's wild scream had drawn to the spot, came up, he saw the boy's dress tightly grasped in Neptune's powerful jaws, and the dog's massive fore-feet firmly planted on the bank, where his master's child was soon laid in safety. Poor Neptune is now old and feeble; the most he can do is to crawl on a fine day from his nook near the kitchen fire to the sunny step before the hall-door. There he lies, certain that his mistress and her daughters will never pass him by without bestowing a gentle pat on his head, and a bit of soft cake, which he can still masticate. But when the midsummer holidays come, and the fine tall lad, who is to enter college 'next half,' bounds towards the door, then the poor old fellow rises with unwonted alacrity, and something like the sparkle of former days gleams in his dim gray eye as he meets and returns the caresses of his dear young master Frank.

But let me come, without further preface, to a true anecdote with which I became acquainted during a visit to Brussels in the year 1837.

After visiting many of the interesting objects which that pleasant capital offers to the notice of strangers, my companion and I turned our steps towards the Chamber of Deputies. The building is extensive, and occupies three sides of a square, the fourth being open towards the parks. There is a large smooth court in front, which forms a pleasant promenade; but in one corner of it, and somewhat marring the stateliness of the scene, I noticed a common little wooden dog-kennel, which I supposed to belong to a watch-dog. Humble as was this little tenement, it was connected with an incident, of which I had the following history from my loquacious conductress. 'Here,' she said, 'in this Place was the fiercest fighting in the revolution of 1830; for several days after the battle the ground was red with French and Belgian blood.'

Just then a shaggy-looking dog, somewhat resembling a large terrier, but, as I thought, an ugly specimen of his race, walked slowly towards us. He looked good-natured, and I stooped to pat him.

'Ay,' said the old woman, 'madame may caress him now with safety, as he is not on *the spot*.'

'What spot?' I inquired; and in reply she told me the following anecdote. 'In the revolutionary army that assembled to oppose the Dutch, who invaded our city in the month of September 1830, was a young French officer, who, wherever he went, was followed by the dog you see. The poor lad was in the thickest of the fighting on the fatal 21st, and fell, covered with wounds, on a spot which I will show you.'

She led me towards the centre of the court, but the dog went before, and lay down near a smooth stone, looking up at us with an expression of fierce defiance in his eyes.

'Ah, poor fellow!' said the old lady, 'we're not going to disturb you. Don't go near him, madame, while he's there. That was the spot where his master's dead body lay, and he sat beside it, licking the bleeding wounds. At length it was removed for burial, but the dog followed it, and stayed for three days beside the grave. At the end of that time he returned here, and lay down where you see him now, growling savagely, and attacking any one who tried to dislodge him. Some of the people about beat him with sticks, and drove him away; the next day he returned, but was again cruelly hunted off. When he came back for the third time, he was worn to a skeleton from fatigue and hunger, and looked as if he would never rise again from his master's death-place. My husband and I had gone away for a while, or we would not have suffered the creature to be ill-treated; but one of the directors, who is a very humane man, chanced to pass by just as a rabble of boys were preparing once more to torture the poor faithful dog. He immediately dispersed them, and having inquired into the circumstances connected with the animal, he ordered that he should never be molested; that the kennel which you see should be built for him; and procured a small sum to be allowed weekly for his maintenance. He soon recovered his strength, and you may see by his appearance that he is taken good care of. Indeed he is well known in the town; and the little masters and misses that play in the park delight in bringing him sweet cakes, of which he is very fond. However, they know very well that although he is as gentle as a lamb while he is walking up and down, they must never attempt to touch him when lying on his chosen spot, from which, indeed, he never stirs in any direction farther than about a hundred yards. Many of his young friends have tried to entice him to a greater distance; and we have sometimes allowed him to be hungry, and then coaxed him on with his most favourite food; but in vain. He always turned back, and lay down where his master fell. Seven years have now passed away, but it is still the same; the dumb creature never forgets!'

During my stay at Brussels I often walked by the place, and never missed the dog from his accustomed haunt, nor saw him pass the self-imposed limits mentioned by the good woman. Her story was confirmed to me by others, so that I can see no reason to doubt its truth. I do not know the name of the dog of Brussels: his faithful limbs have no doubt long ere now mingled with the dust, but memory often recalls the story of his enduring love.

Perchance the tidings of his young master's fall brought darkness to the chambers of some vine-covered cottage of France—robbed fair faces of their smiles, and covered graceful forms with the garb of wo. They wept and lamented; but a year passed over, and the brothers and sisters laughed and conversed as before. The vacant place of the dead was no longer heeded, and his name had become an unspoken word. Another year, and his fair affianced one had consented to become another's bride. No tear in that bright eye, no shadow on that smooth brow, now told that even one sorrowing thought ever turned towards *his* lonely grave.

Years still passed on, and even in the widowed mother's heart the memory of her soldier boy waxed dim.

She did not forget him quite, and often some trifling object or event would serve to renew her grief. But at other times she could sit and smile, pleased and contented, as though that sharp sorrow of bereavement had never been felt. The brothers and sisters had each other still—the fair betrothed had another lover—the mother had many sons—the *dog* had but one master. Fond and faithful to the end, with constancy that knew no change, that dumb creature's cold vigils on the stone at Brussels put evermore to shame our vaunted human love.

IT'S NOT FAIR.

THE following piece of drollery is extracted from 'The Bairnsla Foaks' an' Fogmoor Olmenack, for 1847, be Tom Treddlehoyle, Esq.'—an almanac in one of the provincial dialects of England, and therefore a curiosity in its way:—

'*It's not fair* for a chap to cry "cockles alive," when at the same time he naws thare all deead.

It's not fair, when onny boddy goaze to a groacer's shop ta bye coffee, and thay gie em it hauf chickory an mahogony sawdust.

It's not fair, when you goa for a stoan a flaar at hauf a craan, an they gie yo that at two an tuppance.

It's not fair, when you goa for hauf an ance a bacca, an thay weigh't paper we it.

It's not fair for a chap at sells milk, to goa tut pump before he goaze tut cah.

It's not fair, when a woman goaze to buy a bit a tea, te hev sloe leaves an black-lead amang it.

It's not fair for a dressmacker to put folks off, be sayin at thave sum mournin cum in, when at same time thave nowt at soart.

It's not fair, when a bairn goaze tut public-hause for a penarth a yist, an't landlord or't landlady tells it they hev noan ta spare, cos it father duzant goa an drink thear.

It's not fair for a chap at macks hats, ta print or write "waterproof" it insides on em, when at same time he naws at thale run like a riddle.

It's not fair for a womman at goaze ta bye butter, ta scrape abit we hur thum-nail off a ivvery hauf paund homast at thear iz it market.

It's not fair for gentlefoaks, when thay want a job doing, to hurry it be sayin at thave sum cumpany cummin, when at same time thav nowt at soart.

It's not fair for a chap at's ridein in a railway carriage, ta hev't windaz hoppand and shut just as heeze a mind.

It's not fair for a womman ta goa into a linen-draper's shop, an, after looking an tummalin ivverything ovver at thear iz it plaice nearly, goa aught wethaught beyein owt.

It's not fair for a chap ta hoist hiz umbrella aghtside a coach on a rainy day, an spaaght watter inta uther foak's neck hoyles.

It's not fair for a docktor to goa tut cherch or chappil, an leave word for him ta be fetch't aght it middle at sarvice, when he naws he izant wanted.

It's not fair, when a man or womman leaves a cumpany, for them ats left ta backbite abaght am.

It's not fair, when you go into a barber's shop to be shaived, te hev yer noaze-hoyles stopt up we lather, or hev yer chin cut.

It's not fair ta bid onny boddy a good mornin, an at same time not mean it.

It's not fair for a tailor allas ta want as much cloath for a little man as he duz for a big un.'

A lady suggests to us that there is one 'It's not fair' omitted, and she requests us to supply it.

It's not fair, when you buy a reel of cotton, to find that, except a little thread on the outside, all the rest is wood.

MANX SUPERSTITION.

The Manx place great reliance on fire protecting them from the influence of evil spirits. Not a family in the whole island, of natives, but keeps a fire constantly burning, no one daring to depend on his neighbour's vigilance in a thing which he imagines of so much importance, and every one firmly believing that, if it should ever happen that no fires were to be found throughout the island, the most terrible revolutions and mischiefs would immediately ensue.—*Train's Isle of Man.*

*

HAPPINESS.

As in the sun the dewy violet trembles,
Trembles my spirit now with joy's excess,
So deep, that pain itself it nigh resembles,
Brimming with wordless, tearful happiness.
Oh let the incense of a thankful heart
Ascend to Heaven, as perfume from the flower,
That, seeing winter's shadow grim depart,
Lifts up its head unto the sun and shower;
Yet not forgetting, in the soft spring days,
The storms and frosts through which it safe has past;
Wearing life out in glad and loveful praise,
And calmly sinking down to earth at last,
Having its course fulfilled. Oh, then, may I
Thus thankful, hopeful live, and thus contented die!

D. M. M.

THE EDUCATION WHICH HALLOWS EXISTENCE.

A man is not to be considered as educated because some years of his life have been spent in acquiring a certain proficiency in the language, history, and geography of Greece and Rome, and their colonies, or in bestowing a transient attention on the principles of mathematics and natural philosophy; nor is a woman to be considered as educated because she can execute a difficult piece of music in a brilliant style, or speak French, German, or Italian with fluency. Such attainments require little more than mere mechanical recollection—the lowest of all the cerebral faculties; or the rapid transmission of an impulse from the sensitive optic nerve to the motor ones of the arms and fingers, which is nothing better than the instinctive movement of the animal; neither can the storing up the opinions of others, or the accustoming the tongue to the idioms of other languages, be properly termed an act of thought; for in such cases the capacity of combining ideas, of weighing and judging ere a course of action is adopted, remains even less exercised than in those who, though they are turned into the world with the mind, as it were, a *tabula rasa* to receive any impression, and too frequently a bad one, yet amid the difficulties and sufferings of poverty, sometimes learn to think. It is from the depths of man's interior life that he must draw what separates him from the brute, and hallows his animal existence; and learning is no farther valuable than as it gives a quantity of raw material to be separated and worked up in the intellectual laboratory, till it comes forth as new in form, and as increased in value, as the porcelain vase which entered the manufactory in the shape of metallic salts, clay, and sand. —*Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy.*

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

That any creature could be found to fabricate a net, not less ingenious than that of the fisherman, for the capture of its prey; that it should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange, that, if we did not see it done daily before our eyes by the common house-spider and garden-spider, it would seem wonderful. But how much is our wonder increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread, and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net itself is constructed; and to add to all this, as an example of the wonders which the most common things exhibit when carefully examined, the net of the garden-spider consists of two distinct kinds of silk. The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of a silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly which comes in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated by Mr Blackwall to contain 37,360 of these globules, and a large net of fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter, 120,000; and yet such a net will be completed by one species (*Eperia apoclica*) in about forty minutes, on an average, if no interruption occurs!—*Introduction to Zoology.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 162. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847. Price 1½d.

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

TUTELAGE.

Were we to ask a hundred men, who from small beginnings have attained a condition of respectability and affluence, to what they principally imputed their success in life, the general answer would be, 'It was from being early compelled to think for and depend on ourselves.' And, on the contrary, if at all curious as to ruination of prospects, a little inquiry would suffice to show that it was too commonly a result of having acquired no powers of self-reliance—of the whole of youth and part of manhood having been spent in a fatal dependence on others.

This would appear to be one of the unbending laws of nature. Not allowed, or not compelled to exercise itself, the mind becomes feeble, and incapable of independent thought; its proper energies cease to be evoked; and in many respects it is little better than the mind of an infant. Persons living in morbid indifference to surrounding circumstances, individuals whose whole waking existence is spent in the drudgery of mechanical occupations, and those whose movements are altogether regulated by others, usually possess minds of this emaciated character. Comparing such unfortunately-situated persons to plants secluded from the free action of the sun and atmosphere, their mental capacities may be said to be *etiolated*—robbed of all natural strength and beauty.*

What is true as respects an individual, is true as regards communities of people, and also whole nations. In Great Britain, at the present moment, there could be pointed out extensive rural districts, and likewise towns, the majority of whose inhabitants are evidently behind the rest of the country not only as respects an alert apprehension of knowledge, but the capacity to think and act according to the plainest principles of morals. A habitual trust in some kind of petty patronage, a reliance on antiquated immunities and advantages, and the want of frequent intercourse with the world, are in these instances the prevalent cause of mental deterioration. Nothing, as is well known, is more common than for persons at elections for members of parliament in certain towns in England to make a trade of selling their votes for sums varying from five to fifty pounds. One town so unfortunate as to be detected in these corrupt practices has lately been deprived of its franchise. It has always, however, been quite impossible to convince the inhabitants of such places that they are guilty of an immoral act. With minds deteriorated and depraved, they are heard to defend what all the rest of the world condemns; and I have no doubt of their sincerity. When to the debasing influence of bribes—as happens with a town of some note which I have in my eye—are added large corporation advantages in the form of patches of land rent-free, the demoralisation eats into the very core of society, and produces the most lamentable abasement. Relying on these miserable chances of plunder, and on endowments which may properly be called bounties on indolence, the inhabitants linger out a dreary existence, poor and uninterprising, venal, subservient, and thankless; and, worst of all, deprived of that vigour of intellect which could show them the infamy of their unhappy condition. For persons so diseased there is no hope, unless from an entire change of circumstances. Removed to scenes of mental activity, they may possibly be cultivated into the possession of qualities esteemed by the good and generous. 'Etiolated plants become green by exposure.'

There are numerous instances in history of entire nations becoming etiolated. From being bold, enlightened, and enterprising, they have become timid, ignorant, and inert; from being able to manage themselves, they have come to need some one to think for, to feed, clothe, and defend them, as if they were children. There are other examples in history of youthful nations remaining in a kind of etiolated state up to a certain point in their progress, and then, through a conjuncture of circumstances, assuming a healthful and vigorous frame of mind; the rule in these, as in the preceding class of cases, being the same—mental vigour only where there is full scope for mental exercise. Let us group a few of these various conditions of national character in our tableaux.

Military conquest, as was observed in a previous article, has been the principal agent of national ruin. There has always, however, been something besides. All depends on the sequence of action. Battles, slaughter, devastations in taking possession of a country, do not usually last long. The killing, the smashing, and the pocketing are soon over. A nation exposed to the calamity of conquest, may no more be prostrated by the event, than a man may be ruined by having his house robbed. All, I say, depends on what the plunderers do afterwards. Conquerors take possession of countries for one of two avowed purposes—either to make the new country their home, or to keep it on the avaricious principle of a led-farm. If they design to remain, casting themselves at the same time loose from their previous settlement, the conquest is usually conducted with temper and discretion. 'The wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right.' In other words, the victorious party performs an act of clemency and justice.

* Etiolation is that condition of a plant in which all the green colour is absent. Such a state is produced by want of light, and is artificially obtained by keeping plants in the dark, in order to insure their being more tender and insipid than is natural to them. Etiolated plants become green by exposure.—*Brande's Dictionary of Science.*

A thorough central management, in which the natives participate, is organised; things gradually clear up; and the people at large, who were at first so much panic-struck, look on the affair as of no serious importance after all. The conquest of England by the Normans finally assumed this pleasant character. William was king in Westminster instead of Harold, and there was an end of it, or nearly so.

It is a very different thing when an invading host retires after it has inflicted its first dread blow, and leaves the country in a subjugated and denationalised condition. From that instant the people, no longer permitted, or called on, to think decisively for themselves, become gradually emaciated in mind—etiolated. Their noble faculties wither and die, while subserviency, and many base and pitiful passions, take their place. By far the greater number of conquests have been of this permanently-ruinous character. The Romans always adopted the plan of leaving their conquered countries in the charge of servants delegated from headquarters; at one period they had as many as twenty large states tributary to their treasury, and undergoing this dismal process of demoralisation; each state, the longer it was kept, sinking the deeper into a condition of mental imbecility. Readers of history will here call to mind the character of the Britons at the final departure of the Romans, after four centuries of tutelage. From having been a courageous and active-minded race, they had become altogether poor-spirited, and incapable of planning any means of defence or self-government. Such was the abjectness of their situation, that they earnestly implored the Romans to remain for their protection. 'Stay, oh stay, to think, to act, to do for us.' A group of children left to shift for themselves could not have presented a more piteous spectacle of incapacity; and the Britons on this occasion were really deserving of pity. They could not be blamed for being etiolated. During four hundred years, a period of at least eight generations, they had, from father to son, never been allowed to interfere in public affairs. The Romans had managed everything, according to orders received by letters from Rome, or agreeably to certain laws, of which the Britons had no distinct knowledge, and for which they could entertain no respect. Driven almost out of their weakened senses by the refusal of the Romans to stay or come back to help them, and suffering from the vengeful incursions of the Scots and Picts, they sent an invitation to the Saxons to condescend to come and take charge of them. Never did mendicant pen so humble a petition. The following are the words, as given by a cotemporary historian of some credit:—'The poor and distressed Britons, almost worn out by hostile invasions, and harassed by continual incursions, are humble suppliants to you, most valiant Saxons, for succour. We are possessed of a wide, extended, and a fertile country; this we yield wholly, to be at your devotion and command. Beneath the wings of your valour we seek for safety, and shall willingly undergo whatever services you may hereafter be pleased to impose.' What a picture! England crying, 'Come, take me!' Poor etiolated Britons! We hope things were quite settled to your minds when Hengist and Horsa put brass collars round your necks, and sold you, as an article of commerce, at so much a dozen!

As the unfortunate Britons on this occasion passed under the yoke of the Saxons, so did the Greeks about the same period, and from precisely the same cause, sink under the thraldom of kindred Gothic tribes. Emaciated in mind, corrupted, and subservient, they no longer showed a vestige of their ancient national character; and, deserted by the Roman power, which had coddled them to their ruin, they became a defenceless prey to the northern invaders. So likewise did Spain, which had cost the Romans two hundred years to conquer, drop with comparative ease into the hands of the Goths. Four centuries as a led-farm of Rome had taken away all pith from its mental composition. And so likewise with Gaul, and other Roman dependencies. Of almost every one of them the same sorrowful tale may be told. They all went on well enough so long as their Roman masters held them in charge; but no sooner had the pro-consular governments been withdrawn, in consequence of a general derangement of affairs at home, than each submitted itself to the keeping of tribes of energetic intruders. According to the accounts of historians, the Roman provinces became the prey of Teutonic races, in consequence of an effeminacy of manners introduced from Rome, and also from the East. Historians, in presenting this reason for the dismemberment of the Roman empire, wrote according to the philosophy of their times. A better knowledge of social economics, and of the working of the human faculties, now tells us that luxury and refinement are not always causes of national degeneracy. Rude conquerors, abandoning themselves to unaccustomed indulgences, will no doubt lose their original character, as was the case with the invaders of Italy. The same explanation, however, will not suit the class of cases to which we allude. In these, the *primary* source of ruination, as I apprehend, lay in the emaciation of the people's minds, from lack of proper exercise. Kept in a state of tutelage, and disheartened by conquest, their nobler faculties were repressed, and only the meaner class of feelings and appetites found scope for indulgence. Hence the universal ruin which ensued on the withdrawal of the Romans. The parallel was everywhere complete. In all the countries which that great nation acquired by conquest, there was finally found a mean-spirited, shuffling, and slavish population. Jew, Greek, Spaniard, Gaul, and Briton were all alike modified by differences of race. Every one of them was less or more etiolated. There can be nothing more clear, from the uniformity of these facts, than that delegated national managements are invariably demoralising, and effect more permanently-disastrous results than the first crash of rapine and military conquest.

As the world now stands, it would not be difficult to select countries suffering under an enfeebled state of intellect chiefly from the influence of despotic or delegated managements, both equally overshadowing and injurious. What example more remarkable than that offered by the whole of modern Germany. From this vast region issued the great and impetuous hordes which overran the Roman provinces, and imparted a solid foundation to many European states. After a lapse of fourteen hundred years since the occurrence of these events, we in vain seek for a remnant of the valour, once the terror of the world. Fruitless would be the search for the slightest resemblance between the ancient Suevi, Alemanni, Saxons, Vandals, Lombards, Franks, and other great Teutons—the races, in short, among whom our own liberties were cradled—and the etiolated modern German nations. First subdued by Charlemagne, himself a Frank, and afterwards, in detached portions, passing under the thraldom of his less magnanimous successors, they have finally shrunk into insignificance, and been lost to honourable European

history—a hundred millions of people in a state of tutelage, stifling the recollection of a great name in the fumes of an odious narcotic, heard talking of liberty only at inglorious tavern brawls, and with every action watched over and regulated by a crew of moustached barbarians. Such is Germany, only the less etiolated because of its naturally vigorous mental constitution. How humiliating the spectacle which greeted the sight a few years ago in the 'free' city of Frankfort—cannons loaded with grape-shot pointing down the main street, and ready to be fired by a mixed Prussian and Austrian guard. An incomparable receipt this for national etiolation.

If desirous of seeing a few living specimens of mental deterioration, arising in no small degree from delegated management, the late Spanish dependencies in Central America will at once present themselves to our imagination. In these distant possessions the native races were barbarously annihilated, and the tributary states were peopled entirely by adventurers from the mother country. These settlers were by no means of inactive mental habits, and yet their descendants in Mexico and elsewhere have latterly proved their incompetency for independent national management. Ruled for centuries by a deputed and despotic authority, their attempts at self-government are among the most laughable things in modern history. Ignorant, idle, and quarrelsome, they would appear to be only waiting for a transatlantic Hengist and Horsa to put collars round their necks. And considering the manifold iniquities of their ancestors, who can pity them? Who also can entertain the smallest compassion for Spain, in this instance the great head-quarters of transgression? How startling for the present age to be called on to witness the punishment of outrages committed centuries ago by Cortes on the unoffending Montezuma!

Carrying our eye northwards along the American continent, we are presented with a lesson of another kind. Seventy years ago, Britain owned a number of dependencies facing the Atlantic, the seat of a peaceful and industrious population. Governed on the led-farm principle, there cannot be a doubt that the inhabitants would in time have become etiolated, and unfit for any independent line of action. A strange piece of mismanagement, however, on the part of the mother country saved them from this disaster. One day in the year 1764, an aged military gentleman presented himself to an assembly of notables in these distant settlements, and communicated orders to the following effect, in answer to certain remonstrances previously sent to the mother country:—'In the first place,' proceeded he, 'you, the people of this led-farm, are not in future to buy any article of manufacture whatsoever from any country but England. Secondly, you are not to sell any of your produce to any country but England. Thirdly, all the articles you buy from England shall pay a tax before you get them. Fourthly, you are not to manufacture a single article yourselves, in order that English tradesmen may not be cheated of your cash. Fifthly, these, and all other arrangements, according to statute made and provided, must be submitted to without inquiry or interference: for, gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you that you have literally nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.' This oration, though uttered with all the becoming dignity of a courtier, and although followed by an inspiring anthem from a regimental band, failed to have that weight which the venerable and too-confiding speaker anticipated. Those addressed had been for some time in the course of etiolation, but not being much gone in the disease, they took upon them to resist the proposed arrangements as unconstitutional. A good deal of haranguing, brawling, and fighting ensued; and the end of it was, that the aforesaid notables never stopped till they had turned out of the country all the old colonels and broken-down men of fortune who had been sent to govern and etiolate them. After that, the people bought and sold as they liked, manufactured what they liked, and managed their public concerns as they liked. Thus was insolence properly punished.

Without feeling any very decided prepossession in favour of the descendants of these contumacious Americans, it is impossible not to see that their minds are anything but etiolated. Two or three of the neighbouring states, which accidentally continued as led-farms at the great upbreak, have to all appearance got far into the etiolated condition: but beyond the early stages of the disease the Americans never went; and if anything be wrong with them now, it is an over, not an under, activity of brain. I repeat they may not be a people with many qualities to be admired; but, considering what they have done in seventy years, merely from being left to the untrammelled exercise of their own faculties, they may be allowed to have some grounds for boasting. In these seventy years, they have achieved greater things than they could possibly have attained in a thousand under the deadening influences to which they were originally exposed. How fortunate for human progress, how fortunate for Great Britain, their escape from etiolation!

Was it fortunate for us? No historical event was ever more so. Nations conducted at a distance, and under delegated management, cannot, in the nature of things, fulfil the ambitious desires of their owners. Providence would seem to have set a limit to the capacity of hired service, in order to check inordinate aggrandisement. Were it otherwise, the world would long since have realised the idea of universal empire. An Alexander, a Charlemagne, or a Napoleon, would have been king of all the kingdoms of the earth. The dishonesty, however, the petty selfishnesses, and other failings of delegated servants, not to speak of the varying contingencies of human affairs, will ever prevent this catastrophe. But, independently of these preventives, there is one which in itself would keep all extravagant expectations in check; and that is, the prescriptive burden which every nation imposes on itself, by dishonestly attempting to make another nation pay it tribute, either in the form of direct money contributions, or in a forced and unnatural course of trade.

A judicious father of a family endeavours to cultivate a power of self-reliance in his children; and having done his duty in this respect, he leaves them to themselves when the proper time arrives for their setting up on their own account. After this, the relationship is one of affection only. Why should nations act differently with respect to their conquests or offshoots? The true course of policy for nations of the paternal order, should consist in getting their dependencies as quickly as possible into a condition for managing their own affairs on a principle of growing nationality and independence; while their treatment of them in other respects ought to be of that generous and confiding nature which would leave on both sides a feeling of affectionate relationship. And all this, not because it would be best on economical grounds, but because it is preferable from moral and ulterior considerations. Nations should learn that they are not, any more than individuals, ex-

empted from the obligation of acting honestly and disinterestedly; that they cannot outrage natural and fixed laws without incurring the penalties of transgression.

Again, in closing these tableaux, does that terrible spectre, IRELAND, rise to oppress the imagination. What a noble country might it not have been, if exposed to a different course of circumstances since the period when it shone a star of light in an age of mediæval darkness! But regrets are now vain. All the Archæologist can do, is to wander amidst its glorious ruins, and search for traces of a refinement which centuries ago was laid ruthlessly in the dust. And must he not, in performing this classic and mournful pilgrimage, ponder on the transgressions of his ancestors, and fear that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children even unto the present remote and guiltless generation? If such be the doom, what an ending to an ignoble chapter of history—the most stupendous example of retributive justice which the mind of the moralist could conceive! An everlasting marriage of Intelligence to Imbecility—Truth to Falsehood—Industry to Sloth—Peace to Turbulence—Riches to Beggary—Life to Death! Let us drop the curtain, and hide the appalling spectacle. Not so, however, can we extinguish that maniac shout whose echoes linger dolefully in our ears—'Why did you take me?—why did you keep me?—why did you demoralise me, and unfit me for self-reliance? Now that my mind is gone, and I am in a state of idiocy, I shall cling—cling—cling to you for ever!'

W. C.

A STORY FOR A WINTER FIRESIDE.

BY MRS CROWE.

ONE evening on which a merry Christmas party was assembled in an hospitable country mansion in the north of England, one of the company, a young man named Charles Lisle, called the host aside, as they were standing in the drawing-room before dinner, and whispered, 'I say, Graham, I wish you'd put me into a room that has either a bolt or a key.'

'They have all keys, or should have,' returned Mr Graham.

'The key of my room is lost,' returned the other; 'I asked the housemaid. It is always the first thing I look to when I enter a strange bedchamber. I can't sleep unless the door is locked.'

'How very odd! I never locked my door in my life,' said Mr Graham. 'I say, Letitia,' continued he, addressing his wife, 'here's Charlie Lisle can't sleep unless his door's locked, and the room you've put him into has no key.'

At this announcement all the ladies looked with surprise at Charlie Lisle, and all the gentlemen laughed; and 'how odd!' and 'what a strange fancy!' was echoed among them.

'I daresay you do think it very odd, and indeed it must appear rather a lady-like particularity,' responded Lisle, who was a fine active young man, and did not look as if he were much troubled with superfluous fears; 'but a circumstance that occurred to me when I was on the continent last summer has given me a nervous horror of sleeping in a room with an unlocked door, and I have never been able to overcome it. This is perhaps owing to my having been ill at the time, and I can scarcely say I have recovered from the effects of that illness yet.'

Naturally, everybody wanted to hear what this adventure was—the programme being certainly exciting—and so one of the visitors offered to exchange rooms with Charlie Lisle, provided he would tell them his story; which accordingly, when assembled round the fire in the evening, he began in the following words:—

'You must know, then, that last year, when I was wandering over the continent, partly in search of the picturesque, and partly to remedy the effects of too much study, or rather too hasty study—for I believe a man may study as much as he pleases, if he will only take it easy, as the Irish say—I was surprised one evening by a violent storm of hail, and it became so suddenly dark, that I could scarcely see my horse's head. I had twelve miles to go to the town at which I intended to pass the night, and I knew that there was no desirable shelter nearer, unless I chose to throw myself on the hospitality of the monastery of Pierre Châtel, which lay embosomed amongst the hills a little to the east of the road I was travelling. There is something romantic and interesting in a residence at a convent, but of that I need not now say anything. After a short mental debate, I resolved to present myself at the convent gate, and ask them to give me a night's shelter. So I turned off the road, and rang the heavy bell, which was answered by a burly, rosy-cheeked lay brother, and he forthwith conducted me to the prior, who was called the Père Jolivet. He received me very kindly, and we chatted away for some time on politics and the affairs of the world; and when the brothers were summoned to the refectory, I begged leave to join them, and share their simple repast, instead of eating the solitary supper prepared for me. There were two tables in the hall, and I was seated next the prior, in a situation that gave me a pretty good view of the whole company, and as I cast my eyes round to take a survey of the various countenances, they were suddenly arrested by one that struck me as about the most remarkable I had ever beheld. From the height of its owner as he sat, I judged he must be a very tall man, and the high round shoulders gave an idea of great physical strength; though at the same time the whole mass seemed composed of bone, for there was very little muscle to cover it. The colour of his great coarse face was of an unnatural whiteness, and the rigid immobility of the features favoured the idea that the man was more dead than alive. There was altogether something so remarkable in his looks, that I could with difficulty turn my eyes from him. My fixed gaze, I imagine, roused some emotions within him, for he returned my scrutiny with a determined and terrific glare. If I forced myself to turn away my head for a moment, round it would come again, and there were his two great mysterious eyes upon me; and that stiff jaw slowly and mechanically moving from side to side, as he ate his supper, like something acted on by a pendulum. It was really dreadful: we seemed both bewitched to stare at each other; and I longed for the signal to rise, that I might be released from the strange fascination. This came at length; and though I had promised myself to make some inquiries of the prior concerning the owner of the eyes, yet not finding myself alone with him during the evening, I forbore, and in due time retired to my chamber, intending to proceed on my journey the following day. But when the morning came, I found myself very unwell, and the hospitable prior recommended me not to leave my bed; and finally, I was obliged to remain there not only that day, but many days—in short, it was nearly a month before I was well enough to quit the convent.

'In the meantime, however, I had learnt the story of Brother Lazarus—for so I found the object of my curiosity was called; and had thereby acquired some idea of the kind of influence he had exercised over me. The window of the little room I occupied looked into the burying-place of the monastery; and on the day I first left my bed, I perceived a monk below digging a grave. He was stooping forward with his spade in his hand, and with his back towards me; and as my room was a good way from the ground, and the brothers were all habited alike, I could not distinguish which of them it was.

"You have a death amongst you?" said I to the prior when he visited me.

"No," returned he; "we have even no serious sickness at present."

"I see one of the brothers below digging a grave," I replied.

"Oh," said he, looking out, "that is Brother Lazarus—he is digging his own grave."

"What an extraordinary fancy!" said I. "But perhaps it's a penance?"

"Not a penance imposed by me," replied the prior, "but by himself. Brother Lazarus is a very strange person. Perhaps you may have observed him in the refectory—he sat nearly opposite you at the other table?"

"Bless me! is that he? Oh yes, I observed him indeed. Who could help observing him? He has the most extraordinary countenance I ever beheld."

"Brother Lazarus is a somnambulist," returned the prior; "a natural somnambulist; and is altogether, as I said before, a very extraordinary character."

"What!" said I, my curiosity being a good deal awakened, "does he walk in his sleep? I never saw a somnambulist before, and should like to hear some particulars about him, if you have no objection to tell them me."

"They are not desirable inmates, I assure you," answered the prior. "I could tell you some very odd adventures connected with this disease of Brother Lazarus."

"I should be very much obliged if you would," said I with no little eagerness.

"Somnambulists are sometimes subject to strange hallucinations," he replied; "their dream is to them as real as our actual daily life is to us, and they not unfrequently act out the scenes of the drama with a terrible determination. I will just give you one instance of the danger that may accrue from a delusion of this nature. At the last monastery I inhabited, before I became prior of Pierre Châtel, we had a monk who was known to be a somnambulist. He was a man of a sombre character and gloomy temperament; but it was rather supposed that his melancholy proceeded from physical causes, than from any particular source of mental uneasiness. His nightly wanderings were very irregular: sometimes they were frequent, sometimes there were long intermissions. Occasionally he would leave his cell, and after being absent from it several hours, would return of his own accord, still fast asleep, and lay himself in his bed: at other times he would wander so far away, that we had to send in search of him; and sometimes he would be met by the messengers on his way back, either awake or asleep, as it might happen. This strange malady had caused us some anxiety, and we had not neglected to seek the best advice we could obtain with respect to its treatment; and at length the remedies applied seemed to have taken effect; the paroxysms became more rare, and the disease so far subsided, that it ceased to be a subject of observation amongst us. Several months had elapsed since I had heard anything of the nocturnal excursions of Brother Dominique, when one night that I had some business of importance in hand, instead of going to bed when the rest of the brotherhood retired to their cells, I seated myself at my desk, for the purpose of reading and answering certain letters concerning the affair in question. I had been some time thus occupied, and had just finished my work, and had already locked my desk preparatory to going to bed, when I heard the closing of a distant door, and immediately afterwards a foot in the long gallery that separated my room from the cells of the brotherhood. What could be the matter? Somebody must be ill, and was coming to seek assistance; and I was confirmed in this persuasion when I perceived that the foot was approaching my door, the key of which I had not turned. In a moment more it opened, and Fra Dominique entered, asleep. His eyes were wide open, but there was evidently no speculation in them; they were fixed and glassy, like the eyes of a corpse. He had nothing on but the tunic which he was in the habit of wearing at night, and in his hand he held a large knife. At this strange apparition I stood transfixed. From the cautious manner in which he had opened the door, and the stealthy pace with which he advanced into the room, I could not doubt that he was bent upon mischief; but aware of the dangerous effects that frequently result from the too sudden awakening of a sleep-walker, I thought it better to watch in silence the acting out of this fearful drama, than venture to disturb him. With all the precautions he would have used not to arouse me had he been awake, he moved towards the bed, and in so doing he had occasion to pass quite close to where I stood, and as the light of the lamps fell upon his face, I saw that his brows were knit, and his features contracted into an expression of resolute malignity. When he reached the bed, he bent over it, felt with his hand in the place where I should have been, and then, apparently satisfied, he lifted up his arm, and struck successively three heavy blows—so heavy, that, having pierced the bedclothes, the blade of the knife entered far into the mattress, or rather into the mat that served me for one. Suddenly, however, whilst his arm was raised for another blow, he started, and turning round, hastened towards the window, which he opened, and had it been large enough, I think would have thrown himself out. But finding the aperture too small, he changed his direction. Again he passed close to me, and I felt myself shrink back as he almost touched me with his tunic. The two lamps that stood on my table made no impression on his eyes; he opened and closed the door as before; and I heard him proceed rapidly along the gallery, and retire to his own cell. It would be vain to attempt to describe the amazement with which I had witnessed this terrible scene. I had been, as it were, the spectator of my own murder, and I was overcome by the horrors of this visionary assassination. Grateful to Providence for the danger I had escaped, I yet could not brace my nerves to look at it with calmness, and I passed the remainder of the night in a state of painful agitation. On the following morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I summoned Fra Dominique to my room. As he entered, I saw his eye glance at the bed, which was now, however, covered by other linen, so that there were no traces visible of his nocturnal visit. His countenance was sad, but expressed no confusion, till I inquired what had been the subject of his dreams the preceding night. Then he started, and changed colour.

'Reverend father,' said he, 'why do you ask me this?'

'Never mind,' said I; 'I have my reasons.'

'I do not like to repeat my dream,' returned he; 'it was too frightful; and I fear that it must have been Satan himself that inspired it.'

'Nevertheless let me hear it.'

'Well, reverend father, if you will have it so, what I dreamt was this—but that you may the better comprehend my dream, I must give you a short sketch of the circumstances in which it originated.'

'Do so,' said I; 'and that we may not be interrupted, I'll lock the door.' So having turned the key, and bade him seat himself on a stool opposite me, I prepared to listen to the story of his life, which was to this effect. While a child of four years of age, he awoke one morning and found that his poor mother lay a bleeding corpse by his side. She had been murdered during the night by a miscreant relative, in order to obtain some mean inheritance by her decease. The effect of the circumstance, with its painful details, had disturbed his infant faculties, which led to occasional fits, and to terrific dreams. These dreams, he added, sometimes made him feel as if he were under a stern necessity of performing the part of the murderer of his mother.

'And pray,' I inquired, 'do you select any particular person as your victim in those dreams?'

'Always.'

'And what does this selection depend upon? Is it enmity?'

'No,' returned Dominique; 'it is a peculiar influence that I cannot explain. Perhaps,' added he, after some hesitation, 'you may have observed my eyes frequently fixed on you of late?' I remembered that I had observed this; and he then told me that whoever he looked at in that manner was the person he dreamt of."

'Such,' said Charlie Lisle, 'was the prior's account of this strange personage. I confess, when I had heard his explanation, I began to feel particularly queer, for I was already satisfied that Fra Dominique and Brother Lazarus were one and the same person; and I perceived that I was in considerable danger of being the selected victim of his next dream; and so I told Père Jolivet.'

"Never fear," said he; "we lock him up every night, and have done so ever since my adventure. Added to which, he is now very unwell; he was taken with a fit yesterday, and we have been obliged to bleed him."

"But he is digging there below," said I.

"Yes," replied the prior; "he has a notion he is going to die, and intreated permission to prepare his grave. It is, however, a mere fancy I daresay. He had the same notion during the indisposition that succeeded the dream I have just related. I forgot to tell you, however, though you seem to have penetrated the secret, that this Fra Dominique changed his name to Lazarus when he accompanied me here, which he was allowed to do at his own urgent intreaty; why, I cannot tell, but ever after that conversation, he seemed to have imbibed a strong attachment to me; perhaps because I exhibited none of the distrust or aversion towards him which some persons might have been apt to entertain under the same circumstances."

'A week after this I was informed that Brother Lazarus was dead,' continued Lisle; 'and I confess I did not much regret his decease. I thought a man subject to such dangerous dreams was better out of the world than in it; more especially as by all accounts he had no enjoyment in life. On the day I quitted the monastery, I saw from my window one of the brothers completing the already partly-made grave, and learnt that he was to be buried that evening; and as I descended the stairs, I passed some monks who were carrying his coffin to his cell. "Rest his soul!" said I, as I buckled on my spurs; and having heartily thanked the good prior for his hospitality, I mounted my horse and rode away.'

Here Charlie Lisle rang the bell and asked for a glass of water.

'Is that all?' inquired Lady Araminta.

'Not quite,' said Charlie; 'the sequel is to come. My visit to the monastery of Pierre Châtel had occurred in the month of June. During the ensuing months I travelled over a considerable part of the south of France; and at length I crossed the Pyrenees, intending to proceed as far as Madrid, and winter there. Amongst the lions I had been recommended to visit was a monastery of Franciscans in the neighbourhood of Burgos, and I turned somewhat out of my road for the purpose of inspecting some curious manuscripts which the monks were reputed to possess. It was in the month of October, and a bright moonlight night, when I rang the bell, and requested to see the Padre Pachorra, to whom I had letters of introduction. I found him a dark, grave, sombre-looking man, not very unlike my old friend Brother Lazarus; and although he received me civilly enough, there was something in his demeanour that affected my spirits. The whole air of the convent, too, was melancholy; convents, like other establishments, taking their tone very much from the character of their superiors. As the monks had already supped when I arrived, I was served with some refreshment in the parlour; and the whole internal arrangements here being exceedingly strict, I immediately afterwards retired to my chamber, firmly resolved to take my departure the next day. I am not in the habit of going to bed early, and when I do, I never can sleep. By the time my usual sleeping hour is arrived, I have generally got so restless and nervous from lying awake, that slumber is banished altogether. Consequently, whenever I am under circumstances that oblige me to retire early to my room, I make a practice of reading till I find my eyelids heavy. But the dormitory assigned me in this Franciscan convent was so chilly, and the lamp gave so little light, that either remaining out of bed or reading in it was out of the question; so I yielded to necessity, and stretched myself on Padre Pachorra's hard couch; and a very hard one it was, I assure you. I was very cold too. There were not coverings enough on the bed to keep in my animal heat; and although I spread my own clothes over me also, still I lay shivering in a very uncomfortable manner, and, I am afraid, uttering sundry harsh remarks on the padre's niggardly hospitality. In this agreeable occupation, as you may suppose, the flight of time was somewhat of the slowest. I do not know how many hours I had been there, but I had begun to think it never would be morning, when I heard something stirring in the gallery outside my door. The silence of a convent at night is the silence of the grave. Too far removed from the busy world without for external sounds to penetrate the thick walls, whilst within no slamming door, nor wandering foot, nor sacrilegious voice breaks in upon the stillness, the slightest noise strikes upon the ear with a fearful distinctness. I had no shutters to my window, so that I was aware it was still pitch-dark without, though, within, the feeble light of my lamp still enabled me to see a little about me. I knew that the inmates of monasteries not only rise before daylight, but also that they perform midnight masses, and so forth; but then I had always observed that on these occasions they were summoned by a bell. Now, there was no bell; on the contrary, all was still as death, except the cautious foot which seemed to be approaching my room. "What on earth can it be?" thought I, sitting up in bed with an indescribable feeling of apprehension. At that moment a hand was laid upon the latch of my door. I cannot tell why, but instinctively I jumped out of bed—the door opened, and in walked what appeared to me to be Brother Lazarus, exactly as the prior of Pierre Châtel had described him to me on the occasion of his nocturnal visit to his chamber. His eyes were open, but glazed, as of one dead; his face was of a ghastly paleness; he had nothing on but the gray tunic in which he slept; and in his hand he held a knife, such a one as was used by the monks to cut their large loaves with.

'You may conceive my amazement,' continued Charlie Lisle, whilst amongst his auditors every eye was firmly riveted. 'I rubbed my eyes, and asked myself if I were dreaming. Too surely I was awake—I had never even slumbered for an instant. Was I mad? I did not think I was; but certainly that was no proof to the contrary; and I almost began to doubt that Brother Lazarus was dead and buried on the other side of the Pyrenees. The prior of Pierre Châtel had told me he was dead, and I had heard several others of the brotherhood alluding to his decease. I had seen his grave made ready, and I had passed his coffin as I descended to the hall; yet here he was in Spain, again rehearsing the frightful scene that Jolivet had described to me! Whilst all this was fleeting through my mind, I was standing *en chemise* betwixt the bed and the wall, on which side I had happened to leap out. In the meantime the apparition advanced with bare feet, and with the greatest caution, towards the other side of the bed; and as there were of course no curtains, I had a full view of his diabolical features, which appeared contracted with rage and malignity. As Jolivet had described to me, he first felt the bed, as if to ascertain if I were there; and I confess I was frightened out of my senses lest he should discover that I was not, and possibly detect me where I was. What could I have done, unarmed, and in my shirt, against this preternatural-looking monster? And to wake him—provided always it was really Brother Lazarus, and not his double, a point about which I felt exceedingly uncertain—I had learnt from Jolivet was extremely perilous. How-

ever, he did not discover that the bed was empty—his dream no doubt supplying a visionary victim for the occasion—and raising his arm, he plunged the knife into the mattress with a fierce determination that convinced me I should have had very little chance of surviving the blow had I been where he imagined me. Again and again he struck, I looking on with a horror that words could but feebly paint; and then he suddenly started—the uplifted arm was arrested—the pursuer was at hand: he first rushed to the window, and opened it, but being only a small lattice, there was no egress there, so he turned to the door, making his escape that way; and I could hear his foot distinctly flying along the gallery till he reached his own cell. By this time I was perfectly satisfied that it was no spirit I had seen, but the veritable Brother Lazarus, or Dominique, or whatever his name was—for he might have half a dozen *aliases* for aught I knew—though how he had contrived to come to life again, if he were dead, or by what means, or for what purpose, he could have persuaded the monks of Pierre Châtel of his decease, if the fact were not so, I could not conceive. There was no fastening to my door, and the first question that occurred to me was, whether this diabolical dream of his was ever repeated twice in one night. I had often heard that the magic number of *three* is apt to prevail on these occasions; and if so, he might come back again. I confess I was horridly afraid that he would. In the meantime I found myself shivering with cold, and was, perforce, obliged to creep into the bed, where indeed I was not much warmer. Sleep was of course out of the question. I lay listening anxiously, expecting either the stealthy foot of Brother Lazarus, or the glad sound of the matin bell, that would summon the monks from their cells, and wondering which I should hear first. Fortunately for my nerves it was the latter; and with alacrity I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and descended to the chapel.

'When I reached it, the monks were on their knees, and their cowls being over their heads, I could not, as I ran my eye over them, distinguish my friend the somnambulist; but when they rose to their feet, his tall gaunt figure and high shoulders were easily discernible, and I had identified him before I saw his face. As they passed out of the chapel, I drew near and saluted him, observing that I believed I had had the pleasure of seeing him before at Pierre Châtel; but he only shook his head, as if in token of denial; and as I could obtain no other answer to my further attempts at conversation, I left him, and proceeded to pay my respects to the prior. Of course I felt it my duty to mention my adventure of the previous night, for Brother Lazarus might on some occasion chance to act out his dream more effectually than he had had the opportunity of doing with me and Père Jolivet.

"I am extremely sorry indeed," said Padre Pachorra when he had heard my story; "they must have omitted to lock him into his cell last night. I must speak about it, for the consequences might have been very serious."

"Very serious to me certainly," said I. "But how is it I see this man here alive? When I quitted Pierre Châtel I was told he was dead, and I saw the preparations for his burial."

"They believed him dead," returned the prior; "but he was only in a trance; and after he was screwed down in his coffin, just as they were about to lower it into the grave, they felt that something was moving within. They opened it, and Fra Dominique was found alive. It appeared, from his own account, that he had been suffering extremely from his dreadful dream, on occasion of the visit of some young stranger—an Englishman, I think."

"Myself, I have no doubt," said I.

"Probably," returned the prior; "and this was either the cause or the consequence of his illness, for it is difficult to decide which."

"But how came he here?" I inquired.

"It was in this monastery he commenced his vocation," answered the padre. "He was only at Pierre Châtel by indulgence, and after this accident they did not wish to retain him."

"I do not wonder at that, I am sure," said I. "But why did he deny having been there? When I spoke of it to him just now, he only shook his head."

"He did not mean to deny it, I daresay," said the prior; "but he never speaks. Fra Dominique has taken a vow of eternal silence."'

Here Charles Lisle brought his story to a conclusion. 'How extremely shocking!' exclaimed Lady Araminta; whilst the whole company agreed that he had made out an excellent excuse for wishing to sleep with his door locked, and that he had very satisfactorily entitled himself to the promised exchange.

BOOKSELLERS.

Booksellers are an ancient and venerable fraternity. They are associated so intimately with the production of literature, that they may almost be considered a sort of authors themselves. And many of them have been authors in reality, so easy is the transition from handling to making a book. Tonson, Dodsley, Richardson, Murray, and Constable, the great names of the profession, were all less or more bookseller-authors, and besides writing volumes themselves, were the cause of hundreds of volumes being written by others.

As old as literature itself, bookselling had its Augustan age from the era of Tonson to Constable, a space of about a hundred years, beginning in the early part of the eighteenth century. During that great epoch the 'trade' revelled in quartos and octavos. Hume, and all the other eminent authors, came out first in quarto—the lordly two-guinea quarto; and having satiated the more eager and deep-pursed part of the community in that agreeable form, down they reluctantly came to the octavo—the moderate middle-class-of-society twelve-shilling octavo. These, these were the days, Mr Rigmarole! Booksellers then were booksellers. To sell a dozen quartos in a forenoon was a satisfactory way of doing business. The transaction had a pleasing farewell flavour.

There is nothing certain in this unsteady world. The quarto and octavo era came to an end. It went out with George III., the last of the kings who wore powdered wigs. Then was let in a deluge of democratic shapes and prices. Duodecimo, post-octavo, eighteenmo, sixteenmo, and a hundred other vos and mos, bewildered the aged members of the profession. Books at three-and-sixpence and half-a-crown were a rank heresy. 'Literature is ruined, and we are ruined with it,' was the melancholy dirge sung by many a worthy bibliopole. Things, however, were not by any means at their worst; but fortunately all the old booksellers, who delighted in the sale of quartos, and constitutionally adhered to queues, were dead and in their graves before this revolutionary movement ensued. Easy, says the proverb, are the steps to destruction. The eighteenmo, and other transitionary mos, having run their race, and half-crowns and shillings become no longer practicable, what did not 'the trade' endure when they saw an actual descent into brown money! This monstrous aggression on vested rights occurred in the reign of William IV., and was clearly one of those wicked attempts to founder the monarchy which marked that unhappy period.

Eighteen hundred and thirty-two, what have you not to answer for! Books at a penny! Worse still—books at a penny-halfpenny! Odd halfpence counted! How on earth would it be possible to reckon a profit of five-and-twenty per cent. on three-halfpence? Plain figures could not do it. It would require decimal fractions; but then where was the coinage to meet such a state

of infinitesimal reckoning? The legislature ought certainly to interfere. If it did not, there was only one hope left, and that was, that every one of the brown-money intruders would very shortly be ruined!

In this manner, with blended feelings of consolation and despair, the bookselling world looked on the revolution from silver to copper which broke out in 1832. As is always the case in revolutions, the universal notion was, that things would by and by return to their wonted condition, and that all would go on comfortably as usual—meaning thereby that the cheap-sheet nonsense would soon explode, and no more about it. This expectation was not creditable to the acumen of the bibliopolic community. Instead of setting their faces so generally against the change, and prophesying all sorts of bad endings to the new régime, they should have perceived—Jacob Tonson and Dodsley would have done so—that the cheap-sheet idea was nothing more than an exponent of the age. In the progress of human affairs, a time had arrived when nobody had any guineas, half-crowns, or shillings to spend on books. There was nothing left in the pockets of the human race but a few odd pence and halfpence. But, deplorable as was such a catastrophe, it happened that there was still as much money in the world as ever. The only novelty was, the dispersion of the money through a great many pockets: there being, for example, eight men each with three-halfpence, in place of one who formerly had a shilling. The change was not confined to books. Every object which could be manufactured by the agency of wheels instead of men and women's fingers, similarly, and about the same time, came down in price with a marvellous celerity. Where is the haberdasher who cannot show a piece of beautiful lace, which, within his remembrance, was sold at half-a-crown a yard, but is now offered at the humble price of three-halfpence?

Of all mad ideas, that is the maddest which anticipates a return of old usages in trade. Yet how common to see men endowed with rationality standing coolly by, in the hope that affairs will resume their previous character, and with all their might denouncing changes of which it should have been their duty to take advantage. One of the first principles of commercial wisdom consists in a ready adaptation to what is evidently about to become a new fashion of taste. To stand aloof and jeer is a piece of short-sighted folly, which carries with it its own punishment; because others less scrupulous minister to the popular fancy, and speedily leave their brethren nothing to laugh at but their own incredulity. Booksellers, we fear, were too long sceptical as to the permanency or propriety of the cheaper class of publications. Many, resisting them as long as possible, have even at the last given but a faint and ungracious adherence to that great modern principle of trade—small profits on numerous transactions, instead of large profits on few transactions. On the whole, however, considerable allowances for an entirely altered state of things require to be made. Booksellers with neat counters and prim shelves could not, with complacency, see the disorderly intrusion of bales of loose sheets, which threatened a demand for new accommodation, new book-keeping, and an addition of sundry new hands. The truth is, the poor 'trade' were taken a good deal by surprise, and out of that state they have not all as yet been able to come.

So much may be granted by way of palliation; but unfortunately no degree of allowance can exactly mend the matter. To our mind the fact is as clear as the sun at noonday, that the existing bookselling apparatus has failed as an enginery for the distribution of cheap literary sheets. To do justice to the recent innovations, an entirely new system of trade, supplementary to the other, would be desirable, in order to bring the distributive into harmony with the productive. Here is the way the thing stands. Twenty years ago, books were generally printed in small editions of seven hundred and fifty or one thousand copies; and for the distribution of these limited quantities the bookselling trade was strictly and well adapted. A new order of affairs ensues. Sheets, each a book of its kind, are printed by machinery to the extent of hundreds of thousands of copies. The number of sheets which our own machines alone turn out annually is ten millions; and this is but a fragment of the new kind of trade in literature. It may seem that, if we can manage to distribute ten millions of sheets through the ordinary channels of trade, there is nothing to complain of. This is reasoning which would do for the eighteenth, not for the nineteenth century. Let us grapple with particulars. Of each number of our Journal, about eighty thousand copies have for years been distributed. Fifty thousand of these are issued in monthly parts, and such are, to all intents and purposes, monthly magazines, purchased by the higher-class families. Thirty thousand are disposed of in single sheets, the way we really wish the work to be sold. Now, what are these thirty thousand cheap sheets among twenty-eight millions of people? Say that, with our Miscellany of Tracts, and other things, we dispose of two hundred thousand sheets per week, what is even that amount to the reading population of the British islands and colonies? Our object all along has been to reach the masses, but we cannot get to them. In vain, as we said in a late article, do we cheapen literature to the verge of non-productiveness; the persons for whom we write and incur hazards are not those, generally speaking, who become our purchasers. Our sheets are addressed to the cottage fireside; they find their way to drawing-rooms. Mr Knight—of whom the 'trade' have no little reason to be proud—makes, we believe, a similar remark. There is, he observes, a universal tendency for sheets to run into the book form; the proper interpretation of which seems to be, that the enginery for sheet distribution is imperfect, and that booksellers generally encourage the monthly part or book form, as everyway less troublesome.

The great question, however, remains—Do the masses, that is, the bulk of the manual labouring classes in town and country, really wish to buy literary sheets? Is it not all a delusion and fallacy for publishers like ourselves to imagine that these classes have a taste for reading, or that it is possible to create such a taste in them? After making every proper allowance for the unsuitableness of existing literary sheets, our own included, to the tastes of the working-classes, we are inclined to think that a large proportion of them would become purchasers if the article were brought distinctly within their reach. At present, few of them enter booksellers' shops; and unless a person frequent these establishments, he cannot, according to old-established usage, become a buyer of books. The only sure way to reach the masses is to act aggressively—take the booksellers' shop to their doors and firesides, and let them see and handle what is going on in the department of literature specially addressed to them. But who could undertake to send salaried agents to the doors of all the working-people of Great Britain, in the hope of selling them halfpenny tracts? There appears to us to be only two means by which the thing could be feasibly attempted. One would consist in country booksellers greatly altering the style of their operations. Instead of laying a parcel of new tracts or cheap popular books on their counters, and there letting them take their chance, they might either proceed themselves, or send persons in their employment, to call on all parties around likely to become purchasers. If well-worked, such a system would carry literature into every neighbourhood, and probably extend the sale of cheap and useful books immensely; and it would have the advantage of being carried out at scarcely any expense.

Should provincial booksellers find it inconvenient or impracticable to institute any such process, then another distributive enginery might be attempted. Small shopkeepers in the country, or in densely-peopled neighbourhoods, might safely and profitably adventure in the trade of selling cheap and popular tracts; and so

might individuals out of employment take up the business of hawking articles of this kind. A number of instances have come to our knowledge of parties, formerly in wretchedness, making a good livelihood by this easily-conducted trade, while at the same time they greatly extended the taste for popular literature. In a large town, where the sale of our Journal could not by the usual means be raised above fifty copies, an enterprising individual, stepping beyond the bounds of the 'trade,' elevated it with ease to twelve hundred copies. In another, but much larger town, the sales of our publications generally have been latterly doubled, merely by a bookseller in the place having incited a few men in poor circumstances to become peripatetic dealers. There is not one of these men, he tells us, who sells fewer than forty volumes daily of our Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts immediately after their publication; and all this over and above what the regular trade were in the habit of distributing. These, and other circumstances, convince us that the process of distributing literature has fallen considerably behind the age, and admits of prodigious extension through the agency of a new class of tradesmen acting aggressively on the masses.

Whether these rambling observations may have the effect of calling into existence such an agency as we speak of, is of course to be determined by time alone; but we mention a fact, by way of showing that our ideas on the subject are not altogether visionary. One day, about nine or ten years ago, a young man from the country waited upon us to crave our assistance. He was not begging. He told us that he had been a hand-loom weaver; that his trade was gone; that he could no longer subsist by it; and that he was determined to try something else. He said he had always had a taste for reading, and he fancied that he could make a livelihood by going about the country selling books and tracts. The only difficulty was this—he had no capital to begin with. Would we give him credit? All he wished was a small stock of our publications, to the value of L.2; and to show that we might rely on his integrity, he produced a certificate of character from the minister of a congregation to which he had been some years attached. This little bit of paper was all the young man had to depend on. His fate trembled on our decision. Starvation in one scale of the balance, a comfortable independence in the other. The latter went down with a bang. We gave him the credit he required. He sold the books in a few days, and came to pay some of his debt, and get more books. In a few days, again, he sold these, paid up a little more of his debt, and again had a fresh supply. Thus he went on, always getting the more cheerful and enterprising; extending his business round the country, and realising a comfortable livelihood. Where and what is he doing now? That once abject hand-loom weaver is at this moment a respectable bookseller in a country town, with a number of persons in his employment. From first to last he has dispersed a large quantity of our sheets and books; and of other publications his sales have doubtless been far more considerable.

The success of this person, whom we may call hand-loom weaver No. 1, incited another individual, whom we may call hand-loom weaver No. 2, to try the same sort of trade. We likewise granted him credit on the like terms; and he also, we are glad to say, turned out well, and is now in respectable circumstances. Hearing of all this, hand-loom weaver No. 3 made his appearance; and he, after a little inquiry, was placed on the same footing with his predecessors. No. 3, however, was a failure. Having got the two pounds' worth of credit, we never saw him more. The cash he got into his hands proved too heavy a temptation. There were, in his opinion, a great many good drams and bottles of porter in two pounds. And to indulge his appetite in these, he sacrificed a lifetime of respectability and comfort. At this moment he is precisely in the position from which he made the too ambitious effort some years ago to raise himself. In these anecdotes do we not see a miniature of the social world?—the true and honest man getting forward in his arduous enterprises; the false, the self-indulgent, the indolent, lost in the great gulf of human wretchedness.

JACQUES LAFITTE.

'If men make their boast of the honourable name, the rank in life, which they inherit from their fathers, why should it not be a much nobler boast to owe only to myself, to my own talent, my genius, my industry, name, and fortune, and position in society—to make them all, in short, for myself?'

Such were the reflections of a youth who, one morning in the year 1787, was hurrying, in much apparent agitation, along the street of the Chaussee d'Antin, and who now stopped, as if undecided what to do, before one of the handsomest hotels in Paris, which had been long the abode of a great banker.

No sooner had he passed through the gate, than a very natural feeling of timidity made the youth draw back a few steps, while his mild and pleasing countenance seemed to assume a still more pensive expression as his eye for a moment fell upon his plain coarse garb. The courage which had led him on so far had suddenly abandoned him, and he would have gone away as he came, if the concierge, or house-porter, who had been for some moments watching and smiling at his embarrassment, had not advanced towards him and inquired what he wanted.

'I wish to see Monsieur Perregaux,' replied he, encouraged by something in the look of the man.

'You can walk up stairs,' answered the porter, pointing to a wide handsome staircase, which our young hero ascended as if every step was made of fire, so much did he dread cutting with his hob-nailed and dusty shoes the soft rich carpets which covered it.

In the anteroom he found a great many people, and stood modestly in a corner, while the big tears were trembling in his eyes as he thought of his native town, of the paternal roof, of the companions of his childhood, and of the last adieu of his mother—her anguish, her fears, her admonitions.

'You have here a humble home, but still a home,' said she weepingly; 'what do you expect to do at Paris?'

'I want to make my fortune,' replied the young man, 'and then to share it with you, and my father, and my brothers.'

'Fortune does not always come to him who seeks,' said the anxious mother.

'But it never comes to those who do not seek,' replied the young enthusiast.

'Well,' said the fond mother, 'go, if it must be so; but should you not succeed, do not be ashamed to return to us. The house of your father, and the arms of your mother, will be ever open to you, and, like the prodigal, you shall have the fatted calf killed for you.'

He had laughed in his youthful ardour at the puerile fears of his mother. 'Not succeed!' said he to himself; 'impossible!' Nor was his faith shaken in the morning on which he left his home; for that morning was a lovely one in April, and how could he distrust the gracious providence of God, whilst the very air he breathed seemed redolent with his goodness? But as he drew near the end of his journey, the goal of his hopes, he began to feel some misgivings; and by degrees they took such possession of his mind, and of every faculty, that at the moment it came to his turn to have an audience of the banker, he would gladly have been anywhere else.

Monsieur Perregaux was standing in the window: he was reading a letter, and hardly raised his eyes as the youth entered, as if awaiting his speaking; but hearing nothing but a hurried breathing, he at length looked up, and perceived a very pleasing countenance, and lips parted as if to address him, but no sound was audible.

'You wished to see me, sir?' said the banker so courteously, that the youth recovered his voice and courage sufficiently to reply.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have neither name, nor fortune, nor station, but I have the will and the power to labour. Can you give me a place in your office? The lowest would satisfy me.'

'What is your name, young man?' asked M. Perregaux, unable to take his eyes off his interesting countenance, and reading talent in the bright eye that, in renewed hope, now fearlessly met his.

'Jacques Lafitte,' was the answer.

'Your age?'

'I am twenty; I was born in 1767,' answered he.

'Are you a Parisian?' was the banker's next question.

'No, sir; I am from Bayonne,' answered Jacques.

'What is your father?' rejoined the banker.

'He is a carpenter,' replied the youth; 'but he has ten children,' he hastily added, 'and I am come to Paris to try to help my father to support them.'

'It is a laudable design, young man,' answered the banker, 'but I have no place vacant.' Then added, as he saw the utter disappointment that marked that expressive countenance, 'at present at least. I am sorry that it is so, but another time, perhaps.' Then dismissing the youth with a courteous but imperative gesture, he was obliged to retire.

Everything seemed to swim before his eyes. He knocked up against the door, which he forgot to open; his foot slipped in the anteroom; and he nearly fell down the staircase. All the courage he had exerted—and more is necessary than may be at first imagined in addressing a great man and asking a favour of him—all this courage had failed as he heard the words of the rejection. He felt a kind of shame, nay, almost of remorse, at having exposed himself to a refusal; and the last words of the banker, and the last words of his mother, seemed ringing in his ears.

Slowly and with downcast eyes he was crossing the banker's courtyard, when a pin on the ground caught his attention. He stooped, picked it up, and stuck it carefully in the lining of the cuff of his coat. This action, trifling as it was, decided the fortunes of the carpenter's son.

M. Perregaux was still standing in the window, unable to shake off the painful impression left by the look of almost agonised disappointment which his refusal had called up to the interesting countenance of the young petitioner. Involuntarily he gazed after him till he left the room, and still followed him with his eyes as he crossed the court with slow and languid step, his youthful figure drooping under disappointment, and deep dejection marking every feature. Suddenly he saw him stoop to some object too minute for him to distinguish from the window, and pick it up. By the use he made of it, the banker guessed what it must be; and the strong impression made by this little incident upon his mind, is perhaps inconceivable by those who know not how accurately character may be estimated by trifles. It was sufficient to enable M. Perregaux to discern in the youthful suitor he had rejected a mind trained to order and economy. 'The man,' he said, 'who would not let even a pin be lost, must have habits of calculation, order, and steadiness;' and opening the window, he gave a slight cough. Jacques looked up, and saw the banker beckoning to him to come back. Quickly was he again on the handsome staircase; but we will not say that this time he was quite as cautious of spoiling the carpets; and once more he stood, with head erect, in the presence of the banker.

'You will grant my request?' said he to him in a tone of happy confidence.

'What makes you so sure?' asked the banker with a smile.

'Why otherwise would you have called me back?' said Lafitte.

'Quick intellect, order, and economy!—you ought to make a good clerk,' was the cordial response of M. Perregaux. 'Go to the bank; I shall be there immediately, and will set you to work.'

Such a mind as that of Jacques Lafitte could not long remain in a subordinate capacity. The Revolution broke out. At the time of the Assembly of Notables he was book-keeper; then cash-keeper; and in 1804, partner to M. Perregaux; and soon after, his successor and executor. In 1809 he was appointed director, and in 1814 president of the Bank of France, having been previously made president of the Chamber of Commerce, and judge of the Tribunal of Commerce for the Seine department, which in 1816 he was chosen to represent in the Chamber of Deputies. After the Revolution of July 1830, he filled some of the highest offices of the state. His whole career was honourable to himself and beneficial to others. Honourable to himself, for he was indebted, under Providential blessing, to his own talent and irreproachable conduct for his brilliant success; and useful to others, for he never lost an opportunity of doing good. His benefits are still fresh in the memory—the heart-memory—of many. A child of the people himself, he never forgot the first day he stood a suppliant in the anteroom of M. Perregaux; and never did heavy heart, that he could relieve of its burden, return unsolaced.

He died on the 26th of March 1844. Some short time before, he had sent for his grandchildren, the children of his only daughter, the Princess de la Moskowa; and having embraced them, and taken a tender leave of his wife, and daughter, and son-in-law, he gently expired without a struggle or any apparent suffering.

NATURE AT WAR.

THIRD ARTICLE.

I HAVE described the wise and complicated provisions against danger from without with which the system of created beings has been endowed; but it must be observed that a great portion of the weapons thus catalogued as mere defensive instruments, become, with equal facility, powerful organs of offence; and according to the circumstances, habits, or emergencies, may be used at all times in subservience to either end. It is my business now to direct attention more particularly to the aggressions of the animal kingdom—to that which, in a few words, may be designated as the system of prey. Before, it was the implements of conflict and protection; now, it is the warfare itself which is to be discussed. That the face of nature should be found, on a due examination, to be stained with blood and deformed with civil war; that it should be an ordinance of creation that the life of one should depend upon the death of another creature; that this green world should be the great theatre in which myriads of bloody dramas are daily enacted—all this, as has been remarked formerly, is sufficiently startling to him who holds narrow views of the system which governs our world. Yet I must be content to leave its defence for a future occasion, while it is my endeavour at present to trace still further the wisdom and design of the Creator of all things in the development of the second feature of our interesting subject. In considering it attentively, it will be found to resolve itself into two great divisions, to which almost all examples are reducible; these are *stratagetic* and *open warfare*.

I shall commence with *stratagems*. Of all predatory devices, that which involves the greatest apparent amount of superior sagacity is the *trap* or *snare*. It is a curious subject for reflection to find one creature thus employing its apparently superior intelligence to effect the destruction of some less gifted or differently gifted one; but the fact that, in preparing these devices, the creature is only acting in obedience to an impulse with which it has been endowed, and is consequently displaying no really higher amount of sagacity than that of the bird in preparing its nest, the rabbit its burrow,

the bee its cell, divests it of that undue claim upon our surprise with which the enthusiastic among the lovers of natural history would endow it. Traps and gins are not, however, by any means common artifices; but the interest which naturally attaches to such instances, wherever they exist, outbalances their deficiency in numerical variety. In the formation of these traps, the most wonderful evidences of engineering and mathematical capabilities are to be found united to a heroic patience under difficulties, and perseverance against obstacles, which might well read a moral lesson to mankind. The pitfall is a stratagem of this nature. The larva of a particular species of beetle, the *cicindela*, hollows out for itself a den which in some measure acts as a trap for all unwary insects that draw near it. The insect, after choosing an appropriate soil, immediately applies itself to its work, and commences operations by scooping out the earth with its jaws and feet. These labours it continues until it has formed a cylindrical cavity twelve or eighteen inches deep, the bore of which is perpendicular. The laborious little workman, in making this excavation, is obliged to bring up load after load of earth, like a bricklayer his mortar, upon its head from the very bottom of the pit. When the depth of the pit is remembered, a proper value will be set upon the arduous nature of this travail: the poor insect, in fact, is frequently so exhausted, as to be compelled to rest upon its way up to recover strength to proceed; an event which has been foreseen, and to provide for which it has an apparatus somewhat like an anchor, by which it can hold on to the sides of the cavity. The cicindela then secures itself to the inside of the hole, near its entrance, its head exactly fitting the aperture, and forming a kind of trap-door to it. Here the insect, in philosophic patience, and with its terrible jaws widely expanded, awaits the arrival of its prey. A vagrant beetle, or a stray caterpillar, or a heedless ant, comes by and by, steps upon the insect's head, and is instantly seized by it, and hurled to the bottom of its gloomy den, whither the successful stratagist instantly follows, to reap the reward of its ingenuity and the fruits of its patient labour.

There is a more famous pit-digger, however, to be found in the ant-lion, the *Myrmeleon formicarius*; and here we shall find a far more refined subtilty at work. When it is in the larva state, it excavates a funnel-shaped pit in the following manner. It seems to spend much care and thought in the selection of a proper spot, where the earth is dry, friable, and particularly where it is sandy; and this accomplished, it begins by describing a circle on the ground, the circumference of which is to be the limit of its trap. It then stations itself inside this line, and, with all the method of a human excavator, begins its work. It uses one of its fore-legs as the spade, and shovels up by this means a tiny load of earth upon its head, tossing it thence to a distance of several inches from the outer margin of the trap. Working assiduously in this apparently awkward fashion, it proceeds *backwards;* and when it has completed the circle, it turns round, and beginning another inside the last, it works on until it comes to the same spot again; and so on alternately. By this simple means it never overworks either of its legs. It steadily proceeds in its labour, until at length a conical hole, varying from one to three inches in diameter, is formed. The labourer then buries his body at the bottom of the trap, being careful to leave only his jaws above the surface, and thus he lies waiting for the first windfall. The reader will find, in writings upon entomology, most captivating accounts of this creature's wonderful patience and adaptive skill, to which it is sufficient for me to refer him if he seeks to know more concerning it. When an insect approaches the margin of the den, a little shower of sand rolls down, and calls the ant-lion to the *qui vive;* a step farther, and the intruder stumbles over the edge, and tumbles down, in a cloud of dust, into the embrace of its ruthless enemy. It is then instantly seized in the powerful jaws of the ant-lion; its juices are sucked out; and when sated with the draught, the artful epicure places the dead dry carcase carefully on its head, and carts it out of the pit. Sometimes the victim makes a struggle for its life, and scrambles with the speed of terror up the treacherous sides of the den; but in this case the ant-lion sends after it such volleys of sand, as usually bring the fugitive down again into its enemy's power.

These devices for entrapping prey are practised by insects generally possessed of very feeble locomotive powers, and appear otherwise incapable of obtaining a single mouthful of food. The ant-lion, for instance, cannot pursue its fleet-legged prey, and is, in truth, altogether unable to move in any but a retrograde direction; but ample compensation is to be found in the success of his stratagem, which is in general so great, as to supply a very dainty creature with an abundance of that refined sort of sustenance in which it delights. The margins of these traps, all bestrewed as they are with the mangled carcases of the victims of this destroyer, remind one of the old fables of the giants who feasted upon human victims, and covered the plain in the vicinity of their dens with the bones and mangled remains of their unfortunate prey.

Next in order in this stratagetic warfare, we meet with the system of gins. But both it and the preceding are artifices almost confined to insect warfare. The spider's web may be taken as the type of such plans in general. In its structure, in its adaptation to situation and circumstances, and in its different degrees of strength, are to be found the sole varieties which we are to expect in this department. The nets are of many different kinds. Some, from the geometric accuracy of their lines, have received a correspondent title; some are woven with apparently no such rigid arrangement, but consist simply of threads intricately interlaced, forming a cloud-like fabric which no human art can imitate; some are suspended perpendicularly, their ends tied to the sprigs and leaves around; while others are laid horizontally, swinging like a hammock from a stalwart series of supporting blades of grass. There is a kind of spider, common enough in Britain, which, after carefully constructing its net, forms a delicate cell for its own concealment somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, at the bottom of which it crouches down in expectation of its prey. Others cast forth and fasten down blue and delicate tacklings in an indiscriminate manner, trusting to chance to direct some insect against them. The lines of several kinds are covered with amazingly minute floccules of silk, which wrap round and firmly entangle any insect which casts itself against them. Among other varieties of spider network, is one which consists in a delicate purse-like cell forming the centre, from the margin of which several lines radiate in every direction. The spider places itself in this cell, taking hold of these lines; and as soon as an insect touches any portion of her tackling, rushes out from her concealment to the attack. Many of my readers must have seen, stretched upon the hedgerow, all glistening with drops of dew, a delicate whitish-looking net; this is the work of a spider which is concealed at the bottom of a silken-covered way near its margin, where it 'bides its time.' Add to these the performances of the aeronautic spiders, about which so much has been, and remains to be, written, and the list of web-like devices may be called complete.

To turn to the artifice of baits. This is altogether confined to the higher orders of creatures, and is a rarity even among them. It is well known that monkeys, and it is related that the racoon, when driven by want of other food to prey upon crabs, insert their tails into the holes where the crab lives secure; upon which the victim fastens upon the bait with its claws, and the monkey immediately runs away, dragging the crab out of its cell up the beach, when the ravisher breaks the shell and devours its contents. The ant-eater affords a remarkable illustration also of a similar ingenuity. This creature, on discovering an ant-hill,

stamps and scratches upon it with its feet, and makes such a noise, as to draw forth thousands of its angry tenants. It is then said to conceal itself in the herbage, and to thrust out its tongue, which is slimy, red, and about two feet long, into the midst of the swarm. The insects perceiving such a tempting morsel of red flesh within reach, crowd upon it, and cover it all over: and there they are held by the glairy viscidity of the tongue. and are drawn into the ant-eater's mouth and devoured. It is said that if the ants will not come out readily, the ant-eater will knock down their houses, and thrust his tongue into the thickest of the infuriated insects, being able to bid defiance to their attacks by reason of his impenetrable hide. Desmarest asserts that the *gulo*, or glutton, will mount up trees, gather the lichen from them, and fling it down as a bait for the reindeer, upon whose neck it drops if the bait is successful. This is not credited, however, by other naturalists. Pliny says that the *Lophius piscatorius*, or sea-devil, buries itself in the mud, and leaves only its long beards to be seen above the surface: the smaller fish seize upon these as bait, and are immediately drawn into the angler's mouth. It is only fair to add that this still rests upon his authority alone.

Ambuscades are a far more common means of capture among all classes of the animal kingdom. Evelyn in his travels in Italy gives a most amusing account of the manœuvres of a spider which he denominates a *hunter*, and stigmatises with being a kind of insect-wolf. This creature, it seems (which is also common in our gardens), on perceiving a fly at a little distance, would cautiously creep up to it, and after peeping over and carefully ascertaining the insect's position, would leap upon him like lightning, catch him in the fall, and never quit her hold until her belly was full. Lying in ambush is the customary resort of many carnivorous animals; thus the lion, tiger, panther, lynx, and many more of the feline tribe, bury themselves in the recesses of the bush or brake, or with a subtler cunning seek out some hiding-place near the water-track of deer or cattle, and bound upon their quarry with a terrific war-whoop. Some of them climb up trees, and patiently rest upon their branches until the prey passes beneath, when they shoot down upon its back. The *ichneumon*, in embellishing whose natural history inventive talent has exhausted itself, is related to feign himself dead until his victim is within reach, when he pounces upon and destroys it. The wretched Egyptians adored this brute as a deity, from the service it rendered them in the destruction of the eggs of the crocodile. It used to be said that the ichneumon darted down the crocodile's throat, and destroyed it by devouring its entrails, and then ate its way out again! The chetah and ounce, which are used in hunting the antelope, are the exact parallels of the venatorial spider. These creatures, when they perceive their prey in view, creep stealthily along the ground, concealing themselves carefully from sight, and when they have reached within leap of the herd, they make several immense bounds, and dart in upon them.

This is a sketch of the *types* of the stratagetic warfare carried on in all portions of the kingdom of nature. A scene of blood and rapacity opens upon us when we turn to the other division of our subject—*open war*. Among all classes, to speak generally of the animal kingdom, there exists this division—carnivorous and herbivorous animals; some being partakers of both peculiarities, and therefore called omnivorous. One of these great classes subsists by making war upon its own department in creation; the other by preying upon the vegetable productions of the earth: and so intimate is the connexion between bloodshed and ferocity, that, as a common rule, the creatures belonging to the first class are conspicuous for their savage, unappeasable, untameable dispositions, while the latter are peaceful, and, excepting in the event of an attack, commonly inoffensive animals. Thus it is with the predaceans of the carnivorous kind that our present business lies. Giving once more a brief precedence to insects, we find scorpions and others furious cannibals, and after a general combat, setting to and devouring the dead bodies of their slain. There is a sand-wasp or *sphex*, which is a fierce creature too; he will pounce upon larvæ, large spiders, and other insects, and even cockroaches, plunging his sting into their bodies, and then at leisure consuming them. Some flies will also thrust their prey, small aphides, through with their weapons, and devour them in astonishing numbers. Kirby gives a very pretty account of the destruction wrought by our familiar little friend the lady-bird, which, he says, does incredible service to the hop-growers by consuming tens of thousands of the hop-fly. When the cicindela is in its perfect state, it is also a fearful destroyer of the insect race. Linnæus has called it the insect tiger. It has formidable jaws and fangs, and from its strength, vigilance, and velocity, is the terror of the insect world. The dragon-fly, or *libelullina*, is equally terrible, both in its larva and pupa states. An anecdote is related of a combat between the pupa of a dragon-fly and a stickleback, in which the former with its jaws and forceps attacked the stickleback, and after an obstinate and bloody contest, at length obtained the victory. Wasps, ants, hornets, earwigs, water scorpions, and many others, labour under the same stigma. Some of them seem almost to murder for murder's sake, and will destroy a number of insects without an attempt to devour them. In fact these insects scarcely seem to know what the sentiment of fear is, and with surprising courage will attack and overcome enemies much their superiors in size.

The carnivorous birds likewise wage a deadly warfare upon their own race, and upon the weaker animals. They are generally solitary creatures. To use Goldsmith's words—'They prowl alone, and, like robbers, enjoy in solitude the fruits of their plunder. They spread terror wherever they approach: all that variety of music which but a moment before enlivened the grove, at their appearing is instantly at an end: every order of lesser birds seek for safety either by concealment or flight, and some are even driven to take protection with man, to avoid their less merciful pursuers.' The eagle, in the stern majesty of superior strength and fierceness, is the head of rapacious birds. In his wake follows the audacious and cunning osprey, which is guilty of both robbery and murder, darting upon diving birds, and snatching their prey from their beaks. The *piggargus* and the bal-buzzard are also constantly engaged in mutual warfare. The condor, by its size, weapons, and evil habits, ranks even higher for his deeds of blood. Humboldt asserts that this bird and its mate will attack a deer, wounding it with their beaks and talons until it drops with exhaustion, and is soon destroyed and devoured. He adds, that the mischief done to cattle and sheep in its vicinity is immense. The vulture, though entertaining a preference for the *haut gout* of corruption, will nevertheless pounce upon so large a creature as a heifer, if it lies down upon the ground, and succeed in destroying it. And last, not least ferocious, is the valiant shrike or butcher-bird, which seems possessed with a spirit of the intensest hatred to all the feathered race. Its name is derived from the circumstance that they are said, when they have killed their prey, to spit it, as human butchers their meat, upon some thorn, until they are at leisure to devour it. In mentioning further the names of the falcon, hawk, buzzard, and kite, and in barely alluding to the birds which go forth to prey at night, the subject will have received a sufficient illustration.

The ocean is the vast arena in which the practice of mutual destruction reaches its climax; for this reason, that fish, as a general rule, exist by devouring their smaller, weaker brethren, or are insectivorous creatures: so that, before the pike or the salmon can make a single meal, they must have imbrued themselves in the blood of some of the animated beings which crowd the waters or float in the air. The crustaceans—the crab

and lobster—particularly distinguish themselves in this conflict. With a courage inspired no doubt by conscious impregnability, some of them will go thrashing up the mud along shore, and recklessly seizing upon and devouring whatsoever comes within grasp of their Herculean forceps. But when their moult comes on, when they have lost their stout defences, they are placed in a pitiably helpless condition, and in this state suffer the full vengeance of retribution, falling victims in myriads to the thousand chances and enemies of the sea. There is a species of *trochus*, or sea-snail, which is even more formidable than the crustaceans. This creature is a universal belligerent, and while dreaded himself, seems to dread no foe. He has a kind of borer, with which he will attack the thickest shell; and, like the gulo, assiduously stick to it until he has penetrated it, and destroyed its unfortunate occupant. The doredo, the mortal enemy of the persecuted flying-fish, is a very ravenous creature; and the shark, sword-fish, and dog-fish, whose ravages among the tenants of the waters are famous, have become familiar synonymes for rapacity and cruelty; while the great whale destroys at a gulp millions of the clio borealis. Among reptiles, the blood-thirsty crocodile occupies a prominent position: he is the enemy of man and beast; and whatsoever creature ventures down to his abode, he attacks with equal fearlessness and ferocity. Terrible battles between tigers and crocodiles are on record, in which, while in his own element, the latter has generally been victor.

Here I will take my leave of these deeds of animal rapacity. If the illustrations to which I have confined myself appear to the lover of natural history, as indeed they are, cramped and incomplete, it results not from the deficiency, but from the very superabundance of the material—the difficulty having been a sufficiently rigid selection and condensation.

VISIT TO RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LIVERPOOL.*

The establishment of what were called 'Ragged Schools' in London, lately induced several benevolent and influential gentlemen of Liverpool to organise a few schools of the same kind in that town. Subscriptions were accordingly made, a managing committee appointed, rooms hired, and salaried professional teachers elected. The town of Liverpool contains large numbers of children who never attend day-schools, and who grow up with little or no school instruction. The field for such Ragged Schools is therefore very extensive. It was resolved by the committee that all children, from the ages of six to seventeen, should be allowed to attend the schools without any charge whatsoever. All who presented themselves were to be received; but to prevent overcrowding, as well as to restrict the schools to that class for which they were more particularly intended, none were taken who were actually in attendance at a day-school, unless there was sufficient room in the Ragged School for them. Operations were commenced in July 1846. The schools for boys meet every evening (excepting Saturday and Sunday), from seven to nine o'clock; and for girls on the same evenings, from half-past six to half-past eight o'clock. There are now in operation two schools for boys, containing one hundred and thirty, and two for girls, containing one hundred and forty pupils. A few notes of visits lately paid to these schools may perhaps be of interest to the readers of this Journal. It must be premised, that as yet the schools can only be considered in their infancy, and have been planted only in one quarter of the town. Their extension will of course depend upon the success of the plan, and the liberality of the public.

It was not an easy matter to reach the first school to which I was directed. At length I discovered it at the end of one of the streets leading to the docks, and in the midst of a locality suitable for its humane operations. A low building, without windows to the street, through the door of which gleamed bright light, was the school. The interior was rude and rough, and the walls were little more than a shelter from the weather. The floor was flagged, the bare brick walls whitewashed, and there was no ceiling, the room being lighted during the day by skylights in the roof. A few seats and desks ranged in the room accommodated the pupils, about seventy-five in number; a small stage was erected for the teacher; and at one end of it an extempore form had been made by placing a rough board, with its end resting on empty barrels, on which several boys were seated, practising writing on slates. There was neither fireplace nor stove in the room, but it was well lighted by gas, the heat of which, combined with the respiration of the pupils, rendered the air most unhealthy.

It was indeed a 'Ragged School.' Cold as the night was, many of the boys wore neither shoes nor stockings. The clothes of many were in tatters, and had evidently had several owners before coming into the possession of their present wearers. A few were in fustian dresses that had long ago lost their whiteness in the workshop. The faces of several were very dirty, and their hair hung in tangled masses about their ears; but out of the dirt and disorder gleamed bright piercing eyes, whose lustre nothing appeared to dim. Many had evidently come to school with 'new-washed' evening 'face,' but not one came 'creeping like snail,' or unwillingly. The boys were of all ages, from six to seventeen, and were all busy and cheerful. There was only one exception. This was a strong wild lad, of about fifteen, who was resting his head on one of the benches, apparently asleep. He was dressed in a wide jacket of rough blue flannel, his hands and face were unwashed, and a phrenologist would have found in his head a remarkable development of Combativeness and Destructiveness. This lad wrought in a foundry, and the teacher described him as the most troublesome pupil—a self-willed, mischievous boy, whom it was a relief to see doing *nothing*. Still, this lad had received a little smattering of knowledge. He was in course of being 'broken in,' and might (such things have been) become a rough energetic engineer on some line of railway not yet 'provisionally registered.' However, here he was reposing on the desk, under the master's platform, while an advanced class of about eight or ten boys, collected around him, were reading from Chambers's 'Simple Lessons.' The lesson was a short account of the life of Mungo Park, and was read in a very passable manner. The answers to the questions put to the boys showed how attentive they had been to the sense as well as the words. The lesson being finished, the master was about to collect the books, when he was called away, as he often necessarily was, to another part of the room. It was interesting to observe that the boys, instead of closing the books, laying them aside, and then teasing each other, as some would have expected, still continued to read, but not aloud; and when the master came back, the books were given up with the greatest reluctance, each boy retaining his as long as he possibly could. The books seemed to have opened up a new world, and appeared to convey a pleasure as intense as it was rare. One boy in this class, who was very intent on his book, was as 'dusty as a miller,' and I found that he was a baker's boy, whose daily employment for some years had been to go out with bread, and do other drudgery in a baker's shop. Here was another attentive lad, with blackened face and horny hands, who had been attentively listening to the story of Mungo Park, and who told the teacher, as he left school, that he could not attend during the following week, as he wrought in a foundry, and was then required to take his turn, with many others, at night-work. The teacher said that he had many such pupils.

On one of the platform seats were about a dozen young boys learning to write on slates placed on their knees. Some could write their own names, but the

* This article has been forwarded to us by a gentleman resident in Liverpool.—Ed. *C. E. J.*

majority were learning to form single letters. One little boy, about eleven years of age, was labouring anxiously to form the vowels on his slate. He was without stockings or shoes; his little clothes were ragged and worn, but there was an evident attempt to make them look as clean as could be. He said he had never attended a day-school in his life; that his mother was a widow, probably living in one of the Liverpool cellars; that she kept a mangle; and that he, poor little fellow, was required all day long, when he should have been at school, to attend and turn it. There he sat, his whole soul absorbed in the attempt to form the letters *a, e, i, o, u.* Beside him was a little rogue, younger even than himself, who had the good fortune to be attending a free day-school in connexion with a church, and who looked down on his less-favoured comrade as a peer would regard a commoner. Here, again, was another lad, about the same age, employed also in writing. This boy *had been* at a day-school. He was only twelve years old, and his school experience had already become a thing of the past. His father was a coal merchant in a small way, and this boy had, during the day, to go about with coals. A little further on was another writing-class, who had advanced so far as to write in books with pen and ink, and at a regular desk. At another bench was an arithmetic class; some learning to make figures, others working questions in proportion and simple interest. One rough, hardy, weather-beaten boy was as far as mensuration. He was an apprentice to a stone mason. Another boy, about fourteen, who attended a free-school during the day, was working questions in simple interest with great quickness and accuracy. In another corner of the room were four or five young boys learning the names of the letters of the alphabet, and also receiving some knowledge of objects by means of a few coloured drawings. The master was assisted in his labours by a few young men, who gave their services out of pure love for the work. There was more order preserved than might have been expected; and though the noise of so many classes proceeding at one time was considerable, still it was the noise of work, not of idleness.

The school closed at nine o'clock, and at half-past eight o'clock the books, slates, &c. were collected and put away. The boys all took their seats in front of the master, who read to them from the platform a portion of the life of Benjamin Franklin. It so happened that on this evening the teacher concluded the story of the life of Franklin, the same space on several previous evenings having been devoted to the rest of the life. The teacher took care to make the narrative as simple as possible, and made a practical application of the events in Franklin's life to the boys assembled, with the view of giving them encouragement not only in their studies, but likewise in their various occupations in life. It was really pleasant to notice the attention that prevailed among the boys, and the eagerness with which they drank in the narrative. Questions that were put to them elicited answers that showed they well remembered what had been told to them before. The greater number of these boys were engaged in labour of some kind during the day, and they were asked, in connexion with Franklin's life, if they liked to work? Only one boy, another apprentice in a foundry, answered 'No.' But on being questioned, he could give no reasons for his answer, and advantage was taken of the circumstance to give a short and pointed lecture to the school on the usefulness and honourableness of labour. A short hymn was then sung, in which all the boys joined, and the school closed.

The room in which this school met was, shortly after my visit, required as a soup-kitchen, and the boys were removed to another room in the same quarter of the town. Later in December I happened to pay a visit to it also. The room was used during the day as a girls' school, and was more convenient and comfortable, though not so large, as the first. It could not accommodate all the boys, and a desk and seats had to be placed in the narrow lobby by which it was entered, to receive an advanced writing-class. On entering, two boys whom I had seen in the school at its old room sprang up, and asked me to decide which of their copy-books was the better written, both being quite proud of the progress they had made. In the room itself there was scarcely space to turn—boys reading, boys writing, boys calculating on every side. From this school I passed to another containing about forty boys, all of the same class as was found in that already described. Here the teacher was engaged with a class which was reading a poetical description of country life; and so completely town-bred and ignorant were nearly all the boys, that the teacher required to give an explanation of many of the unknown things alluded to in the lesson. The boys were most attentive, and read the lesson over and over again with great delight. In one corner I noticed three boys, the oldest about twelve, and the other two probably three years younger. Not one of the trio had either shoes or stockings; their dresses were all most ragged and torn; and they evidently belonged to the very lowest class of the population. 'The force of "raggedness" could no farther go.' One had a pencil in his hand, with which he pointed out to the others the names of the letters of the alphabet—an office that he performed with great pride and glee, in spite of his ragged clothes. His two pupils were all attention, and went over the names quite glibly. All the other boys were either writing on slates, or solving questions in the simple rules of arithmetic. One boy, about fifteen, was very vain of his progress, but he could not solve a question in multiplication. Though this lad was not at all dexterous in arithmetic, his 'education' had evidently been very extensive, for he was extremely sharp and 'wide awake.' His employment during the day was to carry out 'bottled porter' from a dealer to his customers.

Leaving this school, I proceeded to that for girls, which is kept in an airy room, well-lighted and heated. Two girls' schools have been established, both of which were obliged to meet in this room for a time, as the schoolroom of one was required for those boys who formerly met in that which is now the soup-kitchen. The girls were singing the closing hymn as I entered. There were nearly one hundred present, the majority being under fourteen years of age. Many were very young. They were much cleaner and neater in their appearance than the boys, and their conduct was far more orderly and quiet. At least one-half of them were without bonnets, and many had no shoes or stockings. The employments during the day of a great number of these girls are selling sand and wood-chips in the streets. They attend with considerable regularity, and two or three of the older girls have made sufficient progress to entitle them to become monitors. The girls' classes are conducted by female teachers, and kept altogether separate and distinct from those for boys.

A few other Ragged Schools have lately been opened in connexion with some of the places of worship in Liverpool.

Speaking generally, the pupils in these schools seemed to be careful, attentive, and diligent in their lessons, and their attendance is as regular as can be expected. The schools have now (January) been open without any interval for a period of six months; and many boys, as well as girls, have attended during the whole of that time.

Their attainments at entrance, as might be expected, were found very meagre, and it has been necessary to teach many their letters. The amount of instruction given in such schools must of course be small; for with such numbers of idle, undisciplined boys and girls, what can even the most iron-bodied and earnest-hearted teacher do? Still, these schools are doing good work. They descend to the very depths of society, and carry some glimmerings of light into the most benighted part of the population. They tame rudeness, and implant habits of decency and order, and that in itself is a great

object. They create a taste for knowledge, which will remain with the pupils through life. It will be years before the fruits of the work are seen; but while many men of eminence have acknowledged themselves greatly indebted to the instruction received in charitable institutions, we may yet hear men declaring that they owe their distinction to the work which they began while ragged boys in a 'Ragged School.'

THE ART-UNION.

THAT the present is a great and satisfactory epoch in the progress of the British nation, can hardly be doubted. Former times had their men, but now we have a general diffusion of the things which made the men illustrious. The age has neither a Shakspeare nor a Milton, but the capacity to apprehend and appreciate both is far more common than in their own day. We no longer write, perhaps, like the giant authors of old, for distant generations: genius no longer turns away, sick and indignant, from the unconsciousness around, to fix its longing gaze on futurity. Our great living writers are the exponents of their own time, and a man who has anything to say worth the hearing, is sure to find a numerous and intelligent audience.

The advance of the national mind is satisfactory, not so much from its rapidity, as from its consistency. Although some departments of knowledge may be less cultivated than others, we are now a *generally* informed and enlightened people; and although the direct tendency of the age may be towards the useful and practical, we are far from neglecting the beautiful and ideal. This indeed may almost be said to involve a distinction without a difference; for the influence of both upon the minds and moral destinies of men is pretty nearly alike. At all events, luxury appears to succeed comfort by a natural law, and the cultivation of taste to grow out of the abundance of coarser acquisitions. The cotton manufacture, for instance, was an achievement of the practical spirit of the age. It gave us cheap clothing, but it did not stop there. Possessing cheap clothing, we set to work to improve and adorn it; till what was at first a source of mere animal comfort, became a fountain of taste and elegance.

If the triumphs of art do not in our day keep pace with the triumphs of science, there is at least a feeling for the beautiful diffused much more widely among the people than at any former period of the national progress; and as sound principles of taste are all-important in a state of movement like ours, we are proportionably pleased with the success of a journal devoted to the task of affording the public 'the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of art.' The 'Art-Union'* is now too well known to require any detail of its objects; but we may inform such of our readers as are not already acquainted with it, that they will find in its pages every kind of information concerning art and artists, both in this country and abroad, and that the work takes its name from the alliance which has of comparatively late years been established between the fine and useful arts. The chief literary feature of the part commencing the New-Year, is a statement of the Prospects of British Art; in which we are well pleased to find just discredit thrown upon government patronage, and the best influence declared to be that of 'educated example acting upon a sensitive, generally educated people.'

'Exhibitions of the fine arts,' says our author, 'and expositions of the manufacturing and mechanical arts, are now common to all our large towns; and we defy the greatest sceptic to doubt that there is real progress. In decorative art there has been also a great advance. To the advantages derived from science as applied to the arts, and of which we have almost daily evidence, it is unnecessary for us to do more than allude. Of architecture we shall speak with reference only to that which is observable in street improvements; particular buildings indicate alone the talent of some eminent architect—a point we are not discussing; but it is from general results we must deduce the proof of general progress. Judging by this, then, who can deny that, within the last twenty years, greater general progress has been made than in a century prior to that date? The buildings in the new streets of the metropolis exhibit at intervals a well-designed and richly-decorated mass, or are marked with breadth and simplicity, combined with much novelty and appropriate treatment. Many houses recently erected also, such as those at Kensington—although at times reminding us of some delineated by Durand—have at least this merit, that, if not entirely original, they possess grandeur, and are effective. Not the least cheering in this branch of art, too, is the fact, that almost all our recent public buildings, of which opinion has favourably spoken, are from designs of artists comparatively unknown.' In painting, we are declared to rival fairly the French and German schools; many of our artists exhibiting 'a vigorous and pure imagination, great knowledge of character, skill in its delineation, aptitude to represent the dramatic incidents of life with truth, and domestic scenes with feeling.' Sculpture is said to be 'chiefly resigned to busts;' but surely some mention might have been made of the works, few as they may be, which give its character in this department to the time. In engraving, 'English artists occupy confessedly a very high place.' But they are unable to rival the productions of the continental engravers of the works of the great Italian masters, just as in painting we fall short of the genius of the latter themselves.

The prospects of art are declared to be highly satisfactory. 'We know it is the custom to assert of the aristocracy and the upper classes, that art among them is considered only as the appanage of rank and wealth; but it is not so. Knowledge and taste are combined, among the majority of these classes, with a liberal appreciation of the artist. Neither is this a mere fashionable, but a truly intellectual feeling. Thus we find in the manufacturing districts manifest signs of improvement—in design, in the chemical knowledge of colour, the laws of its employment, greater novelty and correctness of form; and that works of the commonest kind are now conducted upon principles which produce the highest. That an improved feeling does exist, we are proud to acknowledge, and far more to admit and to combine with it that which is observable among the middle and lower classes. There is now hardly a house you enter in which some engraving at least is not found, after an English artist, that, but two generations ago, would have been held as only suited to the palace. No love of art! Go into the cottages of the poor, and see how art has displaced the prints of the "Twelve Knights," the titular "St George and very Apocryphal Dragon," the "Golden Game of Goose," and tawdry dramatic incidents from the stores of Messrs Belch and Langley, by Scripture illustrations, and cheap reproductions of works of a good class. No love of art! Why, art has descended to teaboards, and refines even the productions of papier mâché. We repeat again, let our readers but refer to the pages of the "Art-Union" for the last year; it will guarantee our assertion of the present progress, and our hope of the future prospects of art as founded upon that progress. Yes, great as has been the extension of literature, will be that also of art; for art appeals to the same faculties of the mind for its appreciation. Like literature, it has its origin in fancy and the imagination, and is equally the type and relater of moral and historic truth.'

This part, like many former portions of the 'Art-Union,' contains numerous specimens of engraving of very high merit. A portrait of the Queen, by H. Robinson, after a miniature by R. Thorburn, is the frontispiece, and will probably be considered the best resemblance extant. A fairy tale by Mrs S. C. Hall,

* A Monthly Journal, 4to., with illustrations. Published by Chapman and Hall, London.

which in itself is one of the chief attractions, is exquisitely illustrated in wood; and, upon the whole, in estimating the prospects of British art, we ought to include among the best evidences on the favourable side, the enlarged size, increased merit, and consequently enhanced price, of the 'Art-Union.' We may conclude our notice by extracting the following passages on house decoration:—

'When Louis, the reigning sovereign of Bavaria, commanded the construction of a new palace, he said to his architect, "I desire to build a palace which shall be 'All Art;' from the architecture to the commonest articles, everything shall be designed by my best artists; nothing shall be copied; I will have 'no upholstery.'" This project, worthy of a high and enlightened mind, has been fully carried out; and the new palace, externally and internally, is literally a monument of artistic invention. A grand idea is completed! From the saloon of entrance into the throne-room, a gradation of decoration is observed; beginning by simple forms and modest colours, up to the luxuriance of gilding, ornament, and vivid hues.

'"I will have no looking-glasses to usurp the places I can occupy with pictures," was another of the sovereign's commands in the furnishing of his palace of art. Thus everything is in perfect harmony of style: whatever the style may be, it is strictly adopted; not an object violates the unity of thought.

'In the most magnificent mansions of England this completeness has scarcely ever been attained; there is always some incongruous piece of furniture, some ill-patterned carpet, badly-designed curtain cornice, or ugly gilt frame. We are so much accustomed to these "upholsteries," that we become blinded to their anomalies, by valuing them only at the great sums they have cost.

'Even in the architectural composition of the interior of the principal rooms of such mansions, what "monstrosities" of proportion, jumblings of character, and violations of forms are displayed. Lanky pilasters and column patchwork cornices, and clumsily massive chimney-pieces of the purest Carrara marble, carved into repulsive forms, without an atom of skill, much less of design!

'It is true a brighter dawn gently opens upon us, and the interiors of our houses are gradually becoming covered with *designed* ornament. Hope is, however, chilled by the certainty that much of good intention will be wasted by its being consigned to incapable hands. It is not here our province, nor does it suit our present purpose, to investigate all the bearings wherefore, or the under-current of influences which makes attempts sickly and feeble. All comment on the subject may be condensed into a sentence—"Employ an artist to design, and an upholsterer to execute." You cannot go into a shop and order works of art as you would a portmanteau. Study, cultivation, learning, and talent are wanting; they form no part of the stock in trade of the stone mason, the carpenter, or the upholsterer. If, therefore, we would make our houses palaces of art, let us impress upon our minds the noble "order" of the monarch of Bavaria—"I will have *all* art—I will have no upholstery."'

NATURAL CLOTHING.

The clothing which grows from the bodies of animals is always suitable in quality and quantity to the climate and season under which they live. In hot climates the coat of quadrupeds is short and thin, but it thickens with increasing latitudes, and yields soft and abundant fleeces. At the poles it is externally shaggy and coarse, internally shorter and fine, as in the skin of the arctic bear. How defensive is the fur of amphibious animals; the beaver for example! How abundant and smooth upon birds as feathers, shutting up the heat of their warm blood, and opposing no resistance to the air through which they fly! The birds of very cold regions have plumage almost as bulky as their bodies; and those which live much in the water have additionally both a defence of oil on the surface of the feathers, and the interstices of the ordinary plumage filled with delicate down—a bad conductor, which abounds particularly on the breast, as it, in swimming, first meets and divides the cold wave. Then there are animals with warm blood which live in the water—for example, the whale, seal, and walrus; but neither hair nor feathers oiled would have been a fit clothing for them; they accordingly derive protection from the cold water by the enormous amount of blubber or fat which surrounds their bodies; it is a non-conductor.—*Arnot.*

THE DAISY AND THE STAR.

The modest daisy on the hill,
That drinks of morning dew its fill,
And spreads its leaflets to the light,
And then in quiet meek repose
Its crimson coronet doth close
Beneath the shade of night,
Lives calmly out its little day,
Then fades unseen away.

And yonder shining star,
That dwells in heaven afar,
Whose trembling ray no more is seen,
Lost in the myriad orbs of light
That spangle o'er the veil of night,
Than is the daisy on the green,
Will but live out a longer day,
Then pass unseen away.

C. Witcomb.

SOLAR HEAT.

In all our excursions over the surface of the globe, innumerable objects excite our admiration, and contribute to inspire delight; but whether our gratitude is awakened by the verdure of the earth, the lustre of the waters, or the freshness of the air, it is to the beneficial agency of heat, under Providence, that we are indebted to them all. Without the presence and effects of heat, the earth would be an impenetrable rock, incapable of supporting animal or vegetable life; the waters would be for ever deprived of their fluidity and motion, and the air of its elasticity and utility together. Heat animates, invigorates, and beautifies all nature; its influence is absolutely necessary to enable plants to grow, put forth their flowers, and perfect their fruit; it is closely connected with the powers of life, since animated beings lose their vitality when heat is withdrawn. Such is the universal influence of this powerful agent in the kingdoms of nature; nor is this influence diminished in the provinces of art. It is with the aid of heat that rocks are rent, and the hidden treasures of the earth obtained; matter is modified in countless ways by its agency, and rendered subservient to the uses of man; furnishing him with useful and appropriate implements, warm and ornamental clothing, wholesome and delicious food, needful and effectual shelter.—*Treatise on Heat.*

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 163. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1847. Price 1½*d*.

PLAYFUL IMPOSTURES.

Fiction is one of the great elements of life. We cannot constantly present ourselves as exactly what we are. There is an incessant craving to be something else; to go out of ourselves, for however short a space, or to whatever little apparent purpose or end. We see this in the sports of children, where, by the mere prompting of the instinctive mind, each readily and easily assumes and sustains a feigned character, and all becomes a masquerade. We see it in the social meetings of the adult, where each sets himself to be something a little more refined and pleasant than he is in his common moments, and the whole are gratified by the temporary sinking of the homely reality. It is not affectation, it is not an aping of superiority, which is here concerned; it is merely a tendency to seek a relief and a pleasure in the exchange of the actual for the ideal. An immense proportion of the innocent pleasures of life arises from this source: jokes, badinage, raillery, are various forms of it, which, though sometimes carried to a bad excess, are all excellent in moderation, and under the government of good feeling. I thoroughly believe that life would be a desert, but for the little fictions thus mixed up with it; which everybody understands, and which therefore do nobody any harm.

It is necessary, however, to keep a rigid watch upon this disposition, lest it pass beyond the line of innocence. And the ethics of fun is well worthy of serious consideration. Wherever a jest has the least chance of hurting any one's feelings, much more wherever it tends to damage of a more practical kind, it ought of course to be suppressed. Nothing will justify its being carried forward, unless its whole consequences can be foreseen, and these are clearly limited to a little passing merriment.

In some places, and in certain little societies, there sometimes reigns a habit of what is variously called hoaxing, trotting, and selling; that is to say, practising upon the faith of individuals by stories possessed of no real foundation, or leading them into expectations which are to end in ludicrous disappointment. It is an extension of April fooling; and though certainly we can suppose more dignified amusements, yet if all are willing to take and give in this way, and nothing but a laugh ever accrues, no one can well find fault with the system. The handsome little town of —— lives, as far as mirth is concerned, upon jests of this kind, and broad grins have as yet been the only consequence. When I was last there, the predominant drollery was a dinner which had been given by a little party of wags to one of their set, noted for his numberless successes in quizzery, the occasion being his completing a small villa for his own residence. He had been led to understand that his friends were to crown the feast by presenting him with a piece of plate: and they were true to their word; but it was a brass-plate for his door, containing a name for the house, in which the familiar name of the owner bore a part! Now, if a little joke of this kind can enliven the natural dulness of a country town for a week, and the subject of it laugh among the loudest, and even extend the fun, as this gentleman did, by putting the door-plate to its proper use, there is certainly some good done, and no harm.

Another case.

On a misty January morning I found myself seated at the breakfast table of my kind-hearted friend Sir Hugh Melford, along with two other guests, and the ladies of the family. It was the morning of an appointed shooting party, and a third guest was expected.

'Pray,' said I to Miss Selina Melford, 'who is the other gentleman that Sir Hugh expects to make up his set?'

'Oh, it is John Stirling, eldest son of our neighbour Sir Samuel Stirling; an excellent person, whom we all like very much. We lately played him an amusing trick.'

'What was that?'

'Why, the last time he came here to shoot, we dressed up a female figure, which we planted at table, with its back to the light; and when he arrived, we asked him to sit next to *that lady*, and introduced him to her. He bowed, and made a few remarks, without discovering anything but that she was rather stiff in her manners. We had such fun about it afterwards!'

At this moment Mr Stirling was announced, and Sir Hugh was asked out for a moment to see him. Presently our host returned, ushering in Mr Stirling, and introducing as his companion and friend a remarkably handsome mustached youth, whose name was given as Count de Leudher, an officer in the Austrian service. Greetings passed between Mr Stirling and the ladies, and the count made his bow, but unfortunately, from ignorance of the language, was unable to pay his respects in words. Very soon we were all once more seated, and breakfast went on right mirthfully, the ladies evidently being greatly interested about the stranger.

So unconscious did he in the meantime appear to be of the chat going on around him, that 'very handsome and interesting!' 'his melancholy air reminds one of Thaddeus of Warsaw,' and other sufficiently broad compliments, passed freely among the ladies, in implicit reliance upon his inability to understand their words.

'Selina,' said Miss Melford, 'this must be the person we heard of being at Stirlingfield?' She asked the question of Mr Stirling, and was answered in the affirmative. I was then informed that, about a fortnight ago, their enthusiastic friend, Miss Fanny Bloomfield,

coming to visit them, had met in the coach a fine-looking youth, whom she took for a foreign count at least, if not a prince, and who had alighted at the Stirlingfield gate. He had, she said, eyes like the dove, hair like the raven, and a look that might command an army! They had had a great deal of talk on this subject; and the curiosity of the Misses Melford was only increased when Fanny Bloomfield, going soon after to Stirlingfield, wrote to them that the foreigner was staying there—that he *was* a count, belonging to the Austrian service—and the most fascinating person she had ever met. 'Really,' declared all the ladies with one consent, 'Fanny has gone not a bit beyond the truth.' I remarked a slight smile play round the mustache of his countship at this remark, but readily supposed that he might understand a few words of English, although unable to speak it.

I finished breakfast, without for a moment dreaming that the count was anything but a count, or Mr Stirling anything but the downright good-natured man he appeared to be; but in the drawing-room, to which we soon after adjourned, Sir Hugh took an opportunity of telling me how the case really stood. The stranger was, although in the Austrian service, a Briton, and a cousin of Mr Stirling—in fact, the son of another gentleman of the neighbourhood—and the affair was an attempt on the part of Mr Stirling to revenge the trick lately put upon him by the Misses Melford. 'Oh, very well,' said I, 'let the joke be carried on by all means. For my part I shall enjoy it, if it were for nothing else but as an overthrow to my friend Miss Melford, who tells me, at every difference we have about matters of fact, that she is *always* right, and therefore I *must be* wrong.'

'That's right,' quoth Sir Hugh. 'It will be a good joke indeed if she be taken in. Let us by all means keep it up till after dinner if possible.'

The shooting party now set out with its proper train of attendants, and myself as a civilian attaché; and for four hours we rambled along the high grounds in quest of hares, pheasants, and moorfowl. What success my friends met with it is of no use to rehearse; neither is it important that I should specify the various adventures and misadventures of the party. Suffice it, that we met in a little lodge to lunch at two o'clock, and during the repast, could speak of nothing but the delusion now in progress, which, however, we all feared would not hold out till dinner, as there were ten chances to one that some communications among servants would betray the real quality of the count. By and by shooting was resumed, and I, after accompanying the party a little longer, proceeded to the castle, in order to write some letters before dinner. I entered the drawing-room, where the ladies sat with a mind and ears prepared for all imaginable clamours; but behold, all was safe. They were innocently telling Lord Montresor, who had come upon a morning call, 'what a delightful young German count had arrived from Stirlingfield that morning; that he spoke only German, not a word of English,—not even French. They hoped he was, like all Germans, musical, and that would help to make the dinner pass pleasantly,' and so forth.

I felt thankful, and joined in the conversation. His lordship afterwards met the shooting party, was let into the secret, and invited to stay to see it developed at dinner, but, to his great regret, was under a prior engagement, so that he only could indulge in a hearty laugh at the affair impending over his fair friends, and then leave the party to their own enjoyments.

At seven, the party assembled in the drawing-room for dinner, when the impression formerly produced by the count was, if possible, deepened, as he now appeared in an attire that set off his person to the best advantage. Before this, we had settled upon the procedure to be observed in the dining-room, and it had also been deemed right that our hostess, Sir Hugh's mother, should be let into the jest. I may remark, as a proof of the success of the deception, that this lady had some difficulty in believing us when we undeceived her, fearing that the only trick lay in this new direction. The count, as presumably the person of greatest consideration present, was accorded the honour of leading out the lady of the house. Dinner passed without his saying more than a few words in German to Mr Stirling. Some attempts were made by one or two to make a conversation in French; but unluckily they were all failures. At length the servants left the room, and the denouement of the plot took place in the manner agreed upon.

'Mr Stirling,' said I very formally, 'did your friend ever meet a person who is never wrong? I wish you would tell him that Miss Melford says she is never wrong, never deceived, and never makes mistakes.' She looked a little queer at my pointing her out to notice in this manner, and her puzzlement increased when she saw smiles on the faces of all but the ladies present.

Nevertheless she answered, laughing, 'Well, it is the case. Somehow I am never wrong. I am sometimes almost distressed at my own correctness, as if it were what a human being ought not to be able to boast of.'

'But do you think you *could* not be deceived in anything.'

'No—I think not. I never *am* deceived, and therefore never *could* be.'

'Very well,' said I to Mr Stirling, 'you hear it from her own mouth. I beg you will tell it all to your friend in his own language.'

Mr Stirling did so in a few words; the count smiled hard, and then Sir Hugh rose up.

'My friends,' said he, 'I feel impelled on this occasion to resort to an old fashion, and ask you to join me in drinking the health of a gentleman whom it has given my mother and myself much pleasure to see here to-day. I am sorry he does not understand our language, but I hope he will do so by the time he returns to our neighbourhood; though this is not necessary to make us wish for a repetition of his visit. I am afraid his day with us has been a somewhat stupid one on this account; but I trust he will believe that this is matter of regret to us, and that, as far as good-will can go, we are anxious to make it up to him. Without further preamble, I propose the health of *Captain John M'Evan!*'

The familiarity of the name now announced broke the plot at once. It is needless to say the sensation was tremendous; that the ladies looked a thousand discomfitures; and that the rest of the company, bursting through all rule, raised a shout of merriment which penetrated to the servants' hall, where it was at first mistaken for the alarm at some direful accident.

It is but fair to the ladies to say that, after the first moment, they entered heartily into the humour of the affair; so here, too, some good accrued, and no harm.

When, as in the above case, the subject of the deception is one who stands very strong in a belief that he cannot be deceived, the enjoyment of the joke is of course greatly enhanced to third parties. Such was the character of an imposture which was practised a number of years ago by a lady of remarkable representative talent upon a counsellor in high practice at the Scottish bar, and of literary celebrity also, who had expressed his belief that she could not, with all her dexterity, impose upon him. The tale was told in 'Blackwood's Magazine' by Mr Galt, with a strong dash of his own peculiar manner, but in the main faithfully; and to this record we resort for a brief sketch of the incidents.

One day when the counsellor (whom Galt calls Mr

Jamphler) was to entertain a party, inclusive of the young lady, at dinner, he was told, while dressing for that meal, that two ladies desired to see him on urgent business. Joining them in the library, he found an elderly matron, in tortoiseshell spectacles, and a huge black bonnet, attended by a blushing young one. The senior female announced herself as Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, come to Edinburgh on purpose to take the benefit of counsel from the learned gentleman, whom she forthwith proceeded to compliment in a most extravagant style. 'But mine's a kittle case, Mr Jamphler,' she proceeded, 'and it's no a man o' sma' capacity that can tak it up.' If her late husband had been to the fore, she would not have needed to trouble anybody; 'but he has won awa out of a sinfu' world, and I'm a lanely widow;' with much more to the like purpose.

Mr Jamphler, getting impatient, suggested that she had better consult her agent.

'My augent!' she exclaimed; 'ye're my augent—I'll ha'e nae other but you—I ha'e come here for nae other purpose than to confer wi' you anent my affair——'

'Well, but what is it—what is it?' interrupted the counsellor.

The lady then made him sit down beside her, introduced her daughter, and gave a sketch of her family connexions, which produced another burst of impatience. At length he asked her pointedly what was her business. This only led to more palaver.

'Howsomever,' she at last proceeds, 'being, as I was saying, left a widow—it's a sair thing, Mr Jamphler, to be a widow—I had a' to do, and my father having left me, among other things, o' my bairns' part of gear—for the Barwullupton gaed, as ye ken, to my auld brother the laird, that married Miss Jenny Ochiltree o' the Mains; a very creditable connexion, Mr Jamphler, and a genteel woman. She can play on the spinnet, Mr Jamphler. But no to fash you wi' our family divisions: amang other things, there was on my bit grund a kill and a mill, situate on the Crokit-burn, and I lent the kill to a neighbour to dry some aits; and, Mr Jamphler—oh what a sight it was to me!—the kill took low, and the mill likewise took wi't, and baith gaed just as ye would say a crackle, and nothing was left but the bare wa's and the steading. Noo, Mr Jamphler, wha's to answer for the damage? Howsomever, Mr Jamphler, as I can see that it's no an aff-hand case, I'll bid you guid day, and ye'll consider o't again the morn, when I'll come to you afore the lords in the Parliament House.'

The counsellor was now, it may be supposed, in no small tribulation. The lady, however, was not yet done with him. Rising and going to the window, she cried, '"Oh! Mr Jamphler, the coach that brought us here—I wouldna come but in a coach to Mr Jamphler—but it's gone. Oh! Mr Jamphler, as I'm a wee o' a lamiter wi' the rheumaticks, will ye hae the kindness just to rin out for a coach to me? I'll be very muckle obliged to you, Mr Jamphler; it's but a step yonder to whar the coaches are biding on outlook."

'Mr Jamphler rung the bell, and ordered his servant to fetch instantly a coach.

"But, Mr Jamphler," resumed Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, "I hae another favour to ask. Ye maun ken I'm sometimes tormented wi' that devilry they call the toothache; are ye acquaint wi' ony doctor than can do me good?" Mr Jamphler immediately mentioned our friend and correspondent, the Odontist. "Eh!" said Mrs Ogle of Balbogle, "the famous Dr Scott! But whar does he bide, Mr Jamphler?" The urbane counsellor mentioned his address. "Ah! but, Mr Jamphler, ye maun write it down, for I hae but a slack memory." Mr Jamphler did so immediately; but the lady, on looking at the paper, said, "Na, na, Mr Jamphler, that winna do: I canna read Greek: ye maun pit it in broad Scotch: I'm nane of your novel leddies, but Mrs Ogle o' Balbogle." Mr Jamphler was in consequence obliged to write the address more legibly, and the coach coming to the door, the lady and her daughter withdrew. Mr Jamphler then joined the company in the drawing-room, and soon after, the young lady, *in propria persona*, with the Odontist's address in her hand, was announced as Mrs Ogle of Balbogle.'

These anecdotes serve to illustrate the circumstances under which little playful impostures may rightly be carried on. No satire being indulged in, the parties being friendly, and disposed to enjoy innocent jokes even at their own expense, no harm can well arise. Where, however, all are not of one humour, or where the jest rubs on a known sore, or for certain will place the subject of it in a false and ridiculous position, or even gall an unlucky over-sensitiveness of nature, the whole procedure must tend to mischief, and therefore is to be unhesitatingly condemned.

THE CENTRAL SUN.

Lectures on astronomy have for many years been highly popular with a large portion of the public; in the smaller provincial towns, the arrival of an itinerant lecturer, and the delivery of his 'course of three,' illustrated by an orrery, was an event productive of general satisfaction, and served to enliven one or two of the dreary weeks of winter. Most readers will remember the average amount of information imparted on these occasions: commencing with the sun, the lecturer gave a description of our solar system, taking the planets in their respective order, their bulk, orbitual motion, and distance from the central luminary, and, assisted by a magic lantern, finished with representations of the moon's phases, Jupiter's belts, and Saturn's ring. Something was generally added that largely excited the wonder of the auditors, who went away fully persuaded that they had learned the whole scheme and compass of astronomical science—for them it had no more secrets.

It is no longer the same in the present day: with increased knowledge, has grown up, to a certain extent, an increased desire to comprehend it; the old limits have been found far too narrow for an intelligence ever seeking to enlarge its boundaries; and no sooner is a great thing achieved, than it is immediately made a starting point for something still greater. The popular mind is not now satisfied with the aliment it fed on ten or fifteen years ago; it has become in some sense the reflex of the progress of science—wider in its grasp, but more simple, certain, and accurate.

As a consequence of this movement, popular astronomy now embraces something beyond the sun and planets: it has learned something of other systems beyond our own—of double and triple stars, many of them inconceivably remote; of nebulæ; and a new planet. But there is one fact, first announced by the elder Herschel, which, although well known to men of science, has been much less frequently brought into general notice than the others, in direct opposition to commonly received opinions. The prevalent idea respecting our sun is, that, with the exception of a movement round its centre of gravity, it occupies a fixed and invariable position in the heavens. Recent researches have, however, verified the assertion, that, in common with the whole universe, it has what is called a 'movement of translation' through space in obedience to some mighty and unknown influence, analogous to that which impels the minor planets and moons in their orbits. And we shall now endeavour to give an outline of the present state of our knowledge respecting this interesting subject.

As we have already stated, the late Sir William Herschel was the first to demonstrate what had for some time been suspected by astronomers—the progressive movement of the sun through space. In the course of his persevering investigations of the heavens, he had at different periods made three surveys of the stars comprised in the catalogue published by Flamsteed, the first astronomer-royal. On each occasion he found that the positions differed greatly from those marked in the catalogue: two stars of the fourth magnitude in the

constellation Hercules, which Flamsteed had observed, were no longer to be seen. The same phenomenon was remarked also in Cancer and Perseus: the stars were either lost, or so far removed, as to be no longer recognisable, while several new ones were visible which had not been previously noticed. Herschel extended his observations to a large number of the stars and constellations, and the result in all cases showed that the most extraordinary changes had taken place since the days of Flamsteed; and in 1783, in one of his communications to the Royal Society, he wrote—'This consideration alone would lead us strongly to suspect that there is not, in strictness of speaking, one fixed star in the heavens; but many other reasons, which I shall presently adduce, will render this so obvious, that there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one among the rest.'

Lalande had thrown out the supposition that 'the sun has a real movement in absolute space;' but Herschel went beyond him—he proved it. As Copernicus, two centuries before, had established that the sun's apparent motion round the heavens was due to the real motion of the earth, so did the English astronomer show that the changes of position of the distant stars was caused not only by their own movement, but chiefly by that of our system. Still pursuing the inquiry, we find him writing in 1805:—'A view of the moons, or secondary planets, round their primary ones, and of these again round the sun, may suggest the idea of an additional motion of the latter round some other unknown centre.' He demonstrated beyond a doubt that the sun, with all its attendant planets, was moving with great velocity towards one of the stars in Hercules. The further investigation of the subject, it has been said, was 'one essentially for modern times;' and the high degree of perfection now exhibited in the construction of instruments, has enabled astronomers to distinguish between apparent and real motion, and to confirm Herschel's bold and original views in every particular. Many anomalies in the movements of the stars were at once explained by the fact of the sun's motion in space. So rapid is this motion, that, according to Bessel, it amounts to 3,336,000 miles in a day. The effects of this amazing velocity are eloquently described by the celebrated Humboldt. He observes—'The beautiful stars of the Centaur and of the Southern Cross will at some future day be visible in our northern latitudes, whilst other stars (Sirius, and the stars forming the belt of Orion) will no longer appear above the horizon. The place of the north pole will be successively marked by Cephi and Cygni, until after the lapse of twelve thousand years, when Syra will become the brightest of all possible pole stars. These statements serve in some degree to realise in the mind the magnitude of the movements which proceed uninterruptedly in infinitely small divisions of time in the great chronometer of the universe. In every point of the celestial vault we recognise the dominion of progressive movement, as on the surface of the earth, where vegetation is constantly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms.'

The improvements in telescopes, that enabled astronomers to penetrate farther into space, gave them at the same time the means of more accurate observation than they had previously possessed. The heavens were 'gauged' in every direction, and carefully mapped out. Among the more interesting phenomena brought to light by these researches were those of double stars, of which about six thousand are now known, chiefly by the labours of the Herschels, father and son, and Struve, a Russian astronomer. The difference in the appearance of stars was shown to depend not on their size, but on their distance. They are, however, always classed according to their magnitudes, ranging from 1 to 22. No. 1 denotes the brightest and nearest stars, and 22 the smallest and most remote: the first six only are visible to the naked eye. The fixed stars were found to be comparatively, and not absolutely, stationary, and to be the centres of systems similar to our own. The discovery of the planets revolving round these centres yet remains to add another to the great triumphs of astronomical science.

The double stars revolve one around the other, and are supposed to present the simplest or elementary form of stellar motion. Besides these binary systems, there are others—triple, quadruple—gradually increasing in number and complexity. Wherever the observer turns his gaze, he discovers movement, in obedience, as it were, to one universal law of gravitation: wherever stars are clustered, they group themselves in increasing brightness round a definite though unseen point of attraction; and it is not surprising that philosophers should have speculated as to the existence and position of some mighty centre, round which, in the course of countless ages, the whole stellar universe revolves; or, in the words of Schiller, 'amid ceaseless change seek the unchanging pole.'

Various stars have been fixed on from time to time as the centre round which all revolved. Sirius, from its magnitude and brightness, was often supposed to be the occupant of this position; but the observations of later astronomers, Argelander and Bessel, have shown that this star has a sensible movement of its own apparently around some greater body, far remote, and invisible to us; so that Sirius, instead of being the chief of the army of fixed stars, is only one of the subordinate members of a partial system.

So carefully have the heavens been explored of late years, that but few of the greater movements of the stars are unknown to us; and looking at the distribution of these through the realms of space, no point has been found filled by a star of the first magnitude which fulfils the condition we have just indicated. Hitherto, the movements appear to be greater or lesser optically only, and it is one of the objects of modern astronomy to define these movements with exactitude by the parallax. The same reasoning may be applied to the double stars—none of them show the existence of any considerable mass. From all these negative considerations, the conclusion has been come to, that it was useless to look for a central body in our more immediate stellar system.

The fact that, in the partial systems of fixed stars, and especially those of double stars, there is not, generally speaking, a great superiority of mass in one of the bodies—and that, on the contrary, the two masses are almost equal in the greater proportion of them—has necessarily thrown doubt on the existence of such a central body as has frequently been described of an enormously preponderating mass.

If such were the case, we should see the most active movements in the neighbourhood of this mass, as in our own system we see the most rapid revolutions in the planets nearest the sun. By the same analogy, supposing the central mass to be invisible, we should see the stars in some quarters of the heavens moving much more slowly than those situated nearer the central region. We should not find, likewise, any more active movements than in this region, excepting, perhaps, in some of the members of our own system already referred to.

Foremost among those who have directed their attention to this subject is M. Maedler, the Russian astronomer at Dorpat, in Esthonia, who is already well known as author of an admirable geographical map of the moon. From a series of observations continued during a period of six years, he has come to the conclusion that the Newtonian law of attraction, which regulates our solar system, exists also in the systems of the fixed stars. It is difficult to convey an idea of the method pursued in working out results involving an acquaintance with the most abstruse details of astronomical science. The pilot of a ship feeling his way along with the lead on a foggy day, might be instanced as a comparative illustration of the process by approximation. After going through the various hypotheses

to which we have referred, M. Maedler treats of the Milky Way as the fundamental plane of our stellar groups. Its general line of direction describes more or less perfectly a great circle, dividing the heavens into two unequal portions: the northern or smaller portion being comparatively devoid of stars, while the southern half, near to which we are situated, is thickly studded. By a series of observations of groups, as well as of individual stars, M. Maedler deduced approximations for the position he was seeking, and, rejecting one after the other, arrived, after persevering exertions, at what he conceived to be the true centre in the group of the Pleiades; which, to use his own words, 'is the pivot round which the fixed stars, as a whole, describe their immense orbits.'

'It is generally known that, among the most remarkable of the stellar groups, there is none comparable to the Pleiades for splendour or number of stars. The closeness with which they are placed is not merely optical. They are found in a region rich in stars, and answering well to the other general conditions which we have endeavoured to explain. The perfect concord existing between the determinations of the proper movements of these stars, notwithstanding their minute quantities, is cited as a proof of the correctness of astronomical catalogues, and thereby facilitating the labours of future observers. M. Maedler compares the observations of the most eminent British and continental astronomers on this group and some of the neighbouring stars—taking, first of all, twelve stars situated within 5 degrees of Alcyone, the brightest of the Pleiades; and next, thirty at a distance of from 5 to 10 degrees; and lastly, fifty-seven stars, whose distance is from 10 to 15 degrees. Observations on these stars prove that, with some exception, they all have a positive motion towards the south. The most numerous of the exceptions are in the fifty-seven last mentioned: forty of them having moved but two seconds of a degree in eighty-five years, it is difficult to determine the direction. The fact, however, remains, that of the one hundred and ten stars enumerated within 15 degrees of Alcyone, the movements of sixty of the number are towards the south, and in no case towards the north. It would be idle to contend that such a result is the effect of chance: it has been further proved by observations on one hundred and seventy-two stars of Bradley's catalogue; and the direction to the south, though in many instances feeble, is not the less certain.

'Although,' continues M. Maedler, 'it results, from what precedes, that the region of the heaven which I have chosen satisfies the conditions indicated, it is not less necessary to submit it to every possible proof. Many trials with different combinations have convinced me that no other point could be found to answer so well as the one I have adopted. I can state, therefore, as the result of my researches, that the group of the Pleiades is the central group of the entire system of fixed stars extending to the exterior limits determined by the Milky Way; and that Alcyone is the star of this group which appears the most probably to be the true Central Sun.' Light is five hundred and thirty-seven years in travelling to us from this Central Sun, whose mass is 117,400,000 times larger than that of our own luminary. The revolution of the latter round Alcyone requires a period of 18,200,000 years; and supposing the movement to continue the same as at present, the sun will reach the ascending node of its orbit in the year 154,500 of our era. The calculations are not given as positively determined, but as the nearest approximation hitherto obtained.

The mind is bewildered in the contemplation of such tremendous phenomena, of whose workings only the dimmest perception can be realised; sufficient, however, to impress us with the infinite majesty of Nature. M. Maedler, in concluding his observations, expresses the hope that he has pursued an object favourable to the progress of science, one that may possess such interest for other scientific men, as to lead them to push the inquiry still further, to investigate still more successfully the system of the universe. In whatever way his appeal may be answered, he has not the less rendered a new and signal service to science, and opened a wider field of astronomical research.

THE DAUGHTER OF STANISLAUS.

A STORY.

It was the night of the 15th of February, and intensely cold, and notwithstanding the night and the cold, a young man, rather thinly clad, was lurking about the castle of Weissemburg, a small town in Alsatia, some leagues from Strasburg. After having made two or three circuits about the castle, he stopped before a Gothic window, through the curtains of which light was visible.

He was evidently waiting for some one, and soon he was relieved from his solitude by the approach of a person wrapped in a heavy cloak.

'I am glad you are punctual, Mikaël,' said the newcomer; 'now for the work in hand. In that castle, perhaps in that room before us, is Stanislaus, late king of Poland. All I desire is, that you contrive to get him to use this snuff-box. It contains good Spanish snuff, an article of which he is fond. Here also is a basket of porcelain. You are to sell the whole. Maria Lesczinska, the daughter of Stanislaus, will buy it all from you.'

'All very good, my lord,' replied Mikaël; 'but should I not have a little payment in hand to excite my mercantile diligence? Look at my miserable clothing, which is even at this moment insufficient to keep out the cold; and my mother, too, she is in abject poverty —she is both cold and hungry.'

'So long as Stanislaus lives, both you and she must be cold and hungry,' was the only answer his employer deigned to give him as he strode away.

Mikaël, it may be imagined, was on no good errand. Lingering about the castle till pretty well on in the morning, he presented himself at the gate, which opened to let out a servant, going upon some commission for the household. He approached and said, 'Have compassion on me, sir, and procure me an audience of the Princess Maria.'

'Another beggar coming to ask her charity!' said the domestic abruptly; 'and he is early enough.'

'Ah, sir,' said the youth, 'I am a child of Poland; banished like your master, but still more unhappy than he, inasmuch as I am alone in the world.'

'You are coming, then, as his countryman to ask alms of him?' interrupted the valet.

Mikaël replied humbly, 'I am come to sell to the princess all that remains of former wealth — some china.'

'Oh, that is quite a different matter,' answered the servant. 'Stay there—I will let the princess know;' and closing the gate after him, he went back into the house.

The poor youth waited for a long time before the door opened. The day was far advanced, and the rays of the sun had succeeded in making their way through the gray clouds of a wintry sky, when a gentle voice roused him from the stupor into which the cold was fast throwing him, saying, 'I am told you have some beautiful porcelain for sale?'

At a glance, Mikaël perceived that the speaker was a young girl, with a countenance rather pleasing than pretty: she was accompanied by a middle-aged lady, who did not seem to be in the best of humours. It may be that the early rising was not very agreeable to her, or else the cold of the morning, from which the furs in which they were both closely wrapped could not altogether protect them.

'Ah, princess,' said Mikaël, giving a most piteous tone to his voice, while his foreign accent lent some probability to his words, 'I am a poor child of Poland,

whose father perished in battle in the service of King Stanislaus. Come to France with my mother, who was of a good family, we have been obliged to sell for our subsistence, little by little, all that remained to us of past opulence; now, only this porcelain is left to us.'

'Poor boy! Let us see your china,' said the princess kindly. 'But first come in, it is so dreadfully cold here.'

'What are you thinking of, princess,' whispered the old lady to Maria, 'to introduce a stranger into the castle?'

'But this is a Pole, Mockzinska,' observed the princess.

'What proof have you that he is?' replied Mockzinska. 'I am perhaps wrong, dear princess, but your noble father's life has so often been threatened, that it has rendered me suspicious; besides, this man has a most forbidding countenance, and a downcast look, which, in spite of myself, repels me.'

'I confess, Mockzinska, that, like you, I am obliged to struggle against the prejudice produced by the expression of his countenance,' said Maria, still in a whisper, and looking at the pretended Pole, who at this moment betrayed a marked uneasiness. 'But, after all, the poor boy did not make himself. Is it his fault that he is ugly, and ought we to visit it upon his head? However, there is no harm in being cautious, so we may as well look at the china outside.' Then approaching Mikaël, she added, raising her voice, 'Let us see your porcelain, my friend.' The face of Mikaël brightened at this demand, and he hastened to open his basket.

'Here,' said he, drawing out one by one the articles, which he presented alternately to the princess and her governess, 'is a china vase, with teacups of a set which a sea-captain, a wealthy relative of ours, gave to my mother the day of her marriage with my father. Nothing but sore distress could make us part with so precious a souvenir. But look here! Oh, this article, though only in Dresden china, is dearer to me than all! It was the snuff-box which my father had in daily use. I have heard it said that King Stanislaus is particularly fond of Spanish snuff; indeed I could not be a Pole and be ignorant of it, for all the Poles are so warmly attached to their former king, your noble father, and the father of us all, if I may dare call him so, that we know his tastes, his habits, his likings and dislikings, just as we do those of our natural parents; and knowing this, yesterday I spent the little I possessed in buying from an old Spaniard what remained to him of this snuff. I have filled the box with it, and I think, princess, that you will have much pleasure in presenting your royal father with what he likes so much.'

'Is it scented?' inquired Maria.

'I do not offer your highness a specimen,' replied the false merchant, opening the box, but holding it at a distance from the ladies, 'because it is very powerful—very powerful; it would get into your head, particularly into that of a young person. It requires the solid brain of a man in the prime of life to bear a pinch.'

'How much is the box and the snuff?' demanded the princess.

'Will not your highness take all?' inquired the merchant.

'Yes. How much are they altogether?' said the princess with a complacent look into the interior of the basket.

'Going to buy all! How can you think of it, dear princess?' interrupted the governess. 'Did you not yesterday give to two poor children, who were crying with cold, all the money you had except that beautiful louis-d'or with the effigy of the young king of France, Louis XV., and which you prize so much, that you would buy nothing this week in order not to spend it?'

'But, dear Mockzinska,' said the princess with the coaxing look that so well became her almost infantine youthfulness of expression, 'only think what a delight to give my father some of that Spanish snuff, which he is so fond of! And I think this porcelain so pretty, that if the young man will let me have the whole for my louis——'

'That is exactly what Monsieur Levi, a toy-merchant, offered me yesterday morning,' said the young Mikaël, believing, by the help of this lie, to make the princess more eager to buy.

'And you refused it?' said the princess.

'Yes, madame; but I will not refuse you,' replied Mikaël; 'for since I may choose, I would much rather have you for a customer. So here is my basket.'

'No, keep it,' replied the princess, 'while I go for the money.'

The princess and her governess now re-entered the castle, leaving the pretended Pole waiting for them. He was sauntering about the gate, when suddenly his look became fixed, and his countenance assumed a strange expression; and though the bargain had been concluded, and he on the point of receiving his money, he snatched up his basket and disappeared at full speed.

The person who had thus caused his alarm was a poor beggar woman, well known in all Weissemburg, not less for her honesty than her poverty.

The princess soon returned with her beautiful louis-d'or, and was gazing upon it as it sparkled upon her white glove, as we gaze on a beloved object we are to see no more, when, raising her eyes to address the merchant, she found that both merchant and porcelain had vanished.

She looked around in surprise, but perceiving only the old beggar woman, she called her. 'My good mother,' said she, 'do you know where a lad who was selling porcelain is gone—he was here not a moment ago?'

'I have seen no one,' replied the poor woman in a tone so expressive of extreme weakness, that the princess felt moved to the bottom of her heart.

'What is the matter with you, my good woman?' said she kindly.

'Cold and hunger,' replied the beggar.

'Dear Mockzinska,' said the princess, turning to her governess, 'go, I beg of you, and desire something to be brought here for this poor woman.'

'I am indeed very poor, and much to be pitied,' replied the beggar, whilst Mockzinska went away; 'but nevertheless I should not complain, madame, if I suffered alone.'

'You have children, then?' demanded Maria.

'Two, madame—a son and daughter. My son!—may God give him grace to walk in the right way! As to my daughter, she is dying.'

'Of what?' demanded the princess, her heart quite touched.

'Of want, madame. That is the sickness which kills most surely, and kills in the most cruel manner—slowly and hopelessly.'

'How shocking!' exclaimed the princess, clasping her hands. 'And how old is she?'

'The same age as our young king, Louis XV., madame,' replied the beggar. 'She was born on the same day as he, the 15th of February 1710. She was ten years old to-day.'

'And can anything be done for her, my good woman?' replied the princess. 'Perhaps good air and wholesome food?'

'Good air!—we live in a cellar. Wholesome food!—all we have to eat is the offal of the streets! and we have not even sufficient covering for her poor little body, which is quite blue with the cold.'

'Here—oh here, my good mother,' said the princess; and forgetting the porcelain, forgetting the romantic interest she attached to the louis-d'or, she put it into the hand of the old beggar. 'Here, this is all I have. Oh, poor creature, how you must suffer at seeing your daughter dying before your eyes!'

'Am I to have all this?' demanded the beggar, whom the sight of the gold now in her hand seemed to overwhelm with astonishment—'all this!'

'Alas! it is very little for so much wretchedness,' said the princess.

'Oh, my good princess!' exclaimed the beggar with a burst of gratitude, 'may God bless you—and he will bless you! You deserve to be queen of France!'

'Where do you live?' inquired the princess.

'At No. 3 of the old street of the Arcade,' said the poor woman.

At this moment Mockzinska returned, followed by a servant carrying something to eat, which he gave to the beggar.

'Will you permit me not to eat it myself?' demanded she.

'Just as you please. Take it where you like, and you may expect to see me to-day.'

The old woman did not need a second bidding, but went away, calling down the blessings of Heaven on the compassionate princess.

'Here is the porcelain, your highness,' said the voice of the pretended pedlar, who now reappeared.

'My good friend, I advise you to carry them to M. Levi. I have just disposed of my last louis-d'or,' said the princess.

So fierce an expression overspread the features of Mikaël, that the princess recoiled almost in terror; but, in the unsuspicious goodness of her nature, she accounted for it by the thought that the destitution he had told her of must have rendered the disappointment a severe one; and she hastened to add, 'If you do not sell them to M. Levi, return to-morrow, and I will see what I can do.'

'I will return to-morrow!' said Mikaël in a tone which almost sounded like a threat.

Mikaël, as it may be supposed, carried the porcelain to no toy-merchant; so that the next day, at the appointed hour, he appeared at the castle, the asylum granted to the unfortunate king of Poland by the regent of France. This time, instead of the princess, he saw only a valet, who spoke gruffly to him, and did not waste much pains in softening his message.

'The princess neither can nor will buy your porcelain; so be off with yourself.'

'It is as bad for you as for me; for I intended to have shared the profits with you,' replied Mikaël.

'On second thoughts, you may come back to-morrow,' said the valet, seduced by this unexpected offer. 'The princess has no money to-day, but to-morrow she will have some; for the Princess Palatine, her grandmother, fills her purse whenever she knows it is empty.'

The next day Mikaël was again punctual at the same place. This time the princess had gone out, and was not to return till dinner-time. Mikaël took up his basket, and again went away; but as he was gloomily crossing a street, which led out of the town, a neighbour accosted him.

'Mikaël, how comes it that you have not been near your mother for the last three days?'

'I had something better to do,' answered Mikaël gruffly.

'Oh, is that the way with you?' replied the neighbour. 'Well, if you wish to know what has been going on at home, go and see. Strange things. Enough; that is all I have to say to you.'

Though Mikaël now eagerly called on him to explain himself, his neighbour went off whistling, and without seeming to hear him. These words: 'Strange things have been going on at home,' went to the heart of the youth. He thought it was some new misery; for, like all persons brought up in the school of misfortune, he anticipated nothing else. 'Was his mother ill? or had his sister sunk under the malady which had so long undermined her health?' And with every thought fixed upon them both—for the heart of Mikaël was not yet so wholly corrupt as to be destitute of natural affection—he took the way to the city, and hastened to the abode of his mother.

It was the underground storey of a house, built in so narrow a street, that the cheerful sunbeams could never find admission. As he set foot on the threshold of the house, a child playing near called out—'Mikaël, your mother has removed. She lives now in the street opening upon the fields, down there, near the garden. Oh, it is so nice! Run, man, and see it!'

Astounded by this intelligence, which he could hardly understand, Mikaël did not make up his mind to repair to the place pointed out to him by the child till perfectly assured that his mother no longer inhabited her old residence; and even then, he hesitated as he approached it, hardly believing that it was really the dwelling of his poor mother. Notwithstanding the snow which covered the ground, and hung from the shrubs like so many white and crystal tear-drops, the good order of the garden, and the beauty of the fruit-trees, were easily discernible. Then the house, small as it was, had an air of neatness and simplicity, the best substitute for elegance, and nearly as attractive. Suddenly he heard himself called.

'Well, Mikaël, what are you doing there?' and a young child, still pale, but with eyes sparkling with happiness, appeared at the door.

It was his sister Louisa, who was so ill only three days ago, that she had to be supported while getting a drink, and now she was walking alone and unaided.

'Louisa!' exclaimed he, darting towards her, 'what miracle is this?'

'A miracle, indeed, dear Mikaël,' replied the child; 'an angel has visited us. Wont you come in?' added she, drawing her brother into one division of the house, which served as a kitchen, and making him sit down by a good fire, on which a pot was boiling. 'Look, all this is ours—mamma's, and yours, and mine. All this has been given us by a young lady, who wept on seeing our old house, and said, "I could not have believed it possible that there was such wretchedness in the world." Yesterday she brought us here in a fine carriage, and we were expecting her again to-day, as she promised to come.'

'Oh, is that you, my son?' said an old woman, coming out of a neighbouring apartment. 'Louisa has told you all our happiness. But what have you there?' added she, pointing to the basket, which Mikaël continued to hold in his hand.

'It is china, which has been given to me to sell,' replied Mikaël.

'And that is what has kept you these three days from your mother, my son?' said she in that tone of tender reproach which, from the lips of a parent, is almost a caress.

Before Mikaël had time to invent a falsehood, as probably he would have done, a carriage stopped at the door of the house, from which alighted a young girl, who ran across the garden with a step so light, that it scarcely left its trace upon the snow, and entering the kitchen, darted towards the fire. 'Oh, how cold it is!' said she. She was followed by an old lady, who also approached the fire, but without speaking. On the appearance of these two ladies, Mikaël made a movement as if to run away; but the youngest having perceived him, prevented him by saying, 'Well, my little porcelain merchant, have you concluded your bargain with M. Levi?'

'No, madame,' replied he, stammering.

'What! princess, you know my son?' inquired the poor woman.

'What! this child of Poland is your son?' demanded in her turn the princess. Then seeing the confusion of the son, and the anger of the mother, the kind heart of the princess came to the aid of both.

'I guess it all, Mother Jalson,' added she. 'You must forgive him, as I do. Nothing can excuse falsehood; but it may be some palliation of his, that he had recourse to it to get bread for you; and I suppose his story about his porcelain and M. Levi was like the rest. Well, I trust it may be a lesson to him; for if he had told me the truth, and had not led me to think that he had so cer-

tain a sale for them that my not buying them did him no injury—if he had but said to me, "My mother is dying of hunger, and my sister of disease," I should have given my louis-d'or to him as well as to you, Mother Jalson; but I will say no more. So, then, your porcelain is not sold?' added Maria, observing the basket.

'Alas! no, madame,' said Mikaël.

'My son!—my son!' cried Mother Jalson sorrowfully; 'for some time you have not been steady; you keep bad company; you no longer work at the currier's with whom I placed you. What are you doing? where do you go to? and where did you get that porcelain, which I never saw before?'

'From a friend—from a real Pole,' said Mikaël, with his eyes cast down; in his shame and embarrassment trying to avoid every eye.

'Then as your friend's position remains unaltered, he is still in want: is it not so?' demanded the princess.

'Yes, yes!' said Mikaël.

'Fortunately I am just now rich enough to make many happy,' said Maria gaily. 'The Princess Palatine, my grandmother, having heard yesterday from the gossipping of my people, and a little also, I believe, from that of dear Mockzinska,' added Maria, smiling archly at her governess, 'how it fared with my poor purse, which I empty so often, has been good enough to fill it; so I can buy the porcelain of your Polish friend. At all events, I must have the snuff-box for my father,' continued the princess; and going to the basket, and uncovering it, she took out, one by one, the articles, and laid them on the table. 'I will give the bowl to the Princess Palatine, the six cups to my dear mother——'

'And what for yourself?' demanded Mockzinska.

'Oh, as to me, I shall be quite content if my father will give me a pinch of his good Spanish snuff.'

As she uttered these words, Maria had taken the snuff-box, opened it, and was putting it to her nose, when Mikaël, who for some minutes had been uneasily watching every motion of the princess, darted towards her, and pale, palpitating, and as if beside himself, snatched it from her hands, and threw it into the fire. Then, as if terrified at what he had done, remained standing breathless and motionless.

'What can be the meaning of this?' cried in different tones each spectator of the scene. The princess alone said nothing. Indignant, but proudly calm, she sought to read, in his forehead and eye, the secret which made that scowling brow droop before her gaze.

'Speak, young man,' said Mockzinska to Mikaël; 'what motive that we do not understand has led you to fail in respect to the daughter of the most unfortunate, as well as of the most virtuous of monarchs?'

'Are you mad, my son?' said the mother in a tone of deep sorrow.

'Brother,' murmured Louisa, 'it is the Princess Maria—the angel who cured me.'

'Speak, Mikaël; I command you!' said Maria. There was such an energy of authority in the tone of the young girl, that Mikaël fell on his knees, hid his face in his hands, and bursting into tears, cried, 'I am a wretch, a monster; I deserve death in all its torture. Whilst she was saving my mother, and curing my sister—whilst she was giving us health, joy, and happiness—I—I was carrying to her death and desolation!'

'Wretched boy! that snuff was poisoned, and you intended it for my father, and fixed upon my hands to offer it to him?' cried Maria, and she would have fallen, had not Mockzinska caught her in her arms.

'Oh! it cannot be—it cannot be!' exclaimed the poor mother in accents of despair.

'Answer, Mikaël,' said Maria, regaining a little composure.

'It is too true!' said Mikaël, still quailing under the fixed look of the princess.

'It is true!' repeated the princess, clasping her hands—'it is true you wished to kill my father! But who has incited you? Say—has this man, so just, unknowingly committed any act of injustice towards you? Has this man, so noble, trampled upon you, because you are weak? Has this monarch, so unfortunate, visited upon you his misfortunes? Speak—speak, sir! How did my father ever wrong you?'

'Never, madame. But—oh! I ask not pity for myself—but for the sake of my mother, my young sister, hear me!' cried Mikaël, throwing himself at the feet of Maria. 'The man who tempted me to do this dreadful deed, drove me almost mad by perpetually saying, "Whilst Stanislaus lives, your mother, your sister, and yourself will suffer cold and hunger."'

'Then who were these men?' demanded Maria, restraining her indignation in order to learn and defeat the plots of her father's enemies.

'I am quite ignorant of their names, their rank, or their number,' replied Mikaël; 'but to-morrow I am to meet him who, for the last eight days, has been my evil genius, under the walls of the castle, outside the Gothic window of your royal father's room. You now know all I know myself, princess. As to asking your pardon, it is useless; my doom is fixed, my life is forfeited, sold either way.

'Fear not; I take you under my protection; no harm shall happen you,' said the princess. 'But I must return to the castle. My father, my good father, so noble, so good, so virtuous! Oh, may a gracious Providence bestow on you the reward of your virtues!'

'He has already bestowed it on him, in giving you to him, dear princess,' said Mother Jalson weeping. 'Have you not already been his preserver by the very act of loading us with benefits?'

'I have indeed been rewarded for what I have been able to do for you,' said the princess, wiping her beautiful eyes, still wet with tears. 'Oh let us hasten back to the castle, Mockzinska; after the danger my father has been in, I long as much to see him as if we had been parted for years.'

Thus the life of Stanislaus was once more saved; I say once more, because this was the third plot to assassinate him. The first attempt was by a barber, who, having undertaken to kill him, ran away, leaving the king with the napkin round his neck, and his face covered with lather; the second was defeated by a plot still more artfully contrived; and this third and last was the forerunner of an event overwhelming the family of Stanislaus with joy.

The treaty of marriage between Louis XV. and the infanta of Spain having been broken off, the ministers of the boy-king sought everywhere for the princess most likely to render Louis happy; and after some consideration, they decided on Maria Lesczinska.

Stanislaus still inherited Weissemburg, when proposals for her hand were made to him through the Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Strasburg. He repaired immediately to the chamber of his wife, who was employed at needlework.

'Let us kneel down and thank God,' said he as he entered.

'Father!' exclaimed Maria, 'you are reinstated on the throne of Poland?'

'Oh, my daughter!' replied the dethroned king, 'Heaven has been much more propitious to us—for you are queen of France!'

The nuptials were celebrated at Fontainbleau on the 5th of September 1725.

She had scarcely been six months on the throne, when she wrote thus to her father:—'I hope, my dear papa, that you will not keep me waiting longer for what you promised. Mark out clearly all my duties for me: tell me all my faults. You know me better than I know myself. Be my guiding angel. I am indeed sure that by following you I shall never go astray; but I cannot answer for what I may do if I depend only upon my own poor understanding. It seems as if everybody was pleased with me. I do not judge by what is spoken, for that is but flattery; but it seems as if every face was lit up with joy at my approach, and that gives me pleasure. Praise be to our gracious God for all! My dear

papa, I am sure you will pray to Him for the king and me. MARIA.'

Her father hastened to send her the advice she had solicited, and which was dictated by the most rational tenderness and the most enlightened wisdom; and by conforming to it, she acquired amongst her French people the title of the 'Good Queen.' It is pleasing to add that Stanislaus, on abdicating his claim to the throne of Poland in 1736, obtained the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, where, till his death, he reigned in the affections of the people as 'Stanislaus the Beneficent.'

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS AT THE BICÊTRE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

AFTER the school exercise, described in a former article,* the boys were desired to disperse, and proceed to their various occupations. They broke up in a manner very similar to boys in an ordinary school; some capering off with all the glee of liberty, others sauntering out singly or in company with their fellows, and a few voluntarily remaining in the school-room. I was conducted by M. Valleé into an adjoining apartment, where were arranged against the wall a variety of maps, and a number of coloured engravings, calculated to afford both amusement and instruction. During the few minutes we remained in this room, several of the idiots came romping and scampering together into it, showing much more spirit, and a greater capacity for playful enjoyment, than I could have supposed them capable of. Three or four of them immediately sprang on a large rocking-horse, which stood in the centre of the room, and began to force it backwards and forwards with no small amount of pleasure to themselves, as shown by their repeated joyous shouts and boisterous laughter. I was told that they entered with equal zest into the various games practised every evening, such as leap-frog, skipping-rope, marbles, ball, &c.

As we stood in this anteroom, I could observe the troop of little fellows wending their way to the scene of their different occupations. After watching them a little while, we left the school-room, and proceeded to follow them, with a view of witnessing their proficiency in the various handicrafts in which they had been instructed.

On passing into the open air, I became fully sensible of the crowd of novel impressions which had in so short a space of time been made upon me, and I felt tempted to pause and look back on the spot where so many new ideas had been received, and with which I now associated a strong feeling of interest.

In taking a rapid review of what had been already demonstrated before me, I endeavoured to systematise and fix in my own mind the principles which had been employed in producing such happy results. It became evident that the various senses are, first of all, stimulated and brought into activity, and through their medium a certain amount of mental power generated. The pupils are next made acquainted, as far as it is possible, with natural objects, and such more especially as come within the range of their ordinary observation. By these familiar lessons in the simplest elements of knowledge, instruction is conveyed in a form well suited to their feeble comprehension; and the method of imparting it being both natural and easy, its attainment is rendered attractive and interesting. Some acquaintance with the nature and properties of objects having been communicated, attempts are next made to impart instruction in the higher branches of knowledge. This is accomplished by means of various mental exercises, so ordered, that the pupil is led gradually, and almost imperceptibly, from the simplest to the higher departments of education. Then easy gradations in the successive lessons appear to have the effect not only of communicating information in an admirable manner, but also of preventing any sensations of irksomeness or weariness from arising in the minds of the pupils. It is not difficult to imagine the delight which many of these youths experience at the time the first rays of intelligence are engendered within them. Having lived several years in a senseless, inactive condition, it is easy to conceive that the change from this state of vacuity to an existence conscious and intelligent, must be accompanied with feelings of peculiar pleasure and novelty.

In the whole of these exercises, it was evident that a variety of influences were brought into play for the purpose of arousing and keeping in a state of activity the attention of the pupils. Such, for instance, as the concerted and simultaneous movements of the whole pupils; instruction conveyed in the collective and individual mode; and again not only imparted, but elicited by interrogation. Each lesson was illustrated in a manner well suited to their feeble comprehension; and by making these illustrations as pleasing as possible, as well as by interspersing them judiciously, the liability to lapse into a state of vacuity was prevented, at the same time that the feeble powers of attention were not overstrained.

It was pleasing to observe that, in conducting this course of training, the principle of fear seemed in no respect to form a part of the system. There was no appearance of coercion, harshness, or even exaction. The pupils appeared to be encouraged, assisted, and, by mild and persuasive means, to be led gently onward in the path of knowledge by their excellent conductor; who, endowed with a courteous spirit, kind disposition, much method, address, and competent skill, seemed admirably adapted to make their lessons attractive, by blending instruction with sportive influences. The affectionate regard in which the pupils evidently held their teacher spoke favourably not only of his personal good qualities, but also of the excellence of the system. Indeed the essential feature throughout the whole economy seemed to consist of a loving interest and regard for each other, both on the part of tutor and pupils.

The first workroom we entered was that of the carpenters. There were in it fifteen idiots, superintended by two journeymen, who both instructed and encouraged them by working with spirit and activity. Although a short time only had elapsed since we quitted the school-room, yet some of the youths were already employed, others were looking up their tools or adjusting their aprons preparatory to beginning their work. Near the door stood one, who, when I first saw him (early in the day, before any of the exercises had been undertaken), struck me as a most deplorable hopeless object, and I accordingly singled him out for especial observation. In the school-room he had manifested considerable progress in writing, drawing mathematical figures, and other exercises. As I looked towards him, he made evident though very awkward and uncouth signs of recognition, then approached the place where I was standing, and presented to my notice a small ornamental clasp, with which he was about to attach a portion of his working-dress when I entered the room. After looking for a short time at this little ornament, which he seemed to admire and treasure, I returned it to him, when he at once proceeded to adjust his working costume, and fix it with his little clasp. He then began his work by taking up a piece of wood which it was his business to plane. After looking at it a moment or two, he placed it in a vice, screwed it firmly, and commenced turning off the shavings in a workmanlike manner. As if conscious of his merit, he every now and then paused, looked up, and seemed pleased with his own proficiency, and encouraged by the approval awarded to him by his superiors.

This youth is sixteen years of age, and has been in the Bicêtre rather more than three years. When first admitted, he manifested all the characteristics of an inferior animal. His appetite was voracious, and he would devour the most disgusting things. He exhibited,

* Journal, No. 161.

indeed, some traces of a love of approbation, together with signs of an instinctive gaiety, born, as it were, within, and not created by surrounding objects; but he had all the sensuality of a brute, and a vicious propensity to tear and destroy whatever came within his reach. He was, moreover, passionate in the extreme, attacking and biting every one who offered the least opposition to his inordinate and disgusting propensities. Among these was a very singular one—namely, a strong impulse to poke out the eyes of all who came within his reach. He also showed a peculiar desire to strike any sonorous substance, so as to produce a distinct sound. The voluntary power over his muscles was very imperfect, and he could neither walk nor run properly; he would, however, sometimes spring forward like a wild animal, and at other times he would suddenly start off from his companions, making at the same time a shrill unmeaning cry.

This being, who in 1843 had been in so strange and apparently hopeless a condition, could now read, write, sing, and calculate. I had already noticed in him several manifestations of attachment, and other moral qualities. I now saw him happily engaged, making good use of implements with which, if placed in his hands a few years ago, he would doubtless have inflicted serious injury.

On looking around the room, nearly all the youths were seen to be engaged in sawing, planing, filing, and joining together pieces of wood. The busy scene presented was equally interesting, whether viewed as a whole, or whether the attention was directed to a single pupil. I was struck with the apparent steadiness of hand with which the various tools were grasped and used, as well as with the judgment which was evidently exercised during the performance of the work. I was the more struck with this when I singled out one from the number, and closely observed him to place his piece of timber in the vice, screw it down, take up his plane, and use it for a while, then remove and examine his work in hand; and finding he had not reduced it sufficiently, return it to the vice again, and proceed as before. Selecting another pupil for individual observation, he was seen busily engaged with a small piece of hardwood, forming it, by means of a file, into a sort of moulding of a complicated figure, consisting of curved and straight surfaces, the boundaries of which had been previously marked on it in dark lines.

The order, exactness, and workmanlike manner in which these operations were carried on, was both surprising and gratifying. Before leaving the room, I paused to make a general and accurate examination of the proceedings of these little fellows, with whom I had already formed a sort of acquaintanceship in the schoolroom. I observed that those who, when handling a slight rule and piece of chalk, seemed to have only a very imperfect control over the arm and hand, were enabled, when engaged in operations requiring greater muscular power in grasping and overcoming resisting objects, to exercise a steadiness and precision which could scarcely have been expected. This circumstance, though at first sight an apparent anomaly, will yet be found, if duly considered, in accordance with certain conditions of the muscular organisation which are known to attend some morbid states of the nervous system, the elucidation of which, however, would at the present moment lead us too far away from the immediate and practical object to which we desire to confine the attention of our readers. Having made this slight digression, I take leave to pause, for the purpose of introducing a passing reflection concerning the instructions which had been given to the idiots in mathematical drawing. At the time that I observed them describing, in a masterly manner, complex figures with chalk, compass, and rule, I was inclined to entertain the idea that such exercises were introduced to show the extent to which an idiot could be educated. I was somewhat fearful they might be looked upon as evidences of what could be done, rather than what ought to be attempted, and that they bore a character of display and effect, more than one of true utility. These hasty and unjust suspicions received a salutary check as soon as I had been a short time in the midst of this little band of carpenters; and before I left the room, they were not only entirely removed, but I had become impressed with the importance of such preparatory exercises, as a means of giving to these defective creatures a capacity to enter on various trades, by making them capable of appreciating the relation of lines to one another, and the various distinctions between obtuse, acute, and right angles.

After dwelling some time in the carpenters' shop, I was conducted to the next room, where an equally busy and gratifying spectacle was presented. In the apartment we had now entered were no less than twelve idiots, who had been instructed in the art of shoemaking. They were superintended by one foreman, who cut out and fixed the work for them. Each little fellow was seated at a separate stall, and beside him were laid the various implements required in his trade. The whole of the boys were working away very busily, boring with the awl, stitching, hammering, and smoothing down in a remarkably brisk and workmanlike manner.

If the scene in the adjoining room afforded me much pleasure, the sight of the proceedings in this was calculated to heighten such feelings in no small degree. Conscious, from experience, of the difficulty which exists in instructing persons of feeble understanding in an art so complicated as that of shoemaking, I exulted at the spectacle presented, and regarded it as a triumph, and conclusive demonstration of the excellence of the system pursued in training these poor idiots. Step by step I had enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the means adopted to rescue and elevate these forsaken members of the human family, and I now saw them happy and usefully engaged in the successful execution of work requiring the command of an ordinary share of mental endowment. Although familiar with the internal economy of many of our excellent institutions at home, and no stranger to the condition of several equally excellent in various parts of the continent, yet I confess I never experienced, whilst visiting them, a glow of satisfaction and delight at all to be compared with that which was caused by the sight presented in this little workroom.

Among the workers in this room was the poor decrepit fellow whose condition had previously attracted my especial attention. He was engaged in making list slippers, several pairs of which lay near him. The regularity and steadiness with which he laid the edgings of cloth on his last showed that considerable nicety, comprehension, and capability had been imparted to this apparently hopeless object. He proceeded with his work, as I stood by him, fixing each successive layer by means of a small nail, which he gently struck with his hammer; from time to time he would look up inquiringly, then go on again, as if satisfied that his work met the approbation of the bystanders. It was not without some difficulty I could abstract my attention from this attractive spectacle; and when I retired towards the door, still regarding these poor fellows with interest, one of them rose from his seat, approached, and wished me 'Good-day.' As I walked away from the workshop, dwelling on the scene I had just witnessed, and of this act of courtesy when leaving it, I felt in the humour to indulge my fancy by thinking of the many sources of pleasure and enjoyment in store for these, the most abject and neglected of our fellow-creatures.

The remainder of the youths—those who are not instructed in any handicraft—are employed in agricultural operations on the farm of St Ann, which lies a short distance from the Bicêtre, and which was purchased a little while ago for the purpose of affording to the insane inmates the opportunity of engaging in this very suitable occupation. Most of the pupils had already proceeded to the farm when I came away from the workshops; I had, however, the opportunity of observing the last detachment prepare for work, by collecting their spades in the implement-room, and proceeding in an orderly

manner under the care and direction of a farm-labourer. The system adopted in this department is marked by that discretion which is so signally conspicuous in every other arrangement. A number of husbandmen are engaged to instruct, superintend, and work with the boys; each man having a certain number placed under his charge. He is provided with a list of their names, and before setting out, he calls over the roll, each pupil answering to his name, and stepping forward at the same time with his spade in his hand. Before setting out, they, at the word of command, arrange themselves in rank and file, shoulder their long, small spades, and march away in military order. On these minor arrangements depends no doubt much of the excellence of the system, both in preserving order, keeping alive attention, and the prevention of the waywardness peculiar to idiots.

I have already spoken of the improved expression which was observed to spread over the countenance at the time the feeble mental faculties were called into action by means of the exercises in the school-room. In the workshops a similar agreeable change might be noticed during the time the youths were employed, when the features had in a great measure lost their wonted vacuity, and assumed an appearance of intelligence and comprehension probably in a higher degree than that observed in the school-room.

Having now completed the description of my first visit to the Bicêtre, I think it right to say, that as no notice had been given of my intention to inspect the institution, I have every reason to believe that what I witnessed was nothing more than the ordinary daily routine.

INGOLDSBY AND HIS LEGENDS.

Much more attention than usually falls to the lot of magazine articles was arrested by a series of comic poems called 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' which appeared a few years ago in Bentley's Miscellany. Mirth-raising in their narrative effect, they were marked by a singular aptness on the part of the author for the adroit use of the cant language of the day, and the management of out-of-the-way metres and rhymes. Some other features there were, indicating a genius of no common stamp; one disrespectful, it might be said, to many of the common proprieties of literature and the world, but which more than made up for everything by such an exuberance of drollery, as perhaps is not to be obtained upon other terms, and is almost worth having upon any. In time, it became known that the Thomas Ingoldsby set forward as the author of these legends, was no other than the Rev. R. H. Barham, one of the clergy of St Paul's Cathedral; a man of the most perfect respectability in his ordinary character, at the same time that, from his cheerful and amiable dispositions, he was the delight of his family and friends. A long life was not vouchsafed to this estimable person; he died in June 1845, at the age of fifty-seven: and his son has now published an ample memoir of his life, prefacing a third collected series of his 'Legends.'*

The personal history of Mr Barham embraces little more than his clerical education, and his various translations from parish to parish. It is agreeable, however, to learn respecting a person of such gaiety of nature, that he was a discreet and conscientious pastor, always in the best esteem both with his superiors and his flock. He had a strong turn for antiquities and old literature, as appears pretty plainly in his poems. He was also a man of sincere but modest piety; he had had severe trials, and he bore them well. We have much pleasure in recalling a meeting we had with him some years before he was known as an author. We encountered each other amidst one of the miscellanies of company which used to gather at the board of the late Owen Rees the bookseller. Probably finding some common ground in antiquarian subjects, we advanced so far in acquaintance, that Mr Barham offered very kindly to conduct us next morning to some of the more recherché parts of the neighbouring cathedral. A favour of so unusual a kind in the busy life of London, had the effect of stamping the image of the man upon our memory, and we now recall it with pleasure. He was of middle size, somewhat thick, with a round good-humoured face, but not the air of an intellectual man. We remember setting down the head as non-indicative of literary talent; yet it now appears to us, on reconsidering it, with the benefit of portraits, that the forehead was of a peculiar depressed and square form, which we have remarked in several other men of comical genius.

Mr Barham's biographer informs us that the legends were chiefly concocted from stories picked up in conversation: many of the anecdotes on which they are founded had been related to the poet by his friend Mrs Hughes, wife of another of the St Paul's clergymen. The biographer says, 'As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from well-nigh every language, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every variety of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced; syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates.' All this is eminently true. See, for example, his description of Henry II. of England, where he speaks of the king and his hat in these terms—

> 'With a great sprig of broom, which he wore as a badge in it,
> Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet.'

Or the passage where he acknowledges

> 'A metaphor taken—I've not the page aright—
> Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrite.'

Or, as a dernier, the following—

> 'Re-*cul*-ver, some style it,
> While others revile it
> As bad, and say *Re*-culver. 'Tisn't worth while, it
> Would seem to dispute, when we know the result immaterial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.'

As an example of his humour and his rhymes together, a few verses may be presented from a long leash, in which he describes himself sitting down for a day to answer an accumulation of letters:—

> 'First, here's a card from Mrs Grimes,
> "A ball!"—she knows that I'm no dancer—
> That woman's asked me fifty times,
> And yet I never send an answer.
>
> "Dear Jack—
>
> Just lend me twenty pounds
> Till Monday next, when I'll return it.
>
> Yours truly,
> Henry Gibbs."
>
> Why, Z——ds!
> I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it. * *

* The Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels, by Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. Third Series. London: Bentley: 1847. Pp. 364.

From Seraphina Price—"At two—
Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir;"
Two more because I did not go,
Beginning "Wretch" and "faithless monster!"

"DEAR SIR—

This morning Mrs P——,
Who's doing quite as well as may be,
Presented me at half-past three
Precisely with another baby.

We'll name it John, and know with pleasure
You'll stand"—Five guineas more, confound it!—
I wish they'd called it Nebuchadnezzar,
Or thrown it in the Thames, and drowned it.

What have we next? A civil dun:
"John Brown would take it as a favour"—
Another, and a surlier one,
"I can't put up with *sich* behaviour."

"Bill so long standing"—"quite tired out"—
"Must sit down to insist on payment"—
"Called ten times." Here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment!

For once I'll send an answer, and inform Mr Snip he needn't "call" so;
But when his bill's as tired of "standing"
As he is, beg 'twill "sit down also."

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present;
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid Molly—vastly pleasant! * *

Four begging letters with petitions,
One from my sister Jane, to pray
I'll "execute a few commissions"
In Bond Street, "when I go that way."

And buy at Pearsal's in the City,
Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses
Colour, no matter, so it's pretty;
Two hundred pens—"two hundred curses!"

From Mistress Jones: "My little Billy
Goes up his schooling to begin,
Will you just step to Piccadilly,
And meet him when the coach comes in?

And then, perhaps, you will as well see
The poor dear fellow safe to school
At Dr Smith's, in little Chelsea!"
Heaven send he flog the little fool!' * *

The memoir abounds in racy anecdotes, some of which are extracted from letters and diaries of Mr Barham. He tells several curious ones with regard to a strange custom of the rude peasantry of Kent, who, meaning nothing but kindness, would use means to accelerate the exit of such friends as were dying hard. A man, stretched on a deathbed of game feathers, which are supposed to be unfavourable to easy death, seemed as if he never *would* go—so, said his wife, 'We pulled bed away, and then I just pinched his poor nose tight with one hand, and shut his mouth close with the t'other, and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb!' Another woman told with great complacency how, when her child's case had been pronounced hopeless, and seeing nothing would ease him, 'we was forced to *squdge* him under the blankets.' These facts are new to us, and they give additional credibility to what we long ago heard regarding the Shetland peasantry of past times, upon apparently good authority. It was stated that in this northern region, when dying persons lingered long, and particularly when they appeared in pain, it was customary to lay a pillow gently over their mouths, by way of closing the scene. On some enlightened person remonstrating with horror against the custom, the people said—'Oh, sir, we only help God awa wi' them!' What would have been barbarity and profanity in others, was in them mere simplicity.

One of Mr Barham's table stories, which we propose to quote, is said to have been picked up from an old London citizen, who was full of 'marvellous instances of judicial acumen displayed by forgotten lord mayors—bon mots of their chief clerks—perilous swan-hopping voyages, and extraordinary white baitings.' 'An old London gentleman, a merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary; she was engaged, and devotedly attached, to a young man in her own rank of life, and in every respect well worthy of her choice; all preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed, "positively for the last time of marrying," to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

'On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received L.10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of L.30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party; the "tiff" arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady with sparkling een and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightingly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was *putting on the breeches* "a little too soon!"

'After supper, both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings.

'On the next morning the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and, as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—

"DEAREST * * *—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate * * *"

'Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened at the time to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop in his way to Bush Lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

'The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder!—consigned the satin robes to Mr Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased: so exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present; but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her.'

Mr Barham was a zealous conservative, and occasionally employed his wit in behalf of his party, but always with good humour. We mention the circumstance, merely to introduce a bit of irresistible drollery from a letter in which he adverted to the West Kent election. 'What amused me very much was, that on landing from the steamboat at Gravesend, where my vote was to be taken, the rain was falling pretty steadily, and every one of the passengers who boasted an umbrella of course had it in play. A strong detachment of the friends of all the candidates lined the pier, to see us

come on shore, and loud cheers from either party arose as any one mounted the steps bearing their respective colours. With that modesty which is one of my distinguishing characteristics, I had endeavoured to decline the honour of a dead cat at my head, with which I was favoured on a previous occasion, by mounting no colours at all; but something *distingué* in my appearance, as self-complacency fondly whispered in my ear, made the Tory party roar out as I mounted the platform—

"Here comes von o' hour side!"

"You be blowed!" said a broad-faced gentleman in sky-blue ribbons; "I say he's our'n."

"Be blowed yourself," quoth one of my discriminating friends opposite. "Why, don't you see the gemman's got a *silk umbrella?*"

'The conclusion was irresistible. Tory I must be; and the "*I know'd it!*" which responded to my "Geary for ever!" was truly delicious.'

A memoir of some two hundred pages, spangled all over with droll things of this kind, would furnish of course matter for an extended article. Our object, however, being strictly to present a mere sketch of the stuff it is made of, we content ourselves with the following specimen of the stories which made the after-dinner conversation of Mathews so attractive. The author justly remarks what ample room it would afford for the development of his peculiar powers of impersonation:—

'An Irish surgeon, named M——, who kept a running horse, applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race.

"Now, sur," commenced the gentleman, "Mr Mathews, as you say you understand horse-racing, and so you do, I'll just thank ye to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you'll mind me, sur, my horse had won the first *hate;* well, sur, and then he'd won the second *hate;* well——"

"Why, sir," said Mathews, "if he won both the heats, he won the race."

"Not at all, my dear fellow; not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that's not himself, but the other) came up."

"And passed him, I suppose?" said Mathews.

"Not at all, sur; not at all: you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate.*"

"Won it, you mean; at least won it you said."

"Won it!—of course I said won it: that is, the other horse won it: and the other horse, that is, *my* horse, won the second *hate*, when another, not himself, comes up and tumbles down. But stop! I'll demonstrate the circumstance ocularly. There, you'll keep your eye on that decanter; now, mighty well—now you'll remember that's *my* horse; that is, I mane it's not my horse, it's the other; and this cork—you observe this cork?—this cork's my horse; and my horse—that is, this cork—had won the first *hate.*"

"Lost it, you said, sir, just now," groaned Mathews, rapidly approaching a state of complete bewilderment.

"Lost it, sur! By no means; won it, sur, I maintain ('pon my soul, your friend* there that's grinning so is a mighty bad specimen of an American); no, sur, *won* it, I said. And now I want your opinion about the *hate;* that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know—not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*—that would be the race when it was won."

"Why, really, my dear sir," replied the referee, "I don't precisely see the point upon which——"

"God bless me, sur! do ye pretind to understand horse-racing, and can't give a plain opinion on a simple matter of *hates?* Now, sur, I'll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse, but the other horse—that is, the other *man's* horse," &c. &c.

'And so on poor M—— went for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he had won the first *hate* or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was upon which Mr M—— wanted an opinion.'

* Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane theatre.

NATURAL HISTORY.

FOR THE YOUNG.

The study of natural objects is now almost universally allowed to be one peculiarly suited to youth—to that period, as Burke observes, 'when the senses are unworn and tender, when the whole being is exquisitely alive, and the glow of novelty is fresh upon all the objects which surround us.' Yet though all this is abundantly evident, it is singular enough that the regular introduction of natural science into our educational seminaries in this country is as yet but of rare occurrence. The period from five to fifteen—that period which is usually devoted to elementary training—is that in which the mind has the greatest avidity for facts and phenomena. It is pleasing at this period to see how the mind grasps at every kind of information regarding physical objects—how it delights in tracing analogies—forming combinations—and arranging and methodising into systems—how, in short, the ideas of beauty, order, fitness, and harmonious congruity take possession of the mind. The young and eager intellect at this period finds such studies peculiarly suited for its powers; there is nothing too deep for its comprehension—nothing too abstract, or too much beyond the calibre of its as yet immature and not fully developed powers. But if this golden opportunity be allowed to elapse, the mental appetite will seek other and more grovelling gratifications: the pleasures, the dissipations, the business of the world, will absorb all the attention; or if other studies are persevered in, they engross and occupy the whole mind, so that rarely, indeed, do we find a love of natural science cultivated in mature life, unless it has been implanted at an early period.

Our continental neighbours seem more alive to these branches of early instruction than we are. There, botany, zoology, and geology are regularly taught in their elementary schools, and their connexion with geography, history, and the arts of life fully demonstrated. To some extent these studies are gradually being introduced into our most approved seminaries in this country, though in a very small number, indeed, have they become regular branches of educational training. They are as yet only timidly introduced as extra and optional studies; encroaching sometimes on the hours appropriated to relaxation, or given so shortly, and at such long intervals, as to fail to make any due impression on the minds of the pupils. We hope, however, yet to see them introduced as indispensable branches of education, with competent teachers, into all our leading institutions throughout the kingdom. In a great commercial and agricultural community such as ours, the elements of natural science, in all its departments, ought surely to be within the reach of every individual, however humble the calling to which he may be destined.

In our richly-endowed educational hospitals, where we occasionally hear of listlessness and insubordination on the part of the pupils, such studies might doubtless be introduced with the best advantage. We know nothing more likely to engage the youthful mind there, both innocently and advantageously, or more calculated to supply the absence of the domestic circle, and all the home feelings, of which they are necessarily deprived.

A little work on zoology,* intended as a text-book for school tuition, has prompted to the repetition of these remarks. It is the first part of a history of animal life, commencing at the lowest end of the scale, and including the invertebrate animals. It is not merely a common compilation, but exhibits the spirit and originality

* Introduction to Zoology; for the Use of Schools. By R. Patterson. Belfast: Simms and M'Intyre. 1846.

of a mind evidently well stored with accurate facts, and enthusiastic in the admiration of the works of nature. Its illustrations are numerous, and consist of the woodcuts of Milne Edwards's French work on the same subject. Next to the actual objects themselves, good illustrations are indispensable to the student of natural history.

During the past season, an unusual number of those jelly-looking creatures called medusæ, or sea-nettles, have swarmed along our shores. They are amongst the simplest and lowest of the scale of animated beings, and are thus described:—

'There is much in the structure of these creatures to excite our surprise. Their frail and gelatinous bodies seem little else than a mass of vivified sea-water, or some analogous fluid. "For," says Professor Owen, "let this fluid part of a large medusa, which may weigh two pounds when recently removed from the sea, drain from the solid parts of the body, and these, when dried, will be represented by a thin film of membrane, not exceeding thirty grains in weight." They baffle the skill of the anatomist by the very simplicity of their structure. Feeble as they appear, fishes and crustacea are quickly dissolved in their stomachs. The organism of their stinging power is yet but imperfectly understood, and the luminosity which many species possess, equally demands investigation. They are found in all seas, and please the eye both by their glassy transparency and by their brilliant hues. Some are furnished with a central peduncle, and resemble a mushroom with its stalk; others have its place supplied by prehensile arms: some have one simple central mouth; in others both its structure and position are different: in some the margin is furnished with long contractile tentacula, whence the well-known stinging secretion is supplied; in others this formidable apparatus is altogether wanting. These differences, which are easily observable, enable the naturalist to classify the gelatinous medusæ, for such is their collective appellation. Their locomotion is effected by the contraction and expansion of the outer margin of the disc, the animal striking the water in the opposite direction to that in which it is moving. The motion is easy and graceful, admitting of progress in any direction. The lower surface of the disc is covered with a delicate network of vessels, in which the circulating fluids are exposed to the oxygen contained in the sea-water. Each contraction of the margin, therefore, not only impels the animal in its course, but assists in the process of respiration.

'The medusæ differ extremely in size. Some are occasionally thrown upon our coast which are as large as a good-sized umbrella; many are not larger than peas; and some scarcely exceed in dimensions the head of a large-sized pin. Some species are adorned with brilliant colours, and equal in the richness of their hues the brightest of our garden flowers. When from a small boat, in a glassy and transparent sea, they are beheld rising and falling at pleasure, and occasionally turning over in the apparent exuberance of enjoyment, they form objects of contemplation so very attractive, as to excite the astonishment of the child, while they furnish matter for the contemplation of the naturalist.

'The species of medusa most abundant on our coasts during the early part of the summer (*Cyanea aurita*), is well known by the four conspicuous lunar or heart-shaped figures which it exhibits. These are of a pinkish or purplish colour, and are, in fact, the ovaries. Four pouches are observed on the lower surface of the body. To these the young, at a certain period, are transferred from the ovaries, and undergo a species of development analogous to that of the young quadrupeds of Australia in the marsupial pouch of the mother. After changes in their size and colour, they exhibit a change of form, become clothed with vibratile cilia, and leaving the maternal pouch, swim freely about, the larger extremity being always in advance. The little creature soon attaches itself to some fixed object, and four arms appear, surrounding a central mouth. The arms lengthen, four additional ones are developed, all are highly contractile, covered with cilia, and actively employed in the capture of food. The number of these arms increases until it reaches twenty-four or thirty; and the body, originally about the size of a grain of sand, becomes a line, or the twelfth part of an inch in length. During the winter months, it remains in security "where the waves have no strife," and even throws out germs or buds, which in time become perfect medusæ. But with the approach of spring, the body becomes marked with transverse lines, which gradually assume a wrinkled or furrowed appearance. These furrows become deeper, dividing the body into from ten to fifteen distinct portions, which for a time remain in contact, but without organic connexion, "like piled-up cups." After complete separation, each part swims freely about, presenting an appearance so unique, that the young in this state has been figured and described as belonging to a new genus. The last change observable is its putting on the appearance of the perfect animal, and under the influence of the sun, the waves, and the currents, becoming a mature medusa. "We thus see," says Professor Owen, "that a medusa may actually be generated three successive times, and by as many distinct modes of generation—by fertile ova, by gemmation, and by spontaneous fission—before attaining its mature condition."

'With regard to the medusæ, we may mention an anecdote which we learned from an eminent zoologist [E. Forbes], now a professor in one of the English universities. He had, a few years ago, been delivering some zoological lectures in a seaport town in Scotland [St Andrews], in the course of which he had adverted to some of the most remarkable points in the economy of the acalephæ. After the lecture, a farmer who had been present came forward and inquired if he had understood him correctly, as having stated that the medusæ contained so little of solid material, that they might be regarded as little else than a mass of animated sea-water? On being answered in the affirmative, he remarked that it would have saved him many a pound had he known that sooner, for he had been in the habit of employing his men and horses in carting away large quantities of jelly-fish from the shore, and using them as manure on his farm, and he now believed they could have been of little more real use than an equal weight of sea-water. Assuming that so much as one ton weight of medusæ, recently thrown on the beach, had been carted away in one load, it will be found that, according to the experiments already mentioned, the entire quantity of solid material would be only about four pounds avoirdupois weight—an amount of solid material which, if compressed, the farmer might with ease have carried home in one of his coat pockets!'

The waters of the ocean teem with life in a variety of forms. We cannot take up a glassful of this element without including many beings of interest. 'The cheapness of the pleasures which natural history affords, should of itself form a reason for the general cultivation of such pursuits. They are within the reach of the most humble, and are not dependent on costly or complicated apparatus. By means so simple as a glass of sea-water, we have caused the balani or acorn-shells to exhibit a series of movements, which we have never shown to the youth of either sex without hearing from them expressions of the most unfeigned delight. Let the reader try the experiment. Go at low water to a rock on the beach, choose a few of the oldest and largest limpets left uncovered by the receding tide, and incrusted with the acorn shells. As the enclosed animals have then been without nourishment for two or three hours, they will be quite ready for another meal. Throw the limpet-shells into the glass of sea-water, and in a minute or two the acorn-shells upon them will begin to open. Presently a beautiful feathered apparatus will be extended, then withdrawn. It will again be put forth, and again retracted; but with such grace, regularity, and precision, that the eye regards it "with ever new

delight." And when the same exquisite mechanism is exhibited by every one of them, either in succession or simultaneously, and when we consider that it thus ministers at the same moment both to respiration and nutrition, a train of ideas is excited which rises from the humble shell to Him by whom it has thus wondrously been fashioned.'

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The moon, when at full, reflects upon the earth only about one three-thousandth part of the light of the sun; and the lunar rays, even when concentrated by a powerful lens, and the focus directed upon the bulb of a delicate thermometer, do not affect it in the slightest degree; hence the phrase, 'the pale cold moon,' is not only poetically beautiful, but philosophically correct.

The volume or bulk of carbonic acid gas expired by a healthy adult in twenty-four hours is said to amount to 15,000 cubic inches, containing about *six ounces* of solid carbon. This is at the rate of 137 pounds avoirdupois per annum; and taking the total population of the globe at seven hundred and sixty millions, the amount of solid carbon or charcoal every year produced by the human race will exceed 46,482,143 tons! Adding to this all the carbon produced by the combustion of fires and gas-lights, by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, the exhalations from springs, &c. there need be no marvel as to the source whence plants derive their solid or woody material (which is principally carbon), seeing that their leaves are specially fitted for the absorption of carbonic acid gas from the surrounding atmosphere.

In Britain, the deposition of dew from the atmosphere is generally less during the continuance of an easterly than of westerly winds, a phenomenon attributable to the different nature of the surfaces over which these winds travel—the former crossing the continent of Europe, and thus becoming comparatively dry or arid; the latter sweeping across the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, and therefore becoming moist or hydrated, requiring but little reduction of their temperature for the copious deposition of dew to ensue upon terrestrial objects.

The atmosphere immediately incumbent upon the earth has the power of absorbing and retaining more of the blue rays of light than that at greater altitudes; and thus when we cast our eyes on high, we look through a volume of the densest air replete with blue light; and so likewise if we look abroad over an extensive tract of country, the horizon of which is formed by distant hills, they appear blue, or, in other words, they partake of the colour of the medium through which they are viewed. If we journey to them, the blue colour gradually vanishes, and at length their ordinary colours appear; and now, looking from the hills towards the spot from whence we journeyed, it in turn appears blue. The ridge called the 'Blue Mountains' in Australia, another of the same name in America, and many others elsewhere, are not really blue, for they possess all the diversity of scenery which their climates can give; but to the eye which first discovered them, bent on them generally from a distance, they all at first appeared blue, and they have retained the name.

'In addition to the numerous mechanical uses of wood,' says Mr Griffiths, 'and its chemical use as a source of artificial heat, the chemist discovers that it is capable of a most curious change or transmutation into edible matter; in fact, a kind of bread may be made from wood. This is effected by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood —that of beech, for example—washing it with water to remove all soluble matters, and then gently drying it in an oven; after this, it is mixed with marshmallow juice, and formed into cakes, which are baked at a high temperature; and these, reduced to fine powder, with the addition of a little corn flour and leaven, form a dough, which, when moulded into loaves, and baked, constitutes bread more palatable than that prepared in times of scarcity from bran and husks of corn.'

Towards the end of autumn may be often observed in the fields marks of footsteps, which appear to have scorched the grass like heated iron: this phenomenon was formerly regarded with superstitious dread, but can now be explained upon very simple chemical principles. When the grass becomes crisp by frost, it is exceedingly brittle, and the foot of a man, or even of a child, is sufficiently heavy to break it completely down, and effectually kill it; therefore, when the sun has thawed the frosty rime from the fields, these foot-tracks appear brown and bare in the midst of the surrounding and flourishing green grass.

The earth—speaking roundly—is 8000 miles in diameter; the atmosphere is calculated to be 50 miles in altitude; the loftiest mountain peak is estimated at 5 miles above the level of the sea, for this height has never been visited by man; the deepest mine that he has formed is 1650 feet; and his own stature does not average 6 feet. Therefore, if it were possible for him to construct a globe 800 feet—or twice the height of St Paul's cathedral—in diameter, and to place upon any one point of its surface an atom of 1-4380th of an inch in diameter, and 1-720th part of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion that man bears to the earth upon which he moves.

With respect to the distribution and growth of the vine, it requires, according to Meyen, at least five months of a mean heat of 59 degrees Fahrenheit to produce good wine. If September and October, the season when the grape fully ripens, have not this degree of heat, the wine is sour; and a country where this is the case is therefore unsuitable to the culture of the vine.

The shores of the lake Titicaca, in Peru, 12,700 feet above the level of the sea, are enclosed by a thick forest of a beautiful rush, which plays an important part in the economy of the surrounding district. Indeed the people of that country would live in great wretchedness if nature had not bestowed on it these plants, for it lies far above the limit of trees, and only a few bushes grow in its neighbourhood. These rushes supply the natives not only with fuel, covering for their huts, and with matting, but they supply material for the construction of their rude balsas or boats, which are merely rush-woven, as are also the sails that waft them across the waters.

The works in operation for draining the lake of Haarlem seem to have stimulated the ingenuity of the projectors to a still more gigantic undertaking, which may be safely characterised as the boldest enterprise of the age; namely, the drainage of the Zuyder Zee, which, according to a plan published at the Hague, is proposed to be effected by the construction of an immense dike, cutting off the communication with the North Sea, and by forming a canal between Amsterdam and the coast, into which are to be diverted the rivers which at present empty themselves into the Zuyder Zee. The expense of this undertaking is estimated at ten millions sterling. The reader may not be aware that the Zuyder Zee was at one time an inland freshwater lake, such as it is described by Pomponius Mela, and that its conversion into a gulf of the sea was effected in the thirteenth century, when violent storms destroyed the barrier between the ocean and the lake. Traces of this barrier still exist in the sandy islands and shoals between the Kelder and Ter Schelling.

We perceive from the newspapers that the South-Eastern Railway Company have established their confidence in the practicability of the submarine telegraph, by making preparations to lay down a line between Folkstone and Boulogne!

DAVID RHYS, THE 'CHIEF MUSICIAN TO THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.'

North Wales did not boast of a more perfect musician than David Rhys. Vain was it for any other harper to enter into competition with him at Eisteddfodd, or in bower or hall; he won all the prizes, and enchanted every ear. Other bards struck their harps, but no applause followed; and in a fit of rage and jealousy they snapped the wires, and threw their harps aside—at least so says David Rhys. Lords, nay, even princes, offered David riches and honours if he would strike his harp within their halls; but he loved his dear native country too well to be tempted to leave it for either honour or gold. Higher honour than any lord or even prince could bestow was in store for him, however; for one lovely evening in summer, as he was walking in this glen, and meditating on the beauties of nature, or every now and then striking a wild strain on his harp, he was somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of what he at that instant imagined to be a most beautiful little child. The smiling, bright-eyed boy came dancing up to David, and requested the harper to follow him to his father's hall, where, he said, a large party was assembled in the hope of hearing David's ravishing strains. David

Rhys was little in the habit of following anything but his own pleasure; but he now felt as if he was spell-bound, and that, whether he liked it or not, he must follow this lovely infant wheresoever he might lead him. So, without asking a single question, he followed the child up the glen. He was obliged to run, to keep pace with his juvenile and nimble guide; but on turning into a path that led to the mountain, a mist suddenly enveloped them, and at the same instant David was assailed by 'a hundred wry-mouthed elves,' who asked him whether he would travel above wind, below wind, or under wind. A soft voice whispered in his ear, 'soar not too high; but beware how a mortal of your genius abases himself too low.' David instantly exclaimed, 'I will travel under wind!' Scarcely had he uttered the words, than he felt himself gently raised from the ground, and was borne softly and pleasantly through the regions of mist. After travelling in this luxurious style for some time, he suddenly felt that he was descending towards the earth; and just as his feet rested on it, the mist disappeared, and he found that he was standing at the bottom of a magnificent flight of marble steps, that led to the entrance-door of a most unearthly-looking mansion. His little guide was once more at his side, and conducted him up the steps; but when he threw open the door, a scene of such dazzling splendour burst upon his sight, that David was obliged to set down his harp, and veil his eyes with his hands. A chair of ivory and gold was brought for him, and after a little practice, he found he could bear the dazzling light, and began to look around him. He saw that he was surrounded by beings not of this world, for the height of the tallest of the numerous group did not exceed that of a child of two years of age. Both sexes were exquisitely formed; their complexions were alike fair and transparent; and their heads were covered with long and flowing ringlets. The females were attired in pale-green robes, with girdles of flowers, and with dew-drops that glittered like diamonds in their hair. The bard began to play, and his tiny audience to dance; and so enchanting a sight, he declares, was never before vouchsafed to mortal eyes. A most delightful beverage was frequently handed to him in a small gold cup: it resembled nothing that he had ever tasted before, and seemed to inspire him with quite a magical touch on his harp. Midnight had long passed, and still the unwearied group danced on. At length trays of gold, covered with cups not bigger than those of the acorn, and filled with milk, were handed round, and the harper received permission to retire to his bed. His beautiful little guide came forward, and showed him the way to the luxurious chamber that had been prepared for him. David instantly threw himself on a couch formed of gold and ivory, and fell into a deep slumber. Picture to yourself his surprise and horror, on awaking early in the morning, shivering with cold, and aching in every limb, to find that he was lying on the cold ground, instead of a bed of down; and that not one stone was left of the splendid mansion in which, a few hours before, he had displayed his wondrous powers on the harp. But a moment's reflection banished all unpleasant feelings, and pride and exultation filled his heart; for he now felt convinced that his strains had been considered worthy the attention of immortal ears; and that he had spent the night in the presence of the king and the queen of the fairies, and all their attendants, he could no longer doubt. A proud man from henceforth was David Rhys; and many a good horn of ale has he won by relating this adventure, in hall or kitchen, on a winter's night.—*Llewelyn's Heir, or North Wales.*

NOTHING IN VAIN.

Although it was midsummer, the snow where we stood was from twenty to one hundred and twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo, fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird's-eye view of the great chain of the Andes, and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with eternal snow. The whole scene around us in every direction was devoid of vegetation, and was a picture of desolation on a scale of magnificence which made it peculiarly awful. But the knowledge that this vast mass of snow, so cheerless in appearance, was created for the use, and comfort, and happiness, and even luxury of man; that it was the inexhaustible reservoir from which the plains were supplied with water—made us feel that there is no spot in creation which man should term barren, though there are many which nature never intended for his residence.—*Sir Francis Head.*

ROBERT BRUCE CROWNED BY THE COUNTESS OF BUCHAN.

The Bruce is on his bended knee—a king, without a throne;
Of Scotland's realm the rightful lord, yet not one rood his own:
His altar—the few faithful hearts that gather round him there;
His anthem—the lone orphan's cry, the childless widow's prayer.

There steps a noble lady forth, and cries, 'The right is mine—
My fathers for long ages past crowned Scotland's royal line;
My craven brother loves to stay 'midst English pomp and glee:
'Tis I will crown the Bruce, and send him forth to victory.'

She placed the circlet on his brow—her hand nor shook nor quailed;
She said the consecration prayer—her firm voice never failed:
'Thou fightest not for thirst of fame, nor fell ambition's laws,
But for our fair and weeping land, and for a holy cause.

A wailing from our ravaged homes cries, "Set thy country free!"
The voices of our little ones call loud, brave Bruce! on thee:
In counsel wise, in purpose firm, in battle armed with might
Be thou! Go forth and fight for us, and God defend the right!'

The right has won! The Bruce now sits upon a royal throne;
And far and wide his eye beholds the fair realm, all his own.
The noblest king that ever yet held sway in Scotland's land,
Anointed was with woman's prayer, and crowned by woman's hand.

D. M. M.

HINTS ABOUT BEDROOMS.

Their small size and their lowness render them very insalubrious; and the case is rendered worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded, as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than a third part of our lives: and thus the period of repose, which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigour, becomes a source of disease. Sleep under such circumstances is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well-ventilated apartment: it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and languor which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill-ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling for many successive hours the vitiated air of our bedrooms, and how the health must be as effectually destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome or innutritious food. In the case of children and young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bedrooms, nurseries, schools, &c. Let a mother, who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bedrooms in the morning before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere—the close, oppressive, and often fetid odour of the room—and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit some morning after means have been taken by the chimney ventilator, or otherwise, to secure a full supply and continual renewal of the air in the bedrooms during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe.—*Sir James Clark on 'The Sanative Influence of Climate.'*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 164. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847. Price 1½d.

A WORD ON LAND.

Certain improvements made by Lord George Hill on his estate of Gweedore, in Donegal, were lately made the subject of an article, which, we understand, has given no little satisfaction to parties who entertain the idea that a proper system of land allotments is the one thing needful for Ireland, or any other country with a poor and redundant population. On the question of land allotments, the article pronounced no opinion, nor did it even allude to any such principle of rural arrangement. It presented only the interesting narrative of a nobleman having reclaimed a hitherto intractable peasantry from barbarous habits, and settled them in small allotments or farms on a formerly mismanaged estate. For this, as the best, if not the only thing which could be done in the circumstances, Lord George Hill, we said, deserves high praise. His conduct in every respect offers a bright example to Irish landowners generally, and we trust it will not be lost upon them.

Out of such proceedings, however, as those in which his lordship has been engaged, arise some grave considerations as to ulterior consequences, and on these we desire to speak frankly and emphatically. The allotment of small pieces of land—say one or two, or even four acres each—to be respectively farmed by annual or leasehold tenants, at a reasonable rent, is a great advance on a universal confusion of holdings, as was the case at Gweedore; and not being aware of what Lord George Hill proposes to do next, we cannot express a definite opinion as to the probable consequences of his generosity. There is no difficulty, however, in saying what may be expected if the arrangement be left to work in its original form. For a few years, the aspect of affairs will be greatly improved; but by and by the families of the settlers will increase in number, and remaining on the property, with or without subdivision of lands, there will ensue a condition of poverty and wretchedness which it may defy every available expedient to remedy.

Such must inevitably be the consequence of every scheme for allotting patches of land to poor agriculturists, unless at the same time provision be made for employing or carrying off to new fields of enterprise the redundancy of the population. After the long experience of the wretchedness produced by patch-farming in every part of the empire, Ireland in particular, it strikes us as something very remarkable that men should be seen advocating the institution of the practice on a wide scale, as a means of national prosperity. Fascinated by the seeming humanity of bestowing allotments upon paupers, and gratified by the first appearances of prosperity which probably ensue, they altogether forget what is to come next—overcrowded cottages, new pauperism, and a poor-rate which may pretty nearly absorb the whole rental of the parish.

Humanity is an amiable virtue, but humanity without consideration suggests and does some very foolish things. At this moment a scheme is on foot in England and Scotland for buying and giving an acre of land to every working-man who is a member of a certain association. In other words, a section of industrious and well-disposed operatives have, through the agency of some clap-trap humanity-man, been deluded into the fancy that each of them would be happy if he became the owner of a morsel of land—land situated, perhaps, hundreds of miles from the place of his ordinary occupation. We have no hesitation in denouncing this project as one of the greatest follies ever conceived. While Nature's laws work as they are doing, there cannot be a doubt that it will terminate in the loss and discomfiture of all concerned. Supposing, however, for the sake of argument, that each of the members of the association really does get his acre, has he fully reflected on the propriety of leaving his present employment, and beginning to a certain extent the business of agriculturist? also on the possibility of rearing a family on the proceeds? We earnestly wish that the members of the association in question would ponder on these things before it be too late. It may perhaps be alleged that the possession of a small piece of land in connexion with his cottage raises a working-man materially in his own respect, and that it affords healthful occupation at leisure hours. We agree with these propositions; but here, as in all other matters, it is desirable to calculate the balance of advantages and disadvantages.

In all cases in which a working-man has a reasonable assurance of permanent and properly remunerative employment in any particular place, it may be for his advantage in various ways to own a house and garden or small piece of land; but if he possess no assurance of this kind, and is exposed to the necessity of seeking employment in another district, it will be preferable to rent by the year at most what accommodations he requires. Instances of the advantage of small proprietorship are no doubt common; but so also are instances of a contrary nature. In many country towns and villages, a number of the inhabitants following handicraft employments possess small pieces of land, and also dwelling-houses; in Scotland, where they abound, they are termed *bonnet lairds*. Now, it is our conviction, from sundry examples which have fallen under our notice, that these inheritances are frequently injurious to families. Proud of their petty properties, proud of having a vote for members of parliament, proud of being *lairds*, they lead a poor struggling existence; yet, attached, nailed, as it were, to the spot, they cannot be induced to remove to places where they would be properly employed and remunerated. On one occasion, a laird of this sort, who was starving with his family on four shil-

lings a-week, which he realised as a handloom weaver, could not be persuaded to come to Edinburgh to be employed at fourteen shillings a-week, because by doing so he would have abdicated his dignity as a proprietor, and become only a plain operative. The heritable possession of dwelling-houses, or scraps of land, we repeat, may in many instances be injurious to working-men. It indisposes them for removal; fixes them to a spot; whereas, in order to make the most of their labour, which is their capital, they ought to hold themselves ready at the shortest notice to remove to places where the highest wages are to be obtained.

Our opinion regarding heritable property generally is, that it is better in the hands of persons who make a business of letting it, than in the possession of those who at once own and have to use it. Among the middle as well as the humbler classes, where there is little chance of any temptation or need for removal, the purchase of a house may be advantageous. In numberless instances, however, persons who buy or build dwelling-houses for their own use, get tired of them, or in time find them unsuitable, and are tormented till they get them off their hands. Unless, therefore, from particular circumstances, it is on the whole best to lease houses for private residence, leaving capitalists, by general competition, to provide the accommodation wanted.

With respect to land, it is, in the greater number of cases, also advisable to leave it in the ownership of persons who lease it to others as a means of livelihood. Thus, for example, if the annual rent of an acre of land be L.4, it will be greatly preferable for an agriculturist to pay L.400 for the use of a hundred acres, than to expend the sum of L.12,000 in buying the property. And why? Because in the one case he is binding up a great deal of capital, which might be of service in his own proper business of husbandry—besides putting an embargo upon his personal freedom; while, in the other, he would not only keep his capital to farm the land properly, but be so far at his ease, that at the end of a term of years he could remove to a larger farm, or, without loss, altogether relinquish the trade of an agriculturist.

Landowners are usually considered as a very rapacious set of persons. Our notion is, that, as a whole, they are considerably behind the age in point of economic knowledge—that they have allowed themselves to be far outstripped in the adaptation of means to ends by the manufacturing and commercial classes; but if by rapacity is meant the exaction of unwarrantably large rents, the term is certainly not applicable. In adventuring money in trade, it would be deemed a poor enterprise which did not return from ten to twenty per cent. of profit. Besides, money so risked may be turned over several times a-year. A tradesman, laying out L.100 in a speculation in January, may have a final return of L.200 before the end of December. The landowner has no such chance. In England, a freehold property in land may realise four per cent. per annum on the outlay; and in Scotland, it rarely returns above two and a-half per cent. What a miserable affair is this! A gentleman spends L.30,000 in buying an estate, and all he gets back yearly is L.1200 if in England, or L.750 if in Scotland. Why the return should be so much less in Scotland, can only be accounted for by the fact, that in that country a certain imaginary dignity and political weight is associated with territorial possessions, thus causing a competition which raises the value of land considerably beyond its fair commercial value. Assuming, however, that L.1000 or L.1200 is realised, the return is only annual. By no process can an agriculturist take more than one crop per annum; and so neither can a landowner get more than a year's rent for a year's use of his property. While the manufacturer and merchant are daily planning extensions of their business, sometimes losing, but more frequently making large sums, in reward of their ingenuity and enterprise, the poor landed proprietor is left to pine on his meagre rental, or draw consolation only from the prescriptive fancy that he is the salt of the earth. A little consideration suffices to show that the landowner is a man more to be pitied than envied. His situation imposes on him a certain degree of state and ratio of expenditure, too apt to be beyond his means, and whatever goes wrong in the country, on him falls the principal blame. At present, the greater number of landed proprietors throughout the United Kingdom are in difficulties. Everything tends to prove that, as a class, they are not advancing; while it is equally clear that the manufacturing and commercial classes, from the circumstances adverted to, are already beginning to take the predominance in wealth and social importance. It is not difficult to see how this will end.

The proposition that land is held in trust by its owners for the general good of the nation, appears reasonable; for land is the source of food, and in the production of this article in due abundance every one is concerned. Partly, however, from ignorance, and partly from the effect of certain laws of inheritance, land has scarcely ever been under a rational system of tenure; that is, open to free disposal and competition. Pride has been at the foundation of the mischief. In some countries, the inheritance of land belongs prescriptively to the eldest son of the deceased owner, to the exclusion of his other children; and in some cases, to make this principle of primogeniture doubly sure, the inheritance is destined, by deed of entail, to go in all time coming to the nearest male heir of the deceased. On this account, large properties are daily passing into the hands of elder sons, greatly to the injury of brothers and sisters; and, what is more painful, properties are going out of families altogether, leaving daughters pretty nearly destitute, and are seen passing into the hands of remote male heirs, who perhaps are in the enjoyment of handsome estates already. This entail system is more rigorous in Scotland than in England, and has greatly damaged the general and individual interest in land. Reducing the proprietor to the position of a liferenter, he is indifferent to improvements; and if otherwise disposed, he has not the means to execute any beneficial alterations on his property. Lately, in pity of these unfortunate proprietors, a law was passed empowering them to borrow money from the state to improve their lands. How humiliating the position! What would be thought of the state being asked to lend money to manufacturers to renovate their buildings and machinery? The universal and proper remark would be, that those who could not draw on private resources for such renovations, should sell their properties to men of greater wealth. The same remark, therefore, ought in propriety to be applied to those owners of lands who are destitute of means for their improvement. A law abolishing, or greatly modifying entails, would have been the reasonable plan of procedure.

Contemplating the evils which arise from a too rigorous law of primogeniture and entail, the people of other countries have gone to an opposite extreme, and instituted laws making it obligatory on the father of a family to leave his property in equal portions

to all his children. This is a tyranny and a folly as revolting to common sense as the most outrageous law of entail. A man, by successful industry, acquires means to purchase an estate, consisting of a hundred acres of land. He has five children, three of whom are well-behaved, and have afforded him much comfort; two are depraved, and act in defiance of all admonition. He would wish to divide his property into three, for the sake of the well-behaved; but this the law does not allow him to do. He dies, and the estate is parted into five equal portions. Each child has now twenty acres, and the same law again operates to subdivide. Suppose each to have five children, then each of these gets four acres. There are now twenty-five proprietors instead of one. But the subdivision does not stop; on it goes, generation after generation, till at length the whole land is cut up into paltry sections not the size of a cabbage garden.

Such is the process now going on at a rapid rate in France; and any one who wishes to have a comprehensive idea of its consequences, will find the subject amply treated in the lately issued number of the 'Quarterly Review.' The only modifying arrangement in that country consists in the father being allowed to leave by will a certain share of his property. If he has only one child, he can bequeath a half; if he has two children, he can will a third; and so on. But this has little practical efficacy, and as the father is not allowed to make a gift of his property during his life, he is, in fact, little better than a puppet in the hands of his family. Far better the most stern law of primogeniture than this grossly demoralising and impoverishing folly. It appears that, with a population of about thirty-five millions, France has upwards of eleven millions of landed proprietors, at least five millions of whom own no more than five acres each, and a vast number not more than one acre. It is calculated that five and a-half millions of these proprietors do not realise individually above L.11, 10s. annually; and yet, with their families, they amount to twenty-seven millions of souls. Thus the great bulk of the population of France, with the name of proprietors in enjoyment or prospect, are in a condition allied to that of paupers. That even in this abject and precarious state they enjoy greater tranquillity and independence than their forefathers prior to the Revolution, may be acknowledged; but to compare them—a poor, bare-legged, wooden-shoed, half-clad, half-fed set of beings—with the artisans of Great Britain, would be manifestly absurd. Yet, as we have said, some people are actually so insane as to propose a subdivision of lands in these islands on a similar scale. In certain districts of France the morsels of land are so small, that some families own no more than a single ridge; and the consequence is, not only excessive poverty, but constant litigation as to the elucidation and settlement of rights. If this practice of subdivision remain unchecked by law, an agrarian convulsion, more fearful in its effects than the Revolution of 1793, will, in the course of another generation, inevitably ensue.

All things considered, we arrive at the following propositions respecting the tenure and management of land. First, that land, like every other commodity, ought to be at the free disposal of its proprietor, to sell it or bequeath it as he thinks proper—subject, of course, in the latter case, to making a reasonable provision for widow and children. Second, that land should be agriculturally managed in that form which would cause it to yield permanently the largest amount of produce at the smallest expenditure of means. If it can be shown, therefore, as we confidently believe it can, that large farms, by an exact economical management, will give to the nation food in greater abundance, and at less cost, than small farms could propose to do, then large farms are in every respect the most suitable and commendable; and all excessive cutting up of properties ought to be deprecated, as a source of general impoverishment and disaster. W. C.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, there was not an artist in the Netherlands whose fame had spread wider than that of Messer Andrea, the sculptor of Bruges. His father had come from Italy, and settled in Flanders, where he lived and struggled, an ardent and enthusiastic artist, whose genius cast just sufficient light to show him his own defects. This love of the beautiful was the sole inheritance he left his son. But Andrea's northern birth and education had, to a certain extent, qualified his Italian descent, so that to his father's ardent nature he added a steady perseverance, without which all the genius in the world is but as a meteor of a moment.

The branch of art that Andrea followed was wood-sculpture, in which, by his wonderful skill, he surpassed all his contemporaries. In our day, it is impossible, from the few relics that remain, to know the perfection to which our ancestors of the middle ages carried this beautiful style of art; when Gothic saints and Madonnas looked down from their niches in cathedrals, though the names of the unknown artists who carved these beautiful heads and graceful draperies were forgotten, even before the frail material in which they worked had lost its freshness.

The sculptor of Bruges was one of these now-forgotten artists; and yet an artist he was, in the highest sense of the word. He lived and moved among beautiful forms and ideas; they influenced his character, and refined his mind, yet did not make him unfit for association with the world. Riches and honour came with his fame, until he stood high in the regard of his fellow-citizens; and the son of the poor Italian student was at last deemed worthy to wed one who had long been the object of an almost hopeless love, a daughter of one of the highest families in Bruges. This union could not but be a happy one; and Andrea and his wife slowly advanced towards middle age, feeling that their present bliss had not belied the promise of their youth. Still, there were a few bitter drops in their cup: the husband and wife saw several of their children drop off one by one, until all that remained were two boys and a daughter—the lovely little fair-haired Gertrude, who was her father's darling. Nevertheless, these were sufficient to make the sculptor's home cheerful, and the lost brothers and sisters were hardly missed.

At the time when our story begins, Andrea had finished his latest work. It was a group of angels, carved in wood, to adorn the church of Bruges. The burghers crowded to gaze upon and admire the work of their fellow-citizen, of whom they were so justly proud. It was indeed a beautiful specimen of the ancient Gothic style, such as one meets with sometimes even now in old churches, where the hand of innovation has not reached. Three angels formed the group, one kneeling with raised eyes and humbly-folded hands, while the other's stretched-out arms were lifted upwards in rapturous adoration; and the third, looking down on the worshippers below, pointed towards heaven. The perfect beauty of expression, the grand, yet simple masses of drapery, falling in broad folds, which are the characteristics of this style, won universal praise. The artist stood by, in pleasure, not unmingled with honest pride, when many a hand shook his own in friendly congratulation, and many an eye, made humbler by rank and distance, looked at him admiringly.

In all the pleased assembly there was but one dissentient voice, and that was from a brother artist and rival of Andrea. Melchior Kunst was one of those dark and unquiet spirits who seem to cast a shadow wherever they go. He was a man of great talent, noble to look

at, and at times most fascinating in manner, and yet no one loved him. There appeared to be an atmosphere of gloom and distrust about him, which made his fellow-men shrink from him. Even now, all instinctively made way for him, and Melchior strode on until he stood opposite the group. He folded his arms, and looked at it fixedly from under his dark brows. Then he addressed the artist, who stood at a little distance.

'Doubtless you think this very fine, Messer Andrea?'

'It is not what *I* think of it, but the judgment which the world puts on my work, that is of consequence,' answered Andrea calmly.

'And you never saw this design before?'

'Certainly not; it is my own.'

'Indeed!' said Melchior with that quiet sneer which is so galling, sitting on his curved lips—the handsomest feature of his very handsome face. 'Indeed! And so you never go into another's studio, and copy limbs, and attitude, and design, as you have here stolen from me?'

'It is not true,' said Andrea, with difficulty restraining his passion.

'I tell you it is,' cried his opponent. 'Look, gentlemen, brother artists; look! this figure is mine—my own design; and here I execute my will upon what is my own!' and he drew a hatchet from under his cloak, and before the wonder-stricken spectators could interfere, he severed one of the upraised hands of the nearest figure.

Andrea was stung to the quick by this mutilation of his work; all his Italian blood was roused within him: with a sudden impulse he rushed upon Kunst with the fury of a tiger at bay. Those around interfered; but it was needless, for Andrea's well-constituted mind had already got the better of his momentary rage, and he stood pale, but self-possessed, gazing alternately at his adversary and at his own despoiled work.

'Melchior Kunst,' said he at last, 'you think you have done me a great injury; and so you have, but not an irreparable one. I will not revenge myself now, but you will be sorry for it some time.'

A loud laugh from Kunst made the sculptor once more clench his hands, while the bright-red mounted to his brow; but he said no more, and after Melchior's departure, he too left the hall with some friends, who were stricken dumb by this untoward event.

It was late in the evening when Andrea returned towards his own home. He walked slowly along by the side of the dark and gloomy canal, which the setting light of the young moon only made more solemn and fearful. Thick ivy-hung walls, even in the daytime, cast a heavy shadow on the water; and now it looked like some dark abyss, which no man could fathom. Here and there some pale solitary ray of moonlight pierced through the branches of the acacias that overhung the opposite side, seeming like a bright arrow flashing through the darkness.

Andrea's heart was very heavy. His triumph had ended in pain: disappointment not only at the injury done to his work, but at the unjust accusation of Melchior Kunst. Andrea knew how ready are the suspicions of the world when once aroused; and he fancied that already cold and doubtful eyes examined his group with less favour than heretofore. And besides, the sudden ebullition of anger to which he had been goaded left a weight behind, both bodily and mental; for with men of Andrea's gentle and not easily-roused temperament, such excitement ever causes a painful reaction.

The sculptor walked on quickly amidst the gathering darkness of the night, for the moon had now set. He fancied now and then that he heard stealthy footsteps at a distance behind him; and perhaps this made him unconsciously urge his pace. Andrea was no coward, but it was a lonely place by the water-side, and he was unarmed. Still, as the footsteps approached no nearer, he reproached himself for yielding to the delusion of an imagination heated by the events of the day. All at once Andrea heard distinctly a plunge in the water of some heavy body. His first idea was, that some unfortunate had thus ended his life and his miseries; but the sound was so distant, that he was uncertain. He retraced his steps; but there was nothing to justify his previous thought. The canal flowed on, silent and dark as before: not a struggle, not a groan, not a cry rose up from its gloomy depths. It could have been only a heavy stone, which had fallen from the old dilapidated wall into the waters beneath. Andrea felt sure of this, and went on his way until he reached his home—a home where, since he left, danger and anxiety had entered.

Three days after this, two armed officers of justice made their appearance in the dwelling of the sculptor of Bruges. They came to take prisoner the master of the house, accused of the crime of murder. From the day of the contest in the hall, Melchior Kunst had never been seen until that morning, when his lifeless body had floated up from the bed of the canal into the very market-place, a fearful spectre among living men. Then one of the horror-stricken bystanders remembered that on the same night of their quarrel he had seen Messer Andrea pass by the way that led along the canal, and that not long after Melchior Kunst also followed. Another man, who lived near, had heard a plunge in the water, but thought it was only his own dog, who often at night swam across the canal. A third had met Messer Andrea beside the canal also, but had seen no other man. This was sufficient evidence to convict the unfortunate artist.

The officers found their prisoner alone. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands, and hardly moved at their entrance. One of them laid his hand on the sculptor's shoulder, and claimed him as a prisoner.

Andrea looked up with a face so listless, so vacant, so deadly pale, that the officer started, and unconsciously let go his hold.

'A prisoner!' said Andrea, without making an effort to move. 'What have I done? Who accuses me?'

The officer was a man of kindly nature, who had known Messer Andrea in former times. He gently and respectfully explained his errand; but had to repeat it several times before Andrea comprehended him. It seemed that some heavy cloud darkened his faculties. At last he understood the whole.

'So they accuse me of being a murderer—an assassin?' said he, rising, while a shiver ran through his frame. Then addressing the first officer, 'You were a good man once—follow me.' The other hesitated. 'You need not fear,' continued Andrea; 'I am unarmed—I have no thought of escaping from justice.'

The man followed his prisoner until they came to a darkened room; it was the chamber of death. On the bed lay the pale and shrouded form of a woman. Very beautiful she must have been, and her beauty had scarcely passed its maturity. No long illness had taken away the roundness of health from her face, so that even in death she looked lovely as a marble statue. The long dark lashes rested on her cheek, and a few locks of jet-black hair, escaping from the fillet that bound her head, gave a lifelike air to her repose. By her side lay an infant—a flower of an hour—whose little soul had come from Heaven at sunrise, and returned thither at sunset. They were the wife and child of Andrea.

The sculptor pointed to the dead. 'Look there,' he said, 'and say if I am likely to have revenged any trifling insult—if I am likely to have been a murderer!' His voice grew hoarse; he stretched his arms towards the body of his wife, and then fell to the earth in strong convulsions.

Andrea, during nearly the whole time that elapsed between his apprehension and trial, was dead to the consciousness of his misery. A low fever enfeebled all his senses, and reduced his outward form to the appearance of an old man. His friends—for he had still many—took both his sons to their charge. It was well they did, for the father seemed to have lost all remembrance even of their existence. When they visited him, he took not the least notice of them; so the children were at last wisely sent far away from the scene of disgrace and suffering. But with Gertrude the father would not part. She was a sweet little creature, the image of her mother in feature and expression, but her complexion resembled her father. Her eyes were of that deep violet hue which is seldom

seen beyond childhood—so dark, that a careless observer would call them black. Gertrude's hair was of that colour which the old masters often gave to heads of Christ and of the Virgin—a mingling of warm brown and reddish gold tints, which the uninitiated might call red, but which painters know to be the most beautiful of all shades. It gave to sweet Gertrude the appearance of an angel, for in the sunshine it looked like a coronet of golden light around her head. If ever human form seemed the visible embodiment of a perfect soul, it was this child's. We have lingered over the picture of her, partly because we love to think of beauty, and partly because such descriptions always give vividness to events that are long gone by.

The first evidence that Andrea gave of returning consciousness to things around him, was in recognising his little daughter, and calling her by her name. It was her mother's also; and perhaps that, aided by the strong resemblance, was a comfort to the widowed husband. He began to talk coherently, first with Gertrude, and then with others who came to see him; and by degrees his mind and body gathered strength, so that he was able to think of his defence against the terrible crime laid to his charge. This was a momentous thing, for the proofs were all against him, and Andrea could bring no evidence in his favour, save his own explanation of what had happened on his way homewards that fatal day, and the irreproachable character he had borne all his life.

At last the sculptor of Bruges was brought from his prison to the judgment-hall where he was to be tried. He seemed to himself like one risen from the grave, and indeed so he appeared to those about him. Andrea had been a strong, powerful, noble-looking man, but now all his flesh had shrunk away, and his height only made him appear more shadowy. Dark circles were round his eyes, and his face bore an unvaried sallow hue. Nevertheless, his mien was firm and composed; no one could look at him, and doubt for a moment his innocence. Andrea's little daughter stood by his side: one might have likened her to a flower growing close beside a tomb. Gertrude had become accustomed to the change in her father's looks, and the shocked and anxious gaze of all around struck her with alarm. She crept closer to him, never taking her eyes from his face.

The trial proceeded. All was against Andrea: even the words he had uttered before Melchior left the hall were brought in judgment against him: they had sounded like a threat. None that had known Andrea doubted in their own hearts that he was a guiltless man, but the circumstantial evidence was too strong to be gainsayed by the law. He was found guilty of the assassination of Melchior Kunst; and Andrea—the gentle, upright man, who had never lifted a hand against a fellow-creature, save in that one evil hour when he was driven to passion by Melchior Kunst—was removed from the hall of justice with the stain of murder on his name.

Condemnation was deferred for a short space, for the sake of the hitherto unsullied character of the criminal. In those days the hand of law was often tampered with, and never was it with greater show of justice than in this instance. Andrea's great talents, and the many friends who warmly protested how incapable he was of such a crime, interposed in his behalf. They succeeded in obtaining only a suspension of the sentence for a few months, that some chance might elicit the truth which so many doubted. But in the meantime the sculptor was ordered to execute some work of art to adorn the Palais de Justice at Bruges, where he had been tried. For this purpose he was brought from his cell, and confined in the hall which had witnessed his trial.

It was a large gloomy-looking chamber, so dimly lighted from without, that even at mid-day the dark shadows in the corners of the room looked like night. An immense hearth, on which lay a few fagots, was the only cheerful object, but even that light and warmth did not reach beyond the immediate vicinity of the fire. There was no furniture in the room, save one small table in the centre, a bench, and a straw couch in the gloomiest corner. It was a place in which one would instinctively shrink from looking behind, and where the sound of one's own footsteps would sound hollow and full of dread, as if something fearful were following after us.

Andrea and his daughter heard the heavy door close, and they were alone in the hall. The little girl led her father to the bench beside the hearth, and then sat down at his feet, holding his hands fast in hers. She dared not look anywhere but at the bright fire and at her father's face; even the shadows that the flames cast on the ceiling made her start sometimes. Gertrude had been accustomed to a prison, for she had never left her father, except when taken home at night, to return next morning—but this place seemed gloomier than any before.

Andrea had no hope. His life had been free from any very heavy sorrows, and the first that came, so fearful as they were, overwhelmed him. His sole idea now was, to employ the short remnant of his life in executing some memorial of his talents to leave behind him, that, when time had removed the shadow from his fame, his children might have no reason to blush for their father. He returned again to his long-cherished occupation. For a while this gave him sensations almost amounting to pleasure. His step became lighter, and his countenance lost somewhat of the settled melancholy. He almost forgot his sorrows, his blighted name, his impending doom, in the exercise of his beloved art. He would cease from his work, look at the beautiful image which had risen to life under his hand, and murmur to himself, 'What man will say that the hand of an assassin has done this? that the brain which formed this idea of beauty could plan a murder?'

And by degrees the influence of his beautiful art in some measure soothed the mind of the sorrow-stricken man. His desolate prison became cheerful with the graceful forms which it contained, and Gertrude moved among the whole like a beautiful spirit. If ever the sculptor clung to hope and life, it was when he looked at his darling child, and at the more imperishable offspring of his genius.

At last Andrea's work drew nigh to a close: the sculpture was finished. Then it was that the enthusiasm which had sustained him faded away, and the artist's soul sank within him. He gave the last touches to his beautiful work—he knew he could do no more—and then went and sat in dumb stillness, in a stupor of grief and despair. Gertrude clung round him in affection, mingled with fear, but he did not speak to her or embrace her.

'Father, dear father, are you tired? Are you angry with your little girl?' and the child stood on tiptoe, trying to remove the hands which covered his face.

Andrea seemed hardly conscious of her presence, but repeated every now and then in a low tone, 'I have done my work—I have no hope—now let me die.'

The terrified child, who had been all along kept in ignorance of her father's doom, began to weep, but her tears were interrupted by the entrance of the magistrates of Bruges. They came to view the finished work of the artist. High as Andrea's reputation had been, they did not expect so beautiful a creation as that which now met their eyes. They looked upon it in silence, and then turned to the artist, who, wan and haggard, without a single ray of hope illuminating his pale features, stood behind his judges. One of them, an old man, was melted even to tears. Forgetting the dignity of office, the magistrate took hold of the criminal's hand and led him to a seat.

'You must not stand, Messer Andrea; you are not yet strong,' said he compassionately. 'Sit and rest while we examine your beautiful work.'

The sculptor obeyed without a word: he was passive as a child. Little Gertrude, who had shrunk away at the sight of strangers, came and stood silently behind her father, taking fast hold of his garments. The two magistrates inspected the sculpture, and could not restrain their admiration. The eye of the unfortunate artist brightened for a moment at their warm praise, but immediately his face returned to its accustomed melancholy.

'It is all in vain,' he answered; 'you cannot make men forget the past—you cannot take the shadow from the

name of my children—you cannot give their father life.'

The magistrates looked at one another, and the elder one spoke.

'There is hope still, Messer Andrea; have you courage to hear it?'

The artist started up, and raised his thin form to its full height. 'Tell me that I am proved innocent, and I will thank God and die.'

'We do not promise quite so much,' said one of the judges, wishing to temper Andrea's violent excitement.

'Only have hope. Many things have been discovered to-day,' continued the aged man whose kindness had first moved Andrea. 'Be calm now; to-morrow we may send you good news.'

The magistrates departed, leaving the poor prisoner with a wildly-throbbing heart, which he vainly endeavoured to still. All that day he sat with Gertrude in his arms, kissing her, fondling her, at times almost weeping over her. To all the questions of the wondering child he only answered, 'To-morrow, love; we may be free to-morrow.'

And when the attendants came to remove Gertrude for the night, he unclasped her arms from round his neck, with the promise that he too would go away with her to-morrow.

'Leave here to-morrow!' cried the happy child. 'Will you, too, leave this gloomy place to-morrow, and return no more?'

'God forbid I should return! No, my child, never more,' answered the father with a shudder.

'And shall we go out together—shall we go to our own home?' pursued Gertrude.

'Yes, dear child,' said Andrea, as he kissed her once more, and set her on the ground from his trembling arms, too weak for even so light a burthen. 'Yes, my Gertrude, I shall indeed go home to-morrow.'

He had spoken truth. Soon after daybreak next morning some officers entered the hall, bearing a release for the prisoner, whom the confession of a stranger had proved to be guiltless. Andrea was leaning on the table, his head resting on his arms, and his upturned face raised towards his work. But as they drew nearer, they saw that his countenance was meaningless, and that no life shone in his fixed and open eyes. The sculptor of Bruges was dead—his heart had broken with joy.*

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

English society in India has latterly been undergoing numerous pleasing meliorations. While rapacity and sensuality have been disappearing, integrity and refinement have been correspondingly on the advance. Among other tokens of an improved taste, not the least conspicuous is the support given to a quarterly literary journal, the 'Calcutta Review'—an actual six-shilling review, in the English language, printed on the banks of the Hoogly! We wish to draw attention to this gratifying specimen of Anglo-Indian literature, as well as a few other points not undeserving of attention in England.

The Calcutta Review is an important work in itself, inasmuch as it frequently gathers into a single article the Indian information one would otherwise have to hunt for through a library; but it is likewise interesting from a circumstance not generally known in this country—namely, that some of its best articles are written by native contributors. This is a gigantic step taken by the Hindoo mind, and, considered in conjunction with the numerous periodicals now circulating in the national dialects, and edited by natives, is full of delightful hope. Our present business, however, is with the Anglo-Indians. Hardly a single number of the Review has appeared without at least one article containing a contribution towards the social history of our countrymen in Hindoostan; and we persuade ourselves that we shall be able to collect from its pages, without much assistance from other sources, a pretty distinct idea of their actual position and character. With this general acknowledgment to the Calcutta Review, we shall proceed, without thinking it necessary to distinguish in detail the information we may owe to it, except when that is adopted in its own words.

In the earlier part of the Company's history, their servants were sent out to fight and sell for their masters, and scramble as well as they could for themselves. Instead of a salary capable of supporting them, they were allowed all sorts of dishonest advantages in trade over the natives; and the consequence was, that, generally speaking, they scorned the regular gains of their appointments, and took to tyranny and spoliation. The unsuccessful never returned to Europe at all, while the comparatively few who had enriched themselves by unfair traffic, or something worse, brought home their huge fortunes and bilious physiognomies, to serve as studies for the playwrights, storytellers, and caricaturists. When Mr Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, arrived in India as a writer in 1769, his salary was *eight rupees a-month;* and he complains bitterly that, notwithstanding this short allowance, the commercial speculations of the government servants had been so much burthened with restrictions, as to make the privilege of hardly any use. He adds somewhat later, that when on a mission to Dacca, he might have made L.100,000 but for his *scruples;* and later still, he was offered by a native prince (as a bribe of course) five lacs of rupees and eight thousand gold mohurs. Shore accepted only a picture, having no ambition to swell the rank of the 'nabobs' in England. About the same time Mr Forbes's entire income at Madras, from salary and other sources, was L.65 a-year; and the consequence was, that the poor cadet was frequently obliged to go to bed soon after sunset for want of a candle!

'You may not believe me when I tell you,' writes Sir Thomas Munroe, 'that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, until I came to India; that since then, I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge pouch; my bed was a piece of canvas stretched on four cross-sticks, whose only ornament was the greatcoat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay, like Falstaff in the basket—hilt to point, and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet; for the tailor, not having foreseen the various uses to which this piece of dress might be applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs, I lost by exposing my neck; and I generally chose rather to cool my heels than my head. . . . . My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece. It grows tattered in one quarter whilst I am establishing funds to repair it in another, and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat.' This was during the period of nabobship, when a novelist who wanted to

* The leading incidents of this story are strictly true. The works of Andrea may still be seen in the Palais de Justice at Bruges.

enrich his heroine suddenly, had nothing to do but to find her an uncle in India.

Besides a universal rapacity, there was a prevalent and odious looseness of manners which shocked the unsophisticated natives. 'Those who came hither,' says the Calcutta Review, 'were often desperate adventurers, whom England, in the emphatic language of the Scripture, had spued out; men who sought these golden sands of the East to repair their broken fortunes; to bury in oblivion a sullied name; or to wring, with lawless hand, from the weak and unsuspecting, wealth which they had not the character or the capacity to obtain by honest industry at home. They cheated, they gambled, they drank; they revelled in all kinds of debauchery; though associates in vice, linked together by a common bond of rapacity, they often pursued one another with desperate malice, and, few though they were in numbers, among them there was no unity, except a unity of crime.' The fullest scope was given for the misconduct of such persons by the corporate immorality of the early companies; and we may suppose what a paradise the country must have been, when we are informed by the Abbé Raynal that the English were the best of the Europeans in India!

It is no wonder that the returned nabobs were seized upon with avidity by the romancers and dramatists, and that no exception was made in favour of individuals from the reprobation or ridicule showered upon the class. One of these curiosities — General Smith—when he was appointed high-sheriff of Berkshire, called a county meeting for the sole purpose of proposing to the noblemen and gentlemen to sanction a road to be cut through their properties, in order to enable him to drive to his seat of Chilton Lodge without the necessity of passing through the paltry town of Hungerford. The same nabob, on going into a gaming-house in St James's, and finding no company, laid himself down to sleep on one of the sofas, telling the waiter to take care that he should not be disturbed, 'unless some fellow or other came in who had spirit enough to throw a main at hazard for three thousand guineas.' The fellow proved to be the dissipated Lord Littleton, who entered the room singing, with some of his congenial companions, and at once accepted the challenge. He continued his song throughout the game, which he won; and pocketing the money in the midst of shouts of laughter, bade the general good-night. But General Smith—who was the Sir Matthew Mite of Foote—was as profuse in deeds of generosity as of folly. He supported, for instance, the banking-house of the Drummonds, in an emergency in 1772, with a deposit of L.150,000; and this for no other reason than that some of the partners had occasionally given him half-a-crown when he was a boy.

In 1780, the first Anglo-Indian newspaper was published at Calcutta. It was called 'Hicky's Gazette,' and was a mass of slander and iniquity of every kind; in return for which an attempt was made to assassinate the editor. Before the end of the century, however, a great change for the better had taken place. Drinking, gambling, and rioting went gradually out of fashion; and Lord Cornwallis left the country on the fair road to social as well as political improvement. 'A reformation highly commendable,' says Mr Tennant in 1798, 'has been effected, partly from necessity, but more by the example of a late governor-general, whose elevated rank and noble birth gave him in a great measure the guidance of fashion. Regular hours and sobriety of conduct became as decidedly the test of a man of fashion as they were formerly of irregularity. Thousands owe their lives, and many more their health, to this change, which had neither been reckoned on nor even foreseen by those who introduced it.' Respectably conducted journals were now published, the number of half-caste children was diminished, and by degrees Anglo-Indian society assumed much of the appearance we find at home.

But all this was neither the effect of magic nor the doing of Lord Cornwallis. Anglo-India is peopled *from* England, and educated *in* England; and generally speaking, the same change of manners must be observable there which goes on at home. The reign of George III. was the epoch of a social reform at home which gradually changed the entire character of the people; and India partook of necessity in the revolution. The Company, sharing themselves in the change as individuals, made their service more respectable and more regular, by increasing the wages of their servants, and diminishing at once their power and their temptation to plunder; and thus an entirely new form was given to the personel of their establishments. Formerly, the daring, the dissipated, the worthless members of a family were cast off to India—'whistled down the wind to prey at fortune;' but now that it had become a field of regular industry and honourable ambition, respectable men looked to the service as offering an eligible provision for the cleverest of their sons. Such men as these lads turned out were not fitted for the matrimonial prey of adventuresses; and accordingly, the ladies-errant were seen returning in great numbers from their land of promise. A new set of wives were now provided for the Anglo-Indians. As morality advanced, and the numbers of half-caste children began to dwindle; and, more than all, as the officers, civil and military, became worth a tolerable sum *living or dead*, the legitimate daughters of residents returned to India after their English education had been completed, and married and settled under the eye of their parents. Gradually, therefore, and naturally, the once jarring elements of society subsided into their present form. Occasionally a merchant comes back, with an ample fortune made by legitimate trade; and every day numbers of civil and military officers make their reappearance, with a provision, more or less comfortable or handsome, for life. But nabobs are among the things that were. A returned Indian is simply an English gentleman who has passed much of his time abroad; and we should wonder at his intimate acquaintance with things and persons at home, if we did not know that the increasing facilities and diminished charges of travelling had permitted him to keep up, by an occasional visit, his old associations. As for his wife and daughters, they have no difficulty in gliding back into the English tastes the Calcutta reviewer would persuade us they once abandoned; and we question whether it would be possible to distinguish, at a soirée, a fair Anglo-Indian from the rest of her countrywomen.

Fifty years ago, M. de Grandpré declared Calcutta to be 'not only the handsomest town in Asia, but one of the finest cities in the world;' and since then, it has obtained the title, by which it is popularly known, of City of Palaces. This is not derived from its public buildings, though these are both numerous and handsome, but from the private dwellings of the 'servants' of its merchant-princes. These dwellings have an extensive frontage, and abundance of pillars and porticos; and their white colour, seen through a hot and cloudless atmosphere, dazzles the eyes. Their rooms are usually large and lofty, opening *en suite*, and they are supplied with glass windows and Venetian doors. They are full of European furniture, the walls glittering with paintings, the floors covered with carpets, and the doors and windows hung with curtains. Plate, glass, porcelain, bronze, papier maché, alabaster, lamps, lustres and chandeliers — everything, in short, that taste and wealth could desire, is abundant in these luxurious abodes, where the inhabitants voluntarily broil themselves with the comforts of Europe under the tropic of Cancer.

In the article of female dress, there is usually seen in Calcutta a not less costly style of fashion. 'The immense investments of rich satins and gorgeous velvets — the latter rarely sold at less than a guinea a yard—which pass into the hands of consumers every cold weather, is altogether incommensurate with the number of ladies whose means and position would, in

English society, entitle them to the use of such costly attire.' Notwithstanding this, we are informed that there is no such thing as distress to be found in this brilliant and imprudent community. Formerly, according to Mr Forbes, when an officer of respectability, whether civil or military, died, a subscription was immediately set on foot for the widow and children, which was not only always liberal, but not unfrequently conferred on the parties a degree of permanent affluence greater than the prospects from which death had excluded them. At present, the reviewer tells us, such subscriptions are not known—simply because they are not wanted. The funds for the retirement of officers, and the maintenance of widows and children, together with the almost universal custom of life-insurance, do everything that before was accomplished through the painful means of charity. A young civilian is said, in the matrimonial market, to be worth L.300 a-year, *dead or alive*, and a young military officer worth L.100 a-year. Yet private benevolence is still active, not in occasional, and perhaps ostentatious donations, but in the regular support of hospitals, infirmaries, and other institutions; while the extra funds of the Anglo-Indians are likewise freely bestowed in the patronage of the arts and sciences, unknown to their predecessors of even the last generation.

The mode of spending a day in India has been frequently described, but, as regards the present time, very erroneously. Formerly, the case was different. The number of English was small, and the habits of society, therefore, uniform. Up to a certain date we are able to note, with tolerable accuracy, their mode of passing the time; but they now form a large, variously-constituted, and widely-dispersed community, and the same social differences are observed among them as we find at home. Early rising, however, is the general rule; many men being habitually on horseback before the sun is up. Breakfast is taken at all hours—from sunrise till eleven; and it varies from a cup of tea and a slice of dry toast, to a repast of rice, eggs, fish, cold meat, fruits, and preserves. From breakfast to five or six o'clock, the men of business, civil or military, toil in their sultry offices; while with others, and especially many of the female part of the community, the day is divided by tiffin—the substantial Indian lunch. Before tiffin is the time for paying and receiving morning visits; after that, a lady is her own mistress till her husband returns from business, and takes her out for a drive, or accompanies her carriage on horseback; or, wearied, vexed, and dispirited with the cares of the world, sends her forth to 'eat the air' alone. As for the *siesta* between tiffin and the drive, that has gone a good deal out of fashion. Men of business can no longer afford the time; and it has been discovered that sleeping in the daytime is merely an indolent habit, and not an indispensable of the climate.

The evening drive is the grand show of Calcutta. Hyde Park in full season is nothing to it. 'No sooner does the setting sun tinge the western horizon, than all the English residents in Calcutta throw open their doors and windows, make a hasty toilet, and sally forth, in carriage or on horseback, to enjoy the evening air. Before the sun has disappeared behind the western bank of the river, the strand is crowded with vehicles of every description—a concourse as dense as that which may be seen on the Epsom Road during the race-week, with even more entanglements and embarrassments, for there is a stream setting both ways. One marvels who all these people are that own these hundreds of carriages. The first impression made upon the mind of the stranger is, that there must be an enormous number of wealthy inhabitants in Calcutta. But the equipage is, in reality, no sort of index to the worldly possessions of the owner. It may let you, perhaps, into the secret of a man's vanity, certainly not of his income. Some of the most pretending equipages on the course are sported by people belonging to the second class of society—uncovenanted government servants, petty East Indian or European traders—respectable personages enough in their way, and, peradventure, not much given to show; but the wife and the daughters must have their britska or barouche, though they do pinch a little at home to maintain it; and on the course at least, the wife of the uncovenanted subordinate may jostle the lady of the head of the office. When we consider how much is often sacrificed to support the dignity of the carriage and pair—how much substantial comfort is thrown aside to make room for this little bit of ostentation—that the equipage is with many *the* thing from which they derive much of their importance—we soon cease to wonder at the formidable array of assuming conveyances which throng the course every evening at sunset, and present a scene which, as one of daily recurrence, has not perhaps its parallel in the world.'

On the return from the drive, a late dinner winds up the day; at which the patriotic guests, with carpets beneath them, and curtains around them, determine to be European all over, and stew themselves in broad cloth! Formerly, white jackets were tolerated, and white trousers fashionable; but now, the greater the dinner or the ball, and the more stifling the crowd, the more indispensable is it for the English in India to dispense with everything adapted to the place and climate, and cover their persons with garments similar to those worn by the English at home.

Much of the improvement of manners and morals which has taken place within the last fifty years in India is owing, as has been said, to corresponding improvements at home, but something is also due to the influence of the press. A growing indulgence in the respectable literature of England is one of the most obvious engines of social advancement. 'We have more leisure in Calcutta for reading,' says a recent Anglo-Indian writer, 'than the majority of people in England who work for their daily bread. We are seldom called upon to consider the relative advantages of a new book and a country ride. We are so little out of doors, that books constitute our principal source of recreation; and new books are as plentiful in Calcutta—I speak of course with regard to the demands of the community—as they are in any town of England. Then there are our newspapers. Why, no man could possibly read them attentively, without making a tolerable acquaintance with the literature and science of the western world in all their rapidly-progressive stages.' But this is not the case in the capitals of the presidencies alone; for the remotest station has its book-club, furnished either from these cities, or from London direct; and there is hardly a regiment or detachment, either in cantonments or on the march, which is not provided with its library, and regularly supplied with newspapers and periodicals. 'Recently, indeed,' says the Calcutta Review, 'everything has been in our favour; and not the least of the many favourable circumstances which have tended towards the advancement of European literature in India, resides in the cheapness and portability of many works now issuing from the London press. Though we are now in the enjoyment of improved means of internal communication throughout the country, there are still many parts of India in which no great facilities for the conveyance of heavy parcels exist; and such conveyance, even under most favourable circumstances, is always attended with considerable expense. The treasuries of regimental book-clubs are seldom overflowing; and there are not many private individuals who can set aside any very large sums for the purchase and the carriage of new books. India is therefore especially beholden to those enterprising publishers who have undertaken to reduce both the price and the bulk of the works they put in circulation.'

All this is so far good, but as we presume that Britain retains India as much for the benefit of the native races as for that of the mercantile and military classes of England, we hope the Calcutta reviewer will soon be able to give us an account of what is doing to elevate and improve that enormous native population of India

by the establishment of schools and otherwise. Until this is done, and done thoroughly, we shall view Hindoostan only in the light of an encampment—a country kept and domineered over only for the sake of plunder, all pretensions to the contrary notwithstanding.

HOWITT'S HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE POETS.*

Mr Howitt, with good literary powers in himself, has that feeling for literature and literary men which seems necessary to one who would describe in a fitting manner the homes and haunts of the poets. He has accordingly produced out of this subject one of those works, lighter than history, graver than fiction, half-informing, half-emotional, which are now becoming the predominant books of the day. It is a beautifully-prepared book, with excellent wood-engravings, and some of those external elegancies which mark the Christmas publications. Like every other work of its author, it contains some free enunciations of opinion, which are apt to go gratingly over certain consciences; it is also not free from errors in small matters of fact; but, apart from these drawbacks — and what book can be wholly free from them?—we consider it as a most pleasant visitant, whether for the season, or 'for a permanency.'

There are about forty poets noticed, three-fourths of whom are men of the last or present age. The selection is not wholly with a regard to the distinction of individuals, but partly with reference to the accident of there being something interesting to say about their homes or haunts. There is also much biographical and critical matter, the former necessarily not new. Geographical considerations have evidently been no obstruction to Mr Howitt. He has gone north to Deeside for the scenes of Byron's boyhood, and into the wilds of Ireland for the residences of Spencer and Goldsmith. On many occasions he seems to have travelled as a pedestrian with a knapsack, in quest of the places he required to visit. He mingled freely with the people on all occasions; drew from them their traditionary reminiscences, and listened to their remarks, of which he has made liberal use in his book. It occurs to us—largely experienced in the same kind of adventures—that Mr Howitt was at times unreasonable in expecting information from a humble class of people, and expresses a needless impatience under the disappointments he met with. The best intelligence about a person or an event is not always to be got exactly at the spot where the one lived or the other took place.

There is, nevertheless, some value in what Mr Howitt sets down with regard to those living near the homes of the poets. The general result is, that the common people are either grossly ignorant of the names and characters of the bright spirits which lived amongst them, or else have regarded them with prejudice. We are told, for example, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and one or two other young literary men living harmlessly in studious retirement at Allfoxden, and being so much persecuted by the gross suspicions of their neighbours, as to be at last obliged to leave the place. Mr Howitt went down to Marlowe, to inquire after the residence of Shelley in that town, and had considerable difficulty in learning anything about the object of his inquiries; in this case it was not the humbler class of people alone who showed ignorance. We give some of his adventures in his own words.

'It was in vain that I inquired amongst the class of little gentry in the place for information about Shelley: they knew nothing of any such person. At length, after much research, and the running to and fro of waiters from the inn, I was directed to an ancient surgeon who had attended almost everybody for the last half century. I found him an old man of nearly ninety. He recollected Shelley; had attended him, but knew little about him. He was a very unsocial man, he said; kept no company but Mr Peacock's, and that of his boat, and was never seen in the town but he had a book in his hand, and was reading as he went along. The old gentleman, however, kindly sent his servant to point out Shelley's house to me; and as I returned up the street, I saw him standing bareheaded on the pavement before his door, in active discourse with various neighbours. My inquiries had evidently aroused the Marlowean curiosity. On coming up, the old gentleman inquired eagerly if I wanted to learn more yet about Mr Shelley? I had learned little or nothing. I replied that I should be very happy. "Then," said he, "come in, sir, for I have sent for a gentleman who knows all about him." I entered, and found a tall, well-dressed man, with a very solemn aspect. "It is the squire of the place," said I to myself. With a very solemn bow he arose, and with very solemn bows we sat down opposite to each other. "I am happy to hear," I said, "that you knew Mr Shelley, and can give me some particulars regarding his residence here." "I can, sir," he replied with another solemn bow. I waited to hear news; but I waited in vain. That Mr Shelley had lived there, and that he had long left there, and that his house was down the street, and that he was a very extraordinary man, he knew, and I knew; but that was all: not a word of his doings or his sayings at Marlowe came out of the solemn brain of that large solemn man. But at length a degree of interest appeared to gather in his cheeks and brighten in his eyes. "Thank God!" I exclaimed inwardly; "the man is slow, but it is coming now." His mouth opened, and he said, "But pray, sir, what became of that Mr Shelley?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "What! did you never hear? Did it never reach Marlowe—but thirty miles from London—that sad story of his death, which created a sensation throughout the civilised world?" No; the thing had never penetrated into the Bœotian denseness of that place! I rose up, and now bowed solemnly too. "And pray what family might he leave?" asked the solemn personage, as I was hasting away. "You will learn that," I said, still going away, "in the Baronetage, if such a book ever reaches Marlowe."

'I hastened to the inn where my chaise was standing ready for my departure, and was just in the act of entering it, when I heard a sort of outcry, perceived a sort of bustle behind me, and turning my head, saw the tall and solemn man hasting with huge and anxious strides after me.

"You'll excuse me, sir; you'll excuse me, I think; but I *could* relate to you a fact, and I think I *will* venture to relate to you a fact, connected with the late Mr Shelley." "Do," said I. "I think I *will*," replied the tall stout man, heaving a deep sigh, and erecting himself to his full height, far above my head, and casting a most awful glance at the sky. "I *think* I will—I *think* I may venture." "It is certainly something very sad and agonising," I said to myself; "but I wish he would only bring it out." "Well, then," continued he, with another heave of his capacious chest, and another great glance at the distant horizon, "I certainly will mention it. It was this. When Mr Shelley left Marlowe, he ordered all his bills to be paid most honourably, certainly most honourably; and they were all paid—all—except—mine! There, sir! it is out; excuse it—excuse it; but I am glad it is out."

"What!—a bill?" I exclaimed in profoundest astonishment. "A bill! Was that all?"

"All, sir—all! Everything of the sort: every shilling, I assure you, has been paid but my little account, and

* Two volumes, 8vo. Bentley, London. 1847.

it was my fault: I don't know how in the world I forgot to send it in."

"What!" said I; "are you not the squire here? What are you?"

"Oh, Lord! no, sir! I am no squire here. I am a tradesman! I am—in the general way!"

"Drive on!" I said, springing into the carriage; "drive like the Dragon of Wantley out of this place—Shelley is remembered in Marlowe because there was one bill left unpaid!"'

Perhaps there are reasons for this ignorance beyond what Mr Howitt thinks of. We shall say what occurs to us on the subject after quoting what will generally be felt as an interesting contrast—Mr Howitt's conversation with a poor elderly working-man, whom he fell in with on a Sunday forenoon, while walking from Ayr to the Burns scenery on Doonside. Our author having made an inquiry as to which of two ways led to Burns's monument, the face of his fellow-stroller kindled with an instant animation. '"I am going part of the way, sir," he said, "and will be proud to show it you." I begged him not to put himself at all out of his way. "Oh," said he, "I am going to look at my potato plot, which lies out here." We fell into conversation about Burns: the way again showed a fresh branch—that was the way to his potato field; but the poor fellow gave a hesitating look; he could not find in his heart to give up talking about Burns, and begged that I would do him the honour to allow him to walk on with me. "But your potatoes, my friend?" "Oh, they'll tak no harm, sir: the weather's very growing weather. One feels a natural curiosity to see how they thrive, but that will do next Sunday, if you *would* allow me to go on with you?"

'I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I only feared that I might keep him out too long, for I must see all about Burns's birthplace, Kirk Alloway, the Brig of Doon, the monument, and everything of the kind. It was now about noon, and must be his dinner hour. He said "No; he never had dinner on a Sunday; for years he had accustomed himself to only two meals on that day, because he earned nothing on it, and had ten children! But he generally took a walk out into the country, and got a good mouthful of fresh air, and that did him a deal of good."

'I looked more closely at my new companion. He was apparently sixty, and looked like a man accustomed to dine on air. He was of a slight and grasshopper build; his face was thin and pale; his hair grizzled; yet there was an intelligence in his large gray eyes, but it was a sad intelligence—one which had long kept fellowship with patience and suffering. His gray coat, and hat well worn, and his clean but coarse shirt-collar turned down over a narrow band of a blue cotton neckerchief, with its long ends dangling over his waistcoat, all denoted a poor, but a careful and superior man. I cannot tell what a feeling of sympathy came over me, how my heart warmed towards the poor fellow. We went on. Gay groups of people met us, and seemed to cast looks of wonder at the stranger and his poor associate; but I asked myself whether, if we could know, as God knows, the hearts and merits of every individual of those well-dressed and laughing walkers, we should find amongst them one so heroic as to renounce his Sunday dinner, as a perpetual practice, because he "earned nothing on that day, and had ten children." Was there a man or a woman amongst them who, if they knew this heroic man, as I now knew him, would not desire to give him, for that one day at least, a good dinner, and as much pleasure as they could?

"My friend," said I, "I fear you have had more than your share of hardship in this life?"

"Nay," he replied, he could not say that. He had had to work hard, but what poor man had not? But he had had many comforts; and the greatest comfort in life had been, that all his children had taken good ways; "if I don't except," and the old man sighed, "one lad who has gone for a soldier; and I think it a little ungrateful that he has never written to us since he went, three years ago. Yet I hear that he is alive and well in Jamaica. I cannot but think that rather ungrateful," he added; "but of a' Robin Burns's poems, there's none, to my thinking, that comes up to that one —'Man was made to mourn.'"

'I could not help again glancing at the thin pale figure which went as softly at my side as if it were a ghost, and could not wonder that Burns was the idol of the poor throughout Scotland, and that the Sunday wanderer of his native place had clung so fondly to the southern visitor of the same sacred spot.

"Can you explain to me," I asked, "what it is that makes Burns such a favourite with you all in Scotland? Other poets you have, and great ones. Out of the same class, too, you had Hogg, but I do not perceive the same instant flash, as it were, of an electric feeling when any name is named but that of Burns."

"I can tell," said he, "why it is. It is because he had the heart of a man in him. He was all heart and all man; and there's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet, which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible."

'I was struck with the admirable criticism of the poor artisan. What acuteness of genius is like the acuteness of a sharp experience after all?'

With one remark on Mr Howitt's friend, that he was but a type of a whole genus of toiling, self-denying poor in our land—too often laughed at as over-cautious and frugal, when they are only just and independent—we pass on to say that one cause of the difference between Marlowe and Ayr may be in what Mr Howitt himself unconsciously suggests—that such writings as those of Shelley have not that adaptation to common feelings and common necessities and sorrows which belongs to those of Burns. Burns was, in fact, one of a thousand among the poets, in the fact of his having written *for the people*. It is not, therefore, wonderful to find the remainder of the thousand comparatively little known.

Mr Howitt has been at unusual pains with the localities of poor Goldsmith, notwithstanding that Mr Prior, his biographer, has gone over and described everything most carefully. The *Auburn* of the 'Deserted Village' is the hamlet of Lissoy, near Kilkenny West; yet not exactly so, for the poet, to give his poem greater currency, adopted many traits of the villages of England into his description of an Irish hamlet. The place really had been depopulated and rooted out, as happens with villages every day in Ireland; but the celebrity of the poem afterwards caused a Mr Hogan to re-erect it in part, including the public-house, which is perhaps the most *English* article in the whole description. Mr Hogan 'rebuilt the public-house, on the spot where tradition placed the old one, with the traditionary thorn in front. He gave it the sign of "The Jolly Pigeons;" he supplied it with new copies of "The Twelve Good Rules," and "The Royal Game of Goose;" he went even to the length of the ludicrous in his zeal for an accurate *fac-simile* of the genuine house—and

> "Broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
> Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row."

These, to perpetuate them, were fast imbedded in the mortar; but in vain. Relic-hunters knocked them out, fictitious as they were, and carried them off as genuine. The very sign did not escape this relic mania. It is no longer to be seen; nor, I suppose, were a new one to be set up, would it long remain. The new "Twelve Good Rules," and new "Royal Game of Goose," have gone the same way; and there is no question that a brave trade in such things might be carried on with what Goldsmith calls "the large family of fools," if a supply were kept here. The very thorn before the door has been cut down piecemeal, and carried off to all quarters of the world.' The house is wholly unlike the proto-

type in the poem. 'The "Jolly Pigeons" is just a regular Irish alehouse, or rather whisky-shop. On going in, you look in vain for the picture Goldsmith has so beautifully drawn. The varnished clock clicking behind the door, the pictures placed for ornament and use, the twelve good rules, the royal game of goose, where are they? Not there, but in many an old-fashioned hamlet of England. The mud-floor, the dirty walls, the smell of whisky, these are what meet you. You look for the "parlour splendours," and on your left hand there is, for a wonder, a separate room; but it is, as usual, filled with the candles, the herrings, the bread of the Irish alehouse; and the whisky is doled out over the suspicious counter, instead of the nut-brown ale being brought in the generous foaming cup to the bright clean fireside by the neat and blooming maid.'

After some remarks on the still continued practice of depopulation, Mr Howitt thus proceeds:—'Under all these circumstances, Auburn or Lissoy, which you will, will always be visited with enthusiasm by the genuine lovers of purest poetry and of kindly humanity. The visitor will not find all there that he naturally looks for. He will not find the country very beautiful, or the mill, the brook, the alehouse, as rural and picturesque as he could wish; but he will find the very ground on which Oliver Goldsmith ran in the happy days of his boyhood, the ruins of the house in which that model of a village preacher—simple, pious, and warm-hearted, justly, indeed, dear to all the country—lived, the father of the poet; the ruins of the house in which the poet himself spent a happy childhood, cherishing under such a parent one of the noblest spirits which ever glowed for truth and humanity — fearing no ridicule, contracting no worldliness; never abating, spite of harsh experience and repeated imposition, one throb of pity or of generous sympathy for the wretched. . . . Every circumstance connected with the "Deserted Village" of such a man will always be deeply interesting to the visitor of the spot, and we must, for that reason, notice one or two facts of the kind before quitting Lissoy. Mr Best, an Irish clergyman, met by Mr Davies in his travels in the United States, said, "The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was indeed a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse kept the alehouse. I have often been in the house. The hawthorn bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the house. I was once riding with Brady, titular bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me—'Ma foy, Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily in the way: I will order it to be cut down!' 'What, sir!' said I, 'cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village!' 'Ma foy!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch!'"

'In other places the schoolmaster is called, not Paddy Burns, but Thomas Byrne, evidently the same person. He had been educated for school teaching, but had gone into the army, and serving in Spain during the reign of Queen Anne, became quartermaster of the regiment. On the return of peace he took up his original calling. He is represented to be well qualified to teach; little more than writing, reading, and arithmetic were wanted, but he could translate extemporaneously Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse in considerable elegance. But his grand accomplishment was the narration of his adventures, which was commonly exercised in the alehouse; at the same time that, when not in a particular humour for teaching, he would edify his boys in the school with one of his stories. Amongst his most eager listeners was Oliver, who was so much excited by what he heard, that his friends used to ascribe his own love of rambling to this cause. The schoolmaster was, in fact, the very man to raise the imagination in the young poet. He was eccentric in his habits, of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, was well-versed in the fairy superstitions of the country, and, what is not less common in Ireland, believed implicitly in their truth.

'A poor woman named Catherine Geraghty was supposed to be

> —— "Yon widowed, solitary thing,
> That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
> She, wretched matron, pressed in age for bread,
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

The brook and ditches near where her cabin stood still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants reside in the neighbourhood. The school-house is still pointed out; but it is unfortunate for its identity that no schoolhouse was built then, school being taught in the master's cottage. There is more evidence in nature of the poet's recalling the place of his boyhood as he wrote his poem. The waters and marshy lands, in more than one direction, gave him acquaintance with the singular bird which he has introduced with such effect, as an image of desolation—

> "Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
> The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest."

Little charm as Lissoy has at the present moment, independent of association with Oliver Goldsmith, with him and genius it possesses one that grows upon you the more you trace the scenes made prominent in his poem, and we leave it with regret.'

Amidst the sentiments scattered through this book are many in which we cannot sympathise. Some, however, are noble and beautiful—as, for example, the following, which occurs after a quotation from 'Thomson's Seasons:'—'It is the grand defect of our systems of education, for rich and for poor, but pre-eminently for the former, that it is not taught that no man can live innocently who lives only for his own enjoyment; that to live merely to enjoy ourselves is the highest treason against God and man; that God does not live merely for himself, his eternal existence is one constant work of beneficence; and that it is the social duty of every rational being to live like God his Creator, for the good of others. Were this law of duty taught faithfully in all our schools, with all its responsibilities, the penalties of its neglect, the ineffable delight of its due discharge, there would be no longer seen that moral monster, the man or woman who lives alone for the mere purpose of selfish enjoyment. That host of gay and idle creatures who pass through life only to glitter in the circles of fashion; to seek admiration for personal attractions and accomplishments—for dressing, playing, dancing, or riding—whose life is but the life of a butterfly, when it should be the life of a man, would speedily disperse, and be no more seen. That life would be shrunk from as a thing odious and criminal, because useless, when faculties, wealth, and fame are put into their hands, and a world is laid before them in which men are to be saved and exalted; misery, crime, shame, despair, and death prevented; and all the hopes and capacities for good in the human soul are to be made easy to the multitude. To live for these objects is to be a hero or a heroine, and any man or woman may be that; to live through this world of opportunities given but once, and to neglect them, is the most fearful fate that can befall a creature of eternal responsibilities.'

Mr Howitt indulges in some fierce outbursts against critics—he had better let these gentlemen alone. After all, a critic is but a literary man in a certain position, or undertaking a certain duty. The general inducements for his doing this duty conscientiously, and to the best of his judgment and power, are as great as these are in any other department of literature. If he fails in many instances, do not men fail in other tasks as well? Our author is often misled, too, by what appear to us as singular prejudices. For example, he rails at universal England for not endowing the descendants of Shakspeare's sister! Alas! how many duties more pressing and practical has England failed in! How vain, then, the denunciations on such a subject!

In the article on Wordsworth, Mr Howitt gives a view of that gentleman's poetry, which will startle many of his young worshippers. 'It is,' says our

author, 'simply a poetic Quakerism. He [the quaker] believes that if he "centres down," as he calls it, into his own mind, and puts to rest all his natural faculties and thoughts, he will receive the impulses and intimations of the Divine Spirit. He is not to seek, to strive, to inquire, but to be passive and receive. This is precisely the great doctrine of Wordsworth as it regards poetry. He believes the Divine Spirit which fills the universe to have so moulded all the forms of visible nature, as to make them to us perpetual monitors and instructors.' Thus in the poem, 'The Tables Turned,' this doctrine is announced. 'The poet calls his friend from his books, as full of toil and trouble, adding—

"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things:
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
Close up their barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

'Wordsworth tells us that to this practice of quitting men, books, and theories, and seeking communion with nature, he owes

——— "A gift
Of aspect most sublime: that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

'This is perfect Quakerism; the grand demand of which is, that you shall put down "this meddling intellect, which misshapes the beauteous forms of things;" shall lay at rest the actions and motions of your own minds, and subdue the impatience of the body, till, as Wordsworth has most clearly stated it—

—— "The breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul."'

There is much more to this purpose—the passage is altogether a remarkable one. 'The poet and the Friends agree,' we are told, 'that there is a power seated in the human soul superior to the understanding, superior to the reasoning faculty, the sure test of truth, to which every man may confidently appeal in all cases, for it is the voice of God himself. With the poet and the Friends the result of this divine philosophy is the same—the most perfect patience, the most holy confidence in the ever-present Divinity; connected with no forms, no creeds, no particular conditions of men; not confined by, not approachable only in temples and churches, but free as his own winds, boundless as his own seas, universal as his own sunshine over all his varied lands and people; whispering peace in the lonely forest, courage on the seas, adoration on the mountain-tops, hope under the burning tropics and the blistering lash of the savage white man, joy in the dungeon, and glory on the deathbed.'

If truth is to be learnt in this way, what is the use of the inductive philosophy? We suspect, however, that the truth of feeling, not the truth of fact, is meant by the votaries of this system, or at least that beyond that point it is but a dream.

WAITING FOR A COMMISSION.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

IDLENESS, they say, is the parent of all evil. If the proverb be a true one—and few, I think, will be disposed to doubt it—there is then a sufficient reason why this green isle of ours should be one of the most vicious countries in the world; for certainly in no other under the sun are so many genuine idlers to be found, young men especially. Living on their 'expectancies,' they go on from day to day—from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood—existing, nobody knows how, and looking forward to, nobody can tell what. In other lands, parents educate and bring up their children with some definite pursuit in view. Here, it is different. Fathers and mothers trust to chance, as though it were the surest possible source of provision for their families. One man depends upon his own interest, another upon that of his wife. One has a twenty-first cousin deputy something or other in a government office. A second is connected by marriage with a lord (people in Ireland think a lord can do anything and everything). A third was a schoolfellow of the lord chancellor, or a college companion of the attorney-general. A fourth served in the militia. A fifth gave the casting vote at a contested election: and the great-grandfather of a sixth did something wonderful a hundred years ago.

Thus each and all have, or imagine they have, a certainty of one at least of their offspring being provided for; and thus they bring them up in idleness, having given them an education, to get on hereafter as they best may—upon their 'expectations.' The consequence is, that idlers are to be found wherever you go. There is no circle without them—no family, from the peasant's to the peer's, but can reckon one or more of them amongst its members or connexions.

These idlers are of various grades, according to their different degrees of respectability, or perhaps I should rather say according to the rank of life in which each is born and moves. Some look forward to one thing, some to another. There is no situation in the empire, from the treasury to a tide-waitership, but has at least a hundred pair of expectant eyes watching eagerly for a vacancy. The grand object, however, is a commission in the army—that is the great end and object of an Irishman's ambition. It is really astonishing how numerous are these would-be heroes; and I verily believe that if but one-half the youth of Ireland who are at this moment wasting their time and talents in the unprofitable pursuit of 'waiting for commissions,' were at once to obtain the thing they seek, an army would be created, of officers alone, sufficient to carry conquest throughout the world. I know not whether it be owing to the martial spirit of her sons, or the degree of admiration bestowed upon red-coats by her daughters, but it is an undeniable fact, that the thing I speak of is a perfect passion in Ireland, and that, let the cause be what it may, at least a moiety of our 'respectable' young men set the first wishes of their hearts upon entering the army.

You go to a dinner-party or a ball, and meet a good-looking, well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow, who knows everybody, and is up to everything in the ring. From the turf to the drawing-room, from the kennel to the library, his conversation ranges. With the details and *materiel*

of each and all you find him intimately acquainted—nothing is too grave, nothing too gay for him—he is never for a single moment at a loss. You wonder who this 'Admirable Crichton' may be, or what his calling, and you ask the question. In ninety cases of every hundred you are told—'A highly respectable young man—waiting for a commission!'

Well, you turn from him to your neighbour on the left—a pale, delicate-looking student, who has evidently 'wasted the midnight oil' to some purpose. He discourses eloquently upon the beauties of the classic poets, has been a successful digger amongst Greek roots, and written the last prize essay. Your admiration has a shade of pity as you look at his attenuated form, and listen to his short dry cough. Who, and what is he? An embryo lord chancellor perhaps? or at all events a deep-reading college man, looking forward to the honours of a senior fellowship? By no means—you are quite mistaken. Despite his weakly frame and consumptive look, 'his voice is still for war;' he is—'waiting for a commission!'

Slightly disappointed, you leave the dinner-table, and betake yourself to the drawing-room. Seated upon a sofa, in an attitude of studied gracefulness, is a middle-aged gentleman, dressed in the pink of fashion, and who is reputed the best waltzer in the county. At present he is delighting a bevy of young ladies with his chat. Surely he is a nobleman, or great landed proprietor at the least? Quite a mistake; you don't know Ireland! He is a younger son, who never did anything useful all his life; he lives with his brother, and is in debt to everybody. For twenty years he has been—'waiting for a commission!'

You go to the theatre with a friend, and he introduces you to a talented-looking personage, with a broad forehead and a bright eye, who dilates with all the critic's art upon the play and the performers, and who, if your taste happen to lie in that direction, quite fascinates you by the happiness of his illustrations and the classic purity of his ideas. You wonder who the gifted one can be—whether a distinguished reviewer, a dramatist, or something still higher in the literary world; and on your way home you make the inquiry of your friend. The answer is given, and astounds you—'A fellow with capital interest—"waiting for a commission!"'

And so on to the end of the chapter. You can go into no society without meeting at least one specimen of the class; and I defy any one who has lived amongst Irishmen to say that he is not acquainted with a score of expectant youths—'waiting for commissions!'

This same fatal passion of *waiting*—of forsaking the substance for the shadow, and pursuing an *ignis fatuus* instead of keeping the eye fixed upon a steady beacon-light—has been the ruin of many a fine, gifted youth, and has left many a broken-hearted man, who might else have been an honour to his name and country, to spend the remnant of his life in vain repinings for his misspent youth, and to weep, when regret is useless, for opportunities neglected, and talents misapplied.

It is hard, certainly, to put gray heads upon young shoulders, or to persuade light-hearted, unthinking youth to reap wisdom from the counsels and experience of those more advanced in years; but, even making full allowance for this, is it not a pitiable thing that, for generation after generation, and utterly disregarding the thousands and tens of thousands of examples proving the fatal folly of such a course, young men *will* go on pursuing the same misleading path with a degree of obstinacy and moral blindness which seems incomprehensible?

'Waiting for commissions,' and for many other things, has left Irishmen as they are. Procrastination, the proverb says, is the thief of time—it might be added, and the curse of Ireland. Putting off until to-morrow that which might be done to-day, and seldom looking forward to the day after, we go on 'waiting'—always 'waiting,' and never 'doing'—in the hope that 'something may turn up' for us in the long-run; and so we get through life. Those amongst us who are not commission-seekers, are seekers for something else; but in all cases, at least in all cases where 'expectations' are indulged in, the *spirit* is the same. And a paltry, pitiful spirit it is, even make the best we can of it. The true manly spirit is one of self-dependence—no trusting to patronage, no cringing for favours, no servile bending of the knee to sue to a 'dog in office' for a boon; but a strong and honest determination to push on our fortunes with our own talents and our own hands, and bravely to fight our own battle with the world 'without fear and without reproach.' This is the spirit which has led our best and bravest to their fame, and which is still ready to lead others, if they would but follow it.

It is not by 'waiting' that fortune can be wooed or distinction won. It is not by lingering on from day to day, and from year to year, enduring the corroding miseries of that 'hope deferred which maketh the heart sick,' and wasting our prime of life in grasping at a phantom, until hope itself at last deserts us, and leaves us, in the bitterness of our ruined prospects, to lament the evil fortune which, by an effort, we might have changed to good. We must lay our shoulders to the wheel, and *work*. 'Up and be doing!' should be our motto, in whatever rank of life our lot is cast.

If expectations from the army are usually visionary, those from the civil service are no better. Even if successful, what has the employé but a clerkship in a government office, at a salary of eighty pounds per annum, or an appointment in some of the colonies, where, if he escape cholera and yellow fever, he is sure of a life of healthless discomfort? If less fortunate in drawing a prize, perhaps the youth is made an excise officer or a tide-waiter. Trust me, my young friends and fellow-countrymen, that until you get out of this habit of 'waiting,' Ireland will never be as she ought to be, nor her sons what they might be. You have energy enough, if properly applied—you have talents second to the children of no other land on earth—you have bold hearts and ready hands, if you would but use them. Why, then, should you waste your youth, your best gifts, and oftentimes your happiness itself, in 'waiting' for paltry chances, when you have within your own grasp the power to *command* the bright reality?

Many fields are open to you where your energies would have fair-play. You may be told that every profession is overstocked. Believe it not; you have the same prospect of pushing your way to fame as any of your neighbours. 'The will to do, the soul to dare,' are all that is required. Patience, perseverance, and determination, can achieve everything. Instead of 'waiting'—act. If circumstances are against your entering one of the professions, then take a *trade*. Let no false pride deter you. Set at nought the sneers of those who tell you it is not 'respectable:' a man by his own conduct can make *any* situation respectable: bread earned in honesty is earned in honour; and he who labours for his daily food, preserving his integrity the while, has a better right to hold his head erect among his fellow-men—ay, a far better right—than the proudest in the land who lead a life of indolence and sloth. Whatever your rank in life may be, make choice of your path accordingly; but 'wait' for nothing and for nobody. Rely upon yourself, and upon yourself only. Have the means of existence in your own hands—go to work with head and heart; and depend upon it, that however adverse circumstances may depress you for a time, you will surely in the end come off a conqueror.

Look around you at the 'waiters.' What is most commonly their lot? After lingering on from day to day and year to year 'expecting,' recklessly squandering the best gifts that Heaven can bestow on man, and

living the while nobody can tell how, they end an inglorious career of idleness, uncared for by a world to which, from their infancy upwards, they have been only an incumbrance.*

VITAL STATISTICS OF EDINBURGH.

In our populous cities as now constituted, in order that the community at large may enjoy anything like an average lease of healthy existence, life must be to a certain degree an art. When human beings live scattered over the country, fresh air, ventilation, and out-of-door exercises come as matters of course, with many other natural advantages; but when they are huddled together in narrow, close, and dark streets and alleys—when their labours confine them to ill-aired apartments, and expose them to noxious fumes and vapours, the case is then very much altered, and the essential requisites of a healthy existence must then be sought for and procured by scientific foresight. Nothing perhaps will tend more to impress these truths on the public than accurate statistical details. Until of late years, however, these have not been very available for this purpose; but now that the subject has been taken up by government, the English bills of mortality have thrown much light on the sanitary state of the country. An interesting report, by Dr Stark of Edinburgh,† enables us to draw a comparison between the vital statistics of the two portions of the kingdom north and south of the Tweed, while at the same time the report affords some highly important facts bearing on the subject of the health of large towns in general.

The city of Edinburgh as to situation presents many local advantages. It is built on three hills or elevated ridges, and is thus exposed to complete ventilation even by the slightest breeze that blows; the sloping nature of the ground on all sides permits of ready drainage; and its proximity to the sea insures a generally mild and soft air. It has comparatively few manufactories, and thus its atmosphere is less clouded or vitiated with smoky vapours than many of the manufacturing towns of the empire. However low its former fame for cleanliness, it now possesses an excellent police, who keep its streets in a cleanly condition. The houses and general accommodation of the higher and middle classes are of the best description, though those of the lower, and especially of the very lowest, are far from being so, and are often of the most wretched kind. The supply of water, though at one time plenteous, is not now adequate to the increased extent of the city, and is especially deficient as regards the lower classes, and the healthy ablution of the narrower streets and alleys.

The population of Edinburgh, which at the commencement of the present century was computed at sixty-nine thousand, had in thirty years doubled, being, according to the census of 1831, one hundred and thirty-nine thousand; for the next ten years the increase was so exceedingly small, as to be in 1841 only one hundred and forty thousand, or nearly stationary. The great increase of population between the years 1800 and 1831 is to be accounted for from the immigration of strangers from other parts, and particularly to the great influx of the lower Irish. The presence of these latter has to a considerable degree influenced the habits of the lower population, and affected the general vital statistics of the community.

One obvious means of ascertaining the comparative salubrity of a town or district, is to take the number of persons living in it who have attained the age of sixty years and upwards. On consulting the returns, we accordingly find that, taking the whole of England and Wales, there are in every thousand living persons 71 who are upwards of sixty. In Scotland there are 69, in Bristol 69, in Edinburgh county 63, in the city 62, whereas in London there are 60, in Birmingham 50, in Manchester 47, in Glasgow 42, and in Liverpool 30. In all manufacturing towns there exists a greater proportion of children and of adults than in a non-manufacturing town—of children, because the parties marry early; of adults, because the neighbouring rural districts are partially drained to supply the demand for labourers; and in an increasing population there is frequently an excess of persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty. As a general rule, rural districts exhibit the largest proportion of children and the greatest proportion of aged, because the causes of mortality among children are less than in towns: more children are therefore reared, and more attain an advanced age.

But a more accurate plan of ascertaining from population returns alone the comparative healthiness of a town or country, is to strike off altogether from the existing population the children below fifteen years, and ascertain the proportions which those above sixty bear to the whole population above fifteen years of age. When this is done, we find that in every thousand of the population above fifteen, there are in England and Wales 122 above sixty, in Scotland 116, in Bristol 99, in Edinburgh county 95, in the city 92, in London 87, in Birmingham 78, in Manchester 72, in Glasgow 62, in Liverpool 61. It thus appears that in these returns Edinburgh holds a very favourable position, being more highly favoured than any town of equal size in England. Dr Stark next shows from an elaborate table the average annual mortality of the city of Edinburgh for a series of years. From this table it appears that from the year 1780 to 1789, 1 person died annually out of every 34 living; from 1790 to 1799, 1 died annually out of every 36 living; from 1800 to 1809, there died annually 1 out of every 39 inhabitants; and from 1810 to 1819, only 1 out of every 40 living. The next decennial period, from 1820 to 1829, shows, however, a retrograde movement, the mortality increasing to 1 out of every 38 inhabitants annually; while the next ten years exhibit a mortality of 1 in every 34 living. The progressive elongation of life during the earliest of the above periods may be attributed to the great improvements of the extending city, and other advances of civilisation. Dr Stark is inclined to attribute the subsequent retrogression to the immigration of great numbers of Irish labourers about the year 1819, and the consequent deterioration of the lowest class of labourers generally. During the period between 1830 and 1840, the mortality was increased by 1500 annually, in consequence of the prevalence for some time of Asiatic cholera, influenza, and other epidemics.

Another very important circumstance in the comparative healthiness of different localities, is that regarding the number of young people, from one to fifteen years, found existing in each. Thus we shall find that out of 1000 persons who die in Edinburgh, there are under fifteen years of age 413; in London, under the same circumstances, there are 471; in all England and Wales, 473; in Bristol, 474; in Birmingham, 546; in Glasgow, 564; in Manchester, 564; in Liverpool, 583. These facts exhibit in a striking light the superior salubrity of Edinburgh as a place of residence for children, seeing that at all ages under fifteen the proportion of deaths is much less than in any other of the places mentioned, even exceeding that of England and Wales, which of course includes the country districts, in which the mortality among children is always much less than in towns. If, on the other hand, we take the comparative proportion of aged, or those who die above sixty years in every 1000 deaths in a population, we shall find that in London, out of every 1000 deaths, there are 206 of them above sixty; in Edinburgh, 204; in Bristol, 198; Birmingham, 159; Manchester, 130; Glasgow, 129; Liverpool, 112. From these facts, the ge-

* The above article is, as it purports to be, written by a native of Ireland, who has given some consideration to the social features of his country. Although not mentioning what we consider to be the root of Irish idleness—the unhappy coddling by England, scarcely avoidable in the existing connexion of the two countries—he says enough to corroborate the view lately adopted by us respecting Irish affairs.—Ed. *C. E. J.*

† Edinburgh Medical Journal, January 1847.

neral proposition may be deduced, that, other things being equal, the less the proportion of deaths among children under fifteen, and the greater the proportion of deaths above sixty, the greater will be the healthiness of the situation. With regard to the adult population, Dr Stark thus remarks—'As deaths among children are proportionally much fewer in Edinburgh than among the other towns, we ought to find a proportionally greater number of deaths among adults. This may to many seem a paradoxical conclusion, but the slightest reflection must satisfy every one that such ought to be the case. As a third more children, in proportion to the living, survive the age of fifteen years in Edinburgh than in Glasgow, and one-half more survive that age than in Liverpool, it follows, as a natural consequence, that there are just so many more in Edinburgh who must die at some period of life after their fifteenth year. Now, this is what actually occurs; for we find that of those between the ages of fifteen and sixty, London loses 1 annually out of every 80 living; Birmingham, 1 out of 75; Glasgow, 1 out of 71; Edinburgh, 1 out of 65; Liverpool, 1 out of every 61.' Under these circumstances, it becomes a matter of great importance to ascertain whether the increased mortality affects all classes alike, or is limited to the lowest class of the inhabitants. We accordingly find that, in the case of children under one year, the highest class in Edinburgh loses 72 out of every 1000 deaths in that class. The merchant class at the rate of 127 out of the 1000 deaths; while the artisan and labouring classes lose 241 out of every 1000 deaths at all ages. That is to say, that the merchant class loses annually very nearly double the proportion of children under one year which the gentry and professional class lose; while the artisan and labouring class lose annually four times the proportion of children under one year lost by the first class, and double that lost by the merchant class. When the total deaths under fifteen years are reckoned, it is seen that the highest class out of every 1000 deaths lose 204; the second class, 326; and the lowest class, 483. Thus it is apparent that, while among the first class there dies less than half the proportion of children under fifteen years, as compared with the deaths among the third class, these deaths are more equally distributed over the fifteen years of life, and do not cluster around the first year of existence as they do in the lowest class. And this is just what might be expected. Of the lowest classes, the strong alone survive the first year or years of existence; all the delicate are cut off, so that in consequence of this, and of there being fewer left alive, the proportional number of deaths diminishes as life advances. Of the highest class, again, so many more are reared—so many delicate children get over the first year of life, that more are spared to die at a more advanced period of existence. As the natural consequence of this increased mortality of the lowest classes during childhood, they show a less proportional mortality during the adult period; and thus arises the fact already alluded to, that in Edinburgh and some other towns the mortality of the adult population appears greater than in towns and localities less healthy.

Another view of the relative mortality of the different ranks of life may be taken by a table of deaths above fifteen years of age. Thus, of 1000 of the first class above fifteen years of age, 481 die between the ages of fifteen and sixty, leaving 519 to be cut off at an advanced period of life. Of 1000 of the second class above fifteen years of age, 594 die between the ages of fifteen and sixty, leaving 406 to die at a more ripe age. Of 1000 of the third class, however, above fifteen years of age, no fewer than 606 die between the ages of fifteen and sixty, leaving only 304 to die at periods above sixty years of age. The mean age at death of the different classes is thus stated—First class, 47·22 years; second class, 36·58 years; third class, 25·88 years.

How heavily does mortality bear upon the lowest classes here! Yet, compared to other places, even here Edinburgh has the advantage. In London, the mean age at death among the operative class is twenty-two years; in Edinburgh, even including the paupers, it is nearly twenty-six years. In London, the mean age at death of the highest class is forty-four years; in Edinburgh, it is forty-seven. Strange enough, however, it is from the poorest class that we can select the cases of extremest age. Thus, of the first class, though 99 out of the 1000 survive their eightieth year, all have died by the time the hundredth year is attained. Though only 59 of the second class survive their eightieth year, 1 of them survives the hundredth year of existence; while in the third class, though only 26 live beyond their eightieth year, 2 are still living above one hundred years. In Edinburgh, as we believe is the case all the world over, the married, both males and females, enjoy longer life than the single. Thus the mean age at death of the married females is fifty-seven years, of the single forty-two years; showing a difference in favour of the married females to the extent of fifteen years: the difference in regard to males is even eighteen years!

Of the physical causes which appear to weigh so heavily against the poorer classes, the following are the most obvious:—Accumulations of filth within and around their dwellings; want of drainage or sewerage, or, where sewers are present, their unwholesome state, from the presence of fetid black mud closing up the sewers and cesspool; closeness and want of proper ventilation within the houses; crowding of families into the same confined chambers; want of proper supply of water; prevailing habits of intemperance, mainly produced and kept up by the want of all comforts at home; retaining the corpses of the dead in the apartment occupied by the living.

Of the effect of ill-constructed drains and sewers in individual houses on the health of the inmates, Dr Stark gives several very striking examples which occurred in the middle ranks of life, and he strongly recommends a more improved system of domestic sewerage.

With these abatements, which are in general common, in a greater or less degree, to all our large towns, Edinburgh appears, on the whole, to stand at the head of the cities and towns of the kingdom in respect to salubrity. In particular, it seems especially favourable to the health of the young; and this is a matter of the greatest importance, considering that it is a chief seat of education, where the young of both sexes, and from all parts of the country, resort for mental training. With all its advantages, however, the above statements show how very much the health and longevity of the mass of the people depend on the state of the streets and houses, and all those arrangements which come under the denomination of general police, and how much yet remains of judicious reform in this department to render the poorer classes as comfortable as they ought to be.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.*

THE age of guinea annuals is at its close; and these expensive toys, with their steel engravings and sumptuous covers of leather, silk, or velvet, are almost entirely superseded by five-shilling volumes, bound in cloth, and illustrated by woodcuts. This is in some sense matter of gratulation; but not because the one book is, economically speaking, cheaper than the other—for the very reverse is the case. The guinea annual was a most daring speculation. The letter-press did not cost less than from L.200 to L.250; the eighteen or twenty drawings averaged perhaps L.15 each, and the good engravings perhaps L.30 each; while the binding alone absorbed a very considerable portion of the selling price. For *one* engraving in the 'Souvenir,' Mr Alaric Watts paid L.150; and in addition to all ordinary costs, Mr Charles Heath defrayed liberally the travelling

* With illustrations by John Absolon. Orr: London.

expenses in foreign countries both of author and artist. Employed by this gentleman for the purpose of getting up the letter-press and illustrations of one of those volumes, Mr Leitch Ritchie and the late Mr Vickers spent several months in travelling in Russia, extending their wanderings beyond Moscow. The guinea annuals, therefore, were, and such of them as still survive are, cheaper in proportion to their cost than the five-shilling annuals, while they have the further merit of improving the taste of the upper classes in point of art. They are now, however, 'dreeing their weird' just like other books. Fewer people can afford a guinea, and more people a crown, than formerly; and so Mr Dickens, Mrs Gore, Miss Toulmin, and various others, have started up, in the inevitable nature of things, to shove their predecessors from their stools.

We do not put forward Miss Toulmin's volume as *the* five-shilling volume of the year. It has its own merits and defects like the rest, although, in pure and high feeling, and thorough home-heartedness, it can have no superior; but we know our readers will look upon it with peculiar interest, as the production of one from whom they have so frequently received, in our own columns, both amusement and instruction. 'Partners for Life' is a story of the home affections, quiet—perhaps too quiet at first—and yet full of interest as it advances. It has no clap-trap, no startling effects, no pitfalls for the feelings; but here and there, notwithstanding, the eyes moisten without our being aware of it. We shall not be so rapacious as to appropriate the story of so small a book; but the following will serve as a specimen of the style and manner. It gives a lady author's notion—and, in our opinion, a very just one—touching the accordance of ages in love.

'"I had hoped never to marry!" said Reginald mournfully. "Hoped never to marry! What an odd speech! Never is such a solemn word! Surely you don't wish to be a melancholy, miserable *old* bachelor?"

"I am not sure that I wish to live to be old," replied Reginald with bitterness.

"Hush!—for shame! Life, depend upon it, has sweets at every period," said Carlton; "and for my own part, I have a great notion that old age is a very pleasant time—like the evening of the four-and-twenty hours, a sort of dressing-gown and slipper period. But then of course I mean a proper, respectable, comfortable old age, in which a wife—perhaps twenty years one's junior—plays rather a distinguished part."

"Then you don't approve of early marriages?" exclaimed Reginald, pursuing the theme, which seemed to have touched, perhaps jarred, upon some heart-chord.

"It is a pity for a man to marry while his liberty is pleasant—that is what I mean."

"And does it never occur to you as an audacious thing," replied Reginald with emphasis, "for a man, wearied as you would say with his liberty, but in reality surfeited with the pleasures which wear out, though they do not satisfy, the heart—is it not an audacious thing for such a one to dare to seek the affections, and ask the hand, of a young, inexperienced creature, with the bloom of her heart unruffled—to whom he cannot offer sympathy in return for her love, any more than a withered branch can send back vigorous sap to its blooming neighbour: and since he cannot reflect back the glorious hopes of youth, if there is to be heart-union at all, he must drag her mind through the mire of his own experiences, until he teach *her* to sympathise with *him*, pluck from her at once the very flower of youth, instead of suffering it to fall away, leaf by leaf, little missed or regarded: rob her——"

"You're in love!" interrupted Arthur Carlton, pushing back his chair, and half starting from it. "Reginald Hamilton, you are in love!—and, puppy as perhaps you think me, I can respect, wonder at, almost admire deep feelings, though such I may never experience."'

With this specimen we commend the book to the favourable consideration of 'the gentle and the good.'

RIPE BREAD.

Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it; but weakly and aged persons cannot; and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly-brewed beer, or newly-churned buttermilk, neither being healthy until after the change. During the change in bread, it sends off a large portion of carbon or unhealthy gas, and imbibes a large portion of oxygen or healthy gas. Bread has, according to the computation of physicians, one-fifth more nutriment in it when ripe than when just out of the oven. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be particularly noticed by all housewives. It is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening; hence it should ripen when the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapours of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well-baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three-quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer, and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer, and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—*American Farmer.*

LITERARY CULTURE NEEDFUL TO THE WORKING MAN.

Let the working man have what aids him in his vocation by all means, but let him also have what diverts his mind from his toils, and raises it above them. Let his understanding be cultivated, but also his taste, his sentiments, and his language. But is there not culture for the understanding too, in following with interest a critical delineation of an author's characteristics, a sharp definition of that in which two great pleaders are unlike; in judging on the specimens offered how far the lecturer is justified in his conclusions? It will by and by be more generally known that man's utterances may be as profitably studied as his machinery; nay, even that a Shakspeare or a Dante may be as wonderful a relic of ages as a mastodon or an ichthyosaurus. Again, not a few of the evils of our social condition arise from our great classes not understanding one another. Between the race that is educated by ease, by abundance, by books, and pictures, and operas, by mental labour, if by any, and the race that is educated by manual labour, by anxieties about having 'leave to work,' by practical familiarity with the utilitarian properties of things—a great gulf is fixed. Each is a barbarian unto the other. Their thoughts and feelings, their likings, their very words, are unlike. We must understand one another, we must confer on the common ground of common interest, we must learn to see through one medium, or we perish as a nation. One of the great mediators between us is literature. Let Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, intercede between the hosts; give us truly one mind and one speech, and what remains will be settled at least with a mutual intelligence; and this worst alien act, the want of a universal participation in the grandest of all national literatures, will be done away.—*Rev. J. A. Scott at the annual meeting of the Woolwich Mechanics' Institution.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 165. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE AUTHORS OF CALAMITIES.

The poverty of authors and men of learning has been a theme of all ages since literature and learning had an existence, and a general reason for such poverty is very obvious in the fact, that authors and men of learning seldom address themselves to any of the recognised means of money-making, but indulge in a toil or recreation—call it what you will—which gratifies taste and caprice in the first place, and only *may be* productive of more solid benefits in certain not very common circumstances. There are now-a-days, however, literary men who, by writing for the periodical press, and in other definite ways, realise considerable gains, though generally perhaps at the sacrifice of their more cherished predilections. A small number, by unusually successful author-craft, are in the tolerably regular receipt of incomes which might cope with some of the best in the professions, barring only a few of the highest. Still, there is a general sense of the wretched nature of a purely literary life: instances of the misery of literary men even of considerable fame occasionally come before us; and the literary class itself is dissatisfied with its social position, and irritated at the precariousness, as well as meagreness, of its means of subsistence.

Mr Howitt, in his 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets,' launches forth some complaints on this subject, and alleges that authors are at this day regarded by publishers exactly as they were in the days of Grub Street—poor, helpless, and intractable. He then quotes an anecdote which appeared a year or two ago in this Journal, to the effect that a London publisher expressed an inclination to give credit to a retail bookseller whom he supposed to be prospering, when, being informed that the man was an author—'Oh, that alters the question entirely. Open an account!—certainly not, certainly not!' To which a similar lively illustration is added:—

'The publisher of a celebrated review and myself were conversing on literary matters, when a very popular author was announced, who begged a word with the publisher, and they retired together. Presently the publisher came back.

'*Publisher.* We were talking of the relative merits of authors and publishers just now.

'*Myself.* Yes.

'*Pub.* Well, you authors regard yourselves as the salt of the earth. It is you who are the great men of the world: you move society, and propel civilisation; we publishers are but good pudding-eaters, and pay-masters to you.

'*M.* True enough; but *you* think that you are the master manufacturers, and *we* authors the poor devil artisans, who really have no right to more than artisan wages.

'*Pub.* Ay, if you will take them as wages, and often before they are earned. Grant that you are the salt of the earth; methinks the salt has wonderfully lost its savour when it has to come with a manuscript in one hand, and holds out the other for the instant pay, or the kettle cannot boil. See; there, now, is a man just gone that will be a name five hundred years hence; yet what does he come to me for? For a sovereign! I tell you candidly, that if no hero can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*, neither can an author be a hero to his publisher, when he comes *in forma pauperis* every day before him. For the life of me, I cannot maintain an admiration of a man when, like a rat, he is always nibbling at my purse-strings, and especially when I know—and what publisher does not know it?—that, give the coin before the work is done, and it never is done. I content myself with things as I find them, and I leave all homage to the reader.'

We can vouch for the truth of Mr Howitt's general statements on this subject, for we have heard many London publishers speak of the literary class as in great part deficient in honourable principle respecting money and the fulfilment of engagements. It is, in fact, extremely painful to hear the report of these tradesmen respecting the men of talent whom they have occasion to employ. They describe the more prosperous as crotchetty and unreasonable; the poorer as unscrupulous in taking advances, and careless in discharging their obligations. Some who realise large sums by labours which appear by no means severe, not only squander these without any regard for the necessities of the future, but contrive, besides, to be deeply in debt to their booksellers and others; so that a sudden failure of health, or of the power of pleasing the public, would precipitate them at once into poverty; in which case it would, as usual, be taken for granted that they only experienced the evil fortune of a miserable profession, when the fact is, that they had been fortunate far beyond the same degree of desert in any other walk of life, but had misused the best gifts of Providence. Inspired by a feeling like that of the Arabs, who believe that it will be long before they can make up to themselves for the disinheritation of their ancestor Ishmael, some authors seem to consider the booksellers as 'fair game.' There can be no harm in pillaging men who, as a class, are the usurpers of literary rights and literary gains. To take, therefore, a sum from one bookseller towards the copy-money of a book, and, after all, hand over the manuscript to a second for an additional sum, or even to a *third*, after having taken sums in advance from *two*, is not unknown in practice. When men whom one would rather expect to be models of honourable feeling are depraved to this extent, there must be something strangely unsound in their situation, for to no other cause can it be attributed.

Mr Howitt's proposed remedy is, combination on the part of the authors—combination for funds to succour distressed members of their corps, 'for the support of every authorly interest, and the defence of every authorly right!' We are sorry that we most thoroughly believe combination for any purpose impracticable amongst literary men. Irritability of temper and mutual jealousy are the causes of this doom. But even though they could associate, we cannot see what association would do for them, supposing that they remain in other respects the same. It seems to us purely visionary to expect that the literary class will acquire the strength or dignity which Mr Howitt desires for it, otherwise than by an increase of integrity and prudence in the individuals of which the literary class is composed.

It may be possible, however, to show improved arrangements respecting literary labours and rewards, which would greatly ameliorate the worldly circumstances of authors, and prove favourable to that morality on which the elevation of the class must, we think, depend. It is not the first time that we have endeavoured to show that literary men, in being the employés of tradesmen, are in a wholly false position. The relation should be exactly the reverse; that is to say, men pursuing an active literary career should be the masters and employers, the tradesmen being subordinate to them, or, at the most, associated in a copartnery. Authors should, in short, use means to take rank as capitalists, and write for the realisation of publishing schemes in which they have a mercantile interest. Talk not of difficulties in acquiring capital, when these are overcome by men of every class and grade every day. So that there be saving, there will soon be capital. Let literary men condescend, if it be a condescension, to this law of political economy, and their rise to the rank of capitalists is certain. In many instances where there happened to be harmony of character and pursuit, literary *firms* might be established for the carrying out of the larger class of designs. So far, in peculiar circumstances, the present system might occasionally be departed from. Or one literary man of mature years might be the employer of a corps of younger ones. But the leading idea is—let the author be the ruler of his own labours, and the reaper of their proper rewards. By this plan there would be the further advantage, that literary schemes would be more heartily and justly worked out than at present. The bookseller, as is well known, is often baffled in his efforts to get a plan realised, by reason of the difficulty which one mind experiences in entering into the views of another. Where an author works upon his own plan, he of course works with a clearer perception of what he ought to do, and also with a stronger interest in his subject.

But 'the plan is visionary—it could never be reduced to practice!' This is not quite true. Several literary men are actually realising it to a very considerable extent, and are, we believe, feeling the benefits of it. We have ourselves acted upon this plan for many years, and not only found it easily practicable, but the only possible arrangement under which, to all appearance, the same labours could have been conducted. The gist of the matter is, that literary men ought to become men of the world in a greater degree than they are, if they would wish to keep abreast of men of the world. Of course, the plan now sketched is only applicable to men who seek a regular livelihood, and the means of rising in society, by the industrious use of their pen. Such are the writers of books primarily designed merely for the gratification of the reading public; such are the writers and editors of periodical works, and those who devote themselves to compilations of all kinds; nine-tenths, it is probable, of the whole literary class. These men are precisely in the situation of thousands of able and well-educated persons who have to give their days to the drudgeries of medicine or the technicalities of the law. They should contemplate themselves as strictly members of the great legion of the unendowed, who have nothing to depend upon but intellect judiciously and industriously exercised. It is, accordingly, no more than right and proper that these men should seek, by all honourable means, to improve their worldly circumstances, exactly as the members of other professions are doing. Nor can it be derogatory to any real dignity which belongs to their functions, that they should submit to all the prudent restrictions which beset other men in the like circumstances. If they were to see their real position in a true light, they would be under no danger of neglecting these maxims; they would resist the vanity which has before now caused an author with his first spare hundred pounds to set up a carriage; and they would put down the promptings of the worse imp which would persuade them that they are privileged by the use of a goose quill to every ridiculous foible, and not a few of the petty vices.

There is a smaller class of literary men who seek to produce works of a higher order, with but a small chance of being remunerated for their trouble. Such are the poets, the writers of laborious historical works, and the authors of speculative treatises. The productions of this class immensely exceed all others in value, yet they are not on that account sure to produce an adequate reward. Such is the unavoidable effect of the mercantile principle to which literature is left in the present stage of society, that the veriest toy of the brain, which it has only taken a clever man a fortnight to produce, may realise for its author a thousand pounds, or even more—such things are!—while an emanation of true genius, never to be allowed to die, or an elimination of truth which is to help on the regeneration of our race, will not pay the expenses of putting it through the press. One cannot but view with deep regret and sympathy the narrow circumstances to which authors of this kind are subject. But while society proceeds upon a commercial mercantile principle, it is not easy to see how such men, who have no patrimony to sustain them, are to be otherwise than poor, if they give themselves to labours which notoriously produce no solid rewards. Authorship of such a kind, in such circumstances, should be looked upon as a voluntary sacrifice of immediate and gross benefits, for the sake of something more spiritual and more highly esteemed. A counsellor who, instead of taking briefs, spent his nights and days in efforts to reform the laws, would be in a precisely analogous situation, and his poverty would be no marvel. Now, there is hardly one of the former and larger class of literary men who does not aspire to labours of a higher kind than those to which he devotes himself. He wishes, but the necessity of bread forbids. And thus his whole literary life consists of exertions which are not according to the *first intention* of his mind, but which he must reconcile himself to as unavoidable in his situation. Here, however, we have an evil no greater than what falls to the lot of nearly all professional men. We all have an inner life of the mind in which we would spend our whole time, if it were not that the outer life calls us in some other direction. Perhaps few enjoy the good fortune of the literary man,

in having daily labours so near akin to those on which they would spend themselves. These take him into the society of the intellectual—they allow him converse with books—they place him in circumstances from which he may in the easiest possible manner ascend to the exertions in which he would be engaged. And it occurs to us forcibly that the very hope of being able in time to produce some work of an important character, ought to be a powerful inducement to the slave of the press to be diligent in his calling and prudent in his living, that he may the sooner emancipate himself from the toil which only gives a pecuniary reward. How much nobler to husband resources for this purpose, than to launch into the vanities of the world, and sell the whole soul for a wretched competition with the Common Rich!

While much is said of the calamities of authors, we never hear of the calamities of booksellers—of which class it is always assumed that they are not merely well off, but wallowing in wealth. Yet publishers, in the mass, are by no means an extravagantly successful class of men. Some acquire wealth, which is the case in all professions; but many fail miserably in their undertakings, and some of the greatest have died without a sovereign. It is a sad consideration that Archibald Constable, who had a truly generous feeling for authors, paid only half-a-crown in the pound. View the history of the late edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' —a really creditable undertaking, carried on and finished in a most conscientious manner towards the public, yet leaving its proprietors at the present moment L.19,000 minus! Sometimes we hear of a bookseller making what is called a hit. He gives one hundred pounds for a manuscript, and gains six or seven times his own money. Then there is sure to be a dreadful outcry about the poor author, as if he were a robbed man; the public never reflecting, that for one fortunate venture, the bookseller makes three or four by which he loses, and that he did not buy the article below its ascertained value, but speculated upon a contingency. We also lay out of account the many losses which publishers undergo by their advances to authors. There is a kind of *Arabian* feeling in the latter gentlemen with respect to 'the trade,' as if it were only justice to leave them losers. For instance, Goldsmith owes L.111 to his publisher, Mr John Newbery, who had taken a kindly charge of his affairs, even to paying his landlady her weekly rent. Goldsmith is in difficulties for a sum, and his friend Johnson takes the manuscript of his 'Vicar of Wakefield' to be sold, but not to John Newbery—for 'with him,' in Mr Howitt's words, 'it would have gone to reduce the standing claim'—no, but to Francis Newbery, a nephew, and probably rival of John, who gives sixty pounds. This transaction is an example of the manner in which booksellers are treated at this day, even by men to whom they have behaved with the highest degree of generosity.. Can we doubt that such treatment tends to the injury of booksellers, and helps to make them regard authors in the manner in which they were regarded by the person adverted to at the beginning of this paper?

To conclude. We would again earnestly commend to the attention of literary men the views which have been here unfolded regarding improved arrangements for the publication of their writings. Let them be no longer children, content with the first gewgaw offered them, but steady, earnest, and honourable men of the world. It is, meanwhile, possible, under the present arrangements, for a man of literary talent to realise a subsistence by his pen, and even, by its means alone, to raise himself in the social scale. For this, however, steady industry and unfailing fidelity are necessary. It were obviously the greatest folly to suppose that booksellers are to encourage men of a different character, or that society is to receive them with cordiality. The first lesson, therefore, to be learned by an aspirant for literary honours is—to be a good citizen. Where this rule is observed, a fair share of literary merit is the undoubted passport to most of those worldly advantages which the generality of men are in search of: where it is disregarded, intellectual merit, of whatever degree, must go very much for nothing.

THE PATRONESS.

A TALE.

On one of those densely foggy evenings so well known to the inhabitants of our great metropolis, when all who have comfortable parlours or drawing-rooms will shut out the unpleasant scene the windows present by closely drawing the curtains, and ringing for candles earlier than the wonted hour—when the link-boys tender the welcome auxiliary of light to the foot-passenger who can afford a trifling recompense, and none will venture out of doors who have not some very pressing call—on such an evening in the winter of 1835, a young and delicate pedestrian might have been seen threading the maze formed by the narrow streets of Whitechapel, without companion or protector, and almost sinking under the weight of a cumbersome parcel, which bore the appearance of needlework, from one of the warehouses with which that neighbourhood abounds. Her hurried and terrified manner attracted no attention, each individual being intent upon reaching his own fireside; and the darkness was so intense, that it shielded her from the observation of the rude passer-by, who otherwise would have frequently stared beneath her coarse straw-bonnet to gaze upon a face of uncommon beauty. She stopped ever and anon to relieve herself for a few moments from her heavy burden, by resting it on a doorstep; and paused at every turn, passing her ungloved hand over her fair brow, as if recalling to remembrance the spot on which she stood. Her apprehensions lest she had mistaken her way, redoubled when she found herself in a place of which she had no recollection; and in a state of great excitement and alarm she now ventured to enter a chandler's shop, that she might make inquiries for the street in which her home was situated. Such a question from one on whom poverty has set its unmistakeable seal, is not always answered with civility, especially when it calls the shopkeeper, on a cold evening, from the snug parlour and blazing fire. Ruth Annesley, however, met with a courteous reply from the kind-hearted widow to whom her agitated appeal was addressed. She cheerfully set about a minute and somewhat lengthy explanation; but to the terrified and almost bewildered girl the frequent repetition of 'third turning to the right, second to the left,' &c. was like the jargon of an unknown tongue.

'You are a stranger in London?' the widow observed, looking compassionately upon her. Ruth replied in the affirmative, adding that she lived with an aged relative, who was anxiously awaiting her return.

'Well, don't be frightened, my poor girl,' she kindly rejoined; 'I'll promise you that you shall be at your own door in less than a quarter of an hour, if you don't mind trusting yourself to the care of my son. He is as steady and as good a lad as ever mother was blessed with,' she pursued, perceiving that her auditor started a little at the proposition, 'so you need not be a bit afraid to put yourself under his protection; and he knows the way so well, that he could go blindfold, having trodden it every day, Sundays excepted, for the last seven years. Then he will carry your load for you, for you seem well-nigh tired,' she feelingly added, and she lifted a stool from the other side of the counter as she spoke.

'You are very good ma'am,' was all Ruth could reply, as she sunk exhausted into the offered seat. The benevolent widow now hurried into her little parlour, in which the young man alluded to was sitting, too much absorbed by the perusal of a book to hear what had been passing between his parent and her fair companion. But no sooner was the communication made, than he started upon his feet, and taking his hat from its

accustomed peg, hastened to perform the part of a knight-errant to the distressed maiden. His precipitance was, however, checked by his good mother, who suggested that, on such a damp evening, a greatcoat was necessary, tenderly adding, that as he had suffered severely from a cold last winter, it would be well for him to wear her woollen shawl for a cravat. Andrew Crawford submitted to these precautions with something like impatience, but actually blushed for his appearance on beholding the slightly-clad figure of the frail delicate girl whom he was about to escort, and without uttering a word, he tore the shawl from his throat and wrapped it around her shoulders. Struck by this unlooked-for kindness, as well as by his frank and open countenance, Ruth now unhesitatingly yielded her burden and herself to his protection and guidance. During the period occupied by the walk, the youth drew from his gentle companion an artless recital of the events of her brief life. She and a twin brother, since dead, had, she said, been left orphans in infancy. Her father's relations were persons of property, but as they had refused to render them any pecuniary assistance, they must have been brought up in a workhouse, had not her mother's only surviving kinswoman — her grandaunt — taken the charge upon herself. 'This dear relative,' she added, 'worked for us when we were unable to work for ourselves, imparted to us all the knowledge she possessed, and was to us in every respect like a fond mother.' She then proceeded to state that fresh misfortunes had since assailed them; that her brother's long illness had reduced them to a sad condition of poverty; and that her kind friend, now very aged and infirm, had lately been bereft of sight. This circumstance had induced them to come from Sheffield to London, with the hope that the best medical aid, there afforded gratuitously, would effect a cure; but this hope had not been realised. She had, she further said, whilst residing in the country, gained some knowledge of the art of dressmaking, but had not been able to turn it to any account in London, because work in that department of female labour was not generally to be obtained at home, and she would endure any hardships rather than leave her aged and afflicted relative: they were, consequently, now residing together in a humble lodging, living on the little she could earn by making shirts for a neighbouring outfitting warehouse.

'Have you, then, no other friend in this great city?' the young man interrogated, in a tone which betrayed the deep interest he had taken in her simple tale.

'I have no other friend on earth,' she made answer. 'Now my brother is gone, I have no one else to love or to love me.'

'Yours is a sad case,' he added commiseratingly; 'but if you will call again upon my mother, she may be able to recommend you to something better than your present employment, which I fear is but ill paid for.'

'It is indeed,' Ruth replied. 'I labour fifteen hours every day, frequently many more, and after all, can scarcely provide the common necessaries of life. Yet,' she quickly rejoined, 'I am thankful to get even this, for London is a sad, unsocial, selfish place, and we should otherwise have died for want.'

'Though you have not been so fortunate as to meet with them, London has many charitable people in it, and is full of benevolent institutions,' the young man returned, a little jealous for the credit of his native city. 'Yet,' he musingly added, 'I know not of any institution for the encouragement of female industry. But you will call on my mother—will you not? I think she can be of service to you.'

'Oh yes, I shall call on her to thank her for her goodness to me this night,' the maiden energetically exclaimed, as with a joyful heart she now recognised the little court which contained her home. 'A thousand thanks, too, for your kindness, sir,' she hurriedly added, returning the shawl, and taking the parcel from his hands. 'Good-night;' and as she spoke the last words, she bounded up a flight of stone steps into a large but miserable-looking house, which stood at the entrance of the court.

A week elapsed ere the young seamstress completed her task, and proceeded again in the direction of the abode of her new-found friends. Her surprise was only exceeded by her gratitude, on finding that the widow had already interested a benevolent physician in her behalf. This gentleman had engaged to represent her unfortunate situation to some ladies of his acquaintance, who he knew could serve her by finding her better employment.

We will now, with the reader's permission, shift the scene a little, and take a peep into the richly-ornamented drawing-room of Mrs Mapleton, a young lady of fashion, who had recently become a bride. The mistress of the mansion, arrayed in an elegant dishabille, was reclining on one of the sofas. Her companions were her cousins, two ladies who had filled the important office of bride-maids; and a more striking contrast could scarcely be conceived than the trio presented. Miss Bellingdon, the elder of the group, was a beautiful young woman of five-and-twenty, who for the last four years had been sole mistress of an immense fortune. Her bright black eye, and clear brunette complexion, bespoke a character of impassioned energy. Widely removed from these two extremes was the gentle Celia Howard. She possessed neither the insipid beauty of the one, nor the animated charms of the other, but her mild countenance bore the expression of good sense and modesty, which, though exciting less admiration, won for her more really attached friends.

Into this elegant scene a gentleman was introduced. This was Dr Penrose, the benevolent-minded physician who had undertaken to find some remunerative employment for the poor seamstress. Nor was he unsuccessful. His representations greatly affected the ladies; and Miss Bellingdon at once offered to give her some articles of dress to make, which she had in hand. 'Come, doctor, you will escort me in your carriage to the house of the young needlewoman,' gaily added the fair patroness.

'Gallantry forbids that I should disregard such a request from a lady,' the doctor returned with a smile; and the fair heiress quitted the room to equip herself for the visit.

'Adelaide is a spoiled child, and must always have her own way,' the bride remarked; and while Miss Bellingdon was employed in searching for the articles she spoke of, Miss Howard took the opportunity of slipping a small donation into the hands of the doctor. 'Will you become my almoner, dear sir?' she quietly said; adding in a still lower key, 'permit me to caution you not to trust wholly to the discretion of my cousin, Miss Bellingdon, with regard to the future movements of your interesting protégée. She is kindly-intentioned, but is apt to imagine that more can be effected by her patronage than experience proves. It is painful to make these remarks,' she hurriedly observed; 'but I feel it a duty to do so, lest your kind efforts to serve this young woman should be a source of evil instead of benefit.'

The re-entrance of the young heiress prevented the physician's reply, but his countenance expressed all his lips would have uttered.

'Mrs Mapleton is a subscriber to several charitable institutions,' Miss Bellingdon observed, addressing her venerable companion as they entered the densely-populated neighbourhood in which the home of the young seamstress was situated; 'and,' she pursued, 'as she has a great objection to anything like trouble, and fancies she is too sensitive to come in contact with distress of any kind, she imagines *that* to be the most efficient way of doing good. For my own part,' she continued, 'I like to find out worthy objects for private charity, and really feel obliged, Dr Penrose, by your mentioning this poor young creature to me.'

'Each in its turn has a claim upon us, my dear Miss Bellingdon,' the doctor made answer.

The interest Dr Penrose had excited in the breast of the fair heiress for Ruth Annesley rather augmented than decreased when that young lady entered her lodging, notwithstanding that she had to climb up three flights of dark and dirty stairs ere her curiosity was gratified. There was to her a charm in novelty which counterbalanced all difficulties, and the very wretchedness of the abode gave it an air of romance which highly delighted her. The little room occupied by the aunt and niece was, however, far from partaking of the character of the other parts of the house; it was meanly furnished and ill-lighted, but there was a certain something which bespoke it the residence of minds of a superior order. The young needlewoman was amazed and almost terrified at the sight of the elegant tissue which was unrolled before her. She was diffident in exercising her skill on such costly materials; and though grateful for the offered aid, would fain have declined it, but her visitor would not hear of a refusal. She was sure, she said, from the excellent fit of her own dress, simple as it was, that she could accomplish it to her satisfaction; and she proceeded to make an appointment for the next morning for her to take her pattern.

'We must transplant that sweet flower to a more genial soil, my good sir,' Miss Bellingdon energetically exclaimed when they re-entered the carriage; 'she must not be allowed to wither away in this polluted atmosphere. I have already formed a plan for her future support. She must have a well-furnished floor in the western suburbs, and I'll venture to promise her plenty of employment from my friends alone.'

'Your plan is good, my dear Miss Bellingdon,' the doctor returned; 'but we must not be too sanguine of success. If——'

'Oh, I will have no buts or ifs,' the lady interposed, 'nor will I allow you to thwart my schemes of benevolence by your prudent precaution. I assure you that I can fully calculate upon success, and I'll take the entire responsibility upon myself.'

'If you will do that, my fair friend, I can make no further opposition,' her companion quietly rejoined.

The result of the above-related conversation was, that Ruth and her aunt were removed from the obscure garret they had for the last six months inhabited, to a comfortable lodging in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Miss Bellingdon found no difficulty in persuading her young protégée to make the exchange; for, trustful and guileless as she was, she never for a moment doubted whether her patroness would fulfil all her engagements. To her it appeared an almost miraculous deliverance from the bitter want she and her beloved relative had so long endured, and her grateful heart beat high with thankfulness to a merciful Providence who had directed her steps in the darkness to the abode of the widow, who had been the primary human instrument in bringing about her present happiness. To her more sage and experienced protectress, however, the scheme did not appear quite so desirable. She was less sanguine than Ruth of the success of her new undertaking, and doubtful of the continuance of Miss Bellingdon's patronage. She had seen too much of life to place implicit reliance in fluency of profession; yet as her niece was full of hope and delight at the proposal, and was, in their present circumstances, wasting her youth by incessant and ill-requited toil, she could not long withhold her consent to the change. Miss Bellingdon was so enraptured with the manner in which Ruth had accomplished the task she had assigned her, that she was more than usually energetic whilst appealing to her fair friends in her behalf. Her affecting relation of the trials the young seamstress had so recently endured drew tears from many a bright eye, and our heroine had not been many days in her new abode, ere she was supplied with more work than she knew how to perform. She thus found herself in such an awkward dilemma, that she was obliged to apply to her patroness for counsel. 'Oh, you must do it all, my dear; you must not think of such a thing as disobliging any of your employers,' was that lady's unhesitating reply; and vain were the poor girl's representations that her health was sinking under the effort, which was even greater than that she had made at her former occupation. 'You have yet to learn,' Miss Bellingdon proceeded, 'that there is nothing about which a lady is so impatient as the fabrication of a new dress. She will bear the loss of a *lover* with a better grace than a disappointment of that sort; so I tell you, my good girl, that you *must* get them all done by the time specified by the owners, or you will ruin yourself in the onset.'

'And can these ladies be really desirous of serving me in giving me this employment?' Ruth could not help saying to herself; but she dared not ask so rude a question of her noble patroness. With great exertion, accompanied by no small amount of bodily pain, the young needlewoman at length effected the task; but her trials were not over when this was accomplished. One of the ladies who had been so keenly touched by Miss Bellingdon's affecting recital of her sufferings, and who was, to use her own words, 'quite anxious to patronise the poor young thing,' did not scruple to make a bargain by which she was a considerable gainer, excusing her avarice by saying that she could not of course pay a person whom she employed under such circumstances the same as she did one of the fashionable milliners; another thought it an excellent opportunity of getting credit, which had been refused by her late *modiste;* a third, supposing the obligation she conferred on Ruth by employing her entitled her to dictate even in her domestic affairs, withdrew her patronage on the plea of her base ingratitude, because the poor girl did not think proper to follow her advice in everything; and a fourth—a dashing widow, whom Miss Bellingdon had represented as a very paragon of benevolence—having a favourite notion that the working-classes are incapable of husbanding their earnings, doled out her payments in such small sums, and took up so much time in calls at her mansion in order to receive these sums, that the money was literally twice earned ere it reached the hands of the person who was so unfortunate as to be employed by her. To these were added several ladies who were really desirous of serving her, but who engrossed so much of her attention and time—the young needlewoman's only property—by trivial remarks and minute directions, that little profit could be derived from the work they put into her hands. This latter evil arose from inconsiderateness, not wilful injustice, but it was not the less felt on that account. Thus, though our heroine had no lack of occupation, she was not so amply remunerated as she had been led to expect, and she was still frequently distressed for the means for providing the necessaries of life. The lodgings Miss Bellingdon had engaged for their use were expensive; and notwithstanding the promise that lady had made to Dr Penrose, and that she had more than once intimated to Ruth herself, that she would take the entire responsibility, she never afterwards alluded to the subject.

The interest which had been excited for Ruth did not flag through the winter months. Many a beautiful lip spoke with seeming sympathy of the fair young seamstress who had fabricated the dress or mantle in which the lovely wearer was arrayed, and they doubtless flattered themselves into the belief that they had been really actuated by benevolence when finding her employment. The London season followed—the *busy* season, as it is emphatically denominated by the 'west end' milliner and dressmaker—the season when the jaded apprentice and journeywoman can get neither necessary bodily exercise by day nor rest by night; and during these months there was still no complaint of want of occupation, whatever there might be of pecuniary embarrassment. But when this season was over, and the metropolis emptied itself of its fashionable inhabitants, that they might seek the sea-side breezes, or ruralise in sylvan vales, the poor young needlewoman's interesting story was regarded as a bygone tale, and

her very name was in most instances forgotten. Miss Bellingdon was not yet among the number who had left town. For some reason she was a lingerer in its almost deserted fashionable places of resort. This reason was certainly not that she might further the interests of her protégée, for a new favourite had taken poor Ruth's place in that fickle young lady's regard. This was a youthful painter, whom she declared to be a second Rubens, and whom she was now using her utmost endeavours to bring into notice.

The sudden desertion of her patronesses, many of whom were in her debt, was not the only trial our heroine had at this time to endure, for she was, in consequence, unable to pay the arrears of rent for their furnished apartments. It was true this did not exceed five pounds, yet it was a larger sum than she would have been able to raise, even by disposing of all her wardrobe. She naturally looked to Miss Bellingdon to assist her at such a juncture, at least by advice; but that lady was now inaccessible to her. She called again and again at her mansion, but always received an answer that she was particularly engaged, or from home. Her situation was rendered more pitiable by the rapidly declining health of Mrs Jones, who stood in greater need than ever of those comforts Ruth had once fondly anticipated being able to provide from the fruits of her exertions. Constant toil and anxiety had blanched her own cheek, and further enfeebled a frame always delicate; but of herself she thought not; all her solicitude was called into exercise for that beloved relative who had been to her as a mother. A circumstance hitherto unmentioned also served to augment our heroine's distress; this was the absence of her humble friends, the Crawfords. An unlooked-for event in their family had caused them, a few weeks previously, to leave London for a residence in a distant part of the country; and as their departure had been somewhat sudden, Ruth was consequently deprived in this exigency of their sympathy and counsel. Her upright mind, however, suggested the most honourable course to be pursued; which was, she thought, for them to leave their little property as a security for their debt, engage a low-rented apartment in the neighbourhood in which they had before resided, and for her to endeavour to procure work from her former employer. This plan met with Mrs Jones's approbation, though it was with a sickening heart that she contemplated the entire blight of her niece's prospects. Ruth's application for the employment which had before yielded her such a miserable pittance was successful, and she recommenced her labours, though with a less hopeful spirit. Had the Crawfords been still in the vicinity, she would have felt her situation to be less lonely; for, to let the reader into a secret unacknowledged even by the parties most concerned, a mutual affection, based on the purest esteem, had sprung up between the young artisan and the orphan girl. Though neither had allowed a word to escape the lips which could express his or her feelings on the subject, there was a firm conviction in the breast of each that the regard was reciprocal, and this thought would sometimes impart a ray of joy to the breast of the maiden in the midst of her deepest distress. So entwined, however, were her tenderest affections around the aged friend with whom she had for so many years shared her griefs and pleasures, that life seemed to offer a blank in the event of her death.

The summer passed, but the young shirt-maker saw nothing of the green fields, of the flowers, and little even of the sun; for her dark attic, with its sloping roof, and narrow window overlooking the back of some smoky dwellings, admitted but few of his beams. She beheld not the golden grain ripe for the sickle, nor the clustering fruits of the autumnal season; and the month with which we commenced our narrative again returned—returned with sad forebodings to the sorrow-stricken girl; for the gentle and meek spirit of her aged companion seemed now about to quit its frail tenement for a more congenial and blessed abode. In this exigency Ruth would have sought the aid of the kind physician who had before taken such a lively interest in their welfare, but she was unacquainted with his place of residence; and all her attempts to see Miss Bellingdon, and to obtain the information from her, had been fruitless. So fearful was Ruth that it might be supposed that she was vaguely soliciting pecuniary aid from the widow Crawford, that she would not, when writing to her, inform her of the extent of her distress.

The dense fog which had shrouded the streets during the day, making it necessary for the tradesman and artisan to use artificial lights even at noon, had given place to a steady continuous rain, when the unhappy girl, thinly clad, and without anything to shield her from the inclemency of the weather, set out with the intention of once more seeking Miss Bellingdon's mansion. The fair heiress was actually her debtor for the last dresses she had made for her; and though it was an unseasonable hour for calling on a lady of fashion on such business, Ruth, urged by despair, had formed the resolution to see her if possible, and even to force herself into her presence should her request be denied. None heeded the young pedestrian as she pursued her hurried course through the crowded streets of business, and she was equally unregarded and uncared for when she entered the aristocratic locality of the west. Her earnest intreaties that the footman would take up her name, received an answer that Miss Bellingdon was dressing for an evening party, and could not be spoken to, but that she would pass through the hall in her way to the carriage, if she chose to wait.

'I will thankfully accept the offer,' Ruth replied; and as she spoke, she seated herself upon one of the chairs.

The man had scarcely left the hall, when the light step of the fair heiress was heard descending from her dressing-room. She was giving directions to her lady's-maid as she proceeded, and was too much occupied to notice that any one was below, till she came into contact with the pale, emaciated figure of the young shirt-maker, who sat there shivering in her wet garments. A start of recognition followed.

'Ruth Annesley!' she exclaimed in astonishment.

'Ah, madam, I am indeed that wretched girl,' was the reply; and the tone of anguish in which it was uttered struck like a knell upon the ear of her auditor.

'You look ill, child; what could bring you out on such a night?'

'Despair has driven me from my home to seek you, madam; for I know not but that, on my return, I may find my only earthly friend a corpse.'

Miss Bellingdon shuddered. 'Is your aunt so much worse then?' she interrogated. 'Why did you not let me know this before?'

'I have sought you many times, madam, and sent you my little account, but all my appeals have been disregarded,' Ruth made answer.

'The fault then rests with my servants,' Miss Bellingdon interposed, whilst the flush upon her already rouged cheek revealed that she was giving utterance to falsehood. 'Don't be cast down, however,' she soothingly added. 'I will attend to the matter to-morrow; meanwhile, take this trifle, and get your poor aunt something to do her good. Call in a surgeon likewise, and I will pay his bill whatever it may be.'

Ruth looked in the face of her late patroness. 'Madam,' she said, 'you engaged to pay for our lodgings at Kensington; but I was obliged to deprive my dear aunt of necessaries in order to raise it myself, and finally to leave our little all as a security for the debt. I accept of this,' she added, taking the offered coin, 'for it is justly my due; but I ask for nothing more than justice at your hands. This dress,' she pursued, taking up the skirt of a beautiful silvered muslin tunic in which the fair heiress was arrayed—'this very dress cost me a night and a day of unrequited labour. Could you wear it in the gay ball-room, and not think of one of your own sex whom your inconsiderateness, not to say injustice, has brought to the borders of the grave?'

'Your afflictions have made you neither humble nor grateful, Miss Annesley,' Miss Bellingdon contemptuously remarked, writhing bitterly under a question which she felt to be unanswerable.

'They have not made me *servile*, madam,' Ruth rejoined; 'but you are mistaken in supposing that they have blunted my sense of gratitude, for my heart was never so keenly alive to kindness. But I am detaining you from your evening amusement, where voices will whisper far different language in your ear,' she added, stepping aside as she spoke, to let the footman pass and open the door for his mistress. Miss Bellingdon drew more closely around her the rich Indian shawl which her lady's-maid had just placed upon her shoulders, to shield her from the cold night air, and then hurried into the carriage, whilst her fragile and exhausted companion set out unprotected, to walk a distance of more than three miles to her miserable home.

Ruth had, in the foregoing scene, acted in opposition to the natural gentleness of her character. Her feelings had been powerfully wrought upon by injustice, and the sufferings of one dearer to her than her own existence; but when again alone, she shed a torrent of tears, which in some measure relieved her overcharged heart.

We leave the inhabitants of the narrow garret—one of whom appeared to be on the confines of eternity—to accompany the fair heiress to an elegant party assembled at the mansion of Mrs Mapleton. The usual circle of admirers and flatterers attended her steps, and hung upon her smiles, but she was this evening abstracted and spiritless. The once musical but now hollow voice of the young seamstress seemed ever and anon to sound in her ear, and the form of her dying relative was present to her mental vision. She was selfish and inconsiderate, but not heartless, and bitterly did she now repent having neglected the young creature she had professed to serve. Her painful reminiscences were augmented by the presence of Celia Howard, whom she had not met since the day that Ruth had been first introduced to her.

Miss Howard had that morning arrived at the house of her cousin, Mrs Mapleton, with the intention of again making it her home for a few days. She had not forgotten the circumstance; and when alone with Miss Bellingdon for a few minutes, she asked, with much concern, what had become of the young needlewoman whom Dr Penrose had taken her to visit on the day on which she had left town. The question caused a flush of crimson to suffuse the cheek of the gay beauty, and she was for a few moments incapable of replying. Rallying, however, she murmured something about having lost sight of her for some time, of having met with her that very evening, and of an intention to call upon her on the morrow. 'Will you allow me to accompany you, Adelaide?' Miss Howard asked; 'I purposed spending the morning with you.' Miss Bellingdon would gladly have dispensed with her society on such an occasion, but as she could think of no pretext for preventing her, she was compelled to acquiesce.

The morning came, and the two ladies set out in Miss Bellingdon's carriage for the apartment Ruth and her aunt occupied at Whitechapel. Twelve months previously, the fair heiress had entered this neighbourhood with self-gratulations, now she felt like a culprit about to appear at the bar of justice; and had not her cousin been her companion, it is doubtful whether she would have proceeded on her errand, though she was now really desirous of making some reparation for the misery she had caused. Her inquiries for the young seamstress were answered by the mistress of the lodging-house, who, supposing that they were come to visit the sick woman, and feeling much for the orphan girl and her aged relative, politely said she would show them up into their room. The two ladies followed their guide up the stairs, till she stopped at a low door, at which she gently knocked. Supposing that Ruth was from home on business, and knowing that Mrs Jones was not able to leave her bed, the good woman quietly lifted the latch; but the visitors drew back on beholding the scene which the chamber presented. The invalid lay stretched on her low pallet, to all appearance in the last stage of dissolution. Her sightless eyes were closed, and her livid lips were firmly compressed with strong convulsions; but there was no signs of terror in her aspect—her gentle spirit seemed ready for its departure. By her side, in a kneeling attitude, was the emaciated and almost broken-hearted Ruth, in earnest but mute devotion.

The scene was too sacred to be intruded upon, and the woman gently closed the door, unperceived by the occupants of the chamber. The ladies returned in silence to the carriage; and no sooner had they entered it, than Miss Bellingdon burst into a flood of penitential tears. Keenly alive to sudden impulses of feeling, she had been impressed in no small degree by the sight she had just witnessed. Had she, she mentally inquired, been the means of hastening the aged woman's death?—of further blanching the wan cheek of that fair girl who was but in the first blush of womanhood? And she now unhesitatingly related the whole affair to her cousin, who, seeing that she was already so deeply moved, strove to soothe and comfort her.

Next day the visitors returned, accompanied by Dr Penrose; but interference was now too late. Mrs Jones had died the preceding night, and Ruth was confined to bed, her disease a combination of low fever and consumption, brought on by cold, want, and neglect. Everything which skill could imagine was attempted, but in vain; and useless also was the almost incessant watching of Andrew Crawford by the bedside of the sufferer, from the day he had heard of her illness. In seventeen days from the death of her aunt, the body of poor Ruth Annesley was carried from the same obscure dwelling, and laid in the same obscure grave—her fate nothing uncommon, except in so far as it exemplified the hollow delusions of not an ill-meaning, but only an inconsistent and giddy PATRONESS.

'GATHERINGS FROM SPAIN.'

MR MURRAY'S 'Home and Colonial Library,' one of the best of the popular serials, has been enriched by no work of greater interest than that which has just appeared, 'Gatherings from Spain.' Abounding in much new matter, gleaned not from books, but from actual journeys over the country, and written in a lively and suitable style, the volume possesses an original merit, and may appropriately occupy a place in all those libraries now forming for general instruction and entertainment. A few odds and ends of sketches from its pages may amuse our readers.

Spain, as the author begs us to understand, is not one, but a collection of countries, differing very considerably from each other in social and physical features; and to this cause he ascribes their ruin from the beginning—'a bundle of small bodies, tied together with a rope of sand, and which, being without union, is also without strength, has been beaten in detail.' This, however, can only be a secondary cause of national disaster. A people with radically good faculties would surely have long since dropped petty distinctions, and united for the general benefit, had circumstances permitted such a course. At present, Spain may be said to be in a process of fusing down to one general whole. It is losing its separate individualities and its old usages, and it remains to be seen whether there be a sufficient leaven of intelligence to carry it forward in a new and respectable career. Our own impression is, that it must go through a furnace of long tribulation before it realises the ardent expectations of its admirers.

One thing remarkable about Spain, is its hatred of France, contiguity in this instance producing only jealousy and contempt. The Pyrenees, which form the dividing boundary, are inhabited by a race of highlanders as impracticable as their granite fastnesses.

'Here dwell the smuggler, the rifle sportsman, and all who defy the law: here is bred the hardy peasant, who, accustomed to scale mountains and fight wolves, becomes a ready raw material for the *guerrilleros;* and none were ever more formidable to Rome or France than those marshalled in these glens by Sertorius and Mina. When the tocsin bell rings out, a hornet-swarm of armed men—the weed of the hills—starts up from every rock and brake. The hatred of the Frenchman, which forms "part of a Spaniard's nature," seems to increase in intensity in proportion to vicinity, for as they touch, so they fret and rub each other: here it is the antipathy of an antithesis; the incompatibility of the saturnine and slow with the mercurial and rapid; of the proud, enduring, and ascetic, against the vain, the fickle, and sensual; of the enemy of innovation and change, to the lover of variety and novelty; and however tyrants and tricksters may assert in the gilded galleries of Versailles that *Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*, this party-wall of Alps, this barrier of snow and hurricane, does and will exist for ever. Placed there by Providence, as was said by the Gothic prelate Saint Isidore, they ever have forbidden, and ever will forbid, the banns of an unnatural alliance.'

Spanish authors, it appears, either dare not or cannot tell what is the cause of national ruin. They ascribe it to the depopulation of the country by the drain of adventurers for America. But colonisation never produced a vacuum of this sort. Our author's theory goes nearer the mark. 'The real permanent and standing cause of Spain's thinly-peopled state, want of cultivation, and abomination of desolation, is *bad government*, civil and religious; this all who run may read in her lonely land and silent towns. But Spain, if the anecdote which her children love to tell be true, will never be able to remove the incubus of this fertile origin of every evil. When Ferdinand III. captured Seville, and died, being a saint, he escaped purgatory, and Santiago presented him to the Virgin, who forthwith desired him to ask any favours for beloved Spain. The monarch petitioned for oil, wine, and corn—conceded; for sunny skies, brave men, and pretty women—allowed; for cigars, relics, garlic, and bulls—by all means; for a good government—"Nay, nay," said the Virgin; "that never can be granted; for were it bestowed, not an angel would remain a day longer in heaven."' A nation which can console itself with a joke, is perhaps more to be pitied than if it were aware of its own infamy. Bad government is only a result of a cause. Universal dishonesty is at the root of the evil. From the first minister of the crown to the lowest official, every one is a born cheat. 'Where robbing and jobbing are the universal order of the day, one rascal keeps another in countenance. A man who does not feather his nest when in office, is not thought honest, but a fool. The magic influence of a bribe pervades a land where everything is venal, even to the scales of justice. Here men who have objects to gain begin to work from the bottom, not from the top, as we do in England. In order to insure success, no step in the official ladder must be left unanointed. A wise and prudent suitor bribes from the porter to the premier, taking care not to forget the under-secretary, the over-secretary, the private secretary, all in their order, and to regulate the douceur according to each man's rank and influence. If you omit the porter, he will not deliver your card. If you forget the chief clerk, he will mislay your petition, or poison his master's ear. In matters of political importance, the sovereign, him or herself, must have a share; and thus it was that Calomarde continued so long to manage the beloved Ferdinand and his counsels. He was the minister who laid the greatest bribe at the royal feet. "Sire, by strict attention and honesty, I have just been enabled to economise L.50,000 on the sums allotted to my department, which I have now the honour and felicity to place at your majesty's disposal." "Well done, my faithful and good minister; here is a cigar for you!"' Peculation in collecting the taxes is universal, and there seems no possibility of making the revenue meet the national expenses. Recourse has therefore been had to usurious loans and wholesale confiscations. 'Public securities have been "repudiated," interest unpaid, and principal sponged out. No country in the old world, or even new drab-coated world, stands lower in financial discredit. Let all be aware how they embark in Spanish speculations!'

With the example of universal peculation before them, and favoured by the weakness of the police, highwaymen in Spain do not stand on trifles, and carry on a large and thriving trade. Travelling with an armed diligence, or in armed bands, seems a general precaution; Spaniards, with all their boasting, not liking to encounter firearms. When not well provided with these appliances, our author recommends submission with a good grace. 'Those who have a score or so of dollars (four or five pounds), the loss of which will ruin no man, are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation. Pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence compared to civil words, as Mr Cribb used to say. The Spaniard, by nature high-bred, and a *caballero*, responds to any appeal to qualities of which he thinks his nation has reason to be proud; he respects coolness of manner, in which bold men, although robbers, sympathise.'

There are, however, other kinds of robbing in Spain. One consists in the exaction of certain dues at city gates, similar to the *octroi* in France; and as these dues 'are generally farmed out, they are exacted from the peasantry with great severity and incivility. There is perhaps no single grievance among the many, in the mistaken system of Spanish political and fiscal economy, which tends to create and keep alive, by its daily retail worry and often wholesale injustice, so great a feeling of discontent and ill-will towards authority as this does: it obstructs both commerce and travellers. The officers are, however, seldom either strict or uncivil to the higher classes, and if courteously addressed by the stranger, and told that he is an English gentleman, the official *Cerberi* open the gates and let him pass unmolested, and still more if quieted by the Virgilian sop of a bribe. The idea of a bribe, however, must be carefully concealed; it shocks their dignity, their sense of honour. If, however, the money be given to the head person, as something for his people to drink, the delicate attention is sacked by the chief, properly appreciated, and works its due effect.' The worst of all robbers, however, are the lazy, do-nothing keepers of country inns or *ventas*. 'These ventas have, from time immemorial, been the subject of jests and pleasantries to Spanish and foreign wits. Quevedo and Cervantes indulge in endless diatribes against the roguery of the masters, and the misery of the accommodations, while Gongora compares them to Noah's ark; and in truth they do contain a variety of animals, from the big to the *small*, and more than a pair of more than one kind of the latter.... Many of these ventas have been built on a large scale by the noblemen or convent brethren to whom the village or adjoining territory belonged, and some have, at a distance, quite the air of a gentleman's mansion. Their walls, towers, and often elegant elevations, glitter in the sun, gay and promising, while all within is dark, dirty, and dilapidated, and no better than a whitened sepulchre.'

On arriving at one of these ventas, the inexperienced traveller is a little surprised to find that the host 'remains unmoved and imperturbable, as if he never had had an appetite, or had lost it, or had dined. Not that his genus ever are seen eating, except when invited to a guest's stew: air, the economical ration of the chameleon, seems to be his habitual sustenance; and still more as to his wife and womankind, who never will sit and eat even with the stranger; nay, in humbler Spanish families, they seem to dine with the cat in some corner,

and on scraps. This is a remnant of the Roman and Moorish treatment of women as inferiors. Their lord and husband, the innkeeper, cannot conceive why foreigners on their arrival are always so impatient, and is equally surprised at their inordinate appetite. An English landlord's first question, "Will you not like to take some refreshment?" is the very last which he would think of putting. Sometimes, by giving him a cigar, by coaxing his wife, flattering his daughter, and caressing Maritornes, you may get a couple of his *pollos* or fowls, which run about the ground-floor, picking up anything, and ready to be picked up themselves and dressed.' Travellers are therefore in the habit of taking a part in hastening things forward in the great open kitchen—'"One eye to the pan, the other to the real cat," whose very existence in a venta, and among the pots, is a miracle. By the way, the naturalist will observe that their ears and tails are almost always cropped closely to the stumps. All and each of the travellers, when their respective stews are ready, form clusters and groups round the frying-pan, which is moved from the fire hot and smoking, and placed on a low table or block of wood before them; or the unctuous contents are emptied into a huge earthen reddish dish, which in form and colour is the precise *paropsis*, the food platter, described by Martial and by other ancient authors. Chairs are a luxury. The lower classes sit on the ground, as in the East, or on low stools, and fall to in a most Oriental manner, with an un-European ignorance of forks, for which they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or dip their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long-pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity—with appetite, but without greediness; for none of any nation, as a mass, are better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards.'

Whether by robbing, taking bribes, or plundering guests at inns, when a man has made a purse, the difficulty consists in knowing where to put it. Consequently there is much hoarding and hiding in secret places. 'The idea of finding hidden treasures, which prevails in Spain, as in the East, is based on some grounds; for in every country which has been much exposed to foreign invasions, civil wars, and domestic misrule, where there were no safe modes of investment, in moments of danger property was converted into gold or jewels, and concealed with singular ingenuity. The mistrust which Spaniards entertain of each other often extends, when cash is in the case, even to the nearest relations—to wife and children. Many a treasure is thus lost from the accidental death of the hider, who, dying without a sign, carries his secret to the grave, adding thereby to the sincere grief of his widow and heir. One of the old vulgar superstitions in Spain is an idea that those who were born on a Good-Friday, the day of mourning, were gifted with a power of seeing into the earth, and of discovering hidden treasures. One place of concealment has always been under the bodies in graves: the hiders have trusted to the dead to defend what the quick could not. This accounts for the universal desecration of tombs and churchyards during Bonaparte's invasion.'

From all we can understand, there seems to be but one class of habitually honest men in Spain, and that is the muleteers. With a number of loaded mules marching slowly in single file, these men act as carriers all over the country. 'The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal, or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, loaded with slugs, hangs always in readiness by his side, and often with it a guitar. . . . . The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters in this land put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest, his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar. Many are the leagues, and long, which we have ridden in his caravan, and longer his robber yarns, to which we paid no attention; and it must be admitted that these cavalcades are truly national and picturesque. Mingled with droves of mules and mounted horsemen, the zig-zag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown hay meadow.'

Another oddity is the Spanish barber—the Figaro. The profession of this personage is one of great importance in all the towns of the peninsula. 'There is no mistaking his shop; for, independently of the external manifestations of the fine arts practised within, his threshold is the lounge of all idlers, as well as of those who are anxious to relieve their chins of the thick stubble of a three days' growth. Here is the mint of scandal; and all who have lived intimately with Spaniards, know how invariably every one stabs his neighbour behind his back with words—the lower orders occasionally using knives sharper even than their tongues. Here, again, resort gamblers, who, seated on the ground with cards more begrimed than the earth, pursue their fierce game as eager as if existence was at stake; for there is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, "No one shall play with any cards but with mine." If the parties are cowed, they give him a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him,' and a fight is the consequence. 'The interior of the barber's shop is curious. France may boast to lead Europe in hairdressing and clipping poodles, but Figaro snaps his fingers at her civilisation, and no cat's ears and tail can be closer shaved than his ones are. The walls of his operating room are neatly lathered with whitewash; on a peg hangs his brown cloak and conical hat; his shelves are decorated with clay-painted figures of picturesque rascals, arrayed in all their Andalusian toggery—bandits, bull-fighters, and smugglers. The walls are enlivened with rude prints of fandango dancings, miracles, and bull-fights, in which the Spanish vulgar delight, as ours do in racing and ring notabilities. The barber's implements of art are duly arranged in order; his glass, soap, towels, and leather strap, and guitar, which indeed, with the razor, constitutes the genus barber. Few Spaniards ever shave themselves; it is too mechanical; so they prefer, like the Orientals, a "razor that is hired;" and as that must be paid for, scarcely any go to the expensive luxury of an every-day shave. Indeed Don Quixote advised Sancho, when nominated a governor, to shave at least every other day if he wished to look like a gentleman. The peculiar sallowness of a Spaniard's face is heightened by the contrast of a sable bristle. Figaro himself is all tags, tassels, colour, and embroidery, quips and quirps: he is never still; always in a bustle; he is lying and lathering, cutting chins and capers, here, there, and everywhere. If he has a moment free from taking off beards and making paper cigars, he whips down his guitar, and sings the last seguidilla: thus he drives away dull care, who hates the sound of merry music: and no wonder; the operator performs his professional duties much more skilfully than the rival surgeon, nor does he bungle at any little extraneous *amateur* commissions; and there are more real performances enacted by the barbers in Seville itself, than in a dozen European opera-houses.'

We may close our notice of this amusing volume with the author's account of Spanish dances and music. 'In Spain, whenever and wherever the siren sounds are

heard, a party is forthwith got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling like swarming bees. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads; he slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt four thousand years ago. The performers seldom are very scientific musicians; they content themselves with striking the chords, sweeping the whole hand over the strings, or flourishing and tapping the board with the thumb, at which they are very expert. The multitude suit the tune to the song, both of which are frequently extemporaneous. The language comes in aid to the fertile mother-wit of the natives; rhymes are dispensed with at pleasure, or mixed, according to caprice, with assonants, which consist of the mere recurrence of the same vowels, without reference to that of consonants; and even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, are not always observed. There is very little music ever printed in Spain; the songs and airs are generally sold in manuscript. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numeral figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. The best guitars in the world were made appropriately in Cadiz by the Pajez family, father and son. Of course an instrument in so much vogue was always an object of most careful thought in fair Bætica; thus, in the seventh century, the Sevillian guitar was shaped like the human breast, because, as archbishops said, the *chords* signified the pulsations of the heart, *à corde*. The instruments of the Andalusian Moors were strung after these significant heartstrings. Zaryàb remodelled the guitar by adding a fifth string of bright red, to represent blood, the treble or first being yellow, to indicate bile; and to this hour, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, when dusky eve calls forth the cloaked serenader, the ruby drops of the heart female are surely liquefied by a judicious manipulation of catgut.' The Englishman who laughs at all this, and considers the Spanish love of dancing and guitaring to be a species of madness, certainly a cause of poverty, is thought by Spaniards to be habitually mad, from his everlasting working, and also from what is a less equivocal symptom of insanity, *lending Spaniards money*, and is accordingly laughed at in turn.

PLEASANTRIES OF THE BENCH.

'It seems difficult,' says the *Law Review* in its opening paragraph, 'in casting our eye over the map of the sciences, not to place jurisprudence in the highest rank, if we do not indeed allow it the first place. None requires more enlarged understandings, more sagacious minds, in its cultivators; none draws its materials from more various sources; none assumes for its successful study an ampler body of knowledge, whether of books or of men; but, above all, its importance to the interests of mankind is beyond that of every other branch of learning: it is more eminently practical than any; its concern is with the whole order, the peace, and the happiness of society.'* The object of the work which commences thus, is to promote all discussions connected with this department of science and literature; to extend the knowledge of sound principles; and to further the real improvement of the laws, while checking the mere reckless desire of change. The Law Review is published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law; a body which has Lord Brougham at its head as president, with the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, Lords Devon, Radnor, Ashburton, Campbell, and Mr Lushington as vice-presidents. It includes among its ordinary and honorary members many of the most distinguished men of the day; and not a few of these have enriched with their contributions the pages of the society's literary organ. So much we have thought it necessary to say of the Law Review; although, on the present occasion, we have no intention to meddle with its more serious labours and duties. We have already given our humble aid in the Journal to the cause of law reform, and shall do so again; but just now we mean to go on the Welsh circuit for our own amusement.

The 'Recollections of a Deceased Welsh Judge' form the most amusing of the lighter papers in this legal periodical; and no wonder; for a regular Welsh judge, before law reform 'let in the judges of England upon the Celtic countrymen of Howel-dha and King Arthur,' had little else to do than to look out for amusement. The courts indeed 'were more dull than can easily be described, from the excessive stupidity of the people, both witnesses and jurors—the difficulty of getting anything like English out of them, or putting anything like sense into them—the trifling nature of their endless disputes—the inextricable entanglement of their endless pedigrees: yet the assizes lasted but a couple of days at each place, for the most part; and there was great pleasure in their clear air and fine scenery, especially after the House of Commons and Westminster Hall had fatigued one, and made London intolerable. Their streams were pure and refreshing, to say nothing of their fish; and their hills were wild and sunny, without taking into account the good mutton they fed.' His honour, accordingly, was very sorry when he found himself abolished, with no other compensation than his pension; and it is not surprising that he should have employed the additional leisure thus forced upon him in recalling the circumstances and characters of so agreeable an official existence.

Among the first of his compeers he brings upon the scene is 'George Wood,' nicknamed the Wood Demon, from a melodrama then in vogue—a lawyer greatly quizzed for his ugliness, and highly esteemed for his profound knowledge of special pleading, accurate understanding, sound judgment, and inflexible honesty. He was famous for the extreme conciseness of his style, which followed him to the bench; and his brother judge gives us a specimen, 'a story which, it may well be said, "he used to tell," for I believe he never told any other, and that one he was constantly called upon to tell at the circuit table, and always told it in the same words, and always with the same unbounded applause. It was as follows, for having so often heard it, we knew it by heart:—"A man having stolen a fish, one saw him carrying it away, half under his coat, and said, 'Friend, when next you steal, take a shorter fish, or wear a longer coat.'" In this narrative—which certainly represents the scene perfectly, and gives an epigrammatic speech—there are not quite thirty words, particles included.'

These roystering lawyers had a grand court which took cognisance of the misdeeds of its members. One of them, for instance, was guilty of delivering a letter of introduction to an attorney; whereupon he was brought to trial, and forthwith appointed penny postman to the circuit. Another actually dined with one of these proscribed parties, and received the congratulations of the court upon his very select acquaintance, for which he paid so many gallons of claret to the circuit purse. 'J. Allan Park had somewhat puffed Richardson to an attorney or two as a young man of excellent promise, and stated that he had so high an opinion of him, that he had made him his executor. The attorney-general failed not to note this in his next speech at the grand court, which seriously alarmed Richardson, and drew from him a solemn declaration that he should consider any such recommendations as hostile, and not friendly acts. This, however, did not save him from the title of Executor; till some one, observing the testator's ruddy face of health, and the executor's very pale and emaciated appearance, made the two change places, and gave Richardson the name of the Defunct.' All this, it will be seen, under the guise of merriment, preserved the purity of the bar. 'Even the jests were subservient

* The Law Review and Quarterly Journal of British and Foreign Jurisprudence. Nos. 1 to 9. London: Richards.

—ancillary, as we say—to the same end. They kept us ever in mind of the serious visitations ready at any moment to come down upon real offences; they were like the crack of the wagoner's whip, to be followed by the stroke if the ear had been assailed in vain. Then to the mummery of the circuit all were forced to bow. Whoever appeared in coloured clothes, had to pay for it by a fine, following a lecture by the attorney-general, in which the propriety of mode and dressing of the person was the subject of discourse: the rich wardrobes of various leaders were gorgeously described; how Mr Sergeant Cockell might, if he chose, dazzle the astonished sight with whole yards of cloth of gold across his portly paunch; how Mr Law himself could revel in the most flowery satins; how the very crier could appear so bedizened in lace, that he might burn for hundreds of pounds. The sumptuary laws were intended to diminish the expense of the circuit to poorer men. The rest of the rules were meant to prevent malpractices in the profession. The constantly flowing jest about small matters was calculated to beget a habit of not taking offence on grave occurrences, a very necessary thing in a profession the constant practice of which exposes every one to hear things said, and tempts most men to say things, somewhat painful to the feelings. Now and then a man would appear among us who was either too high or too sore to bear with the rude pleasantry of the body. Wo betide him if he showed such feelings! He might, without intending it, be very unexpectedly created a Duke, or even a Grand Duke, for his loftiness; or mayhap an *Arch*deacon, for keeping slyly out of the way; or a Doctor of the *Sore*bone, if he testified sensitiveness of jokes. I forget which fate overtook a learned sergeant (Davenport) when he was wroth with Mr Solicitor-General for filing against him an indictment for manslaughter, because a man had fallen out of the gallery during his address to the jury. It set forth that he feloniously did kill and slay J—— S——, being in the peace of our lord the king, with a certain blunt instrument, of no value, called a long speech. But I think my able, learned, and lamented friend, Ralph Carr, was raised to the doctorate (of the Sorebone), when he took occasion to remark, that "he perceived the whole of the circuit set against him, from Mr Attorney-General Law *down to* Professor Christian," a joke eminently pleasing to Law, who held his cousin Christian in extreme contempt.'

This Law (Ellenburgh) is highly praised by the judge both for his abilities and jokes. 'I remember one of his chosen subjects (butts, as they might be called) was Sylvester Douglas (afterwards Lord Glenbervie). There was no end of the laugh ever ready to come at Law's call, and at Douglas's expense. Sometimes he would dub him the Solicitor-General, in allusion to his constant asking for everything that fell. Then he would swear that Douglas kept a Scotchman, at half-a-crown a-week, always on the look-out, and to sit up all night, that he might be called if any one died in place. He had a notion that Douglas's age was extremely great—nay, that he believed he was the Wandering Jew; and one morning, when in court, some doubt arose whether a statute was made in the fifth or sixth of Elizabeth—"Send," said Ned Law, "for Douglas in the coffee-house, he is likely to remember its passing." Nor did this even cease on Douglas leaving the bar. I well remember, when the kingdom of Etruria was announced by Bonaparte, and no one for some time was named, we were speculating who was to have it, Ned Law told us in the morning at Frank's, "Don't you know? Glenbervie has asked for it, and has great hopes."'

Lawyers, it would seem, are not always literary men. 'Sergeant Lens, an excellent scholar, and a very considerable mathematician, is said to have entirely given over reading since he came into business. A brother judge of mine, a crack scholar as far as longs and shorts can make one, is believed to have no book in his house, and, I will venture to say, never reads anything but a newspaper, nor every day even that. His evenings would be spent in sleep, were there no chessmen and no backgammon. Sergeant Cockell of our circuit, in the vacation, used to stand fishing for hours, and catch nothing; but the time between his breakfast and his dinner seemed to him a foretaste of eternity, at least in point of duration. I believe Mr Justice Buller never was known to exercise his mind except upon whist, when he was neither judging nor reading in "the books." Dampier, a good scholar, used to read a good deal, but I suspect it was chiefly old divinity. Gibbs notoriously had never read anything since he left Cambridge with a very good classical reputation.' All lawyers, however, '*even* Topping,' we are told, read a little of Shakspeare, at least as much as enables them to quote, while going upon circuit, 'Thus far into the bowels of the land.' 'Topping was the most uxorious of human kind, and daily wrote a long letter to Mrs Topping. The subject of the correspondence we all knew as well as she did herself—it was made up of his grievances. Did a jury give a verdict against him, he wrote and complained to Mrs Topping; did any of the bar offend him, she was instantly informed. He never kept this to himself, but always told us—often threatened us—occasionally rewarded us with some such confidential disclosure as this, made most significantly, and as by one well aware of its value, "I'll assure you I felt so much how kind you were, that I wrote to Mrs Topping." But generally it went thus—"The vile fellow behaved very, very ill: I wrote to Mrs Topping." Nor was the judge spared. I have heard him say that "Mrs Topping felt my lord's behaviour so much, she said she never could forget it." But then he, being perhaps mollified by some more favourable charge of his lordship, would tell us that "he had written to intreat she would think no more of it, and that he hoped he had prevailed." Once, however, I heard him say at Carlisle, "that the sergeant had behaved so ill, that Mrs Topping vowed she never would speak to him again as long as she lived;" and this he uttered as if he were stating that sentence of death had been pronounced upon the sergeant, whom he then regarded as a fallen and lost man.' Topping's irritability of temper gave him frequent occasion to write to Mrs Topping. 'I once entered the court at Durham when both he and the sergeant were standing with their backs voluntarily turned on the judge. I saw some screw was loose. The first words that I could distinguish was Baron Wood saying, "I think, on the whole, you are right, Mr Topping;" to which he was pleased to answer, "I am sure I was very far from asking what you thought." Another judge of more penetrable stuff would have been very angry at this bearish growl; but old George, who well knew his man, only said, "Well, well; who do you *caal?*" (call); so the cause went on, while there was heard an undergrowl on the other side from the sergeant, abusing Topping for his insolence and ingratitude, and the baron for his ignorance and partiality, and calling for his clerk to bring him some of the stomach tincture, which we knew would console him, as it was generally brandy with some water added, to give it a name, rather than materially alter its nature.' Brandy and water was not the only cordial in requisition by the lights of the law. When Garrow retired from court after gaining a cause, 'in about half an hour old Humphreys, his clerk, returned with Mr Garrow's compliments, and begging to have a small wooden-cased flask which he had left. We had all seen the sergeant handling that bottle, and, while Garrow was going on before the wind, quietly transfer it under his own bag, into which he quickly put it. So when the clerk came, the sergeant said, "What wouldst have, man? Your case is disposed of. Mr Garrow is gone off to town." Away went Humphreys; but Garrow would bear no rival in his own art, and he required his flask on account of his "exhausted frame." So back came Humphreys, and he would not go till the sergeant, most reluctantly, had to make his bag disgorge the *case* —what he valued more than any of the others among which it had forced its way. His comfort was, that the

Madeira he had just tasted was "but sad poor stuff—about a match for Garrow's trashy speech."'

The Welsh judge looks upon it as a sort of suicide for an undistinguished lawyer to enter parliament. 'Of all inferiority, the most marked is the disastrous lot of the barrister, who, failing in the law, quits his gown, and carries his tongue to market in parliament. Respectful as the House of Commons ever is to high station, to success at the bar, it is contemptuous in the extreme to the body of lawyers there who have failed under the wig. I remember some years ago, before I quitted parliament, an ingenious ruddy-looking young gentleman (he seemed only five-and-twenty, but proved much older) addressing the house in a maiden speech, clothed in a country gentleman's attire, of top-boots and leather breeches. He was listened to with the attention and even kindness which might be expected to attend such a performance, until he unhappily let fall the expression, "as I have had occasion to know on our circuit," when suddenly there burst forth a yell of indignation at the fraud under which he had obtained audience—the kind of false colours he had been sailing under, and sailing, too, before the wind. Such a chorus, such a concert, *concordia discors*, such a storm of coughing, of laughing, of scraping, of calls of question, of roars of scorn and disgust, never greeted mine ears. It was, indeed, over in a minute; but the speech, too, was over, and nothing could have appeased it but the termination of that speech which it had brought about.'

In the old Welsh circuits, 'the whole appearance of the court was different from an English court: the habits of the people, and even their dress, were distinct; and when, as in most cases, the witnesses could not talk English, and had to be examined by an interpreter, you might well fancy yourself in a foreign country. Indeed, in addressing the jury, whether by the bar or from the bench, it was but too obvious that the majority frequently understood but little of what was said to them. In the north, the dialect of the witnesses was occasionally puzzling enough. We used to hear people talk of the *house* or the *house-parts*—meaning the kitchen; of a *middenstead* for a dunghill; of a *stee* for a ladder; of *lating* for reckoning; and *laking* for playing; nay, of *darrock* for day's work; and a *trewthsin* for a three weeks since. But in Wales there was much less in common between the natives of the country and the professors of the law brought into the country to administer justice. This sometimes led to some odd mistakes: take, as an example, the jury, who, after hearing a trial for sheep-stealing, in which the facts were, that the sheep had been killed on the hill, and there skinned, the robber taking away the carcase, and leaving the skin for fear of detection—all this was proved in evidence, but the jury supposed it to relate, not to a sheep, but to a human being, and brought in, after some hesitation, what they considered a safe verdict of *manslaughter!*' But the lawyers on these circuits were as comical in their way as the witnesses and juries. One of them, Clarke, 'all unintentionally to create a laugh, and not very fond of any such testimony to his powers, would now and then make his audience merry without meaning it. As when the opposite counsel had been pathetic on his orphan client's hard lot—"Gentlemen," said Clarke, "why, I am myself an orphan"—he was seventy odd years old—"people's fathers and mothers cannot live for ever." No one can doubt of the pathos raised before being suddenly dissipated by this unexpected sally—not of humour, but of mere anger at any pathos having been imported into the cause. So, when a witness whom he was pressing with his angry, and oftentimes scolding, cross-examination, suddenly dropped down in a fit, and some said it was apoplectic—but privately Clarke heard it was epileptic—"My lord," said he, "it's only epilepsy—she must answer the question," as if the courts had taken a distinction between apoplexy and epilepsy.' The first time 'old Raine,' an ex-schoolmaster, sat in judgment, a man was tried before the sessions for robbing a hen-roost, and acquitted for want of evidence against him. The chairman was ordering him to be discharged as a matter of course; but Raine said, though he fully agreed, yet he conceived it would be well to have him first whipt. The other justices repressed this ebullition of professional zeal, and explained the difference between justices and schoolmasters in respect of whipping.

NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

The public journals for the last few weeks have been teeming with accounts of a new method of producing insensibility to pain. The discovery is of American origin, and seems to bid fair to become among the most eminent of the benefits yet bestowed upon suffering humanity. The inventors are Dr Charles J. Jackson, a distinguished chemist, and Dr Morton, a dentist of Boston. The process has been made the subject of a patent, principally, it is said, to prevent its abuse—a precaution which the singular properties of the remedy appear to justify. A considerable number of the gravest operations in surgery have been performed upon patients subject to its influence, and in most cases the result has been a complete freedom from suffering. We beg to present a short account of this remarkable process.

It consists in the inhalation of, as it is supposed, the vapour of pure sulphuric ether. It is administered by means of a simple but peculiar apparatus. The patient is seated in the operating chair, and is requested to breathe through a mouth-piece, which is connected with some appropriate apparatus for the vaporisation of the ether, and is supplied with valve-work, which prevents the return of vitiated air to the apparatus. The respiration is continued for a few minutes, until the patient has lost all sensation, and very generally all consciousness as well, and lies back apparently in a gentle slumber. The sleep lasts, if the mouth-piece is removed, for two or three minutes, and the inhaler awakes considerably exhilarated by the operation. The apparatus used by the inventors consisted simply of a two-necked bottle, like that known as Woolf's, partly filled with sponges saturated with ether; that which has been used in London is an adaptation of the well-known soda-water apparatus, North's. It has been taken for granted in England that the liquid used is simply and only sulphuric ether; but the inventors themselves have not yet disclosed the true composition of the anodyne they employ. The experiments with us have been made with ether alone, and their success warrants the conclusion that this is the agent which has been used in Boston. Almost invariably, the first result of the inhalation is to cause a little spasm of the glottis, and cough, but this commonly vanishes after two or three inspirations, and the new atmosphere appears to be inhaled almost with avidity. Some persons become highly excited under its influence, and are possessed with an irresistible desire to be in motion; but if the inhalation is continued, this excitement gives place to a condition of complete etherial inebriation, and the patient becomes perfectly still and motionless. At this stage there is a complete loss of volition, the hand may be lifted up, but it falls down powerless by the side of the inebriate; and if the eyelid is raised, it will no longer close against a threatened blow: this is the moment for the operation. In this unconscious condition the patient will then remain for about three minutes; but it is at the option of the operator to prolong the narcotism to fifteen, twenty, or even thirty minutes, without inconvenience to the generality of patients. Thus the most tedious and severe operations of the surgeon, which seldom exceed twenty minutes, and are generally of a much shorter duration, are capable of being performed during the state of insensibility. The most curious circumstance perhaps is, that the patient awakes from his lethargy almost at once; but for some hours after, he experiences an unusual buoyancy of spirits, which only evaporates with the etherial odour itself. In a con-

siderable number of experiments the loss of sensation seems general, but the effects of the vapour are very various. Dr Bigelow, in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, gives an account of the phenomena presented in several cases which came before him. A young man took his seat in the chair, and after inhaling for a short time, rejected the apparatus, and taking from his pocket a pencil and card, wrote and summed up figures. He was then asked if he would submit to the extraction of his tooth, and he assented. The tooth was extracted, and shortly after the young man recovered his senses. He was quite unconscious of any pain. Other patients manifested the activity of certain intellectual faculties; and some, while still insensible, will raise themselves in the chair if desired to do so. It is very general, at the moment when the instruments are used, to notice that there is an expression of pain upon the countenance of the intoxicated person: there is a frown, or a scowl, or even sometimes a moan is heard; but these appearances are entirely illusive; the patients have experienced no suffering whatever. One woman exclaimed on recovering, 'That it was beautiful: she dreamed of being at home; it seemed as if she had been gone a month.' A boy, who is likely to become famous, was so enchanted with his sensations while two of his teeth were removed, as to insist upon the extraction of a third. With only one or two exceptions has any pain been experienced, most of the patients expressing themselves as totally unconscious of anything unpleasant. It would almost seem probable that the cases of partial failure — and they seem more proportionately frequent in England than in America — have their explanation in some imperfections in the process of inhalation. A patient operated on in London by Mr Liston was not aware that his leg was removed until he was told so. A young lady had five teeth extracted without being sensible of the operation in the slightest degree. Tumours have been dissected out; the difficult, tedious, and painful operation of lithotomy has been successfully completed; and a number both of the capital and minor operations of surgery have been performed, with complete absence of pain, and without any unfavourable after-results. Nay, what is more marvellous still, and what we believe the inventors could have scarcely anticipated, the process has been adopted in the practice of midwifery—the first to try its efficacy in this department being Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, who has found it to succeed to admiration in relieving the patient from pain and consequent exhaustion, and this without obstructing in the least the ordinary efforts of nature. Such has been the prosperous commencement of the career of this new remedy—to which no man will deny one of the first places in the list of blessings bestowed by medical science upon mankind. Simple, obvious, free from all show of mystery—except so far as the physiological action of the ether is concerned—the discovery has, in the course of a few months, established itself in the faith of the public as thoroughly as the discoveries of Jenner, Harvey, and the other masters of medical science. It is true that different operators may meet with different success, according to the perfection of the apparatus employed, and the susceptibility of the patient; but this is no more than what attends the introduction of every new process—expertness and certainty can only be acquired by an enlarged experience.

As the writer of this notice has undergone the etherial inebriation, and during that condition had two molar teeth removed, he can add his own personal experience to the entire credibility of the facts stated here. The sensations produced by the ether are extremely curious, if his own are a fair specimen of them, as it appears probable they are. A general thrill pervades the body to its very extremities at first, and there occur a series of, as it were, electric discharges in the brain—no better simile is at hand. These feelings give way to a dreamy state, in which external objects partly enter and partly appear excluded: to this follows an utter forgetfulness of everything. The soul seems to have cast off its earthly clog, and to be wandering it knows not where: in a word, there is a complete loss of individuality, a feeling as if one were another person altogether. At this time the operation was performed—the first tooth being extracted without a trace of pain, though it appeared to disturb the lethargic state, so that a dull pain of a trifling nature accompanied the removal of the second. Shortly afterwards the writer awoke, discovering, to his complete amazement, two grim-looking teeth on the table at his side. No ill effects followed.

THE COUNT CONFALONIERI.

Every one who has read Silvio Pellico's affecting narrative of his imprisonment in Spielberg, the great state-prison of Austria, will recollect that one of his companions in misfortune was the Count Frederick Confalonieri or Gonfalionieri, as it is sometimes written. Pellico, blind, and otherwise injured in bodily health by his long confinement, still lives in northern Italy, but the newspapers have lately announced the death of his old friend Confalonieri.

Of the character of this now deceased victim of Austrian oppression, very different accounts are given, but all will allow that the penalty he paid for his errors was sufficiently severe. Some time ago, in speaking of his imprisonments and their effects, he gave in a few words the following impressive history:—

'I am an old man now; yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed, for I did not live—it was not life—in the self-same dungeon ten feet square! During six of those years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys for ever gone, over and over again. The next, we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year, we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection! The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world still went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty; but I was *glad* when he was gone; even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale vacant face! After that I was alone, only one event broke in upon my nine years' vacancy. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—whence proceeding I knew not—uttered these words: "By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again.'

It is painful to think that the man who could speak thus should have died not without a stain on his memory—unmerited, for anything we know, and at this distance it is difficult to get at the truth. The following appears in the Parisian correspondence of the *Atlas* newspaper:—

'The death of Gonfalionieri, that former idol of our republican *salons*, has not created one single public expression of regret, nor given birth to a single "Ode to Liberty," or "Lament for the Brave," in any of the republican journals. He was among the few survivors of Spielberg tyranny. His history is a romance, not so much for his own adventures, as for the extraordinary affection and devotion he had inspired in his wife, who was one of the most lovely and accomplished women of her day. From the very hour of his arrest, which took place at a ball at Milan, she left him not, save to intercede with his persecutors. She spent her youth, her fortune, in her ceaseless endeavours to soften the hearts

of his enemies, and finally laid down life itself, worn out with her efforts, to save him from captivity and death. She followed, attired in her ball-dress, all through the night of horror which changed his existence from a powerful leader of a popular party to that of a miserable and neglected captive. She cared not for the cold nor the rain, which fell in torrents; but at each relay she descended from the carriage which conveyed her, to hover round that which contained her husband, heedless of the brutal jeers and rebuffs of the gensd'armes, who repulsed her with drawn sabres. At length, when, after some days' journey, they reached the gates of Spielberg, she fell upon her knees in supplication for one last word—one single word—before the dungeon closed upon him perhaps for ever. She was refused; and then she gave the cushion on which her head had rested during that long and weary journey into the hands of the least ferocious-looking of his guards, bidding him deliver it to the count, and tell him that *she* had been in the carriage which had followed his so closely; that it was *her* voice which he *must* have heard at each relay in wailing supplication and lament; and the pillow she now sent to him to rest his head upon was wet with tears shed for him alone. The guard took the pillow, and, with a cruel laugh at so much ingenuity wasted, cut it open before her face, fully expecting to find some important papers, some clue to a conspiracy, within. And Gonfalonieri knew not for years that she had even thought of him once after he had left her side; nor that she had hovered, disguised in a peasant's dress, for months together, round the bleak hill of Spielberg; nor that, by the sacrifice of her fortune, she had at length obtained the promise of his liberty, and then died! What *must* have been his feelings when he learnt all this! What must have been his love, his gratitude, to her memory! And how did he prove it? you will say. Why, he married again! and has died, the victim of his avarice, at the foot of the Alps, overtaken by the cold, which neither his age nor his feeble health were made to encounter in the cheap conveyance which he had chosen. He has died enormously rich, his property not having been confiscated, but allowed to accumulate during his long imprisonment. He had outlived popularity, and leaves no regret behind; he had suffered his fellow-martyrs to languish in want, nor extended a kindly hand to aid them, in spite of his wealth; so that the utter silence of the partisans of his cause is but just, and conveys a strong impressive moral.'

DWELLINGS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

On this subject we have on divers occasions spoken. Nothing would afford us greater pleasure than to hear of any rational plan, on fair commercial principles, being set on foot for providing houses of a neat and salubrious kind for the operative classes generally. Schemes have been projected for erecting whole villages out of London for workmen, the conveyance to and from town being at a cheap rate by railway. All such projects are visionary. We want to see no expulsion of working-men's families to what would soon be called Pariah villages. It is our belief that, without building houses at all, but only leasing old properties in town, and arranging them on an economical footing, pretty nearly all good ends would be served.

Among the best schemes yet brought into operation, in regard to erecting new houses, is that at Birkenhead, the rising town opposite Liverpool. Some time ago the 'Times' presented an account of the visit of Mr Chadwick and other gentlemen to the dwellings erected for the working-classes in this place, from which we gather the following particulars:—

'Without drawings or plans, it would be difficult to give an accurate conception of the improvements. The buildings are four-storeyed, of red brick, with light sandstone window-sills and copings. Their external aspect would suggest to a Londoner the idea of a block of buildings constructed for professional persons, for an inn or court of Chancery, and, with little addition and variation of ornament, they might match with the new hall of Lincoln's Inn. They are, in fact, flats or sets of chambers, consisting of two sets on each floor. Each set consists of one living-room and two sleeping-rooms. The floors are of arched brick. The living-room is floored with a hard Welsh fire-brick tile; the sleeping-room floors are boarded. The staircases are of stone, with iron balustrades. The flat brick arches of which the floors are constructed are tied together with iron ties, and the whole building is fireproof.

'The most important points of improvement are, however, those in which some principles of the sanitary report, in respect to the means of cleansing and ventilation for the working-classes, are carried out. Each set of rooms is furnished with a constant supply of water, and also with sinks for washing, and a water-closet, and means of communication with a dust shaft from the whole set of chambers, by which all dust and ashes might be removed at once from the apartments without the necessity of the inmates leaving them. The party entered the rooms which were inhabited, and questioned the inmates as to their experience of them. One nursing mother, in a neat and well-kept set of rooms, attested to the superior conveniences of this arrangement, as a most important relief from the fatigue and exposure to the weather in a common town dwelling. She had now no occasion to leave her child alone whilst she went to a distance to fetch water; neither had she to keep dirty or waste water, or dirt or ashes in the room, until she could find time to carry them away. "She had now scarcely ever to go down stairs and leave her child." Each set of rooms was provided with one conduit for the ingress of fresh air, and another for the egress of vitiated air. Those examined were newly inhabited, but the immediate sanitary effect of the arrangements was perceptible to those who have visited such abodes in the entire absence of offensive effluvia or of "close smells." This observation was extended to the whole range of buildings. The sinks in each room were trapped with bell-traps, as were all the openings to the drains and the gully-shoots in the paved courts and thoroughfares. A constant supply of water was secured, the house-drains were well flushed with water, and cesspools were entirely abolished. This range of buildings is perhaps the first practical example of the entire removal of one chief source of physical depression and pestilence common to all the existing dwellings of the working-classes in towns.

'The price at which these objects were attained was the next topic of inquiry. The rents charged were from 3s. 6d. to 5s. each set, according to its position. But this included a constant supply of water, and the use of one gas-burner in each set of rooms, and all rates and taxes, and, moreover, two iron bedsteads, and a grate with an oven, and convenient fixtures. Some of the inmates admitted that they had paid as high a rent in Liverpool and other towns for no larger apartments of the common inferior construction, but without any of the conveniences and additions. The directors stated that they conceived there would be little value in an example which was not fairly remunerative to the capitalist, and that for this class of town dwellings, considering the trouble and attention they required, a less return than eight per cent. on the outlay would not suffice as an inducement to their construction; and this return they should make. Those who have lived in chambers in London, would admit that they had in the essentials very inferior accommodation for double and treble, and much higher rents. Each set of rooms was perfectly "self-contained," and the arched brick floors gave them advantages in respect to quiet which few sets of chambers possess.

'The impression produced by the inspection of these dwellings was evidently one of satisfaction. Mr Chadwick, whilst expressing his warm concurrence as to the advance made, stated his opinion that an additional room was required, and submitted that further improvements might yet be achieved, especially in the mode of warming and ventilation. The ventilation was at present with cold air, which all experiments showed the inmates would in winter try to stop, and succeed in doing so. The egress of vitiated air was to some degree dependent on the perception and care of the inmates. He considered that the ventilation must be self-acting, and that in such a range of buildings it might be accomplished with air that was warm as well as fresh, of which practical instances were in progress. Tubular chimneys of fire-brick, which had been in use in various places, with a much smaller bore, would "draw" better, and, with a careful disposition of fire-brick over the fire-grates, would give greater warmth with less fuel. He pointed to marks of damp on the stairs, opposite

to the ornamental sandstone copings, as a defect incident to the use of so absorbent a material. The thickness of the walls diminished the damp or the expenditure of fuel to prevent it, from the use of so absorbent a material as the common brick. But by the use of a harder or machine-made brick, and by the construction of hollow walls, warmth or dryness might be obtained with a less expenditure of fuel. In all respects, however, they were far superior to the common dwellings erected by building societies. Wider thoroughfares, which would give more sunlight to the lower and interior dwellings, would be well purchased, in some instances, by an addition of rent for an addition of space. The quality of the water supplied must be deteriorated by its retention in the expensive tanks at the top of the building. This, however, was attributable to the common and pernicious system of intermittent supplies of water by the water companies, which the public health required should be abolished. The size of the chimneys, Mr Lang the architect pointed out, was due, with other errors, to ill-advised building regulations. The materials of construction were the best the district afforded. The directors also stated that their own experience had suggested to them further improvements in the details of construction.'

Column for Young People.

MARY'S PETS.

It was a bitter evening towards the end of January, when Farmer Wilson drew his arm-chair close to the clean-swept, blazing hearth, and seated his little daughter Mary on his knee, while his wife busied herself in preparing their savoury supper of bacon and eggs.

Farmer and Mrs Wilson were an honest, industrious couple, residing on a well-stocked farm in one of the midland counties of England. They had but two children: their son Edward, a fine active lad of fifteen, was already most useful to his father in the management of their land, and withal possessed a considerable share of book-learning, so that he could write a letter, and cast up an account, as well as the village schoolmaster. Better than all, he had a warm, affectionate heart, was obedient to his parents, and fondly attached to his little, gentle, blue-eyed sister Mary, who, though now arrived at the mature age of ten years, was still the pet and plaything of the family.

On the evening I have mentioned, they were all chatting happily together, the feeling of warmth and snug comfort being rather increased than diminished by the wild howling of the wind out of doors, and the pelting of sleet against the windows. Suddenly a low crying was heard outside, repeated at intervals.

'Hush!' said Edward; 'what is that?'

'Tis some poor animal perishing in the cold,' replied his father. 'Bring it in, my boy, and we will see.'

Edward lighted a lantern, and closing the door after him, went out. Having searched in vain for some time, he heard the sound repeated near his foot; and stooping, he picked up a miserable little kitten, covered with mud. He brought it into the house, saying, 'Look, father; this was the little animal you heard. I suppose it must have strayed from a distance, for it seems half-dead.'

'Ah, give it me, brother: poor little thing!' said Mary; and, regardless of the injury sustained by her nice white pinafore, in its contact with the soiled fur of the poor kitten, she carried it hastily towards the fire.

'Gently, Mary,' said her mother; 'let me wash it in warm water, and then you shall get it some milk.'

Mary ran for a saucer, while Mrs Wilson washed and dried the little animal. They then saw that it was a beautiful tortoiseshell kitten, about three months old. To Mary's great delight, it lapped the warm milk most eagerly, and soon seemed quite at home on the hearth.

'Ah, mother,' cried the little girl, 'may I keep it, and have it for my own cat? I'm sure it will be very good, and get very fond of me; for you know poor old Tibby, that died last month, used to purr when I called her, and arch her tail, and rub herself against my frock; and you know, since we lost her, we have been without a cat.'

'Thou mayst indeed, my lass,' replied her father, 'unless some one should come to claim the little thing—which, as it is so handsome a tortoise, may happen belike. But if not, we will keep it: it would be a sin to turn it out.'

Before Mary went to bed that night, she established her cat, which she called Lily, in an open basket, lined with soft hay, at the side of the fireplace. The first thing she did in the morning was to visit the little stranger, and feed her with warm milk. Indeed at first little Mary felt inclined to spend the whole day in playing with her cat; but her mother reminded her that her book and her work should not be neglected. So Mary, like a good child, went after breakfast, and accomplished her lessons, and afterwards assisted her mother in various household duties, before she indulged herself in a game of play with Miss Lily.

Some weeks passed, and no one having come to claim the kitten, her little mistress began to regard her as entirely her own, and loved her better every day. Towards the end of February there was a heavy fall of snow, and for several days the ground was deeply covered. Edward found time to assist Mary in building a snow-house, which, as she said, 'looked like a real palace.' But its glories were short-lived; for the skilful architects soon destroyed their own work by a pitiless pelting of snow-balls.

One bitterly cold morning, as Mary was warming her frozen hands by the fire, preparatory to hemming a handkerchief for her brother, he came in, holding something carefully under his jacket.

'Look, Mary,' he said, 'what I found just now in the turnip-field.'

He took his hand from under his jacket, and displayed a thrush, apparently frozen to death. Its little claws were stiff, and its eyes closed; but its heart still throbbed, and by not bringing it near the fire, but gently chafing it with his hands, Edward soon succeeded in restoring it to life. He and Mary then fed it; and great was their joy to see the poor little thing hopping about the floor.

'It would be a pity,' he said, 'to keep it in a cage; but it can sleep in a corner of the hencoop, and I daresay it will soon get as tame and saucy as Miss Lily herself.' A sudden thought struck him. 'What shall we do, Mary,' he said, 'if your cat should take it into her head to eat the poor bird?'

'Ah, brother, I'm sure she wouldn't be so wicked; see how gentle she is, and she always has plenty to eat. Poor little Bobby! I'll call you Bobby—shall I, little bird?'

'For all that,' said Edward, 'if she were a little older, I would not trust to her kindness. You know 'tis the nature of cats to devour birds, and they do it whether hungry or not. However, she is so young, that I daresay we shall be able to teach her that she must keep the peace towards Master Bobby.'

By constant watching and admonition, they did indeed succeed in establishing a perfectly good understanding between the two favourites, so that no encounter of a hostile nature ever took place between them.

Two years passed on, and Mary's attachment to her pets was rather increased than diminished. Lily had grown a beautiful cat—deep orange shaded into fawn mingled with velvet-black and pure white on her glossy coat; her whiskers would put to shame those of any German count; and her sharp polished claws, ever ready to exterminate her natural enemies—the rats and mice—were always most carefully drawn in, and covered with their furry sheath, before she ventured to bestow a playful pat on Master Bob. His appearance was also greatly improved: surely never thrush had a more beautifully-speckled breast, or warbled a more melodious song, at least in the opinion of his young mistress. He was never confined in a cage, but spent his time in hopping about the house and yard, and playing with his friend Lily. It was quite curious to see them together; the timidity of the bird and the ferocity of the cat being completely overcome. They would eat off the same plate, and Bobby's favourite resting-place during the day was on Pussy's back, as she lay before the fire, stretched in luxurious comfort. At night, he constantly reposed in a corner of her warm basket, while she would purr, and seem quite pleased to have her little friend so near.

One fine morning in July, Mrs Wilson and the maid went out to milk the cows, leaving no one in the house but Mary, who was busily employed in finishing a shirt for her brother. Miss Lily had gone off on her own devices, so the little girl's sole companion was Master Bobby, who was as busy as his mistress, picking up some crumbs which she had scattered for him on the floor.

'You must give me a song, little birdie,' said Mary, 'as soon as you have finished your breakfast; and then you

shall perch on my shoulder, and we will go out to the hayfield to see what Edward is doing.'

While she was speaking, Lily ran into the house, not with her usual gliding motion and well-pleased 'fair round face,' but with raised back, thickened tail, and fiercely-gleaming eyes. She darted at poor Bobby, seized him in her mouth, and in a moment climbed to the top of a very high dresser that stood at one end of the kitchen. Mary gave a cry of horror, and was running instinctively to look for a long stick with which to dislodge her, when she was checked by the sudden entrance of another cat, a stranger, and a large ugly animal, which ran about the house smelling the ground, and mewing in a most disagreeable manner. Mary took the sweeping-brush, and soon succeeded in turning out the intruder, and shutting the door. Hardly did she dare to raise her eyes to look at her now hated cat, whose jaws she expected to see covered with the blood of her hapless bird. What was then her delighted astonishment to see Lily come cautiously down from her elevated position, and opening her mouth, lay Bobby on the floor. Mary ran to take him up, and perceived that, although frightened, and his feathers a little ruffled, he was perfectly uninjured. Then she knew the truth. The sagacious cat seeing the approach of her strange sister, and knowing well that *she* would have no mercy on Bob, had rushed in just in time to save him. She had caught him by the wings, and held them over his back in such a way as not to hurt him; and now she purred and waved her tail, and seemed quite ready to receive the joyous thanks and caresses of her mistress. What a wonderful tale had Mary to tell her friends that day when they came in; and we can almost agree in its rapturous conclusion. 'Indeed, father, I'm quite sure there never was such a cat in the whole world as Lily, nor such a bird as Bobby.'

I wish my young readers could have seen the saucer of rich sweet cream with which Miss Pussy was regaled that evening: I am certain they would have thought she deserved it well.

HISTORY OF PANTALOONS.

There is a tradition in Corsica, that when St Pantaleon was beheaded, the executioner's sword was converted into a wax taper, and the weapons of all his attendants into snuffers, and that the head rose from the block and sung. In honour of this miracle, the Corsicans, as late as the year 1775, used to have their swords consecrated, or charmed, by laying them on the altar while a mass was performed to St Pantaleon. But what have I, who am writing in January instead of July, and who am no Papist, and who have the happiness of living in a Protestant country, and was baptised, moreover, by a right old English name—what have I to do with St Pantaleon? Simply this: My new pantaloons are just come home, and that they derive their name from the aforesaid saint, is as certain as that it was high time I should have a new pair. St Pantaleon, though the tutelary saint of Oporto (which city boasteth of his relics), was in more especial fashion at Venice; and so many of the grave Venetians were in consequence named after him, that the other Italians called them generally Pantaloni in derision, as an Irishman is called Pat, and as Sawney is with us synonymous for a Scotchman, or Taffy for a son of Cadwallader and votary of St David and his leek. Now the Venetians wore long small-clothes; these, as being the national dress, were called Pantaloni also; and when the trunkhose of Elizabeth's days went out of fashion, we received them from France with the name of pantaloons. Pantaloons, then, as of Venetian and magnifico parentage, and under the patronage of an eminent saint, are doubtless an honourable garb. They are also of honourable extraction, being clearly of the Braccæ family; for it is this part of our dress by which we are more particularly distinguished from the Oriental and inferior nations, and also from the abominable Romans, whom our ancestors—Heaven be praised!—subdued. Under the miserable reign of Honorius and Arcadius, these lords of the world thought proper to expel the Braccarii, or breeches-makers, from their capitals, and to prohibit the use of this garment, thinking it a thing unworthy that the Romans should wear the habit of barbarians; and truly it was not fit that so effeminate a race should wear the breeches. The pantaloons are of this good Gothic family. The fashion having been disused for more than a century, was reintroduced some five-and-twenty years ago.—*Posthumous volume of Southey's 'Doctor.'*

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STANZAS.

There's not a bird that charms the air,
There's not a flower that scents the gale,
There's not a bee that wantons where
The wild-rose gems the vale;

But each has some secluded shrine,
The leafy tree, or fragrant fold
Of blossoms, that in clusters shine
Its happy guest to hold.

There's not a heart whose pulses tell
How calm or wild the wish within,
But there is yet some secret cell
No stranger eye can win.

There records sweet of banished hours,
And tristful pangs of hope deferred,
As light and shade upon the flowers
Are felt, but never heard.

For many a sigh, and many a tear,
And many a grief are buried there,
While love's pale image lingers near,
The picture of despair.

—Rufus Dawes.

THE FIRST STRIKING CLOCK.

In the time of Alfred the Great, the Persians imported into Europe a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdallah, king of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horloge of brass, wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the twelve hours *ad clepsydram vertebatur*, with as many little brazen balls, which, at the close of each hour, dropped down on a sort of bells underneath, and sounded the end of the hour. There were also twelve figures of horsemen, who, when the twelve hours were completed, issued out at twelve windows, which till then stood open, and returning again, shut the windows after them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye-witness of what is here described; and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and very learned in the sciences.—*Warton's Dissertation on the Introduction of Learning in England.*

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane, but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.—*Feltham's Resolves.*

W. AND R. CHAMBERS

Have just added a small work to their Educational Course, entitled the Primer Atlas. It consists of quarto maps of the Hemispheres, Europe, the British Islands, Asia, Palestine, Africa, North America, and South America, coloured in outline, and done up in a strong cloth cover. As the object of the publishers has been to give a humble class of scholars the means of acquiring a useful amount of geographical knowledge, this Atlas has been issued at the barely remunerative price of Half-a-crown. The Geographical Primer, formerly published, price 8*d.*, will serve as a companion to this Atlas.

The second volume of the Select Writings of Robert Chambers, post 8vo., boards, with vignette title, is now published, price 4*s.*

As the stock of odd numbers of the Information for the People is now nearly exhausted, W. and R. Chambers beg to intimate, that they cannot insure a supply of any separate numbers of that work after the 1st of May; and would therefore recommend early application by those who wish to complete their sets. The work will always remain on sale, complete in 2 vols. 8vo., boards, price 16*s.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 166. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEG.

These modern times, with their steam trips to Richmond, and railway rushings to Windsor—what are they to *my* younger days, when the Thames was haunted every holiday with six-oared gigs, which skimmed along the water in the midst of the songs and laughter of the rowers? This Age of Fun is only funny in print. In the steamboat, we are as grave and abstracted as if we were counting the revolutions of the wheels; and in the railway carriage, we could not hear ourselves speak, even if we were not too dull and grave to open our lips. Let me recall in imagination a single day of that olden time, when as yet there was not an equivocal hair in my whiskers—and, to say the truth, but few hairs of any colour; let me call up, for the benefit of this wise and solemn generation, a few of those roysteringspirits which have long been laid—some of them in the grave, and some smothered and overwhelmed in gowns, coifs, ermined robes, and powdered wigs.

But I must be permitted to tell my story in my own way. Before lugging the reader into the gig, head and shoulders, among half-a-dozen law students—crazy young fellows, without a guinea among the whole set, and with fun and mischief in their heads instead of brains—I must conduct him to the place which is to be the scene of our operations. It is true I only learned afterwards what I am now about to relate; but you are very welcome to the anachronism—all I want to do, is to tell a story about a Leg as plainly and intelligibly as I can.

The leg I allude to at present was a leg of mutton; and how it came to occupy the important place now assigned to it was in this wise. The Boat-House at Putney was kept at the time by an old widower and an old maid, brother and sister, good-tempered old souls enough, but with one standing cause of disagreement—*videlicet*, the Dinner. Not that their tastes were naturally different, either as regarded the viands or the cookery: it was all a question of time. What the brother liked one day the sister liked the next, and *vice versa*. But 'liked' is an improper word to use, for they never liked anything of this sort. They either loved to passion, or hated to excess. Such a thing Mr Brown held in perfect horror on that day of all the days in the week; and the very thoughts of the other thing proposed by him were enough to make Miss Brown sick.

'Had we not this very dish,' she demanded indignantly on the present occasion, 'last Tuesday was a week?'

'I will give in to its being roasted instead of boiled!' said Mr Brown with a sigh.

'Of course, of course—because you know I cannot stand roasting to-day in my state of health. But this is my thanks for slaving for you and your family all my life, and being a mother to your motherless children, and putting every penny of my fortune into your till——'

'Hold, hold,' cried Mr Brown; 'draw it mild, or I will——'

'Yes, yes, you will; I know you will! What will you?'

'Emigrate! My mind is made up: I will stand this no longer. You have driven me out of house and home; you have banished me from my country: it is all over!' and Mr Brown put up his hands desperately, and settled his hat upon his head, as if he would have gone to New South Wales that moment.

'And all about a leg of pork!' said Miss Brown, cooling gradually down. 'Well, if I was a man! But it's no use talking: my life has been a sacrifice from the beginning; I have been a slave to you and your family all my days; I have been a mother to your motherless children; I have put every penny of my fortune into your till—and now it is to be a leg of mutton after all!'

'With caper-sauce, Molly!' added Mr Brown.

This stroke of policy had a prodigious effect. If Miss Molly Brown had a weakness in this world, it was a weakness for caper-sauce; and the very mention of the condiment inveigled to her lips the moisture which had begun to rise into her eyes. Still, it was only by degrees she allowed herself to be subdued. She had a passion for self-sacrifice, and offered herself up to the leg of mutton, willingly, it is true, but with a full sense of the immensity of the oblation. As the day wore on, however, her feelings insensibly changed. As the pot went on boiling steadily—thanks to her care—she imbibed a sort of maternal affection for its contents. She waxed proud of the leg of mutton, which she at length pronounced to be by far the most beautiful leg she had ever seen in her life. She, in fact, considered it a perfect curiosity, and denied emphatically that there could be such another in all creation. It was now well on to one o'clock. The snowy table-cloth was laid in the bar-room. Mr Brown fidgetted out and in, waiting for the moment to draw the beer; but the moment advanced as slowly as if it had a whole tun on its shoulders, and the landlord more than once looked sternly at the clock, suspecting it had some hand in it. As for Miss Brown, she was in the kitchen, watching the lid of the saucepan heaving gently, and opening its lips every now and then to let out a fragrant sigh and a musical murmur. The caper-sauce was all ready to be poured over the rich and smoking leg the very instant it was dished. It waited on the dresser in a willow-pattern boat—just as *our* boat arrived at the pier below the house.

Now, you can know little of the era I am treating of, if you are not aware of the importance we had all attached to the duty of providing stores for the voyage.

Even still, I admit, we can eat, but at that time we devoured. At present we are hungry once, or, it may be, twice a day; but at that time all young fellows, without exception, had a perpetual appetite, which was ready on every possible and impossible occasion. In a pull up the Thames more especially, it was in constant requisition; and I never heard of any one who was mad enough to trust to chance in such an expedition. For our part we had three different meetings before we could determine on what should be the principal feature of the basket; and it was not without considerable opposition from the minority that at length a leg of boiled pork carried the day. But this *was* a leg of pork! It hit curiously the precise medium between salt and fresh; being just pickled enough to tell you by a relish on the tongue that it was neither one nor other, and make you exclaim with the elegant and sensitive poet—

'Oh no, it is something more exquisite still!'

Well, we arrived, as I was saying, below the Boat-House—not to dine, however, but merely to refresh ourselves with a draught of beer on our way. Mooring our gig to the pier, we proceeded to the house, burthened of course with the all-important basket. We were not so green as to leave that behind us, even for the few minutes we meant to be absent. There were too many young lawyers, like ourselves, afloat that day, and we knew well the extent of the appetite of such gentry both for fun and pickled pork! We entered the Boat-House at the critical minute, just when Miss Brown was thinking to herself, as she peeped into the saucepan, that the time was come; and it was with some ill-humour, shared in by the impatient landlord himself, that she found herself called upon to carry in the tankard to the new customers.

Our basket was at the time in the custody of Tom Pope, sometimes called (for we had all *aliases*) Long Tom, and sometimes Peeping Tom, on account of his unreasonable length, and a strange habit he had of prying and tiptoeing wherever he went. It was surprising how quietly a fellow of his inches was able to set about his investigations; but he really seemed to move from corner to corner like a shadow, and as he was preceded by a nose of uncommon sharpness and lengthiness, he usually smelt out more mischief for us than all the rest of the party together. As Miss Brown came into the room with the tankard, Tom saw at once, by her portentous physiognomy, that she had left some interesting work behind, and we missed him from the room for a minute or two; during which I need hardly say, although quite ignorant of his whereabout or whatabout, we kept the spinster under cross-examination as to the distances of divers places. When at length she turned to leave the room, Tom was standing listlessly, leaning his elbow upon the wall, and spelling a document over the door, indicating that the landlord was a grand archdeacon of some right-worshipful lodge, to the meetings of which that room was to be supposed consecrated and set apart for ever. As she vanished, Tom winked at us in a way which told plainly that we had better be off as quickly as might be consistent with perfect calmness and unconcern; and accordingly we emptied our tankard, lounged down to the boat, and were once more afloat, with our head up the river.

Glad was Miss Molly Brown to see our backs; and while the grand archdeacon drew the dinner beer, with an energy which sent the froth dancing over the sides of the pewter, she released her cherished curiosity from the saucepan, instantaneously deluged it with the caper-sauce, and bore it in triumph into the bar-room.

'Isn't it a beauty?' said Miss Molly, as she settled herself in her chair opposite her brother. The brother looked critically at the leg, raised it a little with his fork, snuffed the caper-sauce, and then looked at his sister with an expression of doubt almost amounting to disagreement.

'Then it is *not* to be a beauty after all!' cried Miss Molly, taking fire: 'and why not, I wonder? Have I been a slave to you and your family—have I been a mother to your motherless children—have I put my fortune into your till—have I sacrificed myself to your leg of mutton——' But Mr Brown's look was at this moment so serious, so abstracted from anything like pettishness—nay, so dignified, I may say, that the virgin could get no farther. She bent towards the mystic dish, and the odour of the caper-sauce had the unwonted effect of diffusing an expression of dismay over her features. Mr Brown bent down upon the object of his scrutiny, cut a little, a very little—only just enough to raise the skin—and then, laying down his knife and fork, said to his sister with dreadful calmness,

'Miss Brown, this is a leg of pork!' The worshipful member was right. It was our leg of pork, which Tom had exchanged in the twinkling of an eye for their leg of mutton; but Mr Brown would have gone that moment before any justice of the peace in the kingdom, and made oath that there never had been any other leg in the saucepan—that his audacious sister had determined to gratify at once her taste and her stubbornness at the expense of everything great and sacred in human society. On her part, Miss Brown met the charge like a tigress. She had been sacrificed all her life, and would be a sacrifice no longer. The leg was none of hers, but his. She had bought it by his desire, not her own; she had put it into the saucepan with her own hands, as beautiful a leg of mutton as ever ran; she had watched it ever since as a cat watches a mouse; no human being had entered the kitchen that day but herself; she had skimmed it, and turned it again and again; not two minutes before it was dished she had raised the lid, and saw that it was the true leg of mutton it had been all along; she had poured the caper-sauce over it when it came out, just as if it had been an infant of a day old; and there it was!

'But I tell you it is a leg of pork!' said Mr Brown bitterly.

'Let it be what leg it will,' replied Miss Molly, 'I have told you all I know about it.'

'Who ever heard of caper-sauce with pork?' said the brother. 'I could have forgiven anything but that. That is downright horrible!' Here Miss Brown could hold no longer, but burst into tears, and wrung her hands at such a rate that Mr Brown was almost staggered in his idea of her criminality. After the mysterious dish was put away in the larder, and they had dined on bread and cheese, tranquillity was in some degree restored; but several times throughout the day, as the recollection recurred to Mr Brown, he looked sternly at his sister, and was heard to mutter between his teeth, 'Pickled pork and caper-sauce!'

While this scene was passing, we were getting up the river at a prodigious rate. Never was there a finer day, never did the sun flash so brightly upon the water, and never did the water break into such radiant smiles in reply. As for us, we were young, hearty fellows at anyrate; but on this occasion, the elation of success, the consciousness of having done our work cleverly, gave additional vigour to our arms; and in the midst of songs and wild laughter—that still ring in this cold, dull ear—we pursued our way, making the skiff leap along the water like a race-horse over a plain. We dined early, and found that the mutton fully justified the eulogium of Miss Molly Brown. Being provided, however, with other *vivres*, we did not completely finish it; and being aware that we should all get as hungry as ever by and by, we put away into our basket the bone, which still boasted some tolerable pickings, and in due time took our way down the river again.

'By the time we neared the Boat-House of Putney, we had become so voracious, that Long Tom suggested the propriety of casting lots for a victim; and this brought back feelingly to our recollection our own leg of pork, which we had given away in the morning. Perhaps, thought we, these two curmudgeons may have left enough on the bone to stay our appetite—with the addition of the remains of their mutton—till we get home; and this idea was strengthened by a natural curiosity we felt to know what effect the exchange had produced on the economy of the Boat-House. In short, we landed, and were once more in the lodge of the worshipful brotherhood. Mr Brown was still sulky and suspicious. He walked about as if he had an air-pickled leg of pork continually marshalling him the way that he was going; but the wan and scared look of Miss Molly was still more gratifying to our pride. She was like a heroine entangled in an inextricable network of fate, and seemed to feel that in her own person she was a whole holocaust.

'We want something to eat,' said the spokesman of our party. 'What have you got in the house?'

'Nothing!' said Miss Brown, hastily interposing, for her brother was about to speak, and a faint tinge of colour rose into her waxen cheek with the feeling of woman's pity which prompted the denial.

'Have you nothing at all?' persisted our friend, addressing the masculine. 'No cold meat?'

'Nothing,' replied the host, 'but a leg of—hem!' (catching his breath).

'A leg of what?'

'Pork.'

'That is capital—I like pork. What say you, Tom?'

'By all means let us have it. Were it mutton, the case would be different; for cold mutton does not agree with me in the afternoon. What say you, gentlemen?'

'Perhaps,' interposed Miss Molly compassionately, 'the gentlemen would prefer cheese? It is a perfect miracle of cheese ours is!' But the notion was scouted indignantly, and 'A pork—a pork!' was the general cry.

The table accordingly was prepared; and you may guess our surprise when at length our own leg of pork made its appearance entire! This was beyond our hopes; and many a fond imagination we gave way to, as we saw the spot where the skin had been cautiously raised, and endeavoured to picture to ourselves the feelings of the dinner-party on discovering the nature of the metamorphosed mutton.

The mirth of our second dinner was as keen, but not as loud, as that of the first. We would not attract our host's attention in any way; for, in point of fact, we all knew that the thing could not end where it was, though each of us might have been uncertain as to the next move it would be proper to make. The affair, however, was settled in due time by Long Tom; who, at the conclusion of the repast, extricated his mutton-bone from the basket, and in a cool and business-like manner exchanged it for the pork-bone upon the table. We then gave the bell a pull—a short, stern, but dignified pull; and Miss Molly came into the room full of expectation, but with the undaunted air of an Indian widow consenting to the *sati*.

Now, our chairman was a fellow who made his fortune afterwards on the northern circuit merely by his eyes. Not that there was any expression in them, but the very reverse. They were large, full, dark, meaningless orbs, which looked at you without winking for minutes at a time, till you were lost and drowned in a profundity that seemed to have neither surface, nor sides, nor bottom. What fascination there could be in such eyes no one could ever imagine; but the mystery did not affect the fact; and although our friend was the mildest-spoken man on earth, I never knew a witness in his hands who did not complain that he was browbeaten!

'We do not want you, mem!' said he with chilling politeness. 'Be so good as to send the landlord.'

'It's all the same concern,' said Miss Molly, coming forward with her mind made up. 'What do you please to want?'

'What is to pay?'

'A shilling a-head, beer and everything included; and I hope you are satisfied that the cheese is a miracle.'

'There is the money: now send the landlord.'

'The landlord is at the bar, where he ought to be. He is not to wait upon the parlour, I hope? That is my department, and has been ever since I was born in this life of slavery and sacrifice; and I humbly expect——'

'Mem! we would rather see him, if you have no objection: we do not want to say anything harsh to you.'

'Oh never mind me. Not a bit! I will thank you to speak out for three weeks if *you* please; and pray be as harsh as ever you can, for I am used to be offered up!'

'What is all this?' said Mr Brown gruffly, as he entered the room. 'Nobody is to be offered up in my house: it is not in my license.' He had evidently been listening at the door. Our chairman fixed his eyes upon the culprit, and a dead silence prevailed for some time in the room.

'Sir,' said he at length, 'our covenant was for a leg of pork—and we have paid for it.'

'Well, sir?'

'It is not well, sir. Do you call this a respectable house? Do you call yourself a respectable licensed victualler? And do you presume to treat a respectable party in so improper a manner?' We could see the landlord struggle hard, but in vain, to extricate his eyes from their captivity, that he might glance, if only for one moment, upon the dish. Miss Brown, however, who was in no such durance, was by this time bending a look upon the *mutton* bone, of such helpless dismay, that we wished ourselves well out of the house.

'Sir,' concluded the chairman, rising in dignified disgust, 'your imposition was discreditable, and your effrontery has made it worse. We compassionate you—we despise you—and we wish you a particularly good afternoon!' and so saying, he clapped his hat on his head, and strode out of the room, all of us following in imitation, and taking leave of the criminal as we passed with a look of indignant scorn.

When we got to our boat, one of us was missing: it was Long Tom, and we waited impatiently for his arrival, that we might get out far enough into the river to indulge, without discovery, in the laughter that was smothering us. Poor Mr Brown had not turned his eyes upon the dish while we were in the room. He seemed to be under a spell, which compelled his endurance of our parting glances, as we glided away like so many spectre-kings; and all the while he could have had nothing more than an indistinct impression of something dreadful connected with the leg. We wished we could have seen him afterwards; we wished we could have heard the colloquy which must have ensued between him and his sister; but all we were ever after able to ascertain was, that his perplexity ended in downright fury, which discharged itself upon bone and dish alike.

When Long Tom at length rejoined us, we found that, loath to leave the scene of his triumphs, he had been peeping about the court for fresh mischief, when all on a sudden a window opened, and some missive whirled over his head, smashed against the opposite wall, and fell into the dust-bin. Curious to know the nature of the article, Tom tiptoed over the way, and to his great gratification found the bewitched leg, and the fragments of the dish that had held it. He immediately whipped up, unperceived, the mutton bone, exchanged it once more for the pork bone, and took his leave of the Boat-House, well satisfied with his day's work.

I need not say that we rowed merrily home that afternoon. It was so long before we could make another holiday on the river, that the impression made on the brother and sister by the above incident appeared to be in some measure worn out. Not, however, to be accused of shabbiness, we made up by our reckoning what the unfortunate victualler may be supposed to

have lost by our stratagem; and thus our consciences were relieved. The affair, however, was kept a profound secret from the brother and sister, who had been both materially improved in temper, and were never afterwards heard to quarrel about what they should have for dinner.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LARK.

'To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain.
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

WORDSWORTH.

THE well-known habits of the skylark, as here alluded to by the poet, have made it an object of much popular interest. There is hardly anything in nature more cheerfully beautiful than the song of this bird, as he soars high above his nest on a sunny morning. It has been appreciated in all ages, and the poets, from Theocritus downwards, have been eager to pour out their feelings on the subject. Old Chaucer expresses himself thus beautifully:—

'The merry lark, messenger of day,
Saleweth in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth at the sight.'

With Shakspeare the lark is the 'herald of the morn,' which is a term strictly true to nature, as the bird rises in the air and commences his song before day. He has been heard so early as two o'clock of a spring morning. Milton, who likewise calls him the herald lark, brings him into a series of the most beautiful images anywhere to be met with in poetry, where, in *L'Allegro*, he describes himself in a situation

'To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.'

These words kindle up the flush and sparkle of summer dawn in our minds, in whatever circumstances we may hear them.

The larks are a family of many species, widely scattered over the globe. To Britain belong only two species —the skylark and the woodlark. The families nearest to them in character are the pipits, buntings, and tits, all of them, like the larks, field-birds. The skylark is a handsome bird, of about seven inches in length, of a gravelly colour, with a pointed conical beak, and long toes spreading out from one point, the hinder one being furnished with an unusually long claw. It is a creature of innocent habits, supported chiefly on grain and seeds, though it feeds its young exclusively with insects and larvæ. The destination of the bird is to a life on the ground, where it builds in any little recess it can find, such as that between two clods, making its nest of dry grass and herbs. Grahame says justly in his *Birds of Scotland*—

'Thou, simple bird, dwellest in a home
The humblest; yet thy morning song ascends
Nearest to heaven.'

Generally, it has four eggs at a time, but it will breed twice or even thrice in one season. The length of the toe is an arrangement of nature, to enable it to walk over grass. It is decidedly the most peculiar feature of the external figure, and, as such, has excited the wonder of the rustic people, among whom a fancy prevails that, if you wish to know what the lark says, you must lie down on your back in the field and listen, when the following discourse will reach you:—

'Up in the lift we go,
Te-hee, te-hee, te-hee, te-hee!
There's not a shoemaker on the earth
Can make a shoe to me!
Why so, why so, why so?
Because my heel is as long as my toe!'

The situation of the nest exposes the young to many accidents; but the attachment of the mother is ever ready to repair these as far as possible. A mower having cut off the top of a skylark's nest, leaving her sitting on her young, she speedily set herself to forming a kind of dome of dry grass over their heads, with a hole at the side for herself to go out and in at.* The mother lark, according to Jesse, will even, when alarmed, remove her eggs or young to a new and safer situation. Buffon tells an interesting story of the instinctive philoprogenitiveness of a female skylark, which had as yet no offspring of her own. 'In the month of May,' he says, 'a young hen-bird was brought to me, which was not able to feed without assistance. She was hardly fledged, when I received a nest of three or four unfledged skylarks. She took a strong liking to the newcomers, which were scarcely younger than herself. She tended them night and day, cherished them beneath her wings, and fed them with her bill. Nothing could interrupt her tender offices. If the young ones were taken from her, she flew to them as soon as liberated, and would not attempt to effect her own escape, which she might have done a hundred times. Her affection grew upon her; she neglected food and drink; she now required the same support as her adopted offspring, and expired at last, consumed with maternal anxiety. None of the young ones survived, so essential were her cares, which were equally tender and judicious.'

The singing of birds, it is now well known, bears reference to the feelings of the breeding season. In the United States of America the lark is mute, and the force of a whole host of allusions in English poetry is lost, in consequence of the bird resorting to grounds farther north to breed.† With us, the male bird is ever ready, under the genial influence of the sun, or even at its approach, to spring up from the nest and pour forth his song, while the female, directly below, sits upon her young, perhaps enjoying the melody. Mr Mudie has described the mode of this serenade more minutely than any other writer. 'The lark rises,' he says, 'not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts, or steps, with pauses between: it twines upward like a vapour, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapours do. Its course is a spiral, gradually enlarging; and, seen on the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column (or funnel rather), which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eye with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise, for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapour, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density or power of support in the air diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the very same proportion: of course it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and as such it must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air.

'The accordance of the song with the mode of the ascent and descent is also worthy of notice. When the

* Edward Blyth, in the Naturalist, quoted by Mr Yarrell.
† Wilson's American Ornithology.

volutions of the spiral are narrow, and the bird changing its attitude rapidly in proportion to the whole quantity of flight, the song is partially suppressed, and it swells as the spiral widens, and sinks as it contracts; so that though the notes may be the same, it is only when the lark sings poised at the same height that it sings in a uniform key. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it comes down; and even if it take but one wheel in the air, as that wheel always includes either an ascent or a descent, it varies the pitch of the song.

'The song of the lark, besides being a most accessible and delightful subject for common observation, is a very curious one for the physiologist. Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds must be aware that, with them, the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none, or next to none, from the mandibles of the bill. The windpipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs, because of the air-cells and breathing-tubes with which all parts of their bodies (even the bones) are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with least freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion—that is, when ascending or descending; and in proportion as these cease to act, the trachea is the more required for the purposes of breathing. The skylark thus converts the atmosphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song—a song which is perhaps not equal either in power or compass, in the single stave, to that of many of the warblers, but one which is more varied in the whole succession. All birds that sing ascending or descending, have similar power, but the skylark has it in a degree superior to any other.'*

At the sight of the hawk, the lark descends in an instant like a stone to the ground. On such occasions, and at any time when apprehensive of danger to its young, it alights a little way from the nest, and gets home in as stealthy a manner as possible. A change of weather has an effect on the disposition to sing. Warton beautifully says—

'Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues,
Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues.'

The song of the lark is of a merry character, and individuals who are highly susceptible of external influences usually feel cheered by it. This is expressed in the following extract from the *Paradis d'Amour*:—

'The livelong night, as was my wonted lot,
In tears had passed, nor yet day's orb was hot,
When forth I walked my sorrows to beguile,
Where freshly smelling fields with dewdrops smile.

Already with his shrilling carol gay
The vaulting skylark hailed the sun from far;
And with so sweet a music seemed to play
My heart-strings round, as some propitious star
Had chased whate'er might fullest joyaunce mar:
Bathed in delicious dews that morning bright,
Thus strove my voice to speak my soul's delight:—

Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine;
Would but love my vows befriend,
To my warm embraces send
That sweet fair one,
Brightest, dear one,
Then my joy might equal thine.

Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine;
Let love, tyrant, work his will,
Plunging me in anguish still:
Whatsoe'er
May be my care,
True shall bide this heart of mine.

Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou what griefs are mine;
Come, relieve my heart's distress,
Though in truth the pain is less,
That she frown,
Than if unknown
She for whom I ceaseless pine.
Hark—hark!
Thou merry lark!
Reckless thou how I may pine.'

The lark is in esteem for the table, and when fat, as it is sure to be at certain seasons, it is very good eating. At Dunstable, where the animal is said to be in perfection, in consequence of the dry chalky soil on which it lives, they make lark-pies, which are sent all over England as delicacies. The immensity of the number of skylarks insures that 'larking' may be carried on to a great extent, with no danger to the preservation of the species. So great are the flocks in which the bird is found in Germany, that a tax of about a halfpenny a dozen, paid upon them at Leipsic, amounted, a number of years ago, to twelve thousand crowns, implying an annual *take* of seventeen millions of birds. From Michaelmas to Martinmas, the grounds in that quarter are said to be literally covered with them.*

The common mode of catching larks in England is by a large net, which the people draw over the fields. There is, however, a variety in this mode of 'larking,' which is practised in a few places, and which takes advantage of a curious disposition or weakness of the bird. A curved piece of wood, with bits of looking-glass stuck over it, is fixed across the top of a pole in the ground, with a string and a reel to cause it to revolve. A person sitting at a distance holds the string, which he pulls occasionally, so as to produce the revolution of the piece of wood. The birds are attracted in great numbers over the place: the common notion is, that they come to see themselves in the bits of mirror; but probably they are only fascinated by the dazzle of the sun's rays reflected therein. The men then bring a net over the spot, and catch great numbers of birds. In France, when other sporting is intermitted, the country gentlemen set up the twirling *miroir* in the charge of a boy, and amuse themselves by shooting the assembled larks. Sometimes half a dozen parties will be seen thus engaged on a field of no great extent; even ladies attend to behold the sport. There is something unaccountable in the behaviour of the birds on these occasions, for they flutter round the miroir without any regard to the deaths of their companions, as if insensible to danger. A French gentleman will thus bag six dozen larks before breakfast.†

The lark, like several other of the conirostral tribes, is occasionally found of an extraordinary colour, either black, or almost pure white. They are often reared from the nest in England, and sold as song-birds, in which character good specimens are so highly esteemed as to bring fifteen shillings a-piece. Not long since, a gentleman residing at Hackney, near London, kept twelve or fifteen pairs in an aviary connected with one of his windows, 'where they appeared in excellent health and plumage, repaying the care and attention bestowed upon them by pursuing the round of their various interesting habits—the song, the courtship, the nest-building, and feeding their young.'‡

The woodlark is smaller than the skylark: it builds under the shelter of bushes, and perches on trees, and is more insectivorous than its ally. It sings while

* Mudie's Feathered Tribes of the British Islands, ii. 6.

* Shaw's Zoology, vol. x. 504.
† Hone's Every-Day Book, ii. 93.
‡ Yarrell's British Birds, i. 450.

sitting, but more generally while sustaining itself on the wing above its mate, swelling its notes as it ascends, and sinking them as it descends, like the skylark. It is not a settled point whether the skylark or the woodlark has the finest song. That of the latter is universally admitted to be very beautiful, but not so powerful and prolonged as that of the former. 'When the bird takes the top of its flight,' says Mr Mudie, 'it sends down a volume of song which is inexpressibly sweet, though there is a feeling of desolation in it.' Burns, addressing it as a hapless lover, courts its 'soothing fond complaining,' and adds—

'Sure nought but love and sorrow joined
Such notes of wo could waken.'

'To hear the woodlark,' pursues Mr Mudie, 'on a wild and lone hillside, where there is nothing to give accompaniment save the bleating of a flock and the tinkle of a sheep-bell, so distant, as hardly to be audible, is certainly equal to the hearing even of those more mellow songs which are poured forth in richer situations.'

ANTOINE GALLAND.

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME FOA.

On the 3d of July 1660, a young boy, about fourteen years of age, was passing with a light firm step along the broad and dusty road which led from Noyon to Bollot, a little village near Montdidier in Picardy. The costume of the youth was of a simplicity approaching to poverty, and a studious paleness had banished the freshness of early years from his brow, which wore an expression of the deepest uneasiness. At times his large black eyes sparkled with a flash of momentary joy, as he passed some little manor-houses, whose constantly lowered drawbridges bore testimony to the good-natured hospitality of their inhabitants. Sometimes, also, the sight of one of the little white houses which arose out of the midst of a green meadow, drew to the lips of the traveller one of those languid smiles which rather resemble a nervous contraction than an expression of pleasure. But more frequently his downcast eyes and abstracted air denoted that he had some engrossing subject of thought.

The young traveller now struck off into a little rough by-way, bordered on each side by a row of apple-trees, behind which the sun was at this moment setting. Some paces before him trotted an ass loaded with grass and shrubs, and led by a young woman, who was forcing it to quicken its pace, by beating it now and then with a willow branch which she held in her hand. The names of Annette and Antoine escaped at the same time from the lips of both as she turned her head; and the lad forgot his troubles for a moment in greeting his sister.

These troubles were neither few nor light. Brought up from childhood at the college of Noyon, through the benevolence of the principal and a canon of the cathedral, he had now lost both his patrons by death, and after having made considerable advances in learning for his age, was sent back to his poor little village to be a burthen upon his widowed mother.

'Oh, Annette,' said he, as he concluded the recital of his griefs, 'imagine what I felt when, the very day after the death of the good canon, the new principal who had succeeded my first patron called me to his room and said, "As he who used always to pay your pension has just died, have you any one else interested about you who would continue the charitable work begun by the Canon Fernon?" "Alas! sir," said I, "I have only my mother, and she has barely sufficient for her own subsistence and that of her six other children." "I am sorry for it," replied he; "but the college cannot keep you for nothing: you must go back to your mother." You see, sister, after that, I could not remain another hour in the college. I set out without even bidding farewell to my companions. I had not courage. I set out, bringing nothing but some of my clothes on my back, a couple of crown-pieces—the last gift of the canon some days before his death—and the few books of which I had, by degrees, become the happy possessor. But I have talked enough of myself. What is my mother doing? What has become of my brothers and my other sisters?'

'My poor mother is still a mantuamaker; but as she works only for the poor, it does not bring in much. James is a farmer's boy at M. Perrin's. The curé has taken John to his house as a choir boy, feeds, clothes, and teaches him reading, writing, and Latin. Mary works at Martin's the washerwoman's; and Frances and Genevieve are too young to do anything yet.' The speaker herself was the wife of the village apothecary.

Thus conversing while they walked by the side of the ass, the brother and sister arrived at a small white house at the entrance of the village of Bollot. An aged woman was seated on a stone in front of the door, busily occupied in sewing, who, on raising her eyes, uttered a cry of joy, and her work fell from her as she opened her arms to receive the new-comer.

'My son!'

'My mother!'

Some moments passed in tears and kisses.

'Mother,' said the youth sorrowfully, 'here am I again, come to be a burden on you!' And he related to his mother what is already known to the reader.

'God is good, my son,' replied the pious woman sadly but submissively. 'He will not abandon us. Besides, you are tall and strong. What can you do?'

'Alas! my poor mother, all I know, all I can do, is of little use in a village,' replied Antoine. 'I know a little Greek, a good deal of Latin, and have a tolerable knowledge of Hebrew.'

'And is that all you learned at college!' exclaimed the simple woman in a tone of regret.

Galland spoke of hope—perseverance—trust in God; but the old woman shook her head; and it was not till her son-in-law, the apothecary, came to offer to take Antoine for his shop-boy, that she was reconciled to his learning.

'You say nothing, Antoine,' replied Madame Galland, uneasy at the silence of her son.

'I say that Picard is very kind,' replied Antoine in embarrassment.

'Very kind!' repeated the old woman; 'why, he is generous, munificent! I never dreamt of half so much for you. Get up and thank your brother-in-law! Tell him that you accept—tell him that you will work hard—that you will be quiet, steady, and obedient.'

'Yes, mother,' replied Antoine in desperation.

When he entered the druggist's shop, and saw all the herbs piled on one side, the pots, jars of leeches, and vials on the other—when he saw the back-shop, dignified by the name of laboratory, a dark, dirty receptacle, reeking with all kinds of smells—when he saw the small loft over the laboratory, with a little straw laid down for a bed in one corner, and which showed him it was to be his room—when he saw the place where his life was to be passed—his heart sunk within him. But what were the feelings of the young and studious collegian when his brother-in-law, pointing out to him several caldrons smeared with ointments and cosmetics, said in a tone of gaiety, 'Come, my boy, off with your coat and clean these caldrons a little!'

Though Antoine felt his heart die within him, he said nothing, but threw off his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves, took the mixture which his brother-in-law gave him to clean the caldrons, and began to rub away as if he had never done anything else in his life.

'Bravo—bravo!' exclaimed the enchanted druggist, taking the desperation of the youth for zeal and activity. 'Bravo! Go easy, my boy. In a few days these little white hands will be as hard as mine, and these beautiful little nails will be as black as my own. Bravo—bravo! If you continue this way, you will become a capital druggist.'

'Is this to be the result of my ten years' study?' said the collegian to himself, with difficulty restraining his tears. He continued to work, however, and work hard too; but his heart was not in his occupation, and it did him no good. He grew pale and thin; he lost his spirits and his appetite; and his affectionate sister began to fear that her brother would die.

'Antoine,' said she one day, 'tell me what is weighing on your mind? My husband has often said we ought not to be above our situation. You are above yours, Antoine: is it not so? You were not born for mixing drugs, but to be a learned man: am I not right? Oh, you need not shake your head. I have received no education; I hardly know how to read; and I know no more of writing than suffices to sign my name; and, in comparison with you, who know so much, I am a fool. But I see clearly that here, at Bollot, there is only one person with whom you enjoy yourself, and who brings brightness to your eye or a smile to your lip. It is the curé; because with him you can speak all your jargons of Greek and Latin that you learned at college, and many other languages besides. My poor brother! Let us put our heads together, and devise something to make you happy. Tell me what can I do for you?'

'Nothing, my dear sister—nothing. But listen to me, answer me frankly, but say nothing to any one else.'

'Well, what is it, Antoine?'

'Tell me, Annette, have I dreamt it, or did I not hear it said when quite a child, that we had an old relation in Paris? Whenever I ask my mother, instead of answering me, she bursts into tears. "You want to leave us," she exclaims; "you are not happy here." Happy here!' added the youth bitterly; 'how can I be so, after having passed ten years of my life in study? And delighting in it, how can I resign myself to scouring and cleaning caldrons, to boiling herbs, and compounding drugs; for this is the extent of my employment with your husband? Annette! I have drunk of the stream of knowledge; and now, with parched lips, I am left to die. I pant for air, for motion, for life. I will leave Bollot; I will go to——'

'To Paris!' added Annette; for her brother, alarmed at having let his secret escape him, suddenly stopped.

'You are right, sister,' replied he sadly; 'and even you perhaps may blame me?'

'No—quite the contrary,' said his sister; 'for I, too, have some ambition for you. I should like to see you rich and happy, and I see clearly that it is not in my husband's shop you will find happiness. You will go to Paris—is it not so? Well, do not be uneasy as to the means of getting there. I have a few crowns which my husband knows nothing about; I kept them to buy books for you to-day at Montdidier. Here they are: but why do you not take them? Do not go standing on ceremony with me, your sister; besides, you can return them to me when you make your fortune,' added the kind Annette, putting into her brother's hand, who yielded to the last suggestion, a small leathern purse, but little swelled, alas! by the savings of the druggist's wife.

'It is not much,' replied she, as if ashamed of offering so little; 'but, however, it is enough to support you for ten days, and before that time you will reach Paris. Once arrived in the town, you can inquire for the Abbé Lecœur.'

'The Abbé Lecœur!' interrupted Antoine; 'he was a friend of the principal of the college at Noyon. I know him well: but he, will he remember the poor little collegian Antoine?'

'Our Aunt Margaret, our poor father's eldest sister, has been in his service these twenty years,' replied Annette.

'And what is her address at Paris?'

'No. 16, Cloisters, Notre-Dame.'

'And you say she is in service?'

'Yes; with the Abbé Lecœur.'

'What a sorry patronage!'

'Oh, the servant of an abbé is not such a bad relation to have,' said Annette; and with this assurance the thing was settled.

Two days after the conversation just related, Antoine, with his mother's blessing, and a little money (for an addition had been made to Annette's savings by the generosity of her husband), entered Paris on a Sunday, in the month of July in the year 1661. The first inquiry he made on setting his foot on the pavement of the capital of France was for the Cloisters of Notre-Dame. He was directed to them; and the two towers which rise above the city were given him as a clue through the labyrinth of streets which he must traverse before reaching them. Aided by this kind of compass, he soon found himself in the court of Notre-Dame, just as the bell rang for prayers.

'My first visit ought to be to God,' said Antoine, whose heart beat audibly with doubt of his reception elsewhere. Then mingling with the crowd of worshippers who were thronging the gate, he entered the church at the same moment with an old woman, whose costume, that of his native Picardy, attracted his attention. But soon the sound of the organ, the harmony of the singing, the spacious edifice itself, the solemnity of the ceremonies, the multitude of assembled worshippers, the crowd of officiating clergy, the whole imposing scene, so new to him who, for a long time, had seen nothing but a miserable village chapel with its one solitary priest, so entirely absorbed him, that, plunged in devotional ecstasy, he forgot that he was not alone: his eyes fixed on the vaulted ceiling of the building, and his hands clasped, he breathed forth his desires, his prayers, his hopes.

When his devotions were over, he looked again at the old Picard woman, and she at him; and presently they fell into conversation, drawn together by some mysterious instinct, as some might say, but more probably by the consanguinity of their provincial dress. This old woman turned out to be his veritable aunt; and Antoine was hardly released from her embraces, before he found himself in her mistress's drawing-room, formally announced as the servant's nephew.

Madame Lecœur looked kindly at the young boy, who remained standing before her, modest and respectful, but unembarrassed. She asked him 'when he had arrived in Paris?'

'This morning, madame.'

'How did you come here from your own country?'

'On foot, madame.'

'On foot!' cried Madame Lecœur. 'Margaret, bring a chair for your nephew. You must be much fatigued?' added she kindly.

'Not very much, madame,' replied Antoine, sitting down.

'And for what are you come to Paris, my child?' again inquired Margaret's mistress.

'To try to continue my studies, madame,' said Antoine, casting down his eyes.

'You have been studying, then?' said Madame Lecœur in surprise.

'I was brought up at Noyon by the principal of the college, and by the almoner of the cathedral, M. Tempier.'

'My son knew the almoner very well,' said the lady.

'Yes, I have seen the Abbé Lecœur at my patron's,' said Antoine.

'That was my son. He knows you, then?' said Madame Lecœur.

'He has seen me, madame; but I think he can scarcely know me from among the crowd of boys that saluted him at his entrance and departure.'

'No matter, my child, I will speak to him about you,' replied the old lady. 'Tell me what you wish—tell me your plans. Your answers please me—your manners are good; but indeed I should feel interested in you, were it only that you are the nephew of my good old Margaret. I would gladly be useful to you, so speak freely to me. What was your plan, what were your intentions, in leaving home, and coming to Paris on foot, to find your aunt?'

'I hoped, madame,' said Antoine, 'that, with the recommendation of my aunt to your son, I might succeed in getting into some college; no matter upon what footing—even upon that of a servant.'

'And why a servant in a college, rather than elsewhere?' demanded Madame Lecœur.

'Because there are books in a college,' said Antoine hesitatingly, 'and masters, and lectures, and pupils.'

'Well, my child?' said Madame Lecœur, whose curiosity was raised.

Emboldened by the almost maternal kindness of her manner, Antoine replied—'For my services, I should receive some recompense either from the masters or pupils.

From the former I should ask permission to listen; from the others—youth are kind to each other—I could borrow themes and books.'

'But, my child,' replied Madame Lecœur, scarcely able to conceal the emotion which the answers of Antoine excited, 'you do not remember that your time would not be your own; your whole day would be occupied.'

'But I should have my nights, madame,' replied Antoine quickly.

'Charming—charming, child!' cried Margaret's mistress. 'Yes, you well deserve that we should interest ourselves for you. My son is well acquainted with M. Petitpied, doctor of the Sorbonne; and through the interest of this friend, I hope you will get a better place than that of a servant. Go, my child—go with your aunt. You have perhaps eaten nothing, and I have thoughtlessly kept you here. Go, give your nephew some refreshment, and prepare the little room opposite yours for him; and as soon as my son comes in, let me know; I myself wish to present Antoine to him.'

Accordingly, M. Petitpied, delighted and interested with the enthusiasm and perseverance of Antoine, was of great service to the little native of Picardy. Thanks to this learned professor, Antoine increased his knowledge of Hebrew and the other Eastern languages. He went through the usual course of the Royal College, and even began the catalogue of the Oriental manuscripts of the Sorbonne. In 1670, he had just entered the house of M. Godvin, principal of the Mazarin College, when M. de Mointel was setting out on his embassy to Constantinople. Having heard of young Galland, who was already beginning to be known for his industry and talent, he took him with him, and employed him in copying, from the Greek churches, formal attestations of the articles of their faith—a great subject of dispute between Arnaud and the minister Claude. Galland accompanied M. de Mointel in his voyage to Jerusalem, and took advantage of it to copy numerous inscriptions. From Syria he went direct to the Levant, with the intention of collecting some new medals. In 1679 he was intrusted with a commission to the Indies, for the purpose of making a collection that might enrich the cabinet of Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV.; and again he undertook a third voyage. Colbert being dead, Louvois, his successor, commanded him to continue his researches, and nominated him to the post of royal antiquarian.

About this time, being still in Smyrna, but on the point of returning to France, he was near being buried alive by an earthquake, which shook the whole town, and even threw down several of the houses, and among others that in which Galland resided. His life was saved by some beams providentially falling crosswise above his head, and thus leaving him room to breathe. He was extricated the next day, though with great difficulty.

On his return to France, living in an easy situation, with a fine library at his command, and a numerous collection of coins, and well versed as he was in Arabic and the Persian and Turkish languages, with which he had become familiar during his sojourn in the East, Antoine made use of his retirement to complete several works; among others, 'The Thousand and One Nights,' better known in England as the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' He had his nephew, Julien Galland, with him, whom he brought up, and to whom he communicated his taste for the Oriental languages. In 1709 he was made professor of Arabic in the Royal College of France. Galland laboured unceasingly in whatever situation he found himself, paying little regard to his wants, and none at all to conveniences. His whole study in his lectures was to come direct to the point, without any regard to encumbering ornament. Simple in his habits and manners, as in his compositions, he would all his life have taught his children the rudiments of grammar with the same pleasure he took in exercising his erudition. He carried his integrity, as every truly honest man will do, even into the most trifling matters; and his accuracy was so great, that, when settling with his employers for his expenses in the Levant, he sometimes only charged them a penny or twopence, and sometimes nothing at all, for days in which, by some accident, or even by involuntary abstinence, he had not spent more.

Though the author of many learned and important works, that which has made him popular is 'The Thousand and One Nights.' On the appearance of the two first volumes of this work, a singular hoax was played off on the author. One very cold night, in the middle of winter, Antoine Galland was suddenly awakened by several knocks at the street-door. He got up, threw his dressing-gown hastily around him, ran to the window, opened it, and, in spite of the darkness, perceived several persons assembled at his door. 'Who is there?' said he.

Several voices instantly answered, 'Is this Monsieur Galland's?'

'Yes,' replied he.

'Are you sure?' inquired they again.

'Quite sure,' said Galland.

'Take notice,' said one of the persons below, 'that what we have got to say can only be said to himself.'

'Then you may speak freely, for I am Antoine Galland; but speak quickly, for the wind is blowing in my face in no very agreeable manner.'

'Do you speak,' said one of the interlocutors to his neighbour.

'Speak yourself,' rejoined he.

'No, I must speak,' said a third.

'Ah, gentlemen, you must let me have a word,' exclaimed a fourth.

'For the love of Heaven, gentlemen,' cried Galland, who was perishing with cold, 'make haste: I am freezing!'

The same colloquy recommenced, and Galland, who had been listening with wondrous patience, again exclaimed, still shivering, 'For the love of Heaven, gentlemen, make haste, for the cold is piercing!'

At last all the young people who had disturbed the sleep of the Orientalist joined in one chorus, 'Ah, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well!'

This was in allusion to the two first volumes of 'The Thousand and One Nights,' in which every chapter begins thus—'My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those stories which you tell so well.'

Antoine Galland had too much sense to be angry at this sally; he began to laugh, and replying, 'Gentlemen, *au revoir!*' he closed the window, and returned to his bed, where he was not long, before he regained some of the caloric which he had lost at the window. He, however, profited by the lesson, and published all his other volumes without this exordium. Antoine Galland died at the age of sixty-nine, on the 14th of February 1715.

PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

The social progress of individuals, families, neighbourhoods, is familiar to us all, and usually forms one of the most common subjects for our inquiries; but when such details as come within the scope of our own personal observation are multiplied, extended, and classified by mathematical minds, so as to embrace the great aggregate of the nation, the result must be a picture of the highest imaginable interest and importance. But it is a picture which comparatively few have leisure, and fewer still are qualified, to examine or enjoy in detail. The salient points are all on which the mind of the many will desire to dwell; and for this reason, we think we shall perform an acceptable service, if we take advantage of the republication of a valuable work to direct attention to the great landmarks of the national progress.* Such a service, too, will be well-timed; for in the ten years just expired, greater advances have been made than in any preceding tenth of a century. The elements of prosperity, commercial and educational, are daily taking new and more active combinations; and it is no longer heresy to consider

* The Progress of the Nation, in its various Social and Economical Relations, from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Porter. A new edition. London: Murray. 1847.

the welfare of the many as better worth attention than inert and antiquated theories.

Now that the people are not regarded as the material of war—food for cannon; mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—we find them estimated at their true value in all calculations of power and advancement. A hundred years ago, wars and epidemic diseases were considered to be the natural means whereby Providence kept the human race within reasonable limits—a sort of predestinated check to undue increase. It is only from the commencement of the present century that anything like correct population returns have been obtained. The increase in the first half of last century was—omitting fractions—not more than 17 per cent.; in the second half it rose to 52 per cent. The number added to the population of the kingdom from 1801 to 1841, was 10,700,000, but in 1846, this had risen to 12,000,000; nearly as much as the whole number of inhabitants in 1811. This increase is in a ratio 3 to 1 greater than that of France, which country doubles her population but once in a century, while England doubles hers in fifty years.

In 1801, the number of marriages was 67,288; in 1840, 115,548. The number of houses in the first year of the century was 1,467,870, but in 1841 it had increased to 2,753,295, or nearly double in the space of forty years; the yearly value at the latter period was L.23,386,401, in 1815 it amounted to L.14,290,889. To meet the wants of the rapidly increasing population, an addition of house accommodation to the amount of L.10,000,000, and 1,000,000 tons of shipping, are required annually.

With an increasing population we have a decreasing rate of mortality. In 1700, 1 in 39 died; in 1800, 1 in 47. 'This effect,' observes Mr Porter, 'so strongly indicative of amendment in the condition of the people, must be attributed to the coincidence of various causes. Among these may be mentioned the less crowded state of our dwellings, the command of better kinds of food, the superiority and cheapness of clothing, and probably also more temperate habits and greater personal cleanliness.' A large proportion of births, it is shown, is not always to be taken as an evidence of prosperity. Late inquiries have made us aware of the prodigious waste of life, particularly in large towns, which more than counterbalances the numerous births. 'Population does not so much increase because many are born, as because few die.'

The number of persons employed in agriculture has diminished, and in manufactures increased. Where formerly the labour of seven families was required to produce a certain amount of food, the same quantity is now raised by five: an instructive fact, showing that the present rate of progress in manufacturing industry may be kept up, as the tendency is to improve agriculture and augment the supply of food. Between the years 1811 and 1831, the agricultural class increased 7 per cent., and the trading and manufacturing class 34 per cent. The greatest proportion of the latter is found in the counties of Cheshire, Derby, Lancaster, Middlesex, Stafford, and Warwick: the former in Cambridge, Essex, Huntingdon, and Rutland. Mr Porter justly exposes the absurdity and injustice of the old poor-law. 'Under such a system,' he says, 'a labourer in an agricultural district was inevitably rendered a pauper; he was deprived of all means for exercising the virtue of prudence, and became almost necessarily improvident; he was brought to look upon the parish allowance as his freehold, and if, under such circumstances, any spark of independence remained unextinguished in his breast, it should have been received as evidence of a degree of innate virtue deserving of the highest admiration.'

Public opinion has now declared so decidedly against a rigid adherence to the 'workhouse test,' that we are bound to suppose there must be something in that adherence either absolutely wrong, or which jars with existing circumstances. Yet we should not be too ready to forget the great evil of which the test was the corrector. Mr Woolley says—'Let any man see the straightforward walk, the upright look of the labourer, as contrasted with what was before seen at every step in these counties (Kent and Sussex). The sturdy and idle nuisance has already become the useful, industrious member of society. No man who has not looked well into human nature, and the practical working of the wretched system of pauperism, can form an idea how different is sixpence earned by honest industry, and sixpence wrung from the pay-table of a parish officer. I am fully convinced that the measure has doubled the value of property in many parts of the kingdom.' The saving in the expenditure for the relief of the poor in 1841, as compared with 1811, was 53 per cent. The assessments are highest in Berks, Bucks, Dorset, and Wilts; and lowest in Cumberland, Monmouth, Lancaster, and Stafford.

Among several comparative statements of the means adopted for the relief of the poor in other countries, we find returns from the pauper colonies of Holland. A few years ago, a great deal of interest was felt in these establishments; they have not, however, realised the expectations of their projectors, partly owing to the very inferior quality of the soil on which they are placed, and the great expense attendant on the first settlement of poor families; neither have they sensibly diminished the amount of pauperism with which Holland is oppressed more than any other country in Europe. According to a report published in 1827, paupers comprised one-fifth of the population of the United Netherlands. The effect of isolated pauper communities is said to be bad. 'Without the example of the better conditions of society, there can be no hope of such a community gradually acquiring those qualities that would fit the members of it for a better condition also.' Every statement shows that English labourers earn nearly double wages to those of other European countries.

Under the head of consumption, we learn that, since the beginning of the reign of George III., 7,076,610 acres have been brought under cultivation; and although the proportion has somewhat diminished in the last forty years, yet such is the improvement in agriculture, that 10,000 acres of land which, on the old method of cultivation, supported but 3810 individuals, now maintain 5997. Mr Porter considers that, for a long period, population is not likely to increase in a greater ratio than the supply of food. 'It has been affirmed,' he observes, 'that in Wales the land does not produce half of what it is capable of producing; and that if all England were as well-cultivated as Northumberland and Lincoln, it would produce more than double the quantity that is now obtained . . . . and when at length the increase of population shall have passed the utmost limit of production, there can be no reason to doubt that we shall still obtain, in full sufficiency, the food that we shall require.'

The greatest progress is seen in manufactures: the exports of woollen goods, which in 1829 were between four and five millions, now exceed L.8,000,000 annually. Between the years 1835 and 1839, one hundred and thirty-two woollen and worsted factories were built in addition to those already existing, and the increase of operatives in those branches of industry for the same period was 15,137. It is well known that the population of some of the Yorkshire towns, the principal seat of the woollen trade, has more than doubled since the commencement of the century.

During the last forty years, a great improvement has taken place in the growth of wool. Sheep which produce long or combing wool have been almost everywhere introduced, while short-wooled sheep have correspondingly declined in numbers. Much of the short wool, it appears, could find no market, but for the importation of long foreign wool to mix with it; there is, however, a still more remarkable importation for this purpose. 'A curious trade,' says Mr Porter, 'has of late years been introduced, that of importing foreign

woollen rags into England for the purpose of re-manufacture. These are assorted, torn up, and mixed with English, or more commonly with Scotch wool of low quality, and inferior cloth is made from the mixture, at a price sufficiently moderate to command a sale for exportation. By this means a market is found for wool of a very low quality, which otherwise would be left on the hands of the growers.'

In 1801, 54,203,433 pounds of cotton were imported; but so unparalleled has been the increase in this branch of trade, that the quantity entered in 1844 was 554,196,602 pounds. In the same year the value of cotton goods exported was L.25,805,348, having increased from L.16,516,748 in 1820. Two pieces of calico per week was the utmost a hand-loom weaver could produce; but the steam-loom weaver of the present day produces, with an assistant, twenty-two such pieces in the same space of time. The article of bobbin-net employs nearly two hundred thousand persons in its manufacture, at an annual expenditure in wages of L.2,500,000. The linen trade of Ireland has shared in the general expansion; the value of linen goods exported having advanced in the first quarter of the century from L.34,000,000 to L.55,000,000.

A glance at the tabular statements sufficiently proves that peace is essential to national prosperity. No sooner do we approach a war season, than disturbance and diminution at once appear in the aggregates of quantity and value. Even if no higher motives existed, this alone should be treated with due consideration ere the expensive injustice of war is adopted. Increased production necessarily leads to an abatement of prices; but glass was for many years an exception to this rule. The trade was so overloaded with duties, as to be a virtual monopoly; and the manufacturers were hampered and harassed in every way by absurd excise regulations. An ingenious proprietor, 'who had succeeded in making great improvements in the quality of bottle-glass, was stopped in his operations by the excise officers, on the plea that the articles which he produced were so good in quality, as not to be readily distinguished from flint-glass.' Not the least pleasing, however, among the signs of progress, is the removal of such restrictions. The abolition of the glass duties by the legislature in 1845 has done everything for the relief of the trade, which will doubtless expand in proportion to those we have above enumerated.

Travelling, roads, and the iron trade, occupy an interesting section of the work; the benefits they confer are seen to be gradually diffusing themselves through every class of society. Something yet remains to be done for greater cheapness in the carrying of passengers and goods: with respect to the latter, we read that 'the charge made for the cartage of a puncheon of rum from the West India Docks to Westminster, exceeds the charge that would be made for conveying the same puncheon from those docks to Hamburgh!' Among the various schemes for expediting and cheapening the delivery of parcels in the metropolis and the provinces, it is to be hoped that less expensive transport of heavy goods will not be lost sight of. The progress of steam-navigation is striking. In 1814, the United Kingdom and colonies owned but 2 steam vessels; in 1815, they had 10; in 1820, 43; in 1830, 315; and in 1844, 988. Scotland, which took the lead in steam navigation, has ever since shown a large proportional list of vessels. Of the above 988, England had 679, Scotland 137, Ireland 81, Guernsey, &c. 3; and the colonies 88. The total burden was 125,675 tons. The number of steam vessels in all the world besides, is stated in another table at 719, of which the United States had 261, and France 119. It thus appears that Scotland has more steam vessels than all France. Mr Porter discusses the questions of finance, carriage, public income and expenditure, wages, taxes, &c. taking occasion to show the great improvement that has taken place in the physical condition of the people, and the disappearance of some of many unfortunate inequalities among the classes. 'This improvement,' he says, 'is by no means confined to those who are called, by a somewhat arbitrary distinction, the working-classes, but is enjoyed in some degree or other by tradesmen, shopkeepers, and farmers; in short, by every class of men whose personal and family comforts admitted of material increase.'

Less than fifty years ago, some of the tradesmen in the chief thoroughfares of London had no carpets to their floors—no books or pictures—none of those useful or ornamental objects which add so materially to the charm of domestic life. Sheffield is noted for the comfortable manner in which the houses of the industrial population are furnished, although the town itself is not better built or laid out than others. From whatever cause this attention to in-door arrangements may arise, it is one that should be encouraged; and a disposition that way may be classed among the evidences of progress. In connection with household reports, it may be mentioned that the expenses incurred for domestic servants in 1841 amounted to L.38,222,620.

The author goes on to treat of all excisable articles: every year's experience confirms the fact, that increased consumption follows diminished price. The true policy of government, he contends, should be to collect no other custom duties than what are required for revenue. Turning to the details respecting crime, we find it intimated that although our disposition is to magnify every present evil, yet we are not proportionately worse off in this respect than our forefathers were. The exploits of highwaymen are within the recollection of persons now living: merchants who lived in the suburbs of London dared not go home from their counting-houses in the evening alone. A certain place was fixed on as a rendezvous where they met, and whence, for mutual protection, they returned in a body to their residence. Individuals were knocked down in the streets, and robbed in broad daylight; no one could ride on the roads in any direction unless well prepared to repel the attack of robbers, or to run his chance of being murdered. However strange it may seem, there are fewer offences against property now than in the days of our forefathers. More perfect police arrangements, better lighting of streets, readier means of communication, have done more towards the repression of crime than all the sanguinary laws of the last century. The diminution in the number of capital punishments is perhaps the most hopeful indication of moral progress. Not more than twenty-five years ago, it was not at all uncommon to hang one hundred criminals in the course of twelve months. From 1805 to 1825 there were one thousand six hundred and fourteen executions; from 1825 to 1845 six hundred and twenty-six. Of the latter, one hundred and eleven have been hanged in the last ten years—less than the number executed in 1813 alone.

The ameliorating effect of education is shown in a series of tables, and the value of *good* instruction insisted on as the best preventive of crime. But, as Mr Porter observes, there must be something beyond the mere ordinary branches of school learning 'to render our prisons useless, and shut up our courts of justice. In communities where the great mass of the people are left in ignorance, and only a few comparatively instructed, those few will find themselves in a far better position than the mass for obtaining honest employment, and thus will have fewer temptations to withstand. If all were equally instructed, this condition of course could not exist, and then we might be better able to estimate at its true value the moral influence of instruction. Knowing what we know of the quality of education, as it has usually been imparted to the youth of this country, dare we hope that its restraining influence would be great? It is true we might even then expect to put an end to much of the violence and fraud by which the community is now disgraced. Merely instructed persons would better calculate the worldly advantages and disadvantages of right and wrong con-

duct; and who can estimate how much of crime, and consequent misery in the world, result from miscalculation! But further—is it not certain that an instructed community would be able to apply its energies more beneficially for the whole than is possible where general ignorance prevails? that employments would be more certain and more profitable, and temptations to dishonesty fewer and weaker?'

The general spread of intelligence has contributed powerfully to the improvement of manners. The brutal sports and disgusting conversation of former days would not now be tolerated. And although we are far from disguising the evils that yet remain, we cannot but see that education has produced something like general enlightenment. In its further advances, the population will learn to discriminate between real and imaginary evils, and the authority of fallacies will disappear. Mr Porter contends that there is no cause for alarm in increase of numbers, and inquires—'Why, then, shall we not go forward to double, and again to double, our population, to safety, and even to advantage, if, instead of rearing millions of human *clods*, whose lives are passed in consuming the scanty supplies which is all that their lack of intelligence enables them to produce, the universal people shall have their minds cultivated to a degree that will enable each to add his proportion to the general store?'

These are sound views, and we gladly assist in giving them wider diffusion, feeling that they must assist the progressive movement. We commend Mr Porter's book to all interested in national progress, and who regard our present activity as an earnest of yet better things. His official position enables him to give correct information on the multifarious topics brought under consideration.

THE NEMESIS AND CHINESE WAR.

On the 25th of November 1840, an extraordinary visitor was seen approaching the town of Macao, in the Canton river. This was a large two-masted steamer of 630 tons burden, long, sharp, and narrow at the beams, rising only a few feet above the water's edge, and with a pair of staring eyes painted on her bows. The inhabitants came down in crowds to the esplanade to gaze at this singular specimen of naval architecture, and did not wonder the less when they saw, by the salute of the Portuguese flag, that she was a personage of consequence. The stranger dashed through the Typa anchorage without any apparent intention to bring to, and the startled governor at length sent off a messenger to warn her that the water nearer the town was only deep enough for trading boats. But this was nothing to the demon ship, as she was afterwards named by the Chinese; and flashing through the shallows, she ran almost close under his excellency's house, and while gliding past like a spirit, thundered a salute, which was echoed by the screams of the ladies who crowded the windows. Such was the first appearance of the Nemesis in the Chinese waters. It may be considered somewhat late in the day for us to notice her exploits, the book which chronicles them having already reached its third edition;* but in doing so we have ulterior views, desiring, by means of the surprise and interest excited by the ship, to lead the attention of our readers to the war, the prospect of which had called her, like a bird of prey, to the scene.

The Chinese war, of which the appearance of this vessel may be said to have formed the commencement, was, as everybody knows, the result of gross cupidity in European nations. The indignities to which they habitually submitted, for the sake of a trade which was still more important to the Chinese than to themselves, led the Celestial people to suppose them to be really the barbarians they were called in the imperial edicts; and when it was finally determined by the former to stop the contraband importation of opium, they managed the affair in so haughty and tyrannical a manner, that European patience gave way all on a sudden. The pretence was a moral one; but, in reality, opium had become the article of foreign produce which turned the balance of trade against the Chinese, and seemed to impoverish the country by draining it of its silver. The Chinese government, instead of legalising and *taxing* a traffic which it could not prevent, and which was shared in by its own functionaries from the highest to the lowest, seized arbitrarily upon the persons of the English officers and merchants at Canton, and compelled them to surrender the whole of the opium in the Chinese waters, to the amount of 20,283 chests, and of the estimated value of two millions and a-half sterling. This was the true cause of what will be stigmatised in history as the Opium War.

When the conflict fairly commenced, the iron steamer Nemesis with her redoubted captain—Hall—dashed into the thickest of it. She was called, it will be observed, after the vengeful daughter of Jupiter and Necessitas, whose ire was chiefly provoked by the proud and boastful. And well did she vindicate her claim to the name! After astonishing the upper fort of Chuenpee with her shells—which appeared to the unhappy Chinese as very fit missiles to come from such a quarter—she ran close up to the sea battery, and poured through the embrasures destructive rounds of grape as she passed, and then looked round for some mode of service not accessible to ships of ordinary mould. The enemy's fleet was anchored in concealment within the entrance of a little river, where the shallowness of the water (little more than five feet) seemed to secure them from our vessels; but no sooner did the Nemesis get an inkling of their hiding-place, than she sprang towards it, and with such headlong haste, that she struck upon a reef of rocks as she passed. But this was nothing to her, since she managed to get over in any way; and coming bounce upon the junks, she sent a rocket into one of the largest of them, which blew her up, says our author, 'with a terrific explosion, launching into eternity every soul on board, and pouring forth its blaze like the mighty rush of fire from a volcano. The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the fragments falling round, and even portions of dissevered bodies scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.' A momentary pause ensued, and no wonder; but this did not last long. The junks made off as fast as they could, some of them bumping ashore, some vanishing in creeks, but all pursued by the demon ship, clawing them out with her grappling-irons, and setting fire to them; while their shotted guns, as they burned, went off, and added to the strangeness of the scene. She then hastened up the river for three miles in successful pursuit of additional prey; the inhabitants scouring off in all directions, till they gained the summits of the neighbouring hills, whence they looked down in terror upon the progress of this destructive engine. Some notion of the astonishment of the junks may be obtained from the fact, that they were provided with *nets* to catch our small boats, the only visitors they expected in such a place!

The next appearance of the Nemesis is when passing through the Bogue, during a truce, and saluted by the forts on both sides; the Chinese, with their silken flags and strange costumes, looking down upon her from the crowded battlements. But even here she could not refrain from a little piece of devilry; for as she neared Tiger Island, she sheered in close alongside the battery till her yards touched the stones, as if admonishing the garrison, with an impudent leer, that she could batter the walls to pieces if she chose, while their guns would thunder harmlessly over her head. The hint was taken afterwards, and the useless fort abandoned. The security arising from this light draught of water was strikingly exemplified at the celebrated attack of these same Bogue

* The Nemesis in China, comprising a History of the Late War in that Country; with a Complete Account of the Colony of Hong-Kong. From the Notes of Captain W. H. Hall, R.N., and the Personal Observations of W. D. Bernard, Esq. A.M. Oxon. Third Edition, revised and improved. London: Colburn.

forts; the Nemesis, in order to save herself from the shot of the batteries, running ashore, and thus hanging with her head completely out of water, and her stern deep in the river.

But the voyage of the Nemesis up the back passage from Macao towards Canton, by what is called the Broadway, is the most remarkable, as well as the most useful of her exploits. The Broadway, though sometimes mentioned as a distinct stream, appears in reality to be merely a narrow, tortuous, and shallow channel of the Canton river. In addition to its natural protections from everything but small craft, it was strongly fortified throughout its whole length; and the idea of forcing such a passage, in the heart of a hostile country, by means of a single steamer and two ships' boats, was one of the most daring that can be conceived. But on went the Nemesis, 'nothing daunted by mud, sand, or water, or even by the shallowness of the river,' till she reached a fort, which she captured and burned. Another fort, and likewise a military depôt higher up, met the same fate. 'They had ascended a very little way further up the river, when, to the joy of every one, they espied nine war-junks under weigh, a considerable distance ahead, and chase was given at full speed, in spite of all obstacles of the navigation. The interest and excitement momentarily increased, as every mile they advanced served to lead them to the conclusion that the Chinese were better prepared for defence than had been at all expected. Indeed it was not a little remarkable that a passage never before explored by foreigners should have been found in a state of preparation against attack, by forts of old-standing and solid construction, as well as by works of recent and temporary formation.'

On went the Nemesis, till she had the satisfaction to see the runaway junks at a stand-still, determined to dispute the passage. It is true they were protected by a considerable fort on one side, a field-work on the other, and a fence of stakes across the river in the middle; but all this was nothing to the demon ship. The stakes were quickly passed, the batteries destroyed, and seven of the junks set on fire and blown up. It was necessary to pursue the remaining two; and in process of time the invaders found themselves quietly passing through a large and populous town. 'The people crowded upon the banks of the river; the house-tops and the surrounding hills were covered with curious gazers, wondering what strange event would happen next. Hundreds of trading-junks, and boats of various kinds, most of them the sole home of their owners, were crowded together on both sides of the river throughout the town, and even above and below it. The river was narrow, and so densely were the boats packed, that the only passage left was directly in the centre of the stream, where, as if by mutual consent, a clear way had been left, only just broad enough to allow the steamer to pass, and requiring some dexterity to avoid running foul of the junks on either side.'

On went the Nemesis; and by and by one of the fugitive junks was overtaken and burned, and a masked battery stormed and destroyed. She had been at work ever since three o'clock in the morning, and it was now getting dark, and the river becoming more and more shallow: she therefore anchored for the night—in a stream so narrow, that it was impossible to turn her head round—with devastation behind, unknown enemies before, and surrounded by a mighty population, into whose bosom she had carried insult and death. The next day 'she had seldom more than six feet water, and in many places only five, so that she was frequently forced through the mud itself. There was not room to turn her fairly round, and the only mode in which she could be managed was by sometimes driving her bows as far as possible into the river's bank, sometimes her stern, while at other times it was hard to say whether she was proceeding over a flooded paddy-field, or in the channel of a water-course. This gave occasion to a facetious remark, in which sailors sometimes delight, that this "would be a new way of going overland to England."' New forts, new fighting, new burning; and, worst of all, new stakes, with sunken junks between their lines. These were surmounted with difficulty; and it 'was only accomplished after four hours' hard work, in which, oddly enough, the Chinese peasantry bore an active part, voluntarily coming forward to assist, and even venturing to come on board the steamer itself.' In the course of this day a large mandarin station was destroyed, and she came to anchor for the night. The next morning she arrived at another large town, where she set fire to the custom-house, and blew up the object of her pursuit—the remaining junk. Beyond this the river became still more narrow and shallow; and the Nemesis, at length turning into a lateral passage, threaded her way to the main Canton river, where she emerged just below the second bar.

Her intromissions with the fire rafts of the Chinese, it may well be supposed, were quite in her own way. These rafts were composed of boats filled with all kinds of combustible materials, and connected by long chains, so that, in drifting down the river, they might hang across the bows of our ships. The business of the Nemesis was to tow these away, or otherwise frustrate their intentions; and it 'was a grand spectacle, in the sullen darkness of the night, to see these floating masses of fire drifting about the river, and showing, by their own reflected light, the panic-stricken parties of Chinese who had charge of them trying to escape towards the shore, which few of them were destined to reach. Some threw themselves overboard, were carried down the stream, and their struggles were soon ended; others were shot at random by our musketry the moment they were discovered by our men, betrayed by the light of the fires they had themselves kindled.' Another extraordinary towing service was performed when she moved up to Canton with the whole of our troops at her tail. 'The enormous flotilla of boats, including of course those belonging to the men-of-war, necessarily retarded the progress of the steamer very much, particularly in the more intricate parts of the river. As she advanced, numerous boats from our ships were picked up, until their number could not have been less than from seventy to eighty; hanging on behind each other, and following in the wake of the long low steamer.'

But the adventures of the Nemesis, we are grieved to say, form almost the only portion of the war that is capable of being represented in such a light as ought to inspire any other feeling than horror and indignation. After the very first serious collision, there was no room for the boast of 'valour' which is expected to cover so many sins. The Chinese, with all their might of numbers, were found to be no match for us; and the struggle from first to last resembled that of a handful of determined men with a crowd of poor little boys. The unwieldy junk, opposed to vessels like ours, was merely a machine for caging helplessly up a certain number of human beings to be shot at, drowned, and burned alive at the pleasure of their enemies. 'In some of the junks,' says the author of the Nemesis in China, 'which were not yet quite abandoned by their crews, the poor Chinamen, as the English sailors boarded them on one side, rushed wildly over on the other, or let themselves down by the stern chains, clinging to the ship's rudder. Others, as the fire gained upon their junk, retreated before it, and continued hanging to the yet untouched portions, until, the flames advancing upon them rapidly, they were obliged to throw water over *their own bodies* to enable them to bear the intense heat, still desperately clinging to their fate, more from fear of ill treatment if they should be taken prisoners, than from any rational hope of being saved. In many instances they *would not* be saved; in others they *could not*, and were destroyed as their junk blew up.' Bad powder, bad gunnery, and almost entire ignorance of the art of fortification, in other cases completely neutralised all apparent advantages.

'The Chinese, not accepting quarter, though attempting to escape, were cut up by the fire of our advancing troops; others, in the faint hope of escaping what to them appeared certain death at the hands of their victors, precipitated themselves recklessly from the top of the battlements; numbers were now swimming in the river, and not a few vainly *trying* to swim, and sinking in that effort; some few, perhaps a hundred, surrendered them-

selves to our troops, and were soon afterwards released. Many of the poor fellows were unavoidably shot by our troops, who were not only warmed with the previous fighting, but exasperated because the Chinese had fired off their matchlocks at them first, and then thrown them away, as if to ask for quarter; under these circumstances, it could not be wondered at that they suffered. Some of them, again, barricaded themselves within the houses of the fort—a last and desperate effort; and as several of our soldiers were wounded by their spears, death and destruction were the consequence.' This may serve as a general picture. A few wounds were the excuse for the sacrifice of hundreds of lives! On the same occasion (at Chuenpee), we are told by Ouchterlony that 'about four hundred dead and dying lay in and about the fort when the firing ceased. In one particular spot, where the rock rose with a steep slope behind some military buildings, the corpses of the slain were found literally three and four deep—the Chinese having been shot while trying to escape up the hill, and having rolled over, until this ghastly pile was formed.'* The loss of the British amounted to thirty-eight men wounded—many of them by the accidental explosion of a field magazine *after* the struggle!

At the capture of the famous Bogue forts the British had *five* men slightly wounded, and the Chinese *five hundred* killed and wounded! The British force under arms before Canton amounted to 2200 men; while within the city, defended by its hitherto inviolate ramparts, were, at the lowest calculation, 20,000 Chinese. Of the former, the loss in killed, wounded, and missing, during the whole series of operations, fell short of 130 men; while some accounts—though supposed by Ouchterlony to be exaggerated—state that of the Chinese at 6000! In the expedition of the Nemesis up the Broadway, no mention is made of the number of the enemy killed; but the following is the other results:—'The whole loss on our side during this adventurous trip was only three men wounded. Altogether, one hundred and fifteen guns were destroyed, together with nine war-junks, and several armed mandarin-boats; six batteries, and three government chop-houses or military stations, together with barracks and magazines, were also taken and set on fire.' At a fort near the Brunswick Rock, below Whampoa, the Chinese lost three hundred in killed and wounded; the British eight wounded and one killed!

The butchery at Chinhae furnishes a specimen of meaningless ferocity which is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of war. The city was taken by escalade without resistance, and the only legitimate object, therefore, was to disperse the Chinese troops that were posted in the neighbourhood. These fled before a column of the British, and made for a bridge of boats, with the view of escaping over the river; but in doing so, came suddenly upon another column. 'It is not difficult,' says Ouchterlony, 'to conceive the scene which ensued. Hemmed in on all sides, and crushed and overwhelmed by the fire of a complete semicircle of musketry, the hapless Chinese rushed by hundreds into the water; and while some attempted to escape the tempest of death which roared around them, by consigning themselves to the stream, and floating out beyond the range of fire, others appeared to drown themselves in despair. Every effort was made by the general and his officers to stop the butchery; but the bugles had to sound the "cease firing" long and often before the fury of our men could be restrained. The 55th regiment and Madras rifles having observed that a large body of the enemy were escaping from this scene of indiscriminate slaughter along the opposite bank of the river, from the citadel and batteries which the naval brigade had stormed, separated themselves, and pushing across the bridge of boats, severed the retreating column in two; and before the Chinese could be prevailed upon to surrender themselves prisoners, a great number were shot down, or driven into the water and drowned.'

In the attempt of the Chinese to recapture Ningpo, they lost from five to six hundred men, while on our side only a few were wounded, and not a single man killed. Yet the English were so much 'exasperated,' that they pursued the flying enemy for seven or eight miles—not to take prisoners, but to slay! At Tseke, the English had three men killed and eighteen wounded; the Chinese, including killed, drowned, and wounded, nearly a thousand! At Chapoo, the English had ten killed and fifty wounded; while 'of the enemy,' says Ouchterlony, 'the number left dead, or to die, on the field could not have been less than five to six hundred; and many more perished after the close of the action by suicide, or from the effects of their undressed wounds.' We could carry these instances much farther: we could show that, throughout the war, the Chinese were slaughtered by our countrymen as cattle are slaughtered by butchers, not as men are slain in equal conflict by men; and that in various instances, when the panic-struck wretches fled in helpless crowds to the shore, they were there met by the guns of our 'gallant tars,' who, without the excuse even of the brutal excitement of the pursuit, poured murder into the unresisting mass! But we have space for only one more incident of this sickening war.

At the attack on the town of Chapoo, the Tartar garrison, in order to give themselves a chance of preserving the sanctity of their homes, came out to meet the assailants, and posted themselves upon the heights in the neighbourhood. From this position they were scattered like chaff—too easily to admit of much slaughter; but the fugitives were 'fortunately' met in the hollow by another division of the British troops, and thinned to some purpose! A party of them, however, amounting to three or four hundred, could not be said to fly. When all was lost on the heights, they marched towards the town in good order; and when they saw their retreat cut off, took refuge in a building which had only a single entrance, conducting, as usual, to the square court round which the apartments of Chinese houses are ranged. A screen of masonry in the interior, before the entrance, prevented a view of the court from the outside; and here, therefore, the Tartars awaited, silent and unseen, the attack of their enemies.

The English entered the building with their customary gallantry, but were repulsed by the ambushed Tartars with some loss of blood, and the death of one officer. They withdrew to the outside, and threw rockets over the walls into the court; but these were received with cheers of defiance. A field-piece was then brought to bear upon the house; and at length a fifty-pound bag of powder, placed at the bottom of the wall, opened a wide breach by its explosion. The assaulting party, however, were driven back with loss by the courageous Tartars, who had now, under such accumulated horrors, sustained a siege of three hours. But by degrees they lost hope, and some of them took advantage of the retreat of the storming party to endeavour to escape. These were shot down like wild beasts. We give the conclusion in the words of Ouchterlony:—

'It was now resolved to set fire to the building, and a second breach having been blown in the opposite side, some wood was collected, and a fire kindled, which soon spread to the roof, composed of dry, light pine-rafters and beams, and in a short time the house was reduced to ruins. Some fifteen or sixteen of the enemy, who became exposed by the throwing down of a portion of the outer wall, were destroyed by a volley from without, and on our troops being at length suffered to enter within the smoking and shattered walls, they found that all resistance had ceased. But few of the Tartars were bayoneted after the joss-house had been carried, and the survivors, most of whom were found crouching on the ground, with their arms folded, and their matchlocks and swords laid aside, in evident expectation of a violent death, and with a manifest resolution to meet it as became men, were taken out, and shortly after set at liberty. Of the whole body, however, who had originally taken post in the fatal joss-house, only sixty were made prisoners, many of them wounded, all the rest having been shot, bayoneted, or burned in the fire which consumed the building: the last

* The Chinese War: an Account of all the Operations of the British Forces from the Commencement to the Treaty of Nanking. By Lieutenant John Ouchterlony, F.G.S. Saunders and Otley.

must have been the fate of many of the wounded, whose forms, writhing in the agonies of so frightful a death, were seen by the troops outside, who were unable to afford them succour.'

We might close this catalogue of terror by a picture of what took place at Chapoo and other towns, where the conquered slaughtered their wives and children to prevent their falling into the hands of the victors. But the guilt or frenzy of the Tartars has nothing to do with our present purpose, which tends merely to strip this truly diabolical conflict of the false lustre which has been thrown around it, and to awaken the people of Great Britain to a sense not only of the sin and horror, but of the foul disgrace of war.

But although the carnage we have described cannot be defended on moral grounds, it had at least this political advantage, that it abridged the conflict. By the time the British had penetrated to the Imperial Canal, the grand artery of the internal traffic of the country (which they ought to have done long before), there was no army to oppose to them. Many thousands of the Tartar troops had been butchered in detail, and the remainder had no stomach for an enemy so irresistible and so ruthless. When the Fanqui, therefore—the 'wandering demons' of Europe—had severed the empire in two, by grasping the canal, which is the medium of communication between the centre and the capital, they found that a nation which comprehends one-third part of mankind had absolutely no troops to meet them in the field! The last place they had captured, Chin-keang-foo, was a city of the dead—an abode of unimaginable horrors, where the air was poisoned with the swollen and blackened corpses of its inhabitants, and from which even the gorged plunderers, Christian and heathen alike, fled aghast, leaving the wild dogs to their hideous banquet. Nanking, the second city of the empire, was the next object of the conquerors; but here the courage of the Chinese at length gave way. Matters were easily arranged, for the English as yet wanted no territory of special importance. They had an eye, however, to what *might come*, and demanded one little island, large enough to hold their foot—which was conceded. By a treaty dated the 29th August 1842, Hong-Kong was ceded to the crown of Great Britain, five other ports were thrown open to trade, and twenty-one million dollars were agreed to be paid. The indelicate subject of opium was not alluded to at all!

STURROCK ON LIFE-ASSURANCE.

Within the compass of a small pamphlet,* Mr Sturrock discusses very ably the principles and practice of life-assurance, using such terms as all can understand.

Observing the ignorance generally displayed by individuals who apply at life-assurance offices, he very properly sets out with explanations. 'The person applying to any office to get his life insured, must, as a preliminary and indispensable step, satisfy the company that his life is, in common phrase, a good one—or, in other words, that the state of his health and constitution is such as to make the company believe that he will live to the average age—that is, to the age which persons at his time of life generally attain. For this purpose he is required to sign a proposal to assure, and to give a reference to his medical attendant and to an intimate friend, who have known his state of health and habits of life for a number of years, and who must report thereon to the assurance office. In addition to the evidence thus required to be furnished by the person proposing to effect the insurance, the company, for their further security, employ a medical officer to make inquiries, and use such other means as they deem proper, that they may completely satisfy themselves of the goodness of the life offered for insurance. If the result of the inquiry is unsatisfactory, the assurance is rejected; but if it be in every respect satisfactory, and lead to the conclusion that the life of the applicant is really a good one, the assurance is accepted. The assured then agrees, on the one hand, to pay to the company, according to his age at the time of entry, a certain fixed sum (or premium) during every year of his life; and the company, on the other hand, bind themselves to pay to his representatives, on the occasion of his death, at whatever time it may happen, another much larger fixed sum. These are the usual terms of the assurance contract; but they may be varied to suit the views of the different assurers.'

In the middle ranks of life, few have much capital to stand for the benefit of their families, in the event of their early decease; but most have incomes. By devoting a portion of the latter in the way of life-assurance, the head of a family can make sure that, die when he may, even were it the day after his first annual payment, his widow and children will be endowed with a certain amount of means. Life-assurance is therefore one of the humane agencies attendant upon our present system of civilisation, and it ought to be encouraged by all philanthropic persons. There are, however, many modes of conducting this business, some half-obsolete and bad, others more fair and advantageous, and it may therefore be of much importance to an individual that he chooses a right office.

Mr Sturrock, like ourselves, condemns the proprietary companies. In the infancy of the system, capital was necessary, and a remuneration for its risk was fair. Now, the absence of all risk being ascertained, life-assurance is no fit subject for mercantile speculation. 'When such companies,' says Mr Sturrock, 'are announced to the public (and the principle applies equally to pure or mixed proprietary companies), the greedy capitalist is eagerly invited to become a partner, by showing the universally large profits such companies make, and that the stocks of similar societies are selling in the public market at profits from one to some hundreds per cent. As soon as the company is established, such public announcements of profit immediately stop. It is no longer how profitable are such investments, but the constant tale to the public is, see what a large capital we are risking for your benefit. Such a procedure is, to say the least of it, an outrage upon common sense. Will not the public see that the large profits these companies announce, and pay to the shareholders, is just the measure of the gain taken out of their pockets—it is not too strong to say, upon false pretences?' What use of mincing terms? A proprietary life-assurance office is a mercantile lie, and nothing else. Let such, we say, be avoided. Even those called Mixed Offices, which admit assurers to a share of benefits, are only reprehensible in a less degree. It is the more necessary to speak strongly, because the keenness of a trading interest makes these companies extremely active, and they usually secure a proportion of business in the inverse ratio of their deserts.

The purely Mutual Offices—those which divide the whole surpluses amongst the assured—are alone entitled to encouragement. Mr Sturrock discusses with much acumen the various arrangements of these offices with regard to rates and bonuses. He places the true nature of bonuses in a clear light—not as the result of profits, as is generally said, but of an over-high system of rates, arising from the employment of tables which give unfavourable views of human life. To insure L.1000 in some of the old mutual offices, the sum demanded from a person of thirty years of age is L.25, 10s. 10d.; other offices, which are flourishing, demand only L.20, 15s.; while the experience of many shows that the sum rigidly required, under existing circumstances, is no more than L.16, 19s. 5d. Of course, when an assurer gets a bonus, he only gets back what he had paid more than enough, *minus* the expenses of business. It is necessary, however, for the sake of caution, to exact rates which leave something for contingencies; and hence it were wrong to expect the L.1000 to be insured at thirty for L.16, 19s. 5d. Granting that some moderate sur-

* The Principles and Practice of Life-Assurance. By John Sturrock, Junr. Dundee: 1846.

plusage should be taken, the question arises, In what way should this be disposed of?

This Mr Sturrock calls an unsolved problem. We must say, with deference, that we can see no objection to periodical divisions among the assured, according to the usual methods. The bonus, indeed, if allowed to lie in the society's hands, becomes virtually the basis of a new assurance, whether the member be then eligible in point of health or not: he may be ineligible; but it is a contingency open to all from the beginning, and therefore unfair to none. An office of which Mr Sturrock speaks favourably, and which we ourselves regard with respect, reserves all surplusage for those who have lived so long as to pay in as much as they are assured for. But this we think objectionable, for more than one reason. In the first place, the member who dies before he has paid in so much, is, in reality, no source of *loss* to the society, as is assumed. All took their chance on the strength of the annual payment. If that be in excess even to a shilling, the shilling belonged to the assurer, and he is entitled to get it back, whenever the whole contingencies of the year, or whatever other period may be agreed upon, are discharged. To speak of loss from a short-lived member, is to depart entirely from the principle of life-assurance, and pass into that of a bank deposit, which is quite a different thing. In the second place, the remote postponement of bonus is discouraging. A certain moderate indefiniteness of prospect is agreeable to our nature, and it is a pity not to take advantage of this feeling as an inducement to make men insure. We venture to say that this plan will not be extensively adopted, nor will it be endured beyond the first experiences of the enormous, and, as we think, unjust advantages which it will throw into the hands of the long-lived few.

FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.

On this subject we find the following amusing particulars in a late number of the 'Pictorial Times.' For obvious reasons, we suppress the name of the quack alluded to:—

'From a small pamphlet, entitled "The Art of Making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose: if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is ———, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British isles, but, as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozratee, Persian, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the pills, and use his ointment, according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow-bells. We find him again at Hong-Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depôt: his agents there supply all the islands in the Indian seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port-Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his pills and ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic: at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco, he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West Indian islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean, we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis, and other portions of the Barbary states. Any one taking the trouble to look at the "Journal" and "Courier" of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that ———'s medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entrée of patent medicines, ———'s ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the river Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the ointment and pills. Thus we can show our readers that ——— has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending, as we now do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom. We might add that he has also started his medicines in some parts of France: in some portions of Germany: as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, "The Art of Making Money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope, as the author states, of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for his pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as ———, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. ——— is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. No doubt he has been well repaid for all his labours; and is, we should suppose, in a fair way of making a large fortune. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may, perhaps, sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters. The editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period, ———'s mode of advertising was most prominently set forth: and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.'

To the foregoing we only add the hope, that a higher consideration of what is due to the feelings of readers will soon induce the publishers of newspapers to exclude all advertisements which, like those of ———, are a pollution to their pages.

BEET BREAD.

A discovery has been recently made in Germany—namely, the production of an excellent nutritious bread from beet-root and flour mixed in equal proportions—which is likely to be followed by important results. The present condition of Europe as to food, in consequence of the late potato failures, has drawn the attention of several authorities to the subject; among others, Dr Lindley, who thus delivers his opinion in the 'Gardeners' Chronicle:'—'We have had the experiment tried, by rasping down a red beet-root, and mixing with it an equal quantity of flour; and we find that the dough

rises well, bakes well, and forms a loaf very similar to good brown bread in taste and appearance. We regard this as an important discovery, because there is no crop which can be so readily introduced into Irish cultivation as the beet, and its varieties; because no crop will yield a larger return; and because an abundant supply of seed may be had of it from France. We have long since shown the great value of a beet crop in point of nutrition; that, in fact, it ranks higher than any known plant which is cultivable. But there was always the difficulty of how to consume it, for men would find it a poor diet by itself, and the present circumstances of Ireland are not such as to justify the introduction of produce which can become food for man only after having been transformed into pigs and oxen. The discovery, however, in Germany, of the facility with which it may be combined with bread, removes the difficulty, and places beet incontestably at the head of the new articles which should be introduced into Irish husbandry. In its relation to potatoes, beet stands as 1020 to 433, if its nutritive quality is considered; and as 8330 to 3480 in regard to utilisable produce of all kinds. It is still to be determined what kind of beet could be best cultivated for this purpose. Red beet produces brown bread; white sugar beet would probably yield a white bread, and of still better quality; mangold wurzel we have ascertained to form a bread of inferior quality, but still eatable enough. It is suggested, too, that carrots and parsnips might be employed in the same manner as beet. That, too, we have tried, and we find that parsnips are excellent, but carrots much less palatable. All these substances combine readily with flour, but they are rather unwilling to part with their water, and will probably be best in cakes, like oatmeal.' This is valuable testimony, to which we may add, that mashed beet and rasped bread, well-dried, and slightly browned, form an admirable substitute for table potatoes.

MYSTERIOUS CANINE INSTINCT.

Mr Justice Williams' death was extremely sudden. He had passed the shooting season with his valued friends, Mr and Lady Augusta Milbanke, at the Yorkshire Moors, a family with which he had long been connected, having sat for some years for a borough of the Duke of Cleveland, her ladyship's father. From thence he went to pass a week with Lord Brougham in Westmoreland. While there, he felt a sharp pain in the chest, but this was only mentioned afterwards, for he never spoke of it to Brougham. On his way through London to his residence in Suffolk he consulted his physicians, who considered it as connected with the liver, and of no grave importance. On his arrival at his seat he was seemingly quite well, and went out daily to shoot. After a week or ten days, he was, on the 14th of September, somewhat indisposed, but had been out riding before breakfast. He did not dine at table, there being some visitors there. Lady Williams left him pretty well in the drawing-room, and returned after dinner, but before the company retired from table. She found him apparently well, and playing with her lap-dog. She went to the dining-room, and came back for the dog in three, or, at the most, four minutes after she had left him well. No sooner did she open the drawing-room door than the animal set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked him what ailed the dog, but received no answer. She repeated the question, and seeing him, as she thought, asleep, called his servant to see if his head was not too low. The man said, 'No; he is sleeping comfortably.' She approached him, and again asked him to speak. She observed one eye nearly open, the other half closed, but his colour as usual. The servant and another thought still that he slept, but her ladyship felt sure he was gone. So it proved, for he speedily became cold and pale, nor could any of the remedies that were applied restore him. He had complained, when he awoke just before dinner, that he had in his sleep dreamed of a sword piercing his breast. The examination of the body proved only that all the nobler parts—both head, chest, and abdomen—were in a state of perfect health, except a very slight enlargement of the spleen and liver, of no moment. He never had gout, nor had any of his family. We have entered into this detail on account of the very remarkable circumstance of the dog's instinct. It is quite clear that the poor animal was aware of the fatal change some time before any observer of our own species could discover that the spirit of its master had passed from this world. Many stories have been told of such an instinctive sense, but it has never before, we believe, been established on such irrefragable evidence as the facts above detailed constitute.—*Law Review.*

NONSENSE.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

I KNOW thee not: my wearied eyes
Ne'er rested in fond hope on thine;
Enchainéd by no kindred ties,
Thy soul hath never answered mine.

There mingles not one thought of thee
With the deep musings of my breast;
I look not o'er life's stormy sea
For harbour in thy bower of rest.

A vacant pedestal doth stand
In this lone heart—an empty throne:
That seat thou never canst demand,
Thy very name is there unknown.

And yet, as strays my wayward pen
O'er this fair page, a face I see,
A vision flits across my brain—
A shade—a thought—a dream of thee!

I will not ask what name to call
That beauteous image, and far less
Would I dethrone it, even for all
The charms of living loveliness.

Still let us, then, like strangers here,
Unseen, unknown, unknowing be;
And still be thou—most fair, most dear—
A dream, a mystery to me!

L. R.

THE NEEDLE.

How often have I blessed my needle for rescuing me from the temptations which assail the other sex! Bright and innocent little implement, whether plied over tasteful luxuries, or gaining the poor pittance of a day, thou art equally the friend of her whose visions tend to wander amid the regions of higher abstractions, and of her whose thoughts are pinned down to the tread-mill of thy minute progress! Quiet rescuer from clubs and midnight revels, amid the minor blessings of woman's lot, thou shalt not be forgotten! Still come, and let thy fairy wand shine on her; still lend an ambitious joy to the playthings of the girl; still move unconsciously under the glittering smile of the maiden planning thy triumphant results; still beguile the mother whose thought roves to her boy on the distant ocean, or the daughter watching by the sick-bed of one who has heretofore toiled for her; still soothe the long, dreary moments of faithful love; and though a tear sometimes fall on thy shining point, it shall not gather the rust of despair, since *employment* is thy dower.—*Mrs Gilman's Recollections of a Southern Matron.*

DISLOCATED METAPHOR.

If an individual can *break down* any of those safeguards which the constitution has so wisely and so cautiously erected, by *poisoning* the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will *stab* the administration of justice in its most vital parts.—*Lord Kenyon.*

VALUE OF THE REFUSE OF TOWNS.

Taking a general view of the subject, we may assume a clear revenue from the sewer water of all towns of one pound for each inhabitant, either in a direct money return, or partly to the inhabitants in a reduced price, from the increased abundance of produce.—*Evidence of J. Smith, Esq. of Deanston, before the Health of Towns' Commission.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 167. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847. Price 1½d.

TWO DAYS IN DUNDEE.

The east coast of Scotland, as is well known, is jagged in a very provoking way with several arms of the sea, which push inconveniently up into the country, and are the pest of that fastidious class of travellers who dislike exchanging their seat in a carriage for the less easy deck of a steamer, to heave and flounder, as it may be, on the surface of those great salt-water lakes. On the northern shore of one of these estuaries stands Dundee, a town many centuries old, but vastly increased in size during recent years; and to this ancient, and now busy hive of population I found myself on my way from Edinburgh, one morning lately, at a very early hour. Fortunately, on this occasion, the two firths to be crossed were in fair voyageable condition; and even had they been otherwise, the drive across the intermediate peninsula of Fife would have been ample compensation.

It was a crisp Monday morning in January. The air was clear and exhilarating; the well-cultured fields were already assuming a greenish hue from the rising crops of winter wheat; and trim barnyards, choked with grain, gave token that there was still, to say the least, nothing like positive scarcity in the land. To these and other rural objects of attraction were added some social features of not less interest. The day was the great annual holiday of this part of Scotland—the first Monday of the year, old style, locally known as 'Auld Handsel Monday.' No working in Fife on Auld Handsel Monday. Coal-miners, ploughmen, domestic servants, and bonnet lairds, of which there are great numbers hereabouts, still hold rigorously by this ancient festival. The roads, accordingly, were thronged with parties bound on expeditions to the houses of relatives and friends; some carrying what I presumed to be small presents, and all dressed in their best attire, orderly, and respectable. Strange to find that, after the lapse of a century since the change in the calendar, a holiday according to the old style of reckoning is still kept over a considerable district of country! There are some things which acts of parliament cannot reach, and Auld Handsel Monday is one of them.

But leaving Fife behind, we must get on to Dundee, which, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, issuing from a crowd of lofty chimneys, did not make itself visible till I was actually landed on its quays. The Dundee folks, however, as I am well informed, care little about the smoke; the great thing with them being plenty of orders for the products of their foundries, spinning-mills, and factories. A sagacious, enterprising set of people, with an indomitable spirit of industry, are the inhabitants of Dundee. I like to see a town take up a branch of manufacture in earnest, and stick to it so pertinaciously as to gain from it a name; and a name in manufactures is a fortune. It would be a long story to tell how Dundee struggled into a name for its trade in the coarser species of linens; but this name it finally attained; its celebrity and its population increasing with equal rapidity. Some centuries ago, during the old Scottish monarchy, the only ports of any consequence in this quarter of the kingdom were situated along the southern shore of Fife. In progress of time, down most of these sunk almost to annihilation, and out of the wreck of their trade, with a new trade of its own, arose the port of Dundee. Such, some will say, are the strange vicissitudes of commerce; such, I imagine, are the triumphs of energy over indolence. Good luck has always a good foundation. The way the Dundee folks earn their bread is instructive. A fibrous vegetable grows in Pomerania, and other countries adjoining the Baltic. With soil to grow, the people of these regions possess neither the skill nor the capital to fashion the raw vegetable product into the articles for which it is adapted. In this emergency up rise a handful of Scotsmen on the banks of the Tay, who import the fibrous material in great quantities, hackle, spin, twine, weave, bleach, calender it, and lo and behold! half the ships which speck the wide ocean are provided with sails, and half the planter population of America furnished with a clothing suitable to their burning climate! As in the case of the cotton manufacture, there is something interesting in this process of bringing home a rude, and sending away a finished material. In the course of last year, about forty thousand tons of flax, hemp, and kindred substances were imported at Dundee, and pretty nearly eight hundred thousand pieces of cloth of various sorts exported.

I did not visit the banks of the Tay to see manufactories, but the opportunity was too good to be lost; and by the kindness of those on whom I had occasion to throw myself, I obtained an idea of how a bale of flax may be made to assume the character of a web of sail-cloth. What a spectacle of automatic and human industry is exhibited in the extensive mills of Messrs Baxter Brothers and Company. Here everything is done, from the dressing of the flax to the dismission of the cloth. Six magnificent steam-engines give motion to the apparatus of spinning and weaving, arranged in different edifices within a neatly-kept courtyard. Fourteen hundred individuals are employed in the establishment. Formerly, the process of hackling, or cleansing the fibres of the flax, was performed by hand-labour; but a strike of the persons employed in this department has led to the substitution of machinery, which, from its simplicity and efficiency, appeared to be not the least interesting part of the works. By this ingenious apparatus, a few boys and girls, acting as attendants, execute what was at one time the labour of a hundred and fifty men. Another interesting department comprises

the various large apartments full of spinning frames, superintended almost entirely by young girls, who at certain hours, and in relays, attend a school within the premises. But the most curious sight of all is a large apartment, lighted from the roof, containing two hundred and eighty power-looms (the number shortly to be increased to four hundred), the whole superintended by young women, each of whom has two looms under her charge. These power-looms are made of iron, and of considerable strength, having to perform much heavier work than the weaving apparatus in cotton factories. At the time of my visit, the cloth in most of the looms was a stout fabric, of which bags were to be formed for the importation of flour and grain. A glance at the rapid manner in which the looms went through their operations, showed the folly of attempting to compete with them by hand-weaving. Each girl, I was told, can produce, from the two power-looms which she superintends, as much as four hundred yards of cloth weekly, while no man with a hand-loom, according to the ancient process, could turn out in the same space of time more than one hundred and twenty yards. The struggle at competition, therefore, is melancholy and hopeless: it is a vain battle against the united powers of art and nature. Painful, however, as the spectacle may be in reference to the expiring efforts of the hand-loom weavers, we must not allow humanity to blind us to the fact, that by means of the power-loom the material is not only greatly reduced in price, but is produced quickly, and in abundance, when it is required. Perhaps it could be shown that the present dearth might have been somewhat aggravated but for the services of this useful piece of machinery. It was, at all events, pleasing to see the order, propriety, and diligence that prevailed throughout these extensive mills; regulated, as they appeared to be, by that blending of discipline and benevolence which is desirable in the largest as in the smallest establishment.

I was also conducted over one of the principal calendering concerns in Dundee, a sight which should not be omitted by any one desirous of having a thorough idea of the linen manufacture. At the Trades' Lane Calendering Company, cloth is received in a rough state from the factories, and is subjected to a process of smoothing between a series of heavy iron rollers, moved by steam-power. After this, it is cut in pieces of a certain length, and having received the appropriate marks, and been tied up, is then packed into massive square bales for exportation. The packing is effected by means of monster hydraulic machines, communicating an enormous pressure.

The last scene of manufacturing industry to which I was obligingly admitted, was the extensive engineering establishment of Messrs Kinmonds, Hutton, and Steel, where machines of various kinds and locomotive engines were in the course of preparation by a great number of hands. The principal operations, however, were on locomotives, which I saw in every stage of progress, and which it is impossible to get ready with sufficient speed for the demand. A railway between Dundee and Perth, to be opened in the course of the summer, will absorb not a few of these huge, handsome-looking machines, the price of which, I believe, is about L.2000 each.

It was a curious transition—like the magic shift in a pantomime—to find myself, in the space of an hour, transferred from the tumult of roaring furnaces and clanging hammers to the perfect repose of a gorgeous apartment in one of the finest mansions in the Carse of Gowrie—the sun in its declining splendour tinging with glory the distant hills of Fife, and lighting up with its parting rays a foreground of the most beautiful park scenery in Scotland. A day spent at Rossie Priory with Lord Kinnaird formed a charming interlude in my northern excursion; for to all the usual graces of a person in his rank, his lordship adds an earnest desire to be useful in the great cause of social amelioration; and not only so, but possesses the energy to execute what is with too many a matter of mere sentiment or fruitless talk. Of what Lord Kinnaird has done within his own domains, in the way of moral and physical improvement, it would be presumptuous in me to speak. A wider field of operations has engaged his attention in Dundee—a town, with all its industry and intelligence, requiring the services of men disposed to carry out the purposes of an enlightened philanthropy. For many years his lordship has acted as president of the Watt Institution of Dundee. This is an establishment resembling the Athenæum of Manchester, though on a smaller scale, and is named after the illustrious James Watt—a somewhat more rational plan of honouring a great man than that of erecting a pillar, or any other useless piece of masonry, to his memory.* The Watt Institution was now to have its annual festival; and having been invited to attend on the occasion, I went in company with Lord Kinnaird, its president. The meeting, in the form of a soirée, enlivened by speakers on matters of moral and social advancement, was felt, I believe, to be a somewhat more than usually happy one: to me at least it afforded all the pleasure which I had been led to anticipate.

My visit to Dundee for the purpose of attending this festive meeting, afforded an opportunity, too good to be lost, for seeing a school for beggar and vagrant children, that had been established little more than a month in the town, and in the success of which I felt some considerable interest. What an object of attraction! But every man has his crotchet, and mine is pretty much to this effect—that prisons and police-offices might almost be brought to the agreeable climax of shutting up shop, if wandering destitute children were captured, and forthwith marched off to school. It may perhaps be recollected that, in November 1845, I gave an account in these pages of a visit to Aberdeen, where juvenile vagrancy and crime had been almost annihilated by the establishment of certain Schools of Industry. The narrative would appear to have created some sensation. Humanity was roused to the importance of schools of this nature; and to the credit of two or three places in England, they made an effort to establish institutions on the Aberdeen model. What, however, has been a very amusing consequence of the article in question, is the great amount of talk it elicited without anything being actually undertaken or done. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and numberless other populous towns, in which you can scarcely move a dozen yards without being beset by a child in tatters begging for halfpence, and who lives as much by stealing as mendicancy — in such towns, I say, the talk about getting up Schools of Industry has

* In the museum of the institution I was shown a drawing of an arch, proposed to be erected on one of the quays in honour of her Majesty's landing at the spot a year or two ago. Besides being discreditable in point of architectural taste, this piece of masonry, I feel assured, could be productive of nothing but ridicule, on account of its utter uselessness, and also inappropriateness, to the locality; and I would therefore humbly suggest a reconsideration of the subject before any serious expenses are incurred.

been an uninterrupted clatter during the last fifteen months. Men in authority have gone about half-frantic, talking of what they would do in the way of rescuing poor houseless infants from a life of crime and wretchedness. But the misfortune is, they never do it. Not a child is ever rescued; the police calendar is just as heavy as ever. The thing is all a delusion—a monomania. And yet I would not speak too severely of these benevolent projectors. Connected as they usually are with parochial boards, they would appear to possess neither sufficient influence to move such inert bodies, nor the courage to break away and organise schools on an independent footing. In Aberdeen, and also in Dundee, the error of depending on these bodies has fortunately been avoided. No parochial authority has there been consulted. Private benevolence and enterprise have done it all; and with these agents, what may not be anywhere, and on any matter of social concern, accomplished? However unpleasant comparisons may be, it is worthy of observation that, in point of general zeal and benevolence, Dundee, in the present instance, has gone considerably beyond Aberdeen. In the latter town, the institution of Industrial Schools was the work of comparatively few individuals, inspired by the persevering efforts of Sheriff Watson; and the support of the schools has always been a matter of some difficulty. In Dundee, on the other hand, there has been a surprising activity and unanimity in the whole undertaking. Without regard to sect or party, almost every person possessing the means has entered warmly into the enterprise, and subscribed for its support. Already the annual subscriptions amount to L.500.

Nowhere have I ever seen so healthy a tone of feeling with respect to Industrial Schools as in Dundee—the practical value of such institutions appealing, as it were, to a class of faculties only found in activity among a manufacturing and commercial population. During my stay in Dundee, I visited the Industrial School twice, in order to see it under different aspects. It is situated at the remote extremity of a somewhat obscure lane, and is entirely what such an establishment ought to be—an old house fitted up in a plain way, with a species of courtyard in front. The building, it seems, was an old warehouse, which has been obtained on lease; and the fittings-up consist of only partitions of rough planks, with a suitable number of forms and tables, and a few kitchen utensils for preparing food in one of the apartments. The directors have been particularly fortunate in procuring a master for the boys and a mistress for the girls from Aberdeen, and under the charge of these superintendents I found the work of the school in full operation. No other classification is observed than the separation of the sexes, at all hours except during meals, when they assemble together. Nor would any finical distinction be of much practical value. The whole are children in rags, destitute, and less or more demoralised by begging, or the commission of petty delinquencies. The greater number were barefooted, and the only appearance of superiority as to dress, consisted of the girls being in uniform checked pinafores, which had been supplied by the benevolence of some ladies. Since the opening of the school, 106 pupils—namely, 65 boys, and 41 girls—had been admitted, and nearly all were present on the occasion of my visits. The spectacle of so many little creatures in such a condition and circumstances caused some depressing, but also some cheering, considerations. What a fate, from no blame of their own, had awaited them from birth! What untold miseries had the bulk of them not endured! Let me run over a few of these statistics of juvenile suffering. One child has no father or mother—a homeless, uncared-for being; 30 have no father; 10 have no mother; 16 have been abandoned by their father; 11 have been abandoned by one or both of their parents; and 38 have both parents in town, but almost without exception of worthless character. With respect to their ages—28 are under seven years, 48 between seven and ten, and 30 from ten to fourteen years. Among the whole, 32 are natives of Ireland.

Age forms a very insufficient standard whereby to judge of admissibility. It was originally intended to exclude children less than seven years old, but a short experience proved the fallacy of any such arrangement. One pupil, although no more than six years of age, has been twice in Bridewell—in the second instance for housebreaking. An infant burglar—a criminal from the nursery! Looking round the room at these unfortunate beings, quietly picking at pieces of oakum, the schoolmaster whisperingly observed to me, 'You see there before you some of the most notorious beggars and thieves in Dundee. The bulk of them are known to the police, and have been frequently in confinement. Taught nothing good, their minds are in a terrible state of disorder. But we must do what we can for them.' As far as I was able to judge, the appearance of the heads were not particularly bad; but the physiognomies were unequivocally of a mean order. The truth is, these children are for the most part clever and knowing. Thrown, since their emancipation from the cradle, principally on their own resources, their wits have been precociously sharpened in an extraordinary degree. Their task has been to forage for almost every meal—snatched by their hunger at any hour and in any place—to study all possible means of exciting charity, and to contrive petty depredations; and this has formed an education which, though destructive to the moral feelings, has greatly excited the observing faculties. With the whole mind, however, directed to the accomplishment of bad ends, and accustomed to deal with realities, their cleverness does not enable them readily to comprehend ordinary school instructions. They are at that stage of intellectual advancement which apprehends pictorial representation, but not the language which would attempt to rouse impressions of the same kind in the imagination. May we not from this infer that the intellect of these children resembles the condition of mind common among Europeans generally six or eight centuries ago? If such, as I am inclined to think, be the case, a Ragged School forms an interesting subject of contemplation to the student of human character.

Like the Schools of Industry at Aberdeen, the Dundee establishment was primarily and partly composed of begging children swept from the streets by the police; and as vagrant children are still brought hither, a troublesome nuisance is kept down, or stopped as soon as it arises. There has, however, been little need for compulsion. The scholars attend voluntarily, from being presented with the offer of shelter, warmth, and food; and on this account it has been found necessary to exercise extreme caution as to admissions. Some humane persons would advocate indiscriminate charity, and offer an asylum to all the real or assumed pauper children in the country. Nothing in the present state of society could prove more disastrous than such benevolence. Many parents are so depraved, that they would desert their children, or send them out to beg, in order that they might be captured and taken to these pauper nurseries. Cases of this kind are already well known. Some time ago, a family of young children were found in the streets of Edinburgh, deserted by their parents. Without home or friends, they were taken to the House of Refuge, and there, on public charity, kept for twelve months. At length the worthless parents of these hapless beings applied for the restoration of their children; and in doing so, did not scruple to confess that they had secretly waited at a distance to see their family taken possession of by the police. It had suited their fancy to leave the town for a distant part of the country, and they had adopted this mode of travelling unincumbered. A very convenient way this of handing over children to be reared at the public expense! But revelations still more curious await us. There are parents in Dundee who have been known to remove their children from factories in order to make them beggars. It is all a matter of shillings

and pence. An act of parliament was some time ago passed to prevent children under a certain age from attending in factories more than six hours daily, exclusively of three hours for education. Since this came into operation, the wages of such children have been reduced to fifteenpence a-week. The parents of many, believing that more may be realised by begging, remove their children from the mills, and send them out as mendicants. Latterly, a new alternative has presented itself. The Industrial School is known to give three meals a-day; and the question arises, whether this quantity of food, independently of the charge taken of the children, is not of greater value than the fifteenpence weekly received from the mills, or the money picked up by begging. All, I say, is a matter of calculation, and the poor are shrewd calculators. It would be undesirable here to discuss the expediency or justice of a law which prevents parents in humble circumstances from selling the labour of their children for as much as it will bring in the market. I confine myself to what I heard and saw in Dundee, in relation to what it is to be hoped are exceptional cases of depravity. On the day of my first visit to the School of Industry, several children who had been abstracted from factories applied for admittance, but were very properly refused. One girl, however, who had passed through the transition state of mendicancy, I found had, for a special reason, been received some weeks previously. This unfortunate being confessed to me that she had been formerly employed in a spinning-mill; that her mother took her away from that occupation because she got only a shilling a-week,* and had sent her into the streets to beg; from which she was afterwards brought here to school. If there be the slightest truth in these statements, they demand the most earnest consideration, with a view to adopting measures which shall arrest the progress of parental cupidity, and also of the demoralisation which may possibly ensue from legislative interference with labour.†

Much to the credit of all parties concerned, including a committee of ladies, who are indefatigable in their usefulness, the case of every child brought to the school is carefully investigated, and all who appear to be improper objects are rejected. Besides all requisite examinations into family circumstances, the best, if not the only test of admissibility consists in making the school as little attractive as possible. The obligation to labour for three or four hours daily is a penalty which ought to be rigorously exacted. In Dundee, as I have already mentioned, the school is of a suitably unattractive kind; and labour, blended with elementary instruction, is strictly imposed. The preparation of oakum is the work of the boys, and the girls are employed in knitting, sewing, and other feminine duties. The period of attendance is from half-past eight in the morning till eight in the evening: thus the pupils are removed from the streets during the whole day. They receive a breakfast of oatmeal porridge and treacle, a dinner of barley broth and bread, and a piece of bread before dismissal at night. The fare, though wholesome, would perhaps be rejected by English children; but anything better would be ruinous to the objects of the institution.

Such, then, is the Industrial School of Dundee, which, so far as it has gone, can be spoken of only with commendation. That, under the respectable and careful management it has been so fortunate as to procure, it will realise all reasonable expectations, I have no doubt, and great will be the blessing accordingly. I have only one word to say in concluding this rambling narrative, and that is, to express my gratification at finding so many young men concerned in objects of public usefulness in Dundee. And is this not altogether a favourable trait of our age? In the healthy young mind of Britain, coming more and more prominently into action, we are to look for much that is desirable in the social amelioration of our country. And how much more glorious the career which opens to the young men of the present day, in effecting objects of general improvement, than that which fell to the lot of their predecessors—a generation doomed to spend a lifetime amidst the profitless wranglings of party, and whose minds, untrained to a single exact principle, were little else than a dreary chaos of prejudice and error! Go on, young men, everywhere, in the great crusade now happily commenced against human ignorance, selfishness, and depravity. To your hands—to the hands of men who will work, instead of talking—I commend the consideration of many questions besides the establishment of Industrial Schools. W. C.

* The practice is to give a shilling weekly, and to pay the accumulated additional threepences at the end of twelve months. If the children are suddenly or capriciously removed, these threepences are forfeited. Unless for this security, there would be no regular attendance.

† In the school a book is kept, in which the particulars of all applications are entered. From this record the following extracts have been handed to me:—

'Dec. 13, 1846.—William B——, thirteen years old, applied. Father dead. Boy was working at Mr Edwards's mill; had left it, being taken away by his mother in summer, because he was on half-time, and has been wandering about the town and country since. He left the work because he got only one shilling weekly. Case refused.

'Dec. 15.—Jessie R——, eleven years old. Applied under the name of Mary Bachelor, daughter of James B——. Lives in Bonnet Hill, Dundee. About a year ago, she was taken by her parents from Messrs Baxters's mill because she was on half-time, earning only one shilling weekly, and was sent into the streets to beg. She pretended to be deaf and dumb, and was taught to act in that manner by her father. Admitted.' This is the girl with whom I conversed in the school, and she was described to me as having been a dexterous impostor. She had been induced to speak only after a course of kind treatment.

LOVE AND FIDELITY.

A TALE.

In the autumn of 1816, a chaise drove up to the gateway of an ancient château, situated near to St André de Cubzac, a village in Gascony, on the road southward to Bourdeaux. The fortunes of this château were remarkable. It had for ages been the residence of the Counts de Marcillæ, but at this period it was inhabited by no other human being than an old peasant woman, named Petronille, and her daughter.

Petronille was a singular woman: she had nursed the last Count de Marcillæ; and although this was now forty years ago, the lapse of time did not prevent her from still feeling towards her nursling the affection of a mother, notwithstanding she had not seen him since the year 1778, when the Countess de Marcillæ quitted the castle with her son to rejoin her husband in Paris. She had remained there until the Revolution. The family was then obliged to fly. The empire had since crumbled away, and then came the restoration; but Petronille had not heard of her masters even once during all this series of years.

Great misery reigned throughout the château de Marcillæ. The lands lay uncultivated, and had ceased to bear; the vine-stocks not being renewed, had perished one by one; the walls, already very old, grew dilapidated; the roof fell in, and large gutters were formed in it, so that when it rained, one was scarcely more sheltered within than without. Petronille had, many and many a time, sent letters to the countess, but she never received any answer. Judge, then, the astonishment and joy of the poor old woman when from this postchaise descended the Count de Marcillæ and his daughter, now only two years old. When they had entered, the door closed, and the postchaise returned with the horses at full gallop.

That evening all the gossips of St André vied with each other who should have most to say on the subject of the unusual arrival: they were lost in con-

jectures, especially when they saw not the castle-gate reopen, and Petronille run about the village to purchase supper for her guests. The next morning, therefore, when she made her appearance, she was met by a dozen of her intimates, who had been watching for her.

'Well, neighbour, who is this that comes without ceremony to establish himself at the castle?'

'If he comes without ceremony to establish himself at the castle,' said Petronille, standing erect, and playing with the ribbon which held her scissors to her apron, 'it is probably because he has a right to do so.'

'It is, then, the Count de Marcillæ?' was returned around.

'Just as you say,' replied Petronille, bridling up her chin, and biting her lip.

'He! the count! in a black stock, worn-out coat, and shoes down at the heel! The count, then, returns ruined, my good Petronille?'

'Ruined!' exclaimed the latter, crimsoned with anger and shame; 'he returns no such thing.'

'No such thing!' giggled a neighbour; 'where are, then, his trunks?—where is his baggage?'

'His equipages?' added another.

'His horses, his liveries, his out-riders, as in the time of the late countess?' said an old woman of the quarter, who had known the luxury of the Marcillæs.

'All these will arrive in time,' answered Petronille with downcast eyes.

'Tell us, at least, what child that is which he held by the hand?'

'That is Mademoiselle Amélie de Marcillæ,' replied Petronille proudly.

'And the countess—what of her?'

'We have lost her! But let me alone,' added she, pretending great haste; 'for till the count's people come, there are none but myself and my daughter to wait on him. I have to purchase provisions, and my young lady waits for her milk.' Then elbowing right and left, Petronille bustles past with a look of great importance.

'We can no longer speak to her,' cried the gossips, 'because her count is arrived. One would think she was become duchess. When the castle is put on its old footing, with its army of valets, its horses, its carriages, there will be no doing with her.'

But a day, two days, a week passed away, and no change took place in the appearance of the castle. But for seeing the count, who was sometimes met alone on foot, and the little girl, whom Petronille proudly took on an airing through the village, one would never have supposed that the owner was returned. When poor Petronille, therefore, or her daughter Marguerite went into the village, there was no end to rallying them, and their pride was put to hard trials. It was but too true their master was ruined. The Count and Countess de Marcillæ had lost everything but this castle in the Revolution, and they had escaped to the United States, where they died. Their son could have repaired his fortune by a rich marriage, but he loved his cousin, a poor emigrant like himself. He married her, but he had the unhappiness to lose her after she had given birth to a daughter, the child in question. In his sorrow, he thought of his country, from which he had been absent so many years; and he was now returned to inhabit the ruined castle, his only remaining possession.

'Petronille, my good nurse,' said he to the country-woman, 'I have just borrowed a rather considerable sum on my property: on this sum I must live and bring up my daughter, the child of my dear Henrietta.'

'Yes, monseigneur,' returned Petronille, for she could not bring herself to call her master monsieur; 'do not be uneasy; we will deprive ourselves of everything for this dear child.'

The count took her hand, pressed it in silence in his own, and Petronille was happy at this mark of familiar affection.

Nor was she undeserving of this attention. Petronille was no ordinary domestic. She was the friend as well as the servant of the family. Besides keeping up all proper appearances before the villagers, she contrived all sorts of ways and means for procuring a few comforts to her impoverished master and his child. In order to purchase articles of family consumption at a cheap price, she would go long journeys during the night, and with great toil bring home a loaded basket on her head. The count himself never knew of these sacrifices. Petronille did not work for thanks, but for the pleasure of performing what she considered her duty.

Matters went on in this way for six months. At that time the Count de Marcillæ fell ill, and feeling his end approaching, he called Petronille. 'My old nurse,' said he to her, 'I am dying. Listen to me attentively, and remember my words. As soon as I shall be no more, you will take the money which you will find in my secrétaire; you will set out for Paris with my daughter; and you will take her to Madame de Mazans, my poor wife's aunt. This lady has but one son; she is very rich; she will receive my dear little one kindly—at least I hope so.'

'I will do your will, monseigneur,' replied Petronille weeping.

'Go, beg the parish priest to come to me.'

An hour after, the Count de Marcillæ resigned his soul to God, and Amélie was an orphan.

This was a heavy stroke to poor Petronille. She took to her bed of fever; and foreseeing that she would not rise from it, she said to her daughter, 'Marguerite, I am going on high to rejoin monseigneur. When I am dead, you will have me buried as near the Marcillæs as possible; then you will find a purse in that secrétaire; take it—monseigneur gave it to me before he died; you will add to this money that which you will find in the old tinder-jug, and you will set out for Paris with mademoiselle. Here is the address of Madame de Mazans: you will give up to that lady the daughter of monseigneur; and, let Mademoiselle de Marcillæ be able to repay your services or not, you will continue with her. If this cousin should not wish to receive mademoiselle, you will work to support her: it is your duty. I am a Lignac; you also are one; and the Lignacs have always been in the service of the Marcillæs.'

'Very well, mother,' replied Marguerite; 'it shall be done according to your wish.'

In a month after, a young country-girl and a child landed from the boat, which had made the passage from Bourdeaux to Paris in eight days.

The girl having inquired where Madame de Mazans resided, a man who was standing by replied, 'You could not have addressed yourself to any one who could better inform you than myself—I am her house-porter. Madame is just set out for Italy with her son, the Count Armand, who is, it is said, in delicate health. From Italy they will go into Greece—into the East. In fact, they are not expected to return for a long time; as a proof of this, the house is let for a dozen years to a Russian family. I am only come from the coach-office, where I had been to see if the strangers were arrived. And now that you have been informed, I will wish you a good morning,' said the porter, politely taking off his hat, and going away.

The poor girl remained motionless in the street, not knowing what to reply to Amélie, who asked her, 'Where are we going now, Marguerite?'

Marguerite would not have been the daughter of Petronille if she did not know how to extricate herself from a difficulty. The captain of the boat, to whom she now applied, conducted her to the house of a woman whom he knew. She had a small room disengaged, on the ground-floor, and looking into the street. The strangers were installed in it, a modest dinner was served to them, and they were left alone. Having dined, and made Amélie dine, Marguerite put her to bed in the only one there was; she then let down the window, and remained at it, leaning on her elbows, till

day found her asleep. I cannot tell what passed through the country-girl's mind during the night, but as soon as she heard some one stirring in the house in the morning, she went to the hostess.

'Madame,' said she, 'I want the address of a good boarding-school.'

'Good boarding-schools are expensive,' said the woman, casting a glance of contempt on the slender baggage of the travellers.

'We want not money, madame. Name the best, I pray you,' said Marguerite with that air of pride which she derived from her mother.

'In that case I would recommend to you Madame Lartigue's, in the Faubourg du Roule, where are noble and rich young ladies only.'

'Mademoiselle de Marcillæ, whom I attend, is noble and rich,' replied Marguerite. She put on Amélie's best frock and bonnet, asked for a hackney-coach, and desired to be driven to the address named.

'Madame,' said Marguerite to the mistress of the boarding-school, 'I bring you Mademoiselle de Marcillæ. Her father and mother are dead, and her only living relation, Madame de Mazans, is to be absent from France for twelve years; but do not be uneasy as to payment for mademoiselle, I will answer to you for it.'

Madame Lartigue smiled. 'You will answer to me for the payment of Mademoiselle de Marcillæ's schooling,' said she; 'but who will answer for you?'

'Madame,' replied Marguerite with a countenance like scarlet, 'my mother, Petronille, was the count's nurse: his castle is near Bourdeaux. We had there the confidence of our master.'

'That is well, my good girl; but know, that if I receive mademoiselle into my house, it is from consideration and respect for her misfortunes. After this, if you pay me, so much the better. I am the mother of a family, and I am not forbidden to think of my interest; but if you pay me not, so much the better still—I shall have done a good deed. Therefore, my little Gascon, do not put yourself to the trouble of protestations; and be at ease as to the lot of your young mistress.'

Marguerite was, however, about to make fresh protestations; but the epithet, *little Gascon*, shut her mouth. She paid the first year's schooling, wept much in taking leave of Amélie, and withdrew, irritated at how little was thought of her word.

However, two years passed away without Marguerite's reappearance, and though Madame Lartigue was not uneasy, Amélie was deeply grieved at it. 'If she should be dead—she also!' said the little girl weeping; 'for all that I love, die: papa, Petronille, and mamma, whom I did not know.'

But the last day of this second year Marguerite presented herself in the reception-room, paid to Madame Lartigue the year due, and all other expenses required for Amélie. 'You see, madame, that I am not so much of a Gascon,' said she proudly. She then demanded to see her young mistress; wept with joy at seeing her grown handsome, tall, and stout, and then retired, promising to return before long. Notwithstanding, she returned not till the same day in the following year. She not only brought the money due for the past year, but also another considerable sum, in order that Amélie should have the best masters in music and drawing.

Madame Lartigue now thought she ought to question Marguerite. 'I have made inquiries about M. de Marcillæ, mademoiselle, and I find he has left no property; where, then, do you get this money?'

'This money is obtained by honest means, madame,' replied Marguerite. One need have only seen the firm look with which she accompanied these words, and the calmness of her countenance, to be certain that she told the truth. She then added, stooping her head a little, 'The count, when dying, left to my mother a sum of money to bring up his daughter: that sum is not yet exhausted.' Madame Lartigue had nothing more to say.

Marguerite was seen only once a-year. Each time this question was renewed, and the Gascon—it was thus she was called, because of her accent, which did not become modified by time—still made the same answer, and concealed everything about herself, even to the place of her abode.

Amélie joined her intreaties to those of Madame Lartigue's, but she obtained nothing more.

The day which Marguerite had fixed to bring to Mademoiselle de Marcillæ the money for her schooling, the hour of twelve saw her arrive every year, paler and more fatigued than when last she presented herself, but her eyes were radiant with happiness. In one hand she brought her purse of money, and in the other some presents. As long as Amélie was a child, those presents consisted of playthings, sweetmeats, and cakes; at a later period she brought a frock, a jewel, or some music. Fourteen years passed thus. Amélie had attained her sixteenth year. She was blooming and beautiful; but the peasant girl was become old. As to her costume, it was changed in nothing; it was still the woollen petticoat, showing the small of the legs, in blue stockings, and her little feet, much at their ease, in small-pointed, large, black wooden shoes, called *sabots*; her long waist, and high bonnet of white linen. The secrecy which reigned throughout Marguerite's actions displeased the frank and open disposition of Madame Lartigue, and disquieted the confiding spirit of Amélie. Madame de Mazans, the only one who had a right to demand an explanation from Marguerite, or to refuse her gifts, was still absent; and all that could be done, then, was to wait with patience, till time cleared up the mystery.

In 1833, being the seventeenth anniversary of the entrance of Amélie into Madame Lartigue's school, twelve o'clock struck without Marguerite making her appearance as usual. At first no one was in the least uneasy. 'She will come by and by,' said Amélie; but the day closed, the night succeeded, and Marguerite appeared not. Uneasiness began to gain upon the orphan. 'If any evil should have happened to her!—if she should be dead! Oh, my God! behold me then alone upon the earth!' cried she; and neither the caresses of Madame Lartigue, nor her assurances of friendship, could console her. 'Alas!' said the sorrowing girl, 'I know well that you would do for the poor orphan what Marguerite has done for her, but you cannot speak to me of my father! You did not know him!' At this thought Amélie was inconsolable, and she wept bitterly. She could neither listen to comfort nor receive any, and she began crying out, 'Marguerite!—Marguerite! do not abandon me!'

'Here am I,' said a voice, but so broken, that Amélie did not at first recognise it; but quickly turning round, she found herself in the arms of Marguerite.

The first moment of surprise over, Amélie and Madame Lartigue were about to ask the cause of her absence, especially the cause of the alteration and fright which appeared in her countenance, when the porter announced that a gentleman earnestly intreated to speak with Madame Lartigue. Immediately a man, still young, though not sufficiently so to excuse his impetuosity, precipitated himself into the room, looked round, perceived Madame Lartigue, and suddenly his manners became what might be expected from his appearance—that is, elegant and dignified.

'Madame,' said he, advancing towards Madame Lartigue, and saluting her with all the ease and grace of a man of fashion, 'I pray you to excuse so strange conduct, of which I am about to explain the motive. But first, I beseech you, tell me if you know that person?' He pointed to Marguerite, who, at the sight of the intruder, became visibly disturbed; then all at once she seemed to take a resolute part.

'Sir,' replied Madame Lartigue in a grave tone, 'I would first pray you to inform me to whom I have the honour to speak?'

'My intention is not to conceal my name, madame; permit me, in the first place, to explain the cause of my abrupt entrance. Lately arrived in Paris, I went

yesterday to the French theatre, and coming out by Montpensier Street, where I had ordered my carriage to wait, a voice struck my ear—a clear, harmonious voice, each vibration of which went to the heart. I knew it; I had already heard it at Rome, at Turin, at Florence, at Madrid, at Seville, at Cordova, and I could not mistake it; for it had a Gascon accent, which reminded me of Bourdeaux, my native place. Everywhere I heard it, I made my way through the crowd to come near the singer, and everywhere I found her enveloped in a long brown dress, with her face covered by a black veil: nothing betrayed her age. Judge my astonishment when yesterday I heard the same voice, especially the same accent. I rushed towards the singer—it was still the same figure; and I cried out, "Whoever you are, I will know you!" It drew back, gained one of the numerous passages of the Palais Royal, and disappeared. This evening, going through the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, when I arrived at the Place Beaneau, I saw a little Savoyard; he asked alms of a woman whose dress was such as the inhabitants of Bourdeaux wear; she gave him a silver piece, saying, "Here, poor little thing!' I recognised the voice of my mysterious singer. This woman has entered your house. This is the reason, madame, that I have presented myself in a manner so inconsistent.'

'Explain yourself, mademoiselle,' said Madame Lartigue in a severe tone.

'What!' cried Amélie; 'could this singer be you, Marguerite? Oh! it is impossible: it was not you!'

'It *was* I, mademoiselle,' replied Marguerite with a composed and smiling countenance. 'You remember our voyage to Paris,' continued she. 'The absence of the only relation who could take care of you disturbed me to such a degree, that I could not sleep the first night of our arrival. I was but a child, having a child to bring up—to protect. I had, it is true, a large sum given by your father, but what was that sum in comparison to what was necessary? Not being able to sleep, I opened our little room window, and prayed God to inspire me what to do, when two persons passed. "How much did you get?" inquired a woman. "Three francs," said a man. "And you?" "I have got four; three and four make seven. May Heaven send us so much every day! and we shall be able to rear our children. Ah!" continued she, "where is the time when I got twenty francs for my singing! Alas! my voice is not now clear and sweet, as when we travelled. And in the provinces, in foreign countries especially, when I sang the songs of Paris, white pieces, even yellow ones, were showered upon me." I heard not the rest of the conversation; but one thing I marked, that with a fine voice —and I knew that mine was so—more than usually so—one could get twenty francs a-day. I instantly determined on my course. I paid one year's schooling for you, mademoiselle: I could absent myself one year: I set about learning all the new songs, and I then set out. I was very young to travel in this way. The first time I sang, my youth drew upon me more words than my voice gained sous; but Heaven inspired me with the idea of concealing myself in a long dark coarse dress and black veil; and I had the pleasure to hear it said around me—"That creature must be very ugly to conceal herself thus!" Seventeen years have now passed away. Mother on high! you ought to be content,' said the devoted girl, raising her eyes to Heaven. 'I have been able to bring up the child of our master; to pay the mortgage that weighed down his castle. I have had it repaired: the castle de Marcillæ is now fit to receive its young mistress!'

'Marcillæ!—near Bourdeaux?' quickly demanded the stranger, whose presence Amélie and Madame Lartigue had forgotten during Marguerite's simple and touching recital. This young lady is Mademoiselle de Marcillæ?' cried he. Then addressing the elder lady, he added—'Madame, will you be so good as to permit me to present my respects to my cousin? I am Armand de Mazans, mademoiselle,' said he to Amélie. 'I will go for my mother; she will be delighted to find the daughter of her beloved niece, a trace of whom she has been unable to discover, though she has addressed several letters to Bourdeaux.'

As soon as M. de Mazans was gone, Madame Lartigue complimented Marguerite on her generous devotedness; and Amélie threw herself, all in tears, on the neck of the noble girl.

'Become my sister; let the fortune gained by you be shared between us. I owe you everything, Marguerite, even to the family which you have enabled me to find.'

The affectionate caresses of Amélie were interrupted by the arrival of Madame de Mazans and her son.

Our story may now be said to be finished. We have only to add, that Amélie went to reside with her aunt, and was afterwards married to her cousin, the Marquis de Mazans. The faithful Marguerite was now happy. Installed as housekeeper of the old family castle in Gascony, and rejoicing in occasional visits of her mistress, she had nothing in this earth to wish for; her life having afforded one of the most charming instances on record of two things, without which this world would be a desert—Love and Fidelity.

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR AND THE BENCH.

In a recent number,* we extracted from a single series of papers in the *Law Review* some pleasantries which were probably found amusing. Scattered throughout the whole work, however, so far as it has gone—buried in the profundity of its learning, and entangled in the meshes of its technicalities—there is a fund of anecdote well worth extrication; and for the sake of the general reader, we shall dedicate this article to the task. Some of the anecdotes are little more than amusing; some important; but all, to a greater or less extent, throw light upon legal biography.

The sketch of Mr Scarlett, afterwards Lord Chief-Baron Abinger, is a finished portrait in little. He was, it seems, naturally irritable, but habitually good-tempered; his apparent placidity was drawn over a somewhat sensitive interior; and thus, in conjunction with the keen feelings of a man, he possessed the two great qualifications of a Nisi Prius leader—'perfect quickness of perception and decision, and imperturbable self-possession.' At Nisi Prius the leader is like a general, who comes into the field of battle, with a knowledge, it is true, of his numerical strength, but ignorant of the thousand circumstances by which that may be acted upon, and aided by nothing more than a conjecture as to the tactics of the enemy. The difference between the two sides of Westminster Hall is graphically drawn in the Review. 'What was all argument, all talk in Equity, is here all work, all action. What was all preparation and previous plan there, here is all the perception of the moment, the decision at a glance, the plan of the instant, the execution on the spot. The office of the leader here well deserves its name; he is everything; his coadjutors are useful, but they are helps only; they are important, but as tools rather than fellow-workmen; they are often indispensable, but they are altogether subordinate. . . . So far is the advocate at Nisi Prius in the dark as to his own case and witnesses. But of his adversary's, he knows little or nothing; he may have to meet a story of which he had no kind of warning whatever; and he may have to protect his witnesses against evidence called to discredit them, by proving that they have told a different story to others from that which they have told in court. Documents, letters, receipts, acquittances, releases, title-deeds, judgments, fines, recoveries—all may meet him, as well as unexpected witnesses; and on the spot he may have to devise and execute his measures of protection or of defence.' The analogy between a general and a Nisi Prius leader may be carried further; for in both, physical qualities are quite secondary to mental ones. The military

* Journal, No. 165.

commander may be unable to fight well, and the legal one to speak well; but in both, such defects will be atoned for by the capacity to lead. Mr Scarlett, for instance, was far from being a distinguished orator. His delivery was rather free from defects than striking in itself; and perhaps his greatest advantage of this kind was a sweet and pleasing voice—'insomuch that a lady of good sense and of wit once said, that as some people are asked to sing, Mr Scarlett should be asked to speak, so agreeable and harmonious were his tones, though of little compass or variety. . . . The greater feats of oratory he hardly ever tried. He had no deep declamation, no impassioned effusion. He indulged in no stirring appeals either to pity or terror; he used no tropes or figures; he never soared so high as to lose sight of the ground, and so never feared to fall. But he was an admirable speaker; and for all cases, except such as occur once in the course of several years, he was quite as great a speaker as could be desired.'

We are now prepared to hear that no man was ever more renowned than Mr Scarlett as a *verdict-getter*. Both his merits and defects appear to have worked towards this point. What he did was without apparent effort. His triumphs were so easy and natural, that they did not seem to be triumphs at all! 'A country attorney,' says the Review, 'perhaps paid him the highest compliment once when he was undervaluing his qualifications, and said—"Really there is nothing in a man getting so many verdicts who always has the luck to be on the right side of the cause." This reminds one of Partridge in "Tom Jones," who thought Garrick was a poor actor, for any one could do all he did—"he was nothing of an actor at all."* His weight with the court and jury was not unhappily expressed by another person, when asked at what he rated Mr Scarlett's value—"A thirteenth juryman," was the answer.'

The following anecdote illustrates in a remarkable manner what has been said about the sensitiveness of the man, concealed under the surface of the lawyer:—'A remarkable instance is remembered in Westminster Hall of his acting in the face of the jury, at the critical moment of their beginning to consider their verdict. He had defended a gentleman of rank and fortune against a charge of an atrocious description. He had performed his part with even more than his accustomed zeal and skill. As soon as the judge had summed up, he tied up his papers deliberately, and with a face smiling and easy, but carefully turned towards the jury, he rose and said, loud enough to be generally heard, that he was engaged to dinner, and in so clear a case there was no occasion for him to wait what must be the certain event. He then retired, deliberately bowing to the court. The prosecuting counsel were astonished at the excess of confidence or of effrontery; nor was it lost upon the jury, who began their deliberation. But one of the juniors having occasion to leave the court, found that all this confidence and fearlessness had never crossed its threshold—for behind the door stood Sir James Scarlett trembling with anxiety, his face the colour of his brief, and awaiting the result of "the clearest case in the world" in breathless suspense.'

The following curious anecdote occurs in a notice of Mr Twiss's life of Eldon:—'We have mentioned his wife, and this leads us to the subject of his marriage. He eloped with Miss Surtees from her father's home in Newcastle, she descending from her room by a ladder to join him. They were married in Scotland by a clergyman of the Established Church, who thereby incurred (of which Mr Twiss seems not to be aware) the penalty of ecclesiastical censure, though the marriage was valid, as indeed it would have been had no clergyman at all interfered. The young couple returned to Morpeth the same day, and finding no room in the inn, were accommodated by the landlord giving them up his own for the bridal chamber. The parents of both parties in a short time forgave this great breach of discipline; but Lord Eldon often appeared afterwards to have it in his eye; and on one occasion, having expressed himself strongly on the impropriety of such an act where a ward of court had been carried off to Gretna Green, he said that it was an offence not to be lightly thought of; on the contrary, one which called for a well-spent after-life to redeem it. The hearers merrily said, "My Lord Chancellor is plainly insinuating a compliment to himself." It is a somewhat singular thing, that at the same time the head of the ecclesiastical establishment, the head of the law, and the great officer of state, next but one to the chancellor, should all have made runaway marriages. When Mr Brougham, in answer to Mr Baron Wood's reprobation of runaway matches in Lolly's case at Lancaster, mentioned that, bad as it might be, the same thing had been done by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Privy Seal, the learned baron said, "I don't believe it"—and so put it to the jury, observing, however, that it was immaterial to the question of bigamy which they were trying. But he beckoned to the learned counsel while the jury were deliberating, and asked how the fact stood; and upon being told, laughed very heartily, never having heard it before except as regarded the chancellor.'

Lord Eldon's habit of doubting, or hesitating, is amusingly illustrated from his own Anecdote Book, in which he is shown utterly to spoil the stories he told *viva voce* with admirable effect. They came well from his lips; but in committing them to paper, he had time to qualify them, and they are thus only 'the ghosts, or rather the mummies of their originals.' It was not always on paper, however, that he qualified. 'Having said something against a man in a public station, he stopped short with this, "Though far be it from me, my lords, to say anything against any man in any office, for that I know lays me open to hear his panegyric." So, if he ever was betrayed into praise himself, he would hasten to retract it, as it were to set himself right. Once giving the reason for appointing Lord Kenyon Chief-Justice in preference to Mr Justice Buller, he said, "I hesitated long between the corruption of Buller and the intemperance of Kenyon, and decided against Buller. Not, however, that there was not a deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance."'

The portrait of Mr Baron Garrow is curious. This lawyer was very great in the examination of witnesses, a business of immense importance, as well as difficulty, requiring attributes of a very peculiar order—at the head of which may be placed discretion. From his extensive knowledge, he was at home even in the vocabulary of crime, and sometimes produced by this means a startling effect upon the accused, who little thought that they saw on the bench one who, for the minuteness of his knowledge of their craft, might have been an accomplice. 'None who were present will forget the impression thus made upon an unhappy coiner, tried before him on the Oxford circuit. This man conducted his own defence, and did so with much skill and more effrontery. The judge seemed quite absorbed in admiration of the prisoner's ingenuity, and contrived to fill him with the delusion that he was so—a delusion from which there was soon to be a fearful waking. "My lord," he vociferated, "there were only two bad half-crowns found upon me. If I was making a trade of it, it stands to reason I'd have had more;" and he looked up to the bench quite confident of its sympathy. Garrow's white eyes glared upon the culprit, and in a tone which assured him all their secrets were in common, playfully replied, "Perhaps, sir, the *wallop* was exhausted." The word, and the tone of its enunciation, at once unnerved the prisoner; he felt he had before him a professor of his

* 'He the best player!' said Partridge with a contemptuous sneer. 'Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did.'—*Tom Jones*, book xvi. c. 5.

craft, whom it was quite useless to attempt to mystify, and he resigned himself to his fate. "Gentlemen," said Garrow blandly to the jury, who shared in the ignorance of all around them, "a *wallop* is a term of freemasonry amongst coiners. It means the hidden heap of counterfeits to which they resort for a supply when the exigencies of the profession may require one."'

An instance of ignorance, quite equal to Garrow's, is given by Mr Warren in his introduction to 'Law Studies.' 'Some two or three years ago, a counsel, manifestly not having enjoyed a very superior education, was engaged in arguing a case in *banco*, at Westminster, before four very able judges, one of them being a man remarkable for his logical acuteness and dexterity. "No, no, *that* wont do," said he, suddenly interposing; "put the converse of the proposition, Mr ——; try it *that* way." The judge paused; the counsel, too, paused, while a slight expression of uneasiness flitted over his features. He expected the judge to "put the converse" for him; but the judge did not. "Put the converse of the proposition, Mr ——, and see if that will hold," repeated the judge with some surprise, and a little peremptoriness in his tone. But it was unpleasantly obvious that Mr —— could not "put the converse" of his proposition, nor understand what was meant. Some better-informed brother barrister whispered to him the converse of the proposition; but it was useless. Mr —— faltered—repeated a word or two, as if mechanically. "Well!" said the judge, kindly suspecting the true state of the case, "go on with your argument, Mr ——."' The same writer tells us—'A very eloquent and eminent counsel some time ago gave his hearers the following evidence of his having long ago forgotten his early logical studies. "Gentlemen," said he, vehemently addressing a jury at Westminster, "my learned friend undertook to produce a man who was present; did he? No; on the *contrary*, he produced a *woman*." The jury laughed heartily; so did the judge and the bar; but for different reasons.'

Mr Boteler was an admirable man, and a sound lawyer, whose advancement was hindered by the extraordinary defect of 'excessive and insuperable modesty!' He died from the consequences of a railway accident; and we conclude, for the present, with an instance of heroic endurance which has few parallels. 'The first moments of the calamity served strongly to illustrate the kind and considerate nature of Mr Boteler. His attention had been called to the cries and lamentations of a fellow-passenger in the same carriage, and accordingly he directed those who came to his assistance to attend first to his companion, and then mildly observed that he feared his own legs were broken. They were, in truth, smashed to pieces. Not a complaint or murmur escaped him. Horrible as must have been the shock to the system, his calmness and composure never forsook him. It has been mentioned that he very early inquired after his luggage; but it was not added, and indeed could not be known, that he was really inquiring after his papers, some of which were of the utmost importance to his family. Matters comparatively trivial, and which would scarcely have deserved notice if nothing had happened, were not forgotten. Upon his removal to his own house, medical advice was speedily in attendance. The professional men of eminence and experience, to whom for that reason such scenes must have been long familiar, witnessed the patience and fortitude of Mr Boteler with perfect astonishment. It was soon intimated to him that amputation afforded the only chance; and he adopted the alternative without hesitation, and almost without emotion. He had long been attentive to surgical cases, and interested in them, and as the process was going on, he continued to make minute inquiries, step by step, as to the course pursued, apparently as if to procure information—most certainly as if he himself had not been the subject. After the operation he gradually sunk, and the third day brought his sufferings to an end.'

The world generally has very imperfect notions as to the labours of judges and barristers in England—we mean barristers in good practice. The quantity of work which some counsel get through is immense. To be sure it is mostly working by the head; but this is more destructive to health than even labour with the hands. When we hear of counsel being promoted to the bench, or made lord chancellors, we perhaps think they cannot have earned such a reward by anything they have done. In many cases, doubtless, ministerial favour is too often the cause of preference; nevertheless, the greater number of barristers so favoured have been exceedingly hard-working men. What toils, for example, did Brougham, Campbell, Spankie, Wilde go through! The following was the sort of life which one of these men—we shall not say which—led for several years. Rose at half-past four in the morning; carriage at the door at a quarter to five; arrived at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields at five exactly. A fire being previously lighted by an attendant, sat down immediately with clerk to business, and continued working till nine. At nine, attendant brings in two cups of coffee and rolls, on which master and man breakfast, without scarcely moving from their seats. Work goes on till a quarter to ten. Carriage at the door. The barrister now drives off to the courts. Has to attend to perhaps thirty cases. At the courts, pleading, and running about from point to point, till four. Carriage waiting, and back to chambers. Business and orders given to clerk. Dine on a chop. Carriage at the door at a quarter to six. Drive to the House of Commons. Make a speech, and remain in the House till midnight. Carriage at door, and drive home. In bed at one. Up again at half-past four. And so on, five or six nights every week, during terms and the sitting of the House. Such hard work is enough to kill a horse, and how many men sink under it! At the beginning of the season, men of the class we mention look healthy and robust; but towards the conclusion, they are seen to be pale, lank, and feeble. They may be making a fortune, or putting themselves on the high road to the attorney-generalship, or chancellorship, but at what a cost of mental and bodily labour!

People who envy the position of legal dignitaries, do not reflect on, perhaps do not know of, these things. We have heard it said, as a general principle, that no man need expect to attain eminence in the law who cannot exist on three hours' sleep, rise at four in the morning, and kindle his own fire! All the great men of the profession have gone through a due course of these privations.

THE COUNT VAN HORN.

A SKETCH OF BYGONE TIMES.

Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., France was in a state of monetary convulsion, only faintly imaged in this country by the late bubble mania, and the panic which succeeded it. In England, the mischief—supposing the amounts at issue to have been the same—was more widely distributed, and therefore less striking in its results. Here, the commercial relationship and intelligence between the capital and the provinces resemble in some sort an instinct animating the whole community. Touch even the most distant extremity, and the vibration is instantaneously communicated to the centre; touch the centre, and the thrill runs throughout the entire country. But in France, in the early part of the last century, this mercantile sensibility had little or no existence. Paris was the seat of the mighty bubble; and the people, instead of ruining themselves quietly at home by means of the post, rushed in frantic crowds to the capital. Thither also repaired adventurers and speculators from all other parts of Europe; the whole world was parched with the sacred thirst of gold; and Paris seemed to the

imaginations of men an inexhaustible fountain, where all might drink and be satisfied. It was the era, in short, of the celebrated Mississippi scheme, by which the country was brought to the brink of ruin through the magnificent errors of a man of genius.

It is now pretty generally supposed, that although the cupidity of the regent may at first have been awakened by Law, the Scottish adventurer was eventually forced onward in his extraordinary career by the regent. The latter, with a fine person, winning manners, quick talents, and the most daring courage, was yet utterly depraved. He did not even believe in virtue. He turned everything respectable or serious into a jest; and he did not enjoy less the society of his dissolute comrades for believing that every one of them would betray him for a consideration. He was, in fact, the Mephistophiles of the great drama then played in France; and despising rather than hating his fellow-actors, he turned their weakness to his advantage, and laughed and joked at their wickedness.

At this time the demon of pride confronted the demon of avarice. Birth jostled with wealth, and it was hard to say which should gain the mastery. Peers and lackeys, princesses and soubrettes, met in the bureau; a duchess kissed the hand of the mighty speculator in public; and the high nobility of France—not without some fits of alarm mingling with their infatuation—saw their order tottering to its fall. Money lightly gained, was lightly spent. Palaces rose on all sides with the rapidity of enchantment; whole fortunes were lavished on furniture and equipages, dress and jewels; and entertainments were habitually given, which seemed to have had their prototypes in the fairy tales. In the meantime strangers from all parts of the world crowded into the fortunate city, increasing its population, we are told, by the number of half a million; overflowing its dwellings from the cellar to the garret, and sending up the price of provisions to an enormous amount.

Among these visitors there was a young man whose adventures were remembered owing to his connexion both with the nobility and the bubble, both with the regent and his comrades, long after Law had disappeared, and Paris was ruined. This was the Count Antoine Joseph Van Horn, a scion of one of the proudest houses in Europe, related or connected with most of the great families of France, and even with the regent himself. The count was a very striking person in his appearance. He was only twenty-two years of age, but tall and finely-formed; his face was as pale and as beautifully chiselled as that of an antique statue; and a pair of singularly wild and brilliant eyes shed over the whole what might have seemed preternatural light. His brother was the reigning Prince of Horn and Overique.

But the young count was not received in Paris with the distinction which might have been expected from his high birth and fine person. This mere youth was already old in adventures, and a blight had fallen upon his reputation. While a captain in the Austrian service he had been guilty of some offence, it is not stated of what kind; but in all probability it was of the nature which he was afterwards so unfortunate as to offer to the regent of France. At anyrate he fell under the displeasure of the commander-in-chief, Prince Louis of Baden; and his brother, perhaps merely to keep him out of the way for a time, exerted his sovereign authority, and sent him as a prisoner to the old castle of Van Wert, in the hereditary dominions of the family. It is believed that the sentence of the prince involved nothing more than a sufficient degree of solitude and restraint to bring the headstrong youth to reflection; but unfortunately the governor, Van Wert, was a man of a morose and savage temper, who added, of his own pleasure, incarceration in a dungeon, and a series of such indignities, as literally goaded the lad into frenzy. At the end of six months' captivity, he effected his escape by knocking down two of his jailors; and finding his way to the family seat of Boussigny, he presented himself before his brother a raving lunatic. It is a curious trait of the time that Van Wert, when degraded from the command he had so foully abused, made an effort to rouse the peasantry in his favour, and maintain himself in the castle by force; and that he was only restrained by being put under the ban of the empire, when, being seized as a state prisoner, he was locked up in a fortress for life.

The count, in the meantime, was carefully tended, and by degrees recovered his reason. Still, a great and permanent change had taken place in his character. He was subject to uncontrollable bursts of passion, and required a certain degree of management to be kept at all within conventional rule. While his mental malady was gradually yielding to mild treatment, if it may not be said to have entirely disappeared, a circumstance occurred which disturbed the tranquil routine of his life. This was the bequest of a valuable property by his relation the Princess d'Epinay; and the young count having now legitimate business to call him to Paris, determined upon the journey. His brother, however, either fearing that he was not yet sufficiently recovered, or from some other cause not mentioned, was averse to the scheme; and the consequence was, that the youth, unable to bear contradiction, or listen patiently to remonstrance, if any was attempted, set out in secret and alone, and flung himself into the vortex of the capital without even a letter of introduction.

Here his appearance upon the scene excited both curiosity and distrust. Rumours of his early follies, and their extravagant and extraordinary punishment, had preceded him; and here was the scion of a line of princes, handsome, noble-looking, and elegant in manners, wholly unacknowledged by his family, and compelled to introduce himself even to those who felt honoured by being connected with his blood. In these circumstances, his great relatives received him with distinction mingled with reserve. They gave him gay suppers; they took him to the theatres; they initiated him in the thousand extravagances of Paris, at a time when a character of frenzy overspread the revels of the intoxicated city; but their domestic circles were closed against him—their wives were forbidden his acquaintance—and their daughters were warned against those radiant eyes, the ardent gaze of which the ladies, as we are told by a contemporary, declared it to be almost impossible to support.

It is not to be supposed that such restrictions had much effect upon this headstrong and determined youth. People might avoid introducing him to their families, but it was impossible to hide him from their view; and the mystery thus thrown over him added, no doubt, in the female imagination, to the fascination of the tall figure, statue-like face, and wild and melancholy eyes, which were now seen everywhere in the haunts of fashion. The count sought in secret the society from which he was debarred in public, and thus drew upon himself the enmity of some of his most distinguished relatives; and to such a height did this feeling proceed, that a plan is said to have been formed for his being kidnapped and sent off to one of the El Dorados of Law. This was no rare occurrence at the time. The gigantic bubble threatened every day to burst; and it was a common practice to sweep the streets throughout France of their vagrant population, and send them off to some of those colonies which were supposed to be unexplored mines of wealth. This forced emigration, it is needless to add, included frequently the victims of secret vengeance; and many a gay gallant, on awakening from a dream of either allegorical or literal intoxication, found himself dancing upon the billows of the Atlantic.

Count Antoine was under the greater risk, from the circumstance of his being in the habit, like other wild young men of the time, of traversing the streets at night in disguise; and on one occasion he actually fell into the hands of a party of crimps, who were apparently lying in wait for him. Having escaped with some difficulty, he mentioned the affair to his relation

the Marquis de Crequi, and the marquis laid a formal complaint before the minister. This well-meaning friend, however, received no satisfaction. It was hinted to him that he would do well not to interfere, but let things take their course. 'Let the count quit Paris immediately,' said some mystic adviser; 'if he lingers, he is lost!' It is supposed that the revengeful feelings of any mere private person are not sufficient to account for such warnings in the case of a person so distinguished in rank as the brother of the Prince Van Horn; and an anecdote is related which would seem to show that he had drawn down upon himself the enmity of the regent himself.

A man of the world like the regent should not have given himself the trouble to lay schemes for the destruction of his enemy; he might have been assured that a desperado like the count would not be long in Paris before plunging headlong into difficulties that would lay him at his mercy. Some instinctive fear, indeed, appears at this time to have spread among the youth's friends: the mysterious warnings were repeated from one to another; all but the mad companions of his follies wished him safely out of the whirl of the capital; and at length the Prince Van Horn taking the alarm, despatched a gentleman of his household to Paris, to pay his losses at play and other debts, and endeavour to persuade him to return to Flanders. In the event of his refusal, the gentleman was instructed to apply for an order from the regent to compel him to quit the capital.

When the messenger reached Paris, he found the city in a state of strange excitement on account of a murder which had been committed the day before. The occurrence would at that time have given the French capital what it is so fond of—a 'sensation'—if for nothing else than that it was connected with the great bubble; but in addition to this, the victim was a wealthy Jew, and the perpetrators persons of rank. The Jew, it seems, who was a stockbroker, dealing extensively in the shares that were to make the fortune of all the world, had met three of his clients in a tavern by appointment, with one hundred thousand crowns in his pocket. Cries were heard from the room in which their business was transacted, and the waiter, apprehensive that some crime had been committed, locked the door. One of the three clients, who was on the stairs, immediately fled, and gaining his hotel, collected all his portable effects and left the country. A second leaped from the window of the room, and ran for some distance along the streets, till he was seized by the pursuers; while the third had stumbled when he reached the ground, and was immediately taken. This last was the young Count Antoine Van Horn.

Various versions of the story were of course circulated in Paris. The count asserted that, so far from aiding in the murder, he had attempted to save the victim's life, and only left the room through instinctive fear and horror, when he found himself alone with the dead body. But, on the other hand, De Mille, the other prisoner, confessed to a plot to rob and murder the Jew, implicating the count in the crime; while it was obvious, from the flight of the third person, that he at least was cognisant of some evil intention on the part of one or both of his companions. All three were wild young men—one of them only twenty years of age—living at the same hotel, and passing their time together in gambling and other profligacy. It may be noted that Count Antoine, while he indignantly and energetically denied the murder, was wholly silent as to the charge of intended robbery. He vouchsafed no reply to such an accusation; treating with cold disdain the idea that *he*, one of the noblest-born men in Europe, could be guilty of so pitiful a crime.

A meeting of the relatives and connexions of the House of Van Horn took place at the hotel of the Marquis de Crequi; and in order to enable them to avert the threatened disgrace, an investigation was entered into resembling what is called in Scottish law a precognition. They could learn nothing, however, beyond what has already been told; and the conclusion they came to was, that, whether guilty or innocent, the count stood in so critical a position, as to require the whole influence of his family. They applied, accordingly, to the regent; adverting to the mental malady under which the young man had laboured so recently; suggesting that if a squabble had taken place in which blows were struck, the affair was in all probability unpremeditated, and at anyrate the guilty hand uncertain; and intreating him to interpose his power to prevent the exposure of a public trial. The duke was inexorable. Justice must take its course.

The relatives of the accused now adopted a plan which throws a curious light upon the feelings and manners of the time. On the day of trial, they assembled at the Palace of Justice in a body of fifty-seven, both male and female, and lined the long corridor which led to the court-room. As the judges passed through this proud array, they were saluted in a mournful and supplicatory manner by the highest and noblest of Europe, and passed into the hall of trial with their minds strongly impressed, even if their hearts were not melted, by the imposing scene. But all was of no avail. The two prisoners were found guilty, and condemned to be broken alive on the wheel.

Immediately on this result taking place, the high nobility connected with the House of Van Horn went into mourning. Another meeting was held, and a petition got up for a commutation of the punishment to perpetual imprisonment. The grounds could no longer be the probability of the innocence of the condemned, for this would have been disrespectful to the judges; but his terrible sufferings in the dungeon of Van Wert, the insanity which supervened, and the morbid irritability under which he still laboured, were brought forward as palliatives of an acknowledged crime. The petition was signed by cardinals, archbishops, dukes, marquises, and ladies of the highest rank, to the number of fifty; and numerous other names were refused a place—as not being noble enough for such association! To sign this aristocratic paper was an honour for the noblest, for it established their claims to a share in the best blood of the kingdom. The Marquis de Crequi was afraid to incur the responsibility of determining on some of the claims, and he called in to his assistance the Prince de Ligne; but, notwithstanding, the heart-burnings and jealousies to which the affair gave rise threw the great world of Paris into a general uproar, and fifty years afterwards complaints were still made by some parties of the injustice with which their ancestors had been treated!

The petition was presented by a deputation, consisting of the Cardinal de Rohan, the Duke de Havré, the Prince de Ligne, and the Marquis de Crequi, the rest of the body remaining in the hall of council in the Palais Royal, the residence of the regent. After a long period of suspense, passed in the most gloomy forebodings, the latter beheld with dismay two of their delegates returning into the hall in moody silence. They at length related that the regent continued inexorable. 'We reminded him,' said they, 'that so infamous a punishment would not reach only the condemned, but also those princely and illustrious families in whose armorial bearings were quarterings of the dishonoured name: to which he replied that the dishonour consisted in the crime, not in the punishment. And when we urged, as a last argument, that in the thirty-two quarterings of his own mother there was an escutcheon of Van Horn, he but said, with his sardonic smile, "Very well, gentlemen, I will share the disgrace with you!"' The noble petitioners, however, remained till midnight, awaiting the return of the other two delegates; and at length, on the cabinet conference being at an end, the regent himself came forth, and dismissed his visitors with his usual politeness. One of the old ladies he kissed on the cheek, calling her his good aunt, and to another, a younger one, he told, in Mephistophiles

fashion, that he was charmed to see her at the Palais Royal. All the ladies he conducted in person to the door of the second saloon.

The petition, however, had been successful to a certain point: the count was to be beheaded, not broken on the wheel. This the regent solemnly promised. But it was not enough for the pride of some of the family, two members of whom visited the condemned secretly, offering him a vial of poison, as a means of escaping the disgrace of a public execution. Count Antoine refused the favour; and his relations left him, exclaiming indignantly, 'Miserable man, you are only fit to perish by the hand of the executioner!'

The influence of the family was now tried upon the executioner, who was besought, in cutting off the head, to expose no part of the body to the gaze of the rabble but the neck. The executioner promised this; but, with the pride of a headsman of the old régime, declined two sums of a hundred louis each, which were offered him as a bribe. The regent's orders, however, had not yet come, and the sentence stood in its original form; but the relations—who were still probably in some dismay at this strange display of inexorable feeling—were reassured by a letter from a familiar friend of the duke, repeating his promise that the punishment should be decapitation. The day, however, at length came, and the proud family of the criminal, buried in their aristocratic homes, shrinking and quivering at the idea of the disgrace they were at the moment suffering by the public execution of their kinsman, learned that the regent had *deceived them*—that the young, handsome, and high-born Count Van Horn had that morning been tortured, and then exposed and broken alive on the wheel!

The indignation of the relatives may be conceived. They went in a body to the place of execution, with carriages drawn by six horses, and surrounded by lackeys in magnificent livery; and then, with their own hands, detaching the mutilated remains from the wheel, carried them away in state. The regent was held in hate and horror by the nobility for the rest of his life, although no open scheme of vengeance was ever adopted; and the Prince Van Horn, in a letter rejecting indignantly the confiscated effects of the count, that were adjudged to him, added these words: 'I hope that God and the king may render to you as strict justice as you have rendered to my unfortunate brother!'

REMARKABLE ELECTRIC AGENCIES.

In a former number of the Journal, we drew attention to the investigations by Professor Matteucci, of Pisa, on the above highly interesting subject. This gentleman, at the late meeting of the British Association at Southampton, communicated the results of his additional observations and experience, of which we propose to give a brief outline. The principal points established by renewed inquiry appear to be the non-existence of electric currents in the nerves, their complete identification with the muscular system, and their development as an essential consequence of the chemical process of nutrition.

'The chemical action,' says Professor Matteucci, 'which goes on in the nutrition of the muscle, principally that which takes place in the contact of the arterial blood with the muscular fibre, is in all probability the source of this electricity in the muscles. . . . It appears more satisfactory to say that the development of electricity takes place in the muscle during life, from the chemical action between the arterial blood and the muscular fibre; that the two electric states evoked in the muscle neutralise each other, at the same points from which they are evolved, in the natural conditions of the muscle; and that, in the muscular pile imagined by myself, a portion of this electricity is put in circulation just as it would be in a pile composed of acid and alkali, separated from each other by a simply conducting body.'

All voluntary muscle is covered by a tunic, or membranaceous sheath of great delicacy, known to physiologists as the *sarcolemma*. This, it has been supposed, affords a mechanical protection to, and isolates the contractile tissue within it, while its extreme smoothness facilitates motion and the rapid transmission of moving influences. It is important to remember that the sarcolemma terminates abruptly where the muscular fibres connect themselves with the fibrous substance of the tendons, as Matteucci refers to this arrangement in support of his hypothesis. Instituting comparisons between the muscular current and the proper or nervous current, he inclines to consider them referrible to a common origin, and subject to the same laws. Looking at the tendinous fibre, distinct in its structure and conductibility to the muscular, he regards the proper current from the former to the surface of the latter as 'at once the simplest and most general cause of the muscular current. We must never forget the analogy between the muscular electro-motor element and the Voltanian element: the zinc is represented by the discs of the muscular fibre, the acid liquid by the blood, the platinum by the sarcolemma.'

The contraction of the muscles has also engaged the attention of Signor Matteucci. It is already known that when muscular fibre is examined with a powerful microscope, it is found to consist of innumerable oblong cells, which cells, as the muscle contracts, diminish in length, and increase in width. Sir John Herschel suggested to the assembled physiologists that muscular fibre consists of spheroids, which, when at rest, lie with their larger dimensions lengthwise; but on the excitation of electricity by the will or otherwise, their poles becoming reversed, the spheroids swell out in the opposite direction, thereby shortening and widening the muscle. According to Dr Martin Barry, muscular fibre is composed of an infinite series of spirals, a form admitting of the most rapid elongation and contraction. Whichever it may be, the Italian professor remarks that as yet he has no proofs of the contraction arising from the evolution of electricity. 'We know nothing,' he continues, 'of this phenomena, except that it occurs on acting at a great distance from the muscle upon the nerve that ramifies within it; . . . that its propagation acts with a velocity which we cannot judge to be less than that of light and heat* and electricity in their different media.' Among the phenomena of this muscular action, or *induction*, may be included 'a great number of those movements which occur in us and in animals independently of the will, but yet following others occasioned by the will.' The clearing up of these points remains to animate the genius, and reward the perseverance, of physiologists.

Identical with this subject, and strikingly confirmatory of Signor Matteucci's conclusions, is a remarkable and interesting paper read at the same meeting by Dr Bullar, on the 'Identity of certain Vital and Electro-Magnetic Laws.' According to this gentleman, a power exists in animated beings, influencing the formation of vessels, the action of the blood and its circulation, independent of the power of the heart. He adduces in support of his theory the progressive developments, long familiar to naturalists, that take place in the yolks of eggs during the process of incubation. On examining the contents of a sound egg, a small white disc, the *cicatricula*, or germ spot, may be seen in the yolk. This has been shown to consist of an aggregation of nucleated cells, concealing within them the parent cell, or central point of the action called into play by the warmth of the parent bird. The disc gradually enlarges its dimensions, and by the same process that contributes to the increase of all animal fibre, by forming cell after cell; retaining, however, its primitive form. The growth goes on, and at the end of the eighth hour, whitish circular furrows are visible, commonly termed *halos*. The deposition of cells, for which the yolk furnishes the material, becomes continuous; they range

* Light and electricity travel at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time.

themselves on the substance of the disc in concentric layers, showing, even at this early stage of their development, the existence of a law of motion operating in a circular direction. This motion Dr Bullar considers to be identical with that created by electro-magnetism.

The next process is that by which these cells are formed into blood, and vessels for its transmission. Faint streaks appear radiating directly from the first centre, uniting at a sharp curve, which afterwards becomes the heart of the animal, and forming eventually a complete circle by the junction of the capillaries at the circumference. In these radii we have evidence of another force, whose direction is at right angles to that by which the deposition of cells in concentric circles had been accomplished. The radiating vessels also appropriate new matter from the yolk, and present in their development a variety of forms, a network of cylindrical and circular channels, yellowish in colour, and all tending to the central germ. An undulatory motion, which has been for some time visible in the substance immediately surrounding the disc, now changes its character, pulsates, and drives the blood in scarcely perceptible red streaks through the larger vessels. Around these vessels, which at first are transparent, there is a continued deposition of cells, in such a manner, as to lead to the inference that the motion of the blood in one direction produces another motion at right angles to its course, at the same time forming the tubes through which it flows.

Whatever may be thought of these theoretical views, they are in exact conformity with the laws of electro-magnetic action. It has been established by Professor Faraday, that 'when a current is first formed, it tends to produce a current in the contrary direction in all the matter around it; and if that matter have conducting properties, and be fitly circumstanced, such a current is produced.' In the case of the egg of the bird, or the *ovum* of the mammal, there is no failing of essential circumstances; the material of growth and warmth are abundantly supplied. If iron filings be placed in contact with an electric wire, they immediately range themselves round it in concentric rings. If placed on a sheet of pasteboard over a magnet, they assume the form of regular curves, diverging from each pole, and meeting in the centre. Again, if a flat spiral coil of wire magnetised be laid on iron filings, they take a position in lines through its axis, and bending over at the extremities, form a continuous circumference, as instanced in the radii from the disc of the egg to the circle of capillaries. It should not be forgotten that there is a marked difference between the galvanic and magnetic currents: while the former passes directly along a wire, the latter revolves round it—one is direct, the other rotary.

The spiral coil of galvanic power may thus be taken to represent the disc containing the embryo, while the arrangement of the radii and capillaries represents the disposition of the iron filings in obedience to the magnetic force. Hence Dr Bullar concludes, that, whether physiological or chemical, the forces are in both cases the same: the galvanic force circulating in the disc once admitted, the magnetic force operating in the direction of the radii of vessels is necessarily involved. And although the actual movements are invisible in the living substance, there is little difficulty in believing them to be such as described, when we see their progressive development in obedience to this law.

The truth of the hypothesis is further strengthened by Seebeck's experiments: he showed that the circulation through a coil of a current of heat, instead of galvanism, was equally productive of radiating magnetic currents. In this case the analogy is still more striking: heat is the motive power in both operations; both possess dispositions for the distribution of the forces, and are always at right angles with the other. A still more striking analogy is found in the results attendant on the use of a hollow spiral or helix. The galvanic force passing along the wire creates a current within the coil; if placed under water, a needle floated on cork would be carried through it; and when brought into contact with iron filings, they arrange themselves in a circle, one segment of which passes through the helix.

The analogy between the vital and chemical actions is thus made out: the formation of blood, with its circulation and development of tubular channels, are coincident, indicating a direct and a circular motion, the latter, with the materials at its disposal, constructing the tube. The veins in the body, as is well known, form a complete circuit, departing from the heart, and reuniting in the capillaries at the extremities—in which arrangement we find a compliance with one of the essential conditions. The cells, constituting the form in which power is first developed, become red globules by the influence of oxygen, and show, by flowing in one direction, that they are acted on by the vital force; and at the same time the arrangement of other small transparent cells round the moving current sufficiently proves the existence of a direct as well as of a circular movement.

It is a well-established fact, both in vegetable and animal physiology, that the first indication of organisation is a cell, possessing a central energy, with the power of appropriating and arranging other cells, which in turn become new centres of power, and extend the assimilating process. Coral, and many other geological formations, consist of cells: the integrity of the epidermis is maintained by a continual growth of cells. 'Discoid corpuscles,' says Martin Barry, 'circulate in plants; and spirals appear to be as universal as fibrous structure.' In plants, as in animals, these corpuscles become coils, and eventually spirals. His examination of blood-vessels showed them to be formed with an inner structure of longitudinal filaments, surrounded externally by other spiral filaments. 'Not only,' he continues, 'does every tissue seem to arise out of discs having all the same appearance, but the primary arrangement and early metamorphoses of these discs seem to be the same. We recognise the same combination of spiral threads in the mould of cheese as in the brain of man. How wonderful the fact, that out of materials so similar, structures should be found endowed with properties so different!'

The same law seems thus to pervade all the vital operations of nature: the explanation, however, to be chiefly looked for, is of the mysteries of the animal economy. How much takes place in the system that cannot be accounted for by the mere action of the heart! What a field for investigation—investigation according to the rigorous principles of philosophy—remains to be cultivated by the diligent student. As an important step in advance, we hail the discoveries of the learned Matteucci; they cannot but stimulate British physiologists.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON LODGINGS.

No one who has not tried it, can have any idea of the difficulty of procuring lodgings in London of a respectable and comfortable kind; and if to these qualities we add that of moderate charges, the difficulty is tenfold increased. Lodgings are plentiful, though much more so in some districts than others; but those who keep them may be said to be all pretty much of one genus—people in struggling circumstances, who try to make both ends meet by letting their apartments to strangers. Some may be said to make a business of it; but, on the whole, few let lodgings who can command a better means of livelihood.

It has not been without pain that I have remarked a tendency in popular literature to throw ridicule on the letters of lodgings. In some instances, no doubt, they expose themselves to reproof and sarcasm by their attempts to overreach or deceive customers. But reflect for a moment on the manner in which they are too

often treated. They can never guard altogether against imposition. Persons of the fairest appearance, and with what may seem good references, frequently turn out to be of infamous character. Among those even who are in all ordinary respects unobjectionable, how many are reckless as to the trouble they give, or the destruction of furniture and other articles of which they have the use. It is a matter of droll comment, that as you ascend from storey to storey, the accommodations are progressively shabby. On the first floor, which commands perhaps a couple of guineas a-week, things are pretty decent and entire. On the second, there is an evident falling-off: the carpets are threadbare, chairs are not well-matched, the china is cracked, and the candlesticks have long since lost all pretensions to plating. On ascending to the third floor, things are seen to wear a much more disconsolate aspect: the carpets are now in holes, certain chairs have broken backs, jugs have lost their handles, and the teapot is minus a part of its spout. Now, of all this not a little fun may be made. But are the persons, generally speaking, who take these lodgings, deserving of anything better? It is not the letters of the lodgings who break the backs of chairs, kick holes in the carpets, crack glasses, and knock off the spouts of teapots. It is lodgers themselves who play all these merry pranks. I remember once occupying the second floor of a lodging in London, and was robbed of all comfort by the exploits of a German who lived on the floor beneath. This monster, who was some way connected with one of the theatres, never came home till about one in the morning; and all the way up stairs, and till he went to bed, he amused himself with singing an unintelligible German song. At seven he awoke, and commenced smoking in bed, the fumes from his odious pipe ascending through the whole house. Having thus indulged himself for an hour or two, he rose, and, by way of prelude to breakfast, played an air on a bassoon, or some such atrocious instrument. After this, till he sallied out, towards the afternoon, the whole house was kept in a state of distraction with the noises which he and his visitors unscrupulously made. So great was the nuisance, that I at length removed to another establishment.

Such is a sample of the annoyances to which lodging-house keepers are constantly exposed; and the repetition of these things tends unquestionably to harden their feelings, and indispose them to take any great pains to make their lodgers comfortable. During a residence of several years in London lodgings, I have had occasion to mark the many privations to which their keepers subject themselves for the sake of a livelihood. For one thing, how surprising their capacity for enduring confinement and want of fresh air. Those who live long in town do not notice this, but it seldom fails to be remarked by strangers. I shall never forget how very forcibly I was made acquainted with this capacity when I went in search of apartments in the respectable but not stylish region which lies between Queen Square and Grey's Inn. The mode of living in lodgings was to me quite a novelty. I had left behind me the comforts and conveniences of a home; added to which, I had never been accustomed to live *in* a town, but had breathed the comparatively pure air of the suburb of a provincial city. The street which I selected was one of that sort never seen except in London—rather narrow, but clean and quiet. The houses were uniform, and very high. They could scarcely be said to look like private dwelling-houses, yet their appearance was respectable, though not inviting. They seemed exactly the sort of houses that a large and respectable *family* would *not* select, so closely were they packed together, and so uninviting was their external aspect. Notices in various windows informed the passer-by that 'furnished apartments' were to be had. After a good deal of inspection, I obtained two rooms on a first floor, and shortly afterwards removed my carpet-bag and small trunk to my lodgings. When I had been settled for a few days, I had leisure to look round on my position, and see what sort of a place my new domicile was. The house in which I lodged consisted of four storeys, and I soon perceived that the portion occupied by the owners was a very insignificant portion indeed. The proprietors were a man and his wife. I mention the wife particularly, because she appeared to all intents and purposes as the sole owner. They had a family of three children. The man was engaged in business during the day, so that he did get a little out-door exercise; but the wife and the children seemed fixtures of the establishment. They reserved to themselves a single room, which was an under-kitchen, and this apartment fulfilled the end of kitchen, wash-house, sitting-room, and drawing-room. Their capacity to live without air seemed to me most wonderful. They appeared to consider themselves as strictly nobody, or rather in the light of second-rate pieces of furniture, to be stowed in the least possible space. As for going out, the mistress never dreamt of such a luxury. The consumption of shoes and bonnets was next to nothing. They never visited any friends, and never invited any. If you talked, as I sometimes did, about the pleasures of the country, and the beauty of green fields, the idea of such things seemed almost unknown, or, if ever known, they seemed entirely to have forgotten it. They were born in London, they had lived all their lives in London, and they scarcely seemed capable of forming a conception of any world beyond its suburbs. I believe this to be a most faithful sketch of a very numerous and singular class, which is to be met with in no other place but the metropolis.

I could not help putting to myself the question, while I was the inmate of this domicile, whether these people were happy, and whether it was the sort of life which befits the dignity and capacity of such a creature as man? It seemed to me, who had been accustomed to society, that this mode of existence was scarcely to be called living, but rather vegetating. Their information was positively nothing, except about the streets in their immediate vicinity. As for reading or meditation, there seemed to be no opportunity for either. There was not poverty, but there seemed to be all the inconveniences arising from it. The children in such a family were objects of great pity: too far from the parks to enjoy themselves there, and too well brought up to play in the streets, they were necessarily confined to the house. I learned many excellent lessons during my lodger-life; and, among others, I learned how thankful ought they to be who had the blessing of a garden behind the house—a thing often slighted, but which no one can fully appreciate until he pays a visit to London in the capacity of a lodger.

In some lodgings which it has been my fate to inhabit, the master and mistress of the establishment were of a superior class, so far as going out is concerned. They could indulge in a walk on Sunday, or occasionally attend the theatre; and I have sometimes been surprised at the quantity of knowledge which such persons possess of the opera, which they look upon as a kind of earthly paradise, and which they imagine all the world ought to be very much delighted with. I believe I have frequently lost all character for taste, in London, by saying I did not care for the opera. But this is wandering from the subject. I was speaking of lodging-house keepers who can indulge in an outing (a London word), and these consequently must have some factotum in the shape of a servant-of-all-work, to whom the mistress can resign the charge of the domicile. We hear a great deal about slaves and the horrors of slavery, and women working in coal-pits, and children working in factories, but it is my conscientious conviction that nobody deserves more pity than the servant-of-all-work in a lodging-house. Up early, and down late, on her feet all day long, answering the door, attending to bells, cooking and slaving in the kitchen, carrying up coals to the apartments, sweeping stairs—ordered, worried by every-

body. What a life the poor wretch leads; and what she complains of most, never an instant to clean herself! She is about as dirty as a sweep. Even on Sundays, she has but a faint remission from duty. By way of an immense favour, she is allowed to go to evening service once a fortnight. The soul of a maid-of-all-work is, I suppose, thought to be very little worth. Dear, kind-hearted legislators, do not lavish all your compassion on factory workers. Spare a little for domestic servants. Do pass a law that they shall not labour more than the moderate quantity of eighteen hours out of the four-and-twenty!

It has been remarked, that the greatest solitude in the world is to be alone in London. A young man becomes painfully aware of this truth when he is settled in one of the abodes I have above described. The family circle, the agreeable chit-chat, the sisterly or maternal affection, the thousand comforts of home, are sadly missed. If there is one thing more than another the want of which is painfully felt, it is the charm of female society. After being engaged in business, or, which is very often the case, the *pursuit* of business, the whole day, to return to one's lonely lodgings with no friend to greet, no company to cheer, is what renders even a sojourn in London so distasteful and almost insupportable to country visitants. The lodger sits in his apartment in the midst of the huge city, whose whole extent, with its millions of human beings, contains no friend, perhaps no acquaintance. The occasional knock at the door announces no friendly visitor. Perhaps the occupant of the second floor, who, after labouring in the uninviting toils of a salaried law-clerk during the day, returns to his wife and three children, who have seen no familiar face since his departure; or perhaps a fellow-adventurer is retiring to his single apartment on the top floor, which serves both as a sitting and bedroom.

If a young man has not means sufficient to support frequent attendance at the theatres, and other places of amusement; if he is compelled to live frugally, and has no friends or acquaintances to whom he may occasionally resort, a life in London requires no slight self-dependence, no small self-sufficiency, to yield anything like pleasure or satisfaction. The property of 'home-sickness' becomes very strongly developed; and nothing short of a stern necessity, or an indomitable perseverance, can sustain the wanderer from the domestic hearth. It is a common remark, that *friends* are much more scarce than *acquaintances;* and at no time is the truth of this observation more strikingly apparent than during a pilgrimage in the metropolis. And yet, with all these drawbacks; notwithstanding the vast and thronged solitude, the absence of friends, and of fresh air; notwithstanding the narrow street, the close room, the dingy curtains, and the solitary meal—there is yet a pleasure, great and supporting, in the pursuit of a worthy object amid such sources of discouragement and depression. There is a satisfaction in overcoming difficulties, and in battling with opposing circumstances, which the pleasure-seeker never knows; and the diligent frequenter of theatres, the visitor in crowded halls, and the attendant on the marts of fashion, has never felt, and is incapable of feeling, the proud self-gratulation which arises in the breast of the youth struggling in the solitude of London—battling to overcome difficulties, and buoyed up with the hope of being ultimately successful.

It is pleasing to know that the condition of young men in lodgings in London is beginning to be meliorated by various movements in the social world. A cheap and improving kind of literature offers its solacements; associations of the club-house character, or at least offering the advantages of a library and lectures, have been established in different quarters of the metropolis; and for strangers falling into sickness, that useful establishment, the Sanatorium, offers a friendly asylum on moderate terms, and thus is illness robbed of one of its most distressing features.

BOOK-BORROWING.

When we were at school, it was customary for the boys to write on the fly-leaf of all their books, especially their more attractive ones, these verses, intended as a sort of 'take notice' for the careless and the furtive borrower:—

'If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently, think seriously,
Keep cleanly, return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down.'

In the three first lines of these familiar verses, the owner very generously offers to lend the book to any friend who simply wants to read and study it. This praiseworthy liberality is quite in the spirit of that of the celebrated book-collector Grollier, who had his splendid volumes inscribed with the words, *Jo. Grollierii et amicorum*, implying that they were intended for the use of his friends as well as himself. There is something selfish in refusing to lend a book, provided it is not a very rare or costly one. The selfish book-owner should be reminded of the anecdote of the poor student at college, who sent a note to one of the professors to ask the loan of a book. The professor's reply was, that he never lent books to any one, but that the student was very welcome to come to his library and read all day long. Soon after this denial, on one very frosty morning the professor, not being able to get his fire to burn, sent to the poor student to borrow a pair of bellows. 'No,' said the youth, 'I never lend my bellows to any one, but the professor is quite welcome to come here and blow my fire all day long.' At an early period, when books were exceedingly rare and valuable, from their existing only in the form of manuscript, it was but reasonable to refuse to lend them, as their accidental loss would have been irreparable. It was customary then to secure them to the shelves by chains, ropes, bolts, &c. The library at Grantham still contains several books attached to chains. During the thirteenth century, so scarce and precious were the manuscript books, that it sometimes happened that if a religious council were assembled, and wanted to consult the works of the Fathers, they had to send to a considerable distance to borrow them at much expense, giving a heavy security for their safe return. The works of eminent medical men were so rarely to be met with, that on one occasion, when a king of France wished to possess a copy of the writings of Baize, a celebrated Arabian physician, the faculty of medicine of Paris would not lend it even to the monarch without pledges. Heber, the great book-collector, intended to have bequeathed his extensive library to the British Museum, but he altered his will, in consequence of the authorities at that institution refusing to lend him a rare work, which he wished to compare with one in his possession, he being at the time confined to his house, and unable to go to the library. The condition on lending a book, that the borrower is not to take upon himself to lend it, is very necessary with many free-and-easy sort of people. Charles Lamb, writing to Coleridge, says, 'Why will you make your visits, which should give pleasure, matter of regret to your friends? You never come but you take away some folio, that is part of my existence. I had no right to lend you the book you have just taken. I may lend you my own books, because it is at my own hazard, but it is not honest to hazard a friend's property; I always make that distinction.' Many a reader must have had the mortification to find that books, if often lent, return to him no more. We can call to mind a long list of works, and solitary volumes of works, that have had leave of

absence, but are never likely to rejoin their regiment. Some time ago, the 'Sydney Gazette' contained an advertisement from a gentleman, requesting his friends to return various books that they had borrowed, and, by way of inducement, promising to lend them more afterwards. Sir Walter Scott, on lending a book to a friend, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding good-humouredly, 'Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers.' This joke of Sir Walter's reminds us of some one's witty verses, entitled 'The Art of Book-keeping,' in which the following lines occur:—

'How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend—that's lose—their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through:
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

Even Glover's works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my Foote,
My Bunyan has been gone.

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on Gray,
There's gray upon my locks.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.'

To an advertisement of a recent work on *Surnames*, the publisher adds this line of recommendation:—'An amusing volume, which comes home to everybody.' If so, it must be a capital book to lend, for most works are sadly deficient in instinct to find their way home.

Last year it was stated in the Chamber of Deputies that, through lending works from the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, no less than twenty thousand of its volumes are lost, and a great number mutilated. The manuscript of Molière, stolen thence in 1825, was recently offered for sale by auction in Paris, the minister of public instruction not being able to recover it by means of the tribunals, for want of any mark to prove its identity. By recent regulations, this valuable library is protected from the recurrence of such depredations. In our own country, the British Museum has not escaped from stealers of books, manuscripts, prints, and specimens. To steal from such places as these—free, public, national libraries—is not only a crime, but a folly, as it is like trying to rob one's own library, for it already belongs to everybody. The universal feeling ought rather to be an anxiety to add something to it, than a mean wish to filch from it.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

The following is told on the authority of Mr Moffat, the Cape missionary:—A man having sat down on a shelving low rock near a small fountain to take a little rest after his hearty drink, he fell asleep; but the heat of the rock soon disturbed his dreams, when he beheld a 'large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet.' He was at first struck motionless with terror, but recovering his presence of mind, he eyed his gun, and began moving his hand slowly towards it, when the lion raised its head and gave a tremendous roar; the same awful warning being repeated whenever the man attempted to move his hand. The rock at length became so heated, that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot: the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, when, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, it turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. But another night passed as the former had done; and the next day again the lion went towards the water, but while there, 'he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes.' The man now seized his gun, but on first essaying to rise, he dropt, his ankles being without power. At length he made the best of his way on his hands and knees, and soon after fell in with another native, who took him to a place of safety; and, as he expressed it, with his 'toes roasted.' This man belonged to 'Mr Schmelen's congregation at Bethany.' 'He lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.'

AN INCONSISTENCY.

The horror which is especially evinced in the minds of us all by the death of one man by railway accident, more than by other means, I have often thought must result from the idea that at any time it may be our own case; yet here are thousands upon thousands annually destroyed around us by means as fatal, but, with common care, more easily prevented, which at any moment may seize upon the strongest of us; and this, until lately, with scarcely a word or a thought upon the subject. Happily, however, we are now on the eve of a great and glorious and irresistible change.—*Report of H. Austin, Esq. on the Sanitary Condition of Worcester.*

THE SIN OF BUILDING UNWHOLESOME HOUSES.

It is proved that, besides the waste of money, health, and life incurred by the system now usually pursued in erecting the lower classes of dwellings in great towns, where comfort, cleanliness, and decency are either not thought of at all, or are sacrificed to a short-sighted greediness of gain, there is also an incalculable amount of demoralisation attributable to the same causes; and that, to say the least, an effectual bar is thereby put to the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of this large portion of the community.—*Letters of the Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

SALE OF NEGRO CHILDREN.

According to an advertisement in a New Orleans newspaper, the following 'orphan children' are offered for sale:—'John, aged about twelve years; James, aged about eleven years; David, aged about nine years; Cyrus, aged about nine years; Yellow Alex., aged about eight years; Black Alex., aged about eight years; Abraham, aged about five years.' Negro children are usually valued by their weight, that being considered a pretty good criterion of their health and strength. The custom, accordingly, is to place them in the scales. A likely boy will fetch from five to six dollars a-pound; but some go as high as nine dollars a-pound.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 168. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847. Price 1½d.

WHAT IS LIFE?

I do not mean to perplex myself either with physiological or psychological questions. I will rather set out with assumptions which will be understood by all, and contradicted by none. Judging by the conduct of men, and by their sentiments, from Job downwards, Life, abstractedly, must be considered the *summum bonum*—the mere privilege of living the highest boon of Providence. Exceptions to this rule might no doubt be pointed out. Cases might be mentioned in which life has been considered secondary to honour, fame, the gratification of pride or revenge, or relinquished in favour of the mere tranquillity and unconsciousness of the grave. But these are the cases of a few individuals out of the myriads of mankind, for, generally speaking,

> 'The weariest and most loathed worldly life
> That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.'

It is therefore worth inquiring—What is the nature of the gift we estimate so highly? What is the real loss we sustain in its deprivation? What, in short, is Life?

Some philosophers tell us that life is combustion, and that the poets, by the inspiration of their art, suggested the true definition when they likened it to the flame of a taper. This may be true, or it may not; but it is wide of my present purpose. In asking what life is, I mean to put a moral, not a scientific question, and address it not to the learned, but to the ignorant. In like manner, if I inquired what is the body? I should be answered by the chemist that it is a combination of carbon, lime, iron, and various other substances; but I would rather be told, by the ordinary world, of its bones, sinews, and muscles.

Life can only be known to the general inquirer by its action. We do not know how we come to live, but we know that we do live. How do we know this? By our sensations; which sensations are the germ of our ideas, the elements of all our thoughts and feelings. If this be true, it is incorrect to say that one of the lower animals is as conscious of life as a man. The power of the germ can only be measured by its development; and the farther this development is carried, the greater consciousness of life there will be. A man, therefore, has more life, so to speak, than an animal; and a thinking and civilised man, than a savage. If we could strip a thinking and civilised man of his intellectual faculties, one by one, we should find him descend in the scale of animal being till he landed in the brute nature. In that state he would still live. The functions of the body requisite for sustaining life would still go on; but he would have a smaller portion of the principle of life, a less exquisite consciousness of life, a less full enjoyment of life.

If life is the *summum bonum*, the more we have of it the better. The portion of the mere physical man is contemptibly insignificant when measured with that of the intellectual man; and this not comparatively, but positively. I mean that the two portions are not of the same value to the individuals possessing them, even taking into consideration their relative social position; a fact which will at once appear, if we suppose the two individuals to be in the *same* station in society. The case is not altered, however, if we suppose them to be, as they generally are, in different or opposite stations—the one rich, and the other poor. A thing is said, economically, to be worth just as much as it will fetch; and so it is with life as we are now considering it. The smaller portion is little more than sufficient to keep the functions of the body in movement, while the latter not only does this, but opens a thousand sources of pleasure and profit to the mind. Life, in this sense, may be compared to money. A small sum enables us to provide for our physical wants; while a large sum surrounds us with comforts, elegances, and luxuries. It is nonsense to say (though it is frequently said) that the small sum is as much to the poor man as the large one is to the rich; for this is to suppose the former to be fixed immovably in his condition of poverty. When the poor man becomes rich, his views extend, his desires soar, his wants multiply in proportion; and even so, as the ignorant man amasses stores of knowledge, he feels a thousand delightful and hitherto unknown sensations superadded in his being—a new world spreads before his eyes, a new heaven opens upon his soul.

Let us consider the first experiments of a child in the exercise of his faculty of sight. Everything is new and strange to his eyes. He confounds forms and distances, or rather he has no such perceptions as those of form and distance, till these gradually awaken from the action and reaction of the other senses with the one in question. At length he recognises objects, persons, places, and insensibly acquires that degree of knowledge which enables him to move without danger, and play his part in the social circle around him. If he stops here, he is indeed different from the brutes, because he belongs to a more perfect race of animals; but in various instances he suffers himself to be outstripped by them, without seeking compensation in the higher faculties of his being. Nature has lavished her skill on the external senses in the lower animals, but denied to them intellectual development; while man she has endowed with the power of almost endless progress, though originating in less acute organs of touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing. In most of these an ignorant man in civilised society is inferior to his dog; and it is only in the savage, who, owing to his being entirely

excluded from intellectual exercise, is thrown back upon such rudiments, that the animal finds a worthy competitor.

But we shall suppose that the individual in question is not satisfied with using his sight merely to know his friends or enemies, merely to enable him to work or to play, merely to enlighten the small circle of his daily employments, like the candle which illumines his cottage room. In him this wonderful faculty, without being really increased in acuteness, receives, when in combination with the other powers of his nature, a higher development. It enables him to traverse the whole earth, to become familiar with all the kingdoms of nature, to penetrate into the regions of space, to number the stars of heaven, to measure their distances, to trace their paths through the sky. What a different faculty is sight in this man from that of the human clod! But each of the other faculties is, in like manner, acted upon by the rest, and the results are as wonderful in all. The senses are originally less perfect in man than in the lower animals; but their combinations occasion developments so grand and godlike, that we lose in their contemplation all thought of the humble germs from which they sprang.

'I think: therefore I live,' says the philosopher. But the two actions cannot be separated. Life is thought. A thinking man lives more than another, and he lives longer.

The complaint of shortness of life is, generally speaking, as absurd as it is common. It is usually made by persons whose lives are of no value either to themselves or society, and whose time merely consists of so many years. A dog might reasonably enough complain of the shortness of his life, since he uses his faculties to the best advantage in his power; but the complaint is ridiculous in a man who is satisfied with the life of an animal. With countless treasures within his reach, he complains of being poor, because he will not stretch forth his hand to grasp them! If life is thought, he has it in his power to live long. The slumberer, for instance, who is awakened by these lines into intellectual energy, will live as long in one day as he has hitherto done in several years. This may be illustrated by a very common circumstance. If we set out to walk over a plain unvaried surface—an expanse of sand, for instance—however tedious we may find the journey while in progress, it will appear short when it is over. In looking back, we have no data wherewith to measure. The line of time has a beginning and an end, and our thoughts have no halting-place between. If, on the other hand, we traverse the very same distance computed in miles, but diversified with towns and villages, woods and waters, hills and valleys, the converse will take place. The journey will appear short while we are in progress, for we shall have no time to think of its length, being carried away at every step by some new and interesting object; but on looking back in imagination, we shall find so many landmarks by the wayside, so many channels of thought intersecting our course, that the distance will seem immense. The number of miles may be the same, but the one journey is longer than the other, and we have lived longer during its course.

The monotony of life is another groundless complaint, occasioned by our failing to ask ourselves the question—What *is* life? Life is neither weaving, nor printing, nor digging: it is thinking. There is no employment so dull or uniform as to deprive its follower of the power of thought. Nay, the more mechanical the employment, the more opportunity it may be said to afford for mental cultivation. The shuttle has before now borne burthen to the 'lofty rhyme,' and it was no intellectual task-work which gilded the visions of him

> 'Who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough upon the mountain side.'

There are few avocations of so absorbing a nature as to afford no time whatever for the exercise of the faculties in the acquisition of knowledge; and there are few so ill remunerated as wholly to exclude their follower from the stores of thought that are now so widely diffused by the press. To complain of the monotony of life, is to complain of inertness of mind. Among the lower classes, this inertness is the slumber of faculties that have never been awakened; among the upper (who term it *ennui*), it is the weariness of faculties that have wasted themselves upon contemptible pursuits, and when these have palled, have not energy enough left for anything higher or nobler. In the former case, the individual frequently takes to drinking, and is pitied by the unreflecting, on account of the temptations to which he was exposed by his monotonous trade; in the latter, he is graphically described as being 'used up'—he has nothing more in him, and is only fit to be laughed at on the stage, shoved aside in the streets, and walked over in the crowd.

To live is not merely to touch, to taste, to smell, to see, to hear: it is to use all our faculties in the highest condition of development our opportunities permit. This, and not the other, is the *natural* life of man. A person whose mind is vacant is like a stunted plant, kept down from its proper growth by insufficient light, or heat, or air. This is as yet, to a certain extent, the position of us all; for the mind of the world is only in the process of awakening from the slumber of ages. We are only pressing forward to the accomplishment of an unknown destiny. We have not yet reached our state of nature; we have not yet thrown completely off the shackles of circumstances that so long impeded our growth, and strangled our energies. But we are on the way, and that is much. Life, in its higher sense, which was formerly confined to individuals—

> 'Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame'—

now pervades the masses of the people. It exists in the hut as well as in the palace, in the workshop as well as in the study. And the result of this approach to intellectual equality is moral sympathy; for there is a freemasonry in knowledge which, in spite of physical and social differences, makes men brethren. No one who has his eyes open can fail to recognise this fact. It accounts clearly and intelligibly for appearances which would else give the lie to all history. Before the general advance of knowledge, social prejudices in this country are vanishing like mists before the sun, and political prejudices have already wellnigh disappeared. It may, indeed, have been from sheer exhaustion that, after a twenty years' war, the states of Europe relaxed their gripe of each others' throats; but it is owing to the general progress of knowledge that the torch of war has never since been rekindled, and that, after a thirty years' peace, we seem now as remote as ever from the madness of strife. The bellicose propensities of statesmen would no longer receive encouragement from the people—we should no longer see a crowd of simpletons rushing in with the offer of their 'lives and fortunes' at the first whisper of a project for defacing the image of God, and destroying the work of civilisation. But fortunately these propensities no longer exist, for statesmen themselves have shared in the spirit of improvement. Compare the aspect of parliament now with that which it presented before the battle of Waterloo—before the sins of the European kings were cast upon the back of a single sacrifice, and the poor scape-goat sent off to the wilderness of ocean! We may no longer listen entranced to the thunder of eloquence, or have our senses bewildered in the mazes of rhetoric, for the fortune of nations hangs no longer upon the intonation of a voice or the turning of a period; but a general good sense, a general tone of moral feeling, and a general yearning after the good of all, in contradistinction to that of cliques and classes, attest the progress of general knowledge.

Beautiful, no doubt, are the tree-tops, towers, and pinnacles that are gilded by the level rays of the morning sun; but the shadow which then broods over the lower portions of the picture is cold, and dark, and

drear. That sun, thank God, has now risen high above the horizon; and although the loftier objects of the scene are still clearly defined against the radiant sky, beneath we have light and heat pervading the whole surface, and opening flowers giving forth beauty and perfume from the humblest hillock, from the lowliest dell.

Let us turn our eyes for a moment

'O'er the dark rereward and abysm of time,'

where lights are gleaming through the gloom like stars upon the distant shore. These lights are the great men of antiquity. The genius of individuals survives, while that of nations is lost. Instead of tongues and peoples, we find only books and names; instead of cities and palaces, only tombs and ruins. A great cycle in the world's age was accomplished in the fall of the Roman empire. All antecedent realities were expunged, and only a few records here and there saved from destruction; and then a new course of existence was begun, and a new chapter of history opened.

How different is this era from the last! Instead of stars and darkness, we are in the midst of life and light. Ours is the age of a moral and intellectual movement, of which it is impossible to imagine the end. Science, instead of being locked up in temples and schools, is diffused throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the 'pale mechanic,' bending over his monotonous task, laughs at the ignorance of Pliny. But while indulging in a thankful pride, let us all—those who have the power to impart knowledge, and those who have the ability to receive it—let us all bethink ourselves of the higher responsibilities involved in our higher advantages. We, the people at large, occupy the place of the priests and thaumaturgists of the antique world, and wo to us if we neglect the sacred fire committed to our charge! We are not like the shadows of bygone history: our spirits will survive in endless transmission. 'Forward!—forward!' is the cry of destiny. Awake, ye who slumber, from the slumber of your faculties! Read, listen, speak, feel, think! In one word—LIVE: for life is thought!

WANG KEAOU LWAN.

A CHINESE TALE OF BYGONE YEARS.

A CURIOUS little volume has come into our possession, purporting to be a Chinese tale, printed at the Canton press in 1839, and translated from the original by Robert Thom, Esq. resident at Canton. It is a small square book, done up in a green cover, with the title first in Chinese characters, and then in English. Yet even in English, the name of the work is somewhat hard to get through. It is as follows, WANG KEAOU LWAN PIH NEEN CHANG HAN, which words, as we learn from the preface, compose the name of the heroine of the story, and may be abbreviated into the more manageable terms, Wang Keaou Lwan. According to Chinese custom, the surname goes before the Christian name, and therefore Wang must be understood to be the lady's family appellation. She was, in short, Miss Wang; and by this, as well as by the more familiar name Keaou Lwan, we shall take the liberty of speaking of her.

Miss Wang's story is a romance of the affections, founded, it is said, on facts, and has been selected from a large collection of fictions by the translator, 'partly from being pleased with the manner in which the plot is developed, and partly from the quantity of poetry interwoven in the piece.' Within our limited space, we can do no more than offer an abridgment of the story, paraphrased in certain passages; but even in this partially altered form, the reader, we hope, will obtain a tolerably correct idea of the original. As a specimen of Chinese literature, the piece may not be without its value, independently of any special interest in the story.

During the first year of the reign of the Emperor Teenshun [1458 of our era], a military chief named Wang was appointed to reside at the station of Nanyang, in the province of Honan, and forthwith went thither, taking his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, along with him. The name of the elder of these maidens, who was about eighteen years of age, was Keaou Lwan, and that of the younger was Keaou Fung. Although only sixteen years of age, Fung was already betrothed to a cousin in a distant part of the country; and as she was married, and removed with her husband shortly after the arrival of the family in Nanyang, Keaou Lwan was left in a solitary and unpleasant position. To console her as much as possible, her father kindly invited her aunt, Tseaou, to come and reside as a member of the household.

Aunt Tseaou was a lively and obliging person, but her society failed to console her pensive and affectionate niece. Keaou Lwan's accomplishments and feelings were of an interesting kind. From her infancy she had been an ardent student of books; she could wield her pen, and compose with classic elegance; and it was only from being a favourite daughter, with rare excellence of character, that her parents had prevented her from being long since wooed and betrothed. Frequently would she sigh when standing in the pure breeze, or complain to the bright moon of the icy state of singleness to which she seemed to be doomed. Aunt Tseaou, who was very intimate with her, understood the feelings of her heart; but beyond her aunt, no one else, not even her parents, knew anything about the matter.

'One day, being the Tsing Ming term, she went to the back garden, accompanied by Aunt Tseaou and her waiting-maid, to play at the game of the Chinese swing or roundabout, by way of amusement. Just when in the very height of their noise and merriment, they suddenly espied, at a gap in the garden-wall, a very fine-looking young gentleman, dressed in mulberry-coloured clothes, and wearing on his head a cap or kerchief of the Tang dynasty, who was bending forward his head and looking on, calling out without ceasing, "Well done! well done!" Keaou Lwan got into a sad flutter, her whole face became the colour of scarlet, and hiding herself behind Aunt Tseaou, they precipitately made the best of their way for the fragrant apartment, and the waiting-maid went in after them. The student thus seeing no one in the garden, leaped over the wall, and entered, and immediately spying something or other among the grass, and taking it up, he found it to be a handkerchief of scented gauze, three cubits long, and finely embroidered. Of this he took possession, as if it had been a pearl of great price; and hearing the sound of people coming from within, he made his exit from the garden as he had entered it. Then taking his stand as before, in the gap of the wall, who should he find it be but the waiting-maid coming to look for the gauze handkerchief! The student seeing her go round and round again and again, and hunt here, and there, and everywhere, until perfectly fagged, at length smiled, and told her that he had picked up the object of her search.'

A chaffering conversation now ensues, in which the young gentleman mentions that his name is Ting Chang, that he is a son of Professor Chow, and is at present a student in the adjoining college. He has no objection to give up the handkerchief, but only into the hands of the fair owner; and to make her acquainted

with his reasons for this stipulation, he sends Keaou Lwan a piece of complimentary poetry.

Minghea, the waiting-maid, took the poetry and the message of Mr Chow to her mistress, who was impatiently looking for her return. 'In the midst of a reverie on the handsome appearance of the student, she saw Minghea, apparently in a great passion, enter the house. Keaou Lwan asked of her, "Have you got my gauze handkerchief or not?"

'Minghea exclaimed, "It is indeed a very strange piece of business! The handkerchief has got into the possession of young Master Chow, who lives at the western court. It is the same handsome young gentleman, dressed in mulberry-coloured clothes, who was standing at the gap in the wall, crying out, 'Well done!'"

"Very well," said Keaou Lwan; "and did you ask it of him?—that would have been right!"

'Minghea replied, "To be sure I did; and I have also obtained his consent to return it me."

"And why did he not return it you, then?" asked Keaou Lwan.

"Why?" answered Minghea; "he told me that his family name was Chow, and that his own name was Ting Chang; and that as the gauze handkerchief belongs to my young lady, my young lady herself must come and beg it of him."

"Indeed!" said Keaou Lwan; "and how did you reply to all this?"

"I replied to him," said Minghea, "that I would inform my young lady that such were his commands; when lo! he added, 'I have got a verse of poetry for my young lady, which I will trouble you to hand up to her, and when you bring me her reply, I will then return you the gauze handkerchief!'" Saying those words, Minghea took the peach-flowered billet-doux, and laid it before her young lady.

'Keaou Lwan, on seeing it, felt rather pleased than otherwise, so she broke it open, and found it to contain a stanza of poetry of four lines, each line consisting of seven characters. It was to the following effect:—

"The handkerchief which has escaped the beauty's hand, breathes fragrance beyond measure;
And Heaven has bestowed it on an admirer, who is acquainted with the sentiment of love!
With sincere respect I send you this couplet, which I hope may speak our mutual sentiments;
And I trust to convert the handkerchief into the scarlet thread which will guide me to the bridal chamber."

'Now, had Keaou Lwan been a girl of a determined mind, she would have cast away this gauze handkerchief as a thing not worth a thought; she would have taken the poetry and burned it, and told her waiting-maid that she would not let such liberties pass again with impunity. Had she been so, I say, then this mighty business had come harmlessly to an end!'

But Miss Wang, as already observed, was a little disconcerted at her apparently neglected state, and thought this not a bad opportunity of showing her worth, which she could not consent to bury in obscurity. She therefore took some of the finest flowered paper, and made answer in these eight lines:—

'My person is pure as a piece of jade-stone, without a single speck;
I am descended of an honourable house, the members of which have been generals and ministers;
Amid the silence of evening, I gaze at the moon with my mother;
In the daytime, having nothing else to do, I look at the flowers alone;
The pure bluish wootung-tree will only permit the rare phenix to repose on its branches;
And the chaste emerald-coloured bamboo—how can it consent that the filthy crow should defile it?
I send these to the orphan-like stranger from another part of the country—
That he trouble not his peace of mind, in hoping for what is unattainable!'

'Minghea having received this poetry, took it to the back garden, where she found Ting Chang still waiting for her at the gap in the wall. "Now, sir," said she to him; "my young lady having sent you an answer, I expect nothing less than that you will forthwith restore me the gauze handkerchief."'

Ting Chang took the poetry, and read it once over: the more he read, the more he admired Keaou Lwan's talents, and the more he was determined to engage her affections. He therefore still postponed giving up the handkerchief, and sent another poetical effusion to Keaou Lwan. This was a mode of intercourse in which the lady was fully a match for the gentleman. To repulse his forwardness, she replied in a set of verses which ended with the following recommendation:—

'I would advise you, sir, not to revel in foolish dreams,
But to exert yourself, attack your books, and endeavour to enter the college of the forest of pencils.'

'After this, it was tit for tat, song and chorus, reply and rejoinder, until, little by little, their mutual love ripened, and their intercourse by letter became unceasing. Minghea's steps were seldom out of the back garden, and Ting Chang's eyes scarcely ever left the gap in the wall: the poetry that passed between them was so voluminous, that we cannot here recite it all.' It is sufficient to say, that the correspondence was at length discovered by Aunt Tseaou, who scolded her niece at a pretty rate for her imprudence, and recommended her to tell Ting Chang at once that he ought to send the usual go-between, or marriage-arranger, to papa. Keaou Lwan being quite agreeable to have matters settled, very willingly followed her aunt's prudent counsel, and despatched Minghea with a fresh piece of poetry, the concluding lines of which were not likely to be misunderstood—

'When awake, I dread to hear the note of the solitary cuckoo, as it reminds me of my unmarried state;
When asleep, I feel grieved should wedded butterflies wrap themselves in my dreams; they are so much happier than I!
Dear Ting Chang! if you have indeed a sentiment of mutual pity and affection,
You will do well to employ the go-between to communicate a word in season.'

'Ting Chang having received this poetry, forthwith made use of his father's name, and sent the proper messenger to Captain Wang, soliciting the honour of his relationship by marriage. Now, although Captain Wang had a high opinion of both the student's talents and personal appearance, yet Keaou Lwan was his favourite daughter: moreover, she was thoroughly skilled in literature of all kinds; he himself was an old man; every public document, every letter that passed through the bureau of the military station, he depended upon his daughter to help him with; he could not possibly do without her, nor could he suffer the idea of her being taken away to a distant part of the country: for these reasons he doubted and delayed, and, in fine, would make no promise.'

A long correspondence ensued between the parties, the result of which was, that Wang remained inexorable as to the marriage or betrothal of his beloved daughter. Ostensibly, therefore, all communication was broken off; but secretly the poetical epistles were fired off on both sides as thickly as ever; and to make a long story short, Keaou Lwan and Ting Chang entered into a private marriage-contract, in which they had the consent and assistance of Aunt Tseaou. The solemnities performed on this occasion were such as tradition sanctioned. Four contracts were fairly written out: one, according to a custom of the Bhuddists, was burnt before Heaven and Earth, as a testimony to the good and evil spirits; one was kept by Aunt Tseaou; and each of the two contracting parties preserved a copy.

As is usually the case with clandestine engagements and alliances, these private espousals turned out an unhappy affair. Professor Chow's term of official service being completed, he was promoted to be chief magistrate of Woo Keang, and he required to remove thither with his family. On an apparently reasonable excuse,

Ting Chang remained a short time longer in Nanyang; but at length his presence being required by his father, he found it necessary to obey the paternal injunctions, and remove to Woo Keang. These unforeseen changes proved a great affliction to the tender-hearted Keaou Lwan; but, like a high-souled heroine, she counselled Ting Chang to obey his father, and, if possible, induce him to bring about the public solemnisation of their betrothal. The parting, which was very sad, produced the following interchange of sentiment in verse:—

'Ting Chang.

Bound together by mutual sympathy, as fish to the water, so have we been evidently created for each other!
But, alas! when I think of my parents far away, I am compelled to tear myself from you.

Keaou Lwan.

In the flower garden, henceforward, who will look with me at the bright moon?
In the fragrant apartment, henceforward, I care not about playing at chess.

Ting Chang.

I only fear lest, your person being far distant from me, your affection may also grow cold.
I feel no anxiety about my literary essays not being complete; I only regret my absence from my spouse.

Keaou Lwan.

I droop my head, and speak not, but the feelings of my heart are perfectly alive to what is going on.
Though overcome with grief at the thoughts of parting, I perforce assume a look of content and satisfaction.'

After a few days' travelling, Ting Chang arrived at his home in Woo Keang, where he saw his parents, and the whole house echoed with joy at his arrival. Now, unfortunately, the father had just made an arrangement of a matrimonial nature for his son with the member of a family of the same place; namely, that of Wei, the assistant magistrate, and had been anxiously hoping for his son's return in order to send the marriage presents, and conclude the match. The student, when he first heard of this, was by no means pleased; he was anxious to fulfil the engagement he had already formed. But making inquiries, and learning that Miss Wei was an incomparable beauty, and that her dowry would be immense, he—oh, human nature!—relinquished all thoughts of Miss Wang, or, as she now might be termed, Mrs Ting Chang Chow, and actually married Miss Wei. Wretch!

Poor Keaou Lwan! She felt cheerless and forlorn. Upwards of a year had sped on, and, strange to say, she had not received the slightest intelligence of the absentee. One day Minghea came running in and told her of an excellent opportunity of sending Ting Chang a letter. An epistle was accordingly written, and forwarded; yet, after several months, no answer arrived. Another letter is sent; still no reply. Keaou Lwan, to her horror, now hears a rumour of Ting Chang's marriage, and a letter full of severities is the consequence. Sinkew, a messenger, is hired to carry this conscience-awakener, and to insist on some kind of explanation.

Sinkew knew how to manage business of this kind. On arriving at Woo Keang, he begged for an interview with the faithless Ting Chang. He could not be refused. When Ting Chang saw Sinkew, his face became scarlet. He asked 'not of him any questions whatever, but taking the letter, thrust it up his sleeve, and hurriedly entered the house. After a brief space of time, he sent a servant boy to deliver a verbal answer, which was to the following effect:—"My master," said the boy, "has been married to the young lady of Mr Wei, the Tung-che-foo magistrate, now about three years. The road to Nanyang is very far, and he can hardly be expected to go back there; and as a letter is a difficult thing to write, he relies upon you that you will deliver this verbal message for him. This little scented gauze handkerchief, in former days, belonged to Miss Wang, as well as this sheet of paper, which is a marriage contract; and he begs that you will return them to her, in order that she may think no more about him. Master at first wanted to have kept you to give you a dinner, but he is afraid lest the old gentleman his father might be asking annoying questions, and getting surprised and angry, so he sends you these five mace of silver for your road expenses, and expects that next time you wont give yourself the trouble of a long journey for nothing."

'Sinkew, on hearing these words, got into a violent passion. He would not receive the money (although it amounted to the sum of three shillings!), but casting it indignantly on the ground, walked out at the great door, and exclaimed in a loud voice of reproach, "As for thee, cold-blooded and unrighteous villain that thou art, the wild beasts and the birds of prey are not such as thou! Alas, alas! thou hast deceived the too-confiding heart of my young lady, Lwan! but high Heaven will never grant you its protection for the iniquity you have done!" Having spoken these words, his feelings overpowered him, and he wept aloud. The passers-by, one striving with another, wished to learn the cause of his tears; and Sinkew related the whole of the circumstances to them with the greatest minuteness, so that in a moment the fame of Ting Chang's dishonourable conduct spread through the whole town and neighbourhood of Woo Keang, and people of any respectability, from that time forth, held him in no esteem; so true is the saying—

"If, in the common affairs of life, you do no actions which shock your own conscience,
Certes in the wide world you will have no men to gnash their teeth at you."

'Let us now, again, relate how that Sinkew returned to Nanyang, and there seeing Minghea, how he blubbered and cried without ceasing. Minghea said, "I presume, by this, that you have met with some accident on the road? or, out and alas! perhaps my young master, Chow, is dead?" Sinkew only shook his head, and took breath for half a minute, then recounted all the particulars of his visit, and Ting Chang's reception: how that he would send no answer, but merely returned the scented gauze handkerchief and the marriage-contract, to the end that Miss Lwan might think no more about him. "I cannot for my life go in to see my young lady," added Sinkew, and brushing away the tear from his eye, he sighed deeply, and left the house.

'Minghea did not dare conceal from her mistress what she had heard, so she recounted everything that Sinkew had told her with the greatest exactness. The wretched Lwan, on seeing the scented gauze napkin, the pledge of love in bygone and more happy times, knew thereby that the story of Sinkew was no fabrication; and in a moment rage choked her woman's breast, while indignation flushed her lovely countenance! She begged that her aunt might wait upon her in the fragrant apartment, where she made her a complete narration of the whole. Aunt Tseaou exhorted and admonished her to bear her hard lot with patience, but Lwan gave no heed to her friendly counsel. Three entire days and as many nights she spent in tears. She took out the little gauze napkin and turned it over again and again. Ah! how many recollections of her once happy moments did that now bring to her broken heart! She even sought an opportunity of destroying herself forthwith; but, upon reflection, said, "I, Keaou Lwan, am the beloved daughter of a family of note; I was not without beauty, and the world said that I possessed some little talent; were I thus silently and obscurely to pass into oblivion, would I not thereby be conferring a great favour on my heartless lover?" With that she drew up thirty-two stanzas of poetry, intimating that she was about to take away her own life, and an ode or ballad of eternal resentment directed against Ting Chang. The following is a verse of the poetry alluded to:—

"As I lean against my door-post, and in grief and silence meditate on bygone scenes,
I sigh; alas! my dream of wedded life has now vanished like a smile.
Love, in early life, stirred up the rambling fibres of passion, and dragged the green and tender buds of my heart astray.
Rage now follows like a torrent, and shrinks these green buds to the withered rod of resentment.

Then I said, my lord will return true to his promise, as spring to her revolving period.
But now, alas! full well I know that 'all is vanity.'
I turn my head, and lean against the railing—the painful spot of our long farewell—
And all my sorrows for ten thousand years I lay at the door of the false and cruel east wind." *

'The remainder of the poetry is not recorded, but her ode of resentment was to the following effect:—

"This ode of hatred eternal, upon whose account do I now make it?
Ah! when I bethink me of its commencement, my heart is truly sad!
In the morning I meditate upon it, in the evening I revolve it in my mind; the painful thought never leaves me:
So I again take up this marriage paper, to declare the heartlessness of thy love!"'

Here follows a long poem, full of simple imagery, which want of space obliges us to omit, and we hasten to the termination of our melancholy tale.

'Keaou Lwan's letters and poetry being now fairly written out, she wished again to despatch Sinkew with them, but the soldier knit his brows, ground his teeth, and would on no account consent to go. There was, then, no way of getting her letters sent to Ting Chang, when it so happened that, just at that very time, her father fell sick of the phlegm, and called Keaou Lwan to look over and arrange some public documents for him. In looking over these papers, she found one relating to a soldier, a native of Woo Keang district, who had deserted from that quarter, and had joined her father's military station at Nanyang. Lwan's heart immediately conceived the following project. She took all their former love correspondence, along with the newly-composed poetry relating to the taking away of her own life, and her ballad of eternal resentment—these she classed in order, so as to form a little volume: then taking the two copies of their marriage-contract, she placed them within the cover: afterwards she made a parcel of the whole, which she put up in the form of a mandarin's public document: this she sealed, and wrote upon the envelope—"Captain Wang, who holds the seal of office of the military station of Nanyang, to the chief magistrate of Woo Keang, in the imperial district of Soochow, to be opened when seated in his public hall—these." This done, she despatched an accredited messenger with the same; and her father, Mr Wang, knew nothing whatever about the matter.

'That very night Keaou Lwan washed her person with the utmost care, and having changed her clothes, she desired Minghea to go and make her some tea, using this deceit to get Minghea out of the room. No sooner was her maid gone, than having first fastened the door, she made use of a stool to support her feet; then taking a white sash, she threw it over a beam, and tied it; next, having made fast the scented gauze napkin, the first cause of all her woes, round her throat, she joined it to the white sash in a dead knot, and finally kicking away the stool, her feet swung in mid air, and in a moment her spirit dissolved in ether, while her soul sought the habitations of the dead at the early age of twenty-one years!

"A little scented gauze handkerchief commenced and ended her tragic history!"

'Minghea then, having boiled the tea, was bringing it to her mistress, when she found the door fast shut. She knocked for some time, but no one opening, she ran in a great fright to communicate the intelligence to Aunt Tseaou. This lady, along with Mrs Wang, speedily arrived; and the room door being forced open, words cannot describe the horror and dismay that seized them when the sad spectacle within presented itself to their view! Old Mr Wang was not long in hearing the dismal tale, and in an instant repaired to the spot. It were needless to relate the scene of sorrow that ensued: neither the old gentleman nor his lady knew for what reason their beloved daughter had committed this rash act. But it was necessary to take some steps for the interment of the body; and a coffin being procured, what was once the lovely and accomplished Lwan was, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole household, consigned to the silent grave!

'Let us now, however, relate how that his worship Keueé, the chief magistrate of Woo Keang district, received the public document from the military station of Nanyang. Having perused it, great was his surprise indeed; from times of old until then he had never heard of so extraordinary a case! It so happened that at that very time his worship Chaou, the Tuy Kwan [doctor of laws], in the train of the Imperial Censor Fan, had come to Woo Keang in the course of a tour for correcting abuses. Keueé forthwith laid the case before Chaou, and he brought it under the notice of the censor himself. His Excellency Fan took the poetry, the ballad, and the marriage-contract, and turned them, and revolved them again and again, so as to make himself thoroughly acquainted with, and get at the very marrow of, this strange piece of business. He deeply lamented the talent of Keaou Lwan, worthy of a better fate, while he viewed with no less abhorrence the cruelty of Chow Ting Chang. He commanded his worship Chaou to make secret inquiries about the gentleman, and next day had him apprehended, and brought up to the censor's public court for examination. His Excellency Fan interrogated him himself. Ting Chang at first persisted obstinately in saying that the whole was untrue; but the marriage-contract being produced as evidence, he did not dare open his mouth. His excellency the censor, in great wrath, commanded the lictors to give him fifty severe blows of the bamboo, and conduct him to the public prison. In the meantime he despatched a letter to the military station of Nanyang, to inquire if Keaou Lwan had in very deed strangled herself or not. After not many days, a reply came, containing the particulars of poor Lwan's untimely end, upon which the Imperial Censor Fan had Ting Chang taken out of prison and brought up a second time to his tribunal. The censor, in a voice of wrath, thus addressed him. "To treat with levity or insult the daughter of a mandarin of rank, is one crime: being already betrothed to one wife, marrying another is a second crime: leading to the death of a party concerned, is a third crime. In your marriage-contract it is written, 'if the man deceive the woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body!' I have now no arrows here to slay thee; but," added he, raising his voice, "thou shalt be beaten to death with staves like a dog, so that thou mayst serve as a warning to all cold-blooded villains in future!" With that he shouted with a loud voice, as a signal to the bailiffs and lictors, who were in waiting. These, grasping their clubs of bamboo, rushed forward in a body, and tumultuously struck the wretched culprit, pieces of whose body flew about the hall in all directions, and in a moment a bloody and hideous mass marked the corpse of the betrayer of Lwan!

'Within the city, there was not one man who did not approve of this punishment, as well merited by his heartless cruelty. His father, Professor Chow, on hearing of this news, suddenly died of grief and indignation; and not long after, the daughter of Wei, whom Ting Chang had married, gave her hand to another.

'Reader! Why should a man court the wealth and beauty of a second bride, and turn his back on his already betrothed spouse? That it can bring him nothing but sorrow, let him read this story of bygone years!'

It is with no light feeling of sorrow we add, that Mr Thom, the able translator of the foregoing tale, died towards the close of 1846 at Ningpo, where he had latterly filled the office of her majesty's consul. Mr Thom was a Scotsman by birth, and by indefatigable industry, and the possession of excellent faculties, along

* Among the Chinese, the east wind is the emblem of the faithless lover.

with good literary taste, had achieved for himself an honourable distinction in China, where his services were in the course of proving valuable in no small degree to his country. Alas! like many sons of Scotia, who, relying on their own energies, have gone forth in quest of fortune, this amiable and accomplished individual perished in the midst of his usefulness, and has left many friends and relatives to lament his untimely loss.

MUSINGS AMONG THE MOSSES AND LICHENS.

Have I a single reader who never spent an idle summer afternoon upon a bed of mosses? I suppose scarcely one. But it is my belief that their number is small who have ever dreamed that nature has given to these mosses and to the lichens a far higher and more important commission than that of covering our hedge-banks, or scrambling up our old walls. The subject altogether, too, is an interesting one; and the vegetation, as contrasted with that of our fields and forests, has that sort of attraction which we might conceive Tom Thumb to possess in the realms of Brobdignag.

In the order of nature, the lichen family comes first: let it be first here also. Every one is familiar with the ordinary appearance of a lichen: it is a dry, membranous, leathery-looking object, whose external aspect is seldom so inviting as to draw more than a passing attention. But if one would examine it closer, many wonders reveal themselves to us. A mass of cells, a number of little tubes of membranæ, containing sporules of an oval form, an outer and an inner layer—these are what the microscope discloses of the structure of a lichen. Then the colour and appearance of these plants are wonderfully diversified. They may be seen drooping down from the branches of trees, in thick, beard-like bunches or tufts, and are well known under this form as the 'Old Man's Beard,' which, in their general aspect and hue, they closely resemble; or they are found begriming the face of a castle wall, or ruined church, with odd-looking patches of brown and yellow; or they glitter in the possession of a glowing golden colour, or paint the bare rock with all sorts of curious devices, and sometimes in the richest, sometimes in the gloomiest of colours; and sometimes they form little goblets, gray, and with crimson edges. They seem to be capable of existing almost everywhere, few places coming amiss to them. They may be seen clothing the surface of the vitrified forts of the Highlands, or creeping among the brushwood, and over the trunks of the forest. They may be found covering the weather-beaten rocks, or picking up a subsistence on the sea-shore; and when I mention that, in geographical distribution, they are scattered from the equator to the poles, and from the depths of the deserted mine to the limits of everlasting snow, I shall have conveyed a pretty extensive idea of the ubiquity of the race. Our own country is rich in the lichens, but they are not to be compared with those of equatorial regions, wherever a moist atmosphere and sheltered position favour their development. The more curious of our own species in appearance are—the singular lichen known as the 'Lungs of the Oak,' from the remarkable resemblance the plant bears to the lobulated appearance of the human lungs; the hair-like lichen, which covers oak-trees with a shaggy mantle; the crab's-eye lichen (*Lecanora parella*), common upon stones; and the goblet lichen, which is to be found ornamenting many of our heaths.

The origin of the lichens in many situations is a subject buried in mystery. Meyen has made some remarkable experiments upon the subject, the results of which leave one in a state of greater perplexity than before. He found that decomposed vegetable, and some inorganic matter, are capable of assuming organisation under the influence of water and light, and that the pulverulent matter of lichens is that which is subject to this kind of propagation; but species could only be propagated by sporules off the same species. Now, it is a striking remark made by another eminent botanist, D'Urville, that pulverulent lichens are the first plants which appear upon the bare rocks of newly-formed islands; so that some sort of a clue seems to be thus afforded to us as to the manner in which the barren rock receives its first garment at the hands of the Creator. But some genera, closely allied to the common lichens, almost appear to be, says Frier, even meteoric productions; the leaves of some pines near Dresden were on one occasion suddenly overrun on the side next the wind with these plants; the sails and masts of a vessel at Stockholm, on a hot summer's day, were instantly covered over with them; and he believes that the cob-web-like matter, so familiar to us all as spangling over our lawns, is really of this nature too, and not, as it has been believed to be, the result of the textile skill of a small spider.

Economically, the importance of the lichens may appear inconsiderable; but that would be a mistake. The Highland peasantry were, a few years ago, able to earn fourteen shillings a-week each by simply collecting the lichen known as the *Lecanora tartarea*, or cudbear, by scraping it with an iron hoop from the rocks on which it grows abundantly in the north of Scotland. Mr Loudon states, that, when collected, it was sent to Glasgow, where it was used for dyeing wool of a purple colour. But it yields to that sent from the Canaries in brilliancy of colour, and consequently in commercial value. The orchal, or archil, which is procured from the volcanic rocks of these islands, is imported into England for the use of the dyer in large quantities; the annual importation being valued at from L.60,000 to L.80,000. The well-known chemical test called *litmus*, is produced from the colouring matter of the same lichen. Others of the lichens afford yellow, red, and blue dyes. But these plants are of importance in another point of view: they often considerably contribute to, and sometimes even entirely form, the diet of man and animals. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the reindeer-moss forms altogether the food of that animal during the prolonged northern winters. The vast herds which are dependent exclusively upon this humble lichen for their support, gives us an exalted conception of the importance of the most apparently insignificant objects in nature. Linnæus says that no plant flourishes so luxuriantly as this in the pine-forests of Lapland, the surface of the soil being completely carpeted with it for many miles in extent; and that if by an accident the forests are burnt to the ground, in a very short time the lichens reappear, and resume all their original vigour. The Norwegians and Laplanders make a kind of bread with the lichens, upon which they subsist in the winter; and the Icelanders beat up the *Cetraria*, or Iceland moss, sold in our shops as a medicine, into a cake, and eat it with milk, thankful to the Providence which, in these inhospitable regions, sends them, as they say, 'bread from the very stones.' A lichen, called the 'Tripe de Roche,' forms a main portion of the food of the Canadian hunters; and it is mentioned that the very deserts of Asia produce a species of lichen in large quantities, upon which the nomadic tribes are frequently compelled to support themselves. Medicinally, the lichens were at one period of some importance.

We must now turn to the mosses. This family is a curious, and in some respects a very mysterious one. In appearance, mosses are exceedingly variable; in size still more so—some being but a line or two in total height, and some, the *Equisetaceæ*, several feet in length. Some of the mosses are beautiful hair-like plants: some resemble fir-trees, others cedar-trees: some the tail of a horse, whence a name of one order, Equisetaceæ; others, again, resemble plumes of feathers. The 'ostrich plume' moss is common in the north of Scotland; and there is another which bears the name of the 'crested feather,' from its resemblance to such an object. They take on all shades of colour; they are green, or glittering yellow, or brown, or red, or rose-coloured. There is a pretty moss which clothes the sides of St Winifred's Well at

Holywell in North Wales, which seems stained with blood; and of course there is a legend that poor St Winifred's head was cut off and rolled down there, and that it was her blood which for ever after tinged the moss, as an undying memorial of the murderer's cruelty. The moss family, by the way, has often figured among traditionary stories in a manner of which the above is an example. It is, however, upon the field of the microscope that the mosses appear in the most unaccountable light. In the minute false anthers of some species there are delicate cells, each containing what seems to be a *living animalcule*, analogous to those known as the *spermatozoa* among animals. These minute animalcules, if they are such, have short, swollen bodies, with long spirally twisted tails. When placed in water, the cell gives way, and out comes the tiny creature, and swims about in the water with the most wonderful activity. The microscope cannot determine whether it is an animal, as it appears to be, or simply a modification of vegetable tissue. Dr Lindley says, 'It is so improbable that animals should be generated in the cells of plants, unless accidentally, that we cannot but entertain grave doubts whether, notwithstanding their locomotive powers, these bodies are really anything more than a form of vegetable matter. As to the motion, how are we to tell that it is not a hygrometrical action?' The latter cause produces some singular effects among the mosses: there is a common hedge-bank moss, of the Scale Moss, or *Jungermannia* order, the spore-cases of which burst on the application of a little water, and disperse the minute spores in a delicate cloud in the air. Intermingled with the spores themselves are very delicate spiral spring-like bodies, which may be seen twisting and writhing upon the field of the microscope. Similar movements are common among others of the family.

The mosses, like the lichens, are cosmopolists. The split mosses luxuriate in the bleakest spots in the world, and are among the last remnants of vegetation as we ascend the Alps, fringing around the limits of eternal snow. Some of the urn mosses are only to be found at an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet. From these heights downwards, and from the tropics to the poles, certain members of the family are to be found. The mosses are not so directly useful to man as the lichens. In Lapland they form soft beds of them, and they are also used as lamp-wicks; the poor reindeer, too, ekes out its provision with some of these plants, which is about all that can be said of them.

Conjointly, the mosses and the lichens may be described as the pioneers of vegetation; and it is principally to their importance in this light that I have been desirous to draw attention on the present occasion. Is a volcanic rock, barren and rugged, to be clothed with vegetation, decked with flowers, adorned with trees?—the lichen and moss are the apparently feeble instruments which are to effect it. The pulverulent lichen goes before, it fastens upon the sterile surface, clothes it with its first coat, and gives place to the foliaceous lichens, these to the liverworts, and these to the mosses. Let these, then, decay; let them be torn by the mountain torrent, or by the shower of rain, from their site, and mixed with the detritus it is bringing down, and we have the nucleus of a soil already formed. Now, let the wind-carried or the water-borne seed rest here, and the second step is taken; and from hence the progress is continued. Every day brings a fresh arrival, every tempest a new plant; the zoological immigrants come next; man himself succeeds; and the once barren rock has become a fertile and inhabited island. The ubiquitous habits of these plants pre-eminently mark them as capable of performing this office in all parts of the globe; the progress will be more rapid where other circumstances are more favourable to the development of vegetation, but in any case, it is equally certain eventually. 'The lichens,' says Sir W. J. Hooker in the *Botany of the Antarctic Voyage*, 'form a large part of the vegetation of Kerguelen's Island to an altitude of fifteen hundred feet: the rocks are apparently painted with them. At the tops of the hills they assume the appearance of miniature forests, some of them being like little oak-trees.' The rocks were painted down to the edge of the sea with black, lilac, yellow, and light-red lichens. Then, in the opposite direction, Scoresby relates in his arctic voyage that where not a trace of vegetation was yet to be discovered, he found lichens in abundance upon the wildest rocks. Then, again, Bory St Vincent found them luxuriating upon the volcanic rocks of the Isle of Bourbon; and Darwin mentions that at Iquique, on the coast of Peru, he travelled for fourteen leagues without seeing any other vegetable on its arid soil than a yellow lichen. 'The first green crust,' writes the accomplished author before quoted in this paper, 'upon the cinders of Ascension, consisted of minute mosses; they form more than a quarter of the whole Flora of Melville Island; and the black and lifeless soil of New South Shetland is covered with specks of mosses struggling for existence. In the economy of man, they perform but an insignificant part; but in the economy of nature, how vast an end!'

The past pages of the earth's history reveal to us, with relation to members and allies of the moss tribe, things more wonderful still. The Equisetaceæ, or horse-tails, in particular, at a former period, seem to have played a more important part, or to have found conditions more suitable to their luxuriant development, than is the case at the present day. What should we think of an equisetum with a trunk of a foot in diameter, and twenty or thirty feet in height? Yet such are the dimensions of some of the fossil specimens. The club mosses, also, are thought to have entered largely into the composition of coal; but, says Adolphe Brongniart, the vegeto-fossilologist, their height was infinitely superior to any of the existing plants. Some of them are stated to have formed even lofty trees eighty feet high, with a proportionate diameter of trunk! A few inches would measure the tallest of them now. It is even thus far, then, that we have been carried to the very boundaries of the inscrutable by our musings among the mosses and lichens.

A MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

If any respect was ever paid in this country to Mexico, it has long since disappeared. No nation on the face of the earth occupies at this moment so low a position. The people, it is evident, cannot govern themselves; they have neither the sense to be quiet under authority, nor the ability to frame a government which can protect itself from dissolution. Their conduct is a curious mixture of childishness and wolf-like rapacity; but what else can be expected from three centuries of Spanish mismanagement? The government of a band of robbers is as little favourable to intelligence as public and private virtue.

Incapable of managing themselves, the Mexicans are for ever breaking out in revolutionary tumults; a revolution being by them called a *pronunciamiento*—that is, a declaration in favour of some new chief. The narrative of one of these serio-comic events, by an eye-witness, presents so striking a sketch of revolutionary tactics and achievements, that we shall permit him to tell his own story, premising that, having travelled for several years along the western coast of the American continent, he was well qualified to describe the proceedings of which he was a spectator. On his way northwards he had touched at Guaymas, which city he found in an uproar. 'A revolution,' he says, 'had broken out some days before, and the history of this is the history of all revolutions in Mexico; as absurd in origin, and contemptible in result, as they are original in detail.

'The commandant of the place, General Tobar, was an old soldier, active and crafty, who, having been for several years engaged in *pacifying* the native tribes, became weary of constrained inaction. The fame of the president Santa Anna, the man of pronunciamientos

and counter-pronunciamientos, prevented him from sleeping. As it is always glorious for a Mexican to *pronounce* for or against his rulers, General Tobar declared against the president as soon as he heard of his downfall. Such an event deranged all the general's plans, and delayed their execution. To get rid of his vexation, he mounted his horse, and gave himself up with more spirit than ever to his favourite pastime. Reclining on the broad Mexican saddle, and supported by the massive stirrup, he gallopped across the plains in pursuit of the wild cattle. Singling out a bull, he seized him by the hairy tuft at the end of the tail; the animal lowered his head to resent the insult, but his persecutor speeding by, still retaining hold of the tail, lifted his hind quarters from the ground, and before the bull could understand the proceeding, with a rapid summerset he was left breathless on the ground.

'The general was sometimes assisted in this diversion by his lieutenant, Casillas, a soldier of fortune, intrepid and adventurous as the companions of Cortez. He was what is called in Mexico a *hombre de a caballo;* that is, he could break a wild horse in two hours, pick up an object from the earth at full gallop, throw the lasso, and knock down three enemies at once—one with his sword, another with his stirrup, and the third with his horse. In the days of chivalry, he would have been a chevalier without fear, but not without reproach. Overwhelmed with debts, he was shunned alike by those who were his creditors, and those who dreaded being added to the number. With all these qualities, Casillas was only a lieutenant. General Tobar, however, considered him likely to make a good partisan, and as they rode along side by side after their merciless chase, he inquired abruptly of his subordinate—"Does not time seem dreadfully long to you, now that the state is so quiet? For my part I am quite tired of having nothing to do. The dogs of Indians give no further signs of life."

"You have pretty nearly exterminated them," answered Casillas gravely: "I wish I could say the same of my creditors."

"I have other subjects of complaint," continued the general, "as well as weariness. Is it not scandalous, on the part of the central government, to unseat the excellent Senor Santa Anna? My rank is only that of a garrison-commandant, while I merit something better. Where is justice now-a-days? I am resolved either to reinstate the ex-president, or make myself governor, and I count upon your aid."

"When shall we march upon Mexico," demanded Casillas laughing, "and call upon the sovereign congress to make me a captain?"

"I will let you know," replied Tobar majestically; "meantime, Santa Anna for ever!"

"Santa Anna or death!" shouted Casillas; and the two revolutionists rode back to Guaymas.

'As soon as the scheme was concocted, confederates were found in abundance. Casillas was embarrassed in his choice among so many friends. They were principally young men of distinguished families, but depraved habits, some of them well known to the alcalde and his officials as implicated in one or two assassinations. The opportunity of paying their debts at the expense of others was too good to be lost, and they flocked eagerly to Tobar's standard. The night preceding the execution of their project, about twenty of the party met to deliberate on their proceedings. Opinions ran high; some were for burning the city and slaughtering the inhabitants *en masse;* others, however, opposed so barbarous a project, and at last a list of names was made out, whose owners were doomed to execution. Each man present considered it his duty to place on the list the name of the creditor he most feared, or the alcalde who had caused him most vexation. On this point Casillas kept a profound silence, as he did not wish for the destruction of the whole city. The next proposition was to march upon Mexico, after having made themselves masters of the fort. This led to a hot discussion. One suggested that if the garrison were not to be massacred, a bribe might purchase their co-operation; but there was not a single piastre among the whole company. The final resolution was, to surprise the fort at daybreak, and seize the public treasure, locked up in the revenue chest at the custom-house. Before they separated, Tobar was named governor of the state; Casillas was made a captain; each officer present rose a step in rank; and those who were only citizens, dubbed themselves officers.

'At daybreak, the conspirators, armed to the teeth, marched silently through the city; and halting beneath the walls of the fort, summoned the garrison to surrender, with cries of "Santa Anna for ever!" The troop inside slept as men who had nothing to lose, and with little solicitation joined in the cry. The *pronouncers* were surprised at this sudden success, not knowing that the evening before the soldiers had sold their cartridges to compensate themselves for arrears of pay. At sunrise, the installation of the new government was known through the city. Some hours afterwards, General Tobar's chief officer presented himself at the residence of the receiver-general of the customs. The latter was taking his siesta in his hammock. Casillas saluted him with all the courtesy of a Mexican robber, and politely inquired if there was any money in the chest of the department.

"Twelve thousand dollars," answered the official.

"Not much," rejoined Casillas: "enough, however, to spare me the necessity of an unpleasant duty."

"What is that?" said the receiver-general, turning himself over in his hammock.

"To conduct you to my chief," replied the soldier; "for I promised to carry back either the treasure or the treasurer."

"At all events, captain, you will give me a receipt?"

"What! Yet it is but fair. I fear only that my signature may not be very valuable. Ah! Senor Administrator, I have been greatly calumniated in this country."

'After giving Casillas the contents of the chest in exchange for his receipt, the treasurer continued his siesta. The captain went back laden with booty, which he deposited in Tobar's house, transformed for the time into the seat of government. At this sight the confederates broke out into shouts of triumph. There was but one opinion as to the destination of the twelve thousand dollars: they were to be employed for the public good. But the phrase public good admits of a thousand different interpretations. Every one understood it after his own manner, and gave his advice more or less disinterestedly, so that it became difficult to settle the question. After a long parley, it was decided, on the motion of Casillas, to devote the funds to repairing the gun-carriages, which the great heat of the sun had split and rendered useless. When the meeting was over, Tobar, after investing Casillas with his authority, rode out to his country-seat, after the manner of his patron Santa Anna.

'A few days afterwards, one of the younger members of this self-elected government offered to introduce me to his associates at their nightly meeting in the only tavern of the city. In a small room about a dozen men were seated round a massive table drinking and gaming. A thick smoke from the numerous pipes increased the obscurity of the apartment, dimly lighted by a few long-wicked candles. A tall man, with strongly-marked features and dark eyes, and whose bushy whiskers reached to his mouth, rose on my entrance.

"Welcome, Senor Frenchman, for there are no serviles in your nation! Welcome! Bring a glass."

"France is a great nation," said a voice, half-choked by brandy, in one corner of the room, "and Napoleon is a great man. How is he?"

'I turned at this strange question: the speaker was an old sergeant, seated against the wall, with an enormous rapier between his knees. He did not probably hear my answer, for with a heavy snore his head fell

forward on his breast. While I was looking at him, Casillas—for it was he who had welcomed me—again spoke in the sententious style borrowed from the Indians—"Calumny is the lot of the poor, Senor Foreigner. I have been poor, but now I am powerful. Who will prevent my taking vengeance? Nobody! Casillas can enter where fire enters, and reach where the wind reaches! But no; I will only avenge myself by benefits."

'At these words the future benefactor of the state drove his dagger into the solid table with a force that made the bottles and glasses jingle. The acclamations that followed were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with the information that two regiments were on their way from Arispe to put down the rebels. This news threw the party into consternation; every one looked to Casillas for advice. Starting up, he said, "General Tobar must be informed of what has happened; which of you will ride for life or death to his seat?"

'A dead silence followed this proposition, and Casillas looked round with a gloomy frown.

"I will go," exclaimed Guttierez; a young man of calm and modest appearance, who had not before spoken.

"I want a bully, a fear-nought, for the road is dangerous," replied the captain, looking at the young clerk, for such was the occupation of the youth who had volunteered for the journey.

"I will go," was all he answered; "I only want time to saddle my horse."

"Go, then, and luck attend you!" returned Casillas, taking him aside to give him the necessary instructions; and with a parting glass the whole party separated.

'In the course of a few days after this event, every trace of the twelve thousand dollars had disappeared, except Casillas's receipt to the receiver-general. Recourse was had to exactions, for the news from Arispe became more and more threatening. Tobar still remained at his country-seat, not sorry to devolve the responsibility of rigorous measures upon his captain. Some of the richer citizens had paid a heavy fine with tolerably good grace; but everything has an end, and the provisional government was at the end of its resources.

'At this juncture a large French merchantman was telegraphed off the mouth of the harbour. This was a piece of good fortune for the conspirators, as they hoped to touch the amount of duties to be paid on the cargo. The following morning I made my way to the top of a high hill which overlooked the port and the whole city. While looking on the ship standing slowly in, some one touched my arm. I turned round: it was Casillas.

"It is Providence that sends it to us so opportunely," he said, pointing to the ship, on which my eyes were still fixed. All at once the captain exclaimed, with a fearful imprecation, "Confusion! What demon is spoiling the affair? Look!"

'A cloud of dust was visible, moving rapidly across the plains on the opposite side of the city, above which the red pennons on the lances of a troop of cavalry fluttered in the bright sunshine.

"It is the governor-general," said Casillas, clenching his hands. "A day later, and we should have beaten or bought him."

'Whether a courier had already brought the news to Guaymas, or from some other cause, we could see from the height on which we stood that there was an unusual stir in the city. Casillas looked on with a haggard eye, but without moving. A few minutes afterwards, with a cry of rage, he exclaimed, dashing his hat to the ground, "The cowards—the traitors—the idiots! See! they are disbanding! Ah! there is Guttierez on horseback: is he going to assemble our friends? No; he is off at full gallop. Stop!" he shouted in irrepressible wrath, as though his voice could reach the fugitive. "Look! there is the brave Tobar; he at least will not run away. All is lost! he is following the example of Guttierez. The cowards—the traitors! legality frightens them! they whom the yelling Indians could not intimidate. But I am there."

'Still denouncing the traitors, Casillas mounted his horse, which he had tied to a tree, and hurried at a furious trot down the steep descent. I followed him with my eye as he dashed along. He reached the great square in safety, where I lost him in the crowd.

'When I looked again, the place was empty. The governor's troops were just entering the city. By a singular coincidence, at the moment that the cavalry deployed into the square, in company with Indian infantry armed with bows and arrows, the vessel, which had so greatly excited the cupidity of the insurgents, entered the port; and at the same moment the last of the *pronouncers*—the captain—galloped from the city.

'In my subsequent peregrinations through the country, I fell in with the principal members of the provisional government of Guaymas, hiding in obscure villages, excepting one—Casillas—in whom I felt much interested; but his friends had never heard of him since the day on which his command came to so sudden a termination. Guttierez the clerk went back to his desk, as though he had forgotten all about his daring midnight ride, and his share of the public funds. General Tobar was more fortunate; his rank placed him too high to be easily disturbed by a political storm. After a brief suspension, his command was restored to him; and the recollection of his pronunciamiento became confounded with many others which have shaken, and will again shake, the ill-constituted government of Mexico.'

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

They talk about the duties of property, and some other things.

Stukely. I see you have been reading the paper. Any news?

Gilaroo. No, nothing but fresh discussions on that eternal subject Ireland, which I, for one, am getting quite sick of.

Stuke. Ah, all the landlords' blame. They have allowed things to go to utter confusion on their estates. Pity they should have forgotten that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' What a noble saying of Drummond that was.

Gil. What kind of property do you mean?

Stuke. Landed property, to be sure; I do not think moveables could be meant. At all events, on landed property all the more important class of duties ought in reason to fall.

Gil. Then I beg to differ. The saying, so interpretated, is only a piece of rant.

Stuke. Is it possible? Do I, Stephen Stukely, actually, and in truth, hear you, Philip Gilaroo, gentleman, speak in that manner of one of the greatest sayings of the age?

Gil. If it be such a great saying, you will have less trouble in explaining in what its greatness consists.

Stuke. Why, the thing is as clear as daylight. The man who owns an estate, is under the obligation of looking after the people upon it; he must see that they have decent houses to live in; that the villages, if there be any, are kept in order; that there are schools for the youngsters; that there is a savings' bank to induce habits of economy; and that the roads in the neighbourhood are kept in proper repair. He must likewise feed the poor, and find work for the able-bodied men on his territory. I need hardly add, that he and his family are bound to set a good example, and hold out every encouragement to well-doing. Attendance at the parish church I should think a fair thing, at least now and then. Such are my ideas of the duties of property, and I fancy they are what poor Drummond had an eye to.

Gil. Well, such, you say, are your ideas, and they may have been Drummond's ideas, and possibly they may be a hundred other people's ideas; but all that is

no proof of their being founded in reason, law, or common sense.

Stuke. I never heard such a heresy. Are you mad, or only joking? Tell me plainly—do you deny that landed property has duties as well as rights?

Gil. That is not a fair mode of questioning. The way I treat the subject is this. A landed property is advertised for sale; its price is L.40,000; it consists of twelve farms, which in the aggregate bring in a rental of L.1600 per annum. Besides the families of the farmers, there are fifty other families, consisting of peasantry and paupers, the whole population on the property amounting to three hundred souls. The rent or return for the purchase-money is stated at L.1600, but from this there falls to be deducted L.200 for poor and other rates, making the net return only L.1400. Now, I want to know what it is that I am called on to buy. What am I to give my L.40,000 for? I imagine that it is the right to draw the existing rental; and not only so, but the power of improving the property, and so organising its economical management, that the free proceeds may be raised to perhaps L.1700 or L.1800, which, after all, would be no great return for my money.

Stuke. Well, I think that may be allowed without any harm to the argument.

Gil. If you make such an admission, your case is gone, or nearly so. It somehow appears that buying landed property is to be different from buying anything else. If I lay out my money in trade, nobody hints at an obligation; whereas if I invest it in land, for the like purpose of gaining a livelihood, up spring all sorts of responsibilities. Suppose I lay out my capital of L.40,000 on the estate just spoken of, under the impression that I am to have the power of improving it, and increasing the rental to a fair return; lo and behold, no sooner do I come into possession, than I find I have no power whatever. The first thing I hear of is, that as property has its duties as well as its rights, it is my duty to keep up all the old tenures. In my dreams of improvement, I hoped to have thrown the dozen small farms into three large ones, each under a first-rate system of tillage. But this is against popular notions. I must not change anything. The providing of employment or subsistence for three hundred people has become my 'duty.' My rental, instead of increasing, threatens to diminish, by the obligation I am under to support the poor, who are annually augmenting in numbers. I hoped to direct my attention to study and rural pursuits; but my 'duties' tell me that I have no right to think of personal enjoyments. My business is to go about preaching industry and economy to the labouring classes, and I am expected to deliver occasional addresses to a mechanics' institution in the neighbouring county town. My wife also is never to be off her feet. She is to be the Lady Bountiful of the district, going about distributing flannel petticoats to old women, and medicines to children. I have bought a life of ease with a vengeance!

Stuke. But think of the honour.

Gil. Hang the honour! Honour wont pay butchers' bills, or send my sons to college, or my daughters to boarding-schools. I tell you I have been cheated out of my L.40,000.

Stuke. I cannot see that you have—you have got the estate.

Gil. Yes, but clogged with a thousand drawbacks. I sunk money in land as an investment; that is, to get a certain annual return, of which I am in a great measure defrauded. I never undertook to be the responsible protector of three hundred people. The obligation was not in the bargain, and it is therefore unjust to enforce it. If landed proprietors are to feed, and see to the good behaviour of all the poor on their estates, they should have an allowance for their trouble; it should be remembered in the purchase-money.

Stuke. If the poor are not to be supported out of the land, who is to support them?

Gil. The nation at large to be sure. I cannot see any justice in monied men, quiet, snug capitalists, who live in large cities, and draw their four, five, or eight per cent. on investments, shirking every public duty whatever, the payment of some trifling tax excepted; while those who have adventured their money on land, are to perform gratuitously every imaginable duty which public clamour chooses to enforce. Mighty easy and pleasant it is for the city merchant or capitalist to sit at his comfortable fireside, conscious of well-paid returns on his investments, and, with the morning paper in his hand, rail at 'those hard-hearted landed proprietors, who are letting the poor die in scores on their estates.' How complacently he insists on the doctrine that 'property has its duties as well as its rights'—his own capital, of course, not being considered property, and therefore exempted from any sort of duties.

Stuke. Are you not forgetting one thing? If the man who buys an estate does not know the obligations he comes under, he ought to know them. I do not defend the exemptions of the city capitalist; I only repeat, that on land must always fall the heavy end of all public burdens. It is the only thing tangible. A man with unfixed capital may be here to-day and away to-morrow

Gil. I remember that, but I remember something else which I conceive to be of more importance. If land is to be made the subject of all the duties and burdens which can conveniently be fastened on it, then no reasonable man will have anything to do with it. Capitalists wont look at it. They will be heard saying, 'I dont choose to invest my earnings in buying troubles and obligations. I am conscious of no vocation for nursing paupers or superintending public morals. Neither has my wife any desire to purchase a reputation by the distribution of carts of coal and flannel petticoats. Let those sink their money in land who please, I will invest mine in good debentures at five per cent. The interest will come in half-yearly, unburdened with a single obligation. Free from all annoyance, and no way accountable, I shall live in London, Paris, or anywhere else I please.' Is the world, with its sing-song about the duties of landed property, prepared for this climax?

Stuke. Your line of argument, I perceive, proceeds altogether on the principle of the *quid pro quo*. Now, in laying out money on land, there is a *quid* for the *quo*, although perhaps not in cash. The duties supposed to belong to property are paid for; they are paid for in honours, which all do not think so lightly of as you; or, to speak more explicitly, they are paid for in the political influence and territorial importance which the possession of land invariably gives.

Gil. Just so much the worse. Instead of paying for these duties in political influence, it would be cheaper and better to get them performed by distinct functionaries, receiving salaries from the public. If, in return for his services and responsibilities—his 'duties,' as you would call them—a landed proprietor gets two or three of his sons fixed on the public, then the public is paying in a round-about and wrong way for these services. Better, I say, relieve him of his services and duties, and hire a person to perform them in a proper manner. It is a notorious fact, that one settled stipendiary magistrate in a county, being a man trained to the profession, will do more work, and that work better, than fifty justices of the peace. The dearest and worst-executed duties are always those done for the sake of presents or underhand payments. The public are not wise in seeking to impose duties, not directly paid for, on landed proprietors. These duties they get paid for in all sorts of shabby ways—ways which I would despise. It may indeed be said that in requital they have the pleasure of managing the country in their own way. You have alluded to the honour obtained by owning land. And I wish it was only the visionary thing I hinted at. In too many instances, I am bound to admit, it is a *quid pro quo*: in short, land is frequently bought as much with a view to political advantages as pecuniary returns. But this is a social wrong, not to be wrested in argument.

It is a contraband arrangement, which we may lament, and hope to see redressed; yet I fear the day of redress cannot be expected to arrive while the cry about the duties of property is kept up; seeing that no man, in violation of ordinary maxims, will undertake to perform duties for which he is not in some way or other to be rewarded. Putting aside, therefore, the plea that political weight is a fair equivalent for the real or imaginary performance of duties which should have no existence, I come to the plain commercial principle, that land, as an article of value, is only worth its computed return in money; and that, having been so bought, it is no more subject to be burdened with duties and obligations than any other species of property.

Stuke.—Am I to understand it to be your opinion that a landed proprietor is not bound to look after and care for the people on his estate?

Gil.—Certainly not bound. It may be consistent with his feelings to take a kindly interest in the welfare of those about him, on the common principle that we are all concerned in helping to improve the condition of society; but beyond this the landed proprietor is under no obligation. According to a right kind of social organisation, every man is free. Feudalism—the age of lord and vassal, baron and serf—is gone; and I should not like to see it return, after it has been kicked out of nearly every European state as the enemy of popular rights. And yet the cry about the duties of property indicates a longing for a return of feudalism. It is an attempt to make the landed proprietor a baron, and those in his employment serfs, as far as such can be done without the absolute injunctions of law. I cannot consider the attempt to be either expedient or humane. The humbler classes cannot, without degradation, force themselves into a state of lifelong dependence on superiors. They cannot deem it a privilege to be fed like a great man's hounds. Nevertheless the obligation of feeding them is spoken of as one of the imperative duties of a landed proprietor.

Stuke.—And so it is; the poor are entitled to be fed out of the land. The good old law of Elizabeth settled that at anyrate.

Gil.—According to this much-to-be-venerated good old law, human beings are to be treated as trees indigenous to the soil. The parish in which they were born is to be their habitat for all generations. No one must attempt to transplant them to a spot more favourable for growth. There they are everlastingly pitched. Increasing in numbers where they grow, the landowner must do nothing to thin them. His 'duty' is to find them accommodation; and if they at length cover the whole ground, and use up all its produce, he must submit, and be the first to vacate. Here, then, is the blessed consequence of giving a man the right to be fed out of the land—universal pauperism. A law to prevent social improvement could not have been more skilfully devised.

Stuke. But how can all this be remedied? The poor must be fed.

Gil. True; but not exclusively by the owner of that portion of the earth's surface on which they happen to be born, or to have lived for any period of time. The duty of supporting the poor is universal, and consequently all parochial distinctions in this respect ought to cease. The poor man's parish should be anywhere and everywhere, and the funds for his support ought to be collected as a general tax on property, heritable and moveable. Were this done, there would be a universal improvement in the prospects of the humbler classes. Instead of vegetating and pining in some obscure rural district, they would roam abroad, seeking for the means of independent subsistence, conscious that, wherever they chanced to be, they would, in the event of misfortune, be saved from utter destitution. Such, I apprehend, must be the true reading of the cry that 'property has its duties as well as its rights:' the 'property' must mean all realised property whatsoever—the fund, in short, out of which the entire machinery of the commonwealth is to be kept in life and motion. If it do not mean this, it is only the cry of a party, an unreasoning sound.

Stuke. I am sorry I cannot go that length. I hold by the doctrine that landowners are, among other things, mainly bound to support the poor. I have seen it argued with much force that the duty of supporting the poor on his estate induces a proprietor to supervise their morals, and prevent as far as possible over-population. That is a benefit which would be lost by absolving him from his duties.

Gil. That wont do. By your own confession, the landlords have allowed things to go to confusion on their estates, and it is admitted the poor are as badly off as may be. And why? Every proprietor is left to work in his own way, or to do nothing at all, if it pleases him: there has been no general concert of measures as to the providing an outlet for the poor. It is a mere delusion to expect that any landed gentleman, single-handed, can keep down pauperism; he either cannot or will not; and in that precise position the subject now rests. It seems tolerably evident that unless the whole public, through the state, are made to feel that they are concerned in supporting the poor, or in finding an outlet for them, the poor will continue to increase in numbers, and press most detrimentally on the springs of industry. With the magnificent crown colonies of Britain at disposal, I cannot but consider it a disgrace to the age that the country should be systematically eaten up by a superfluous population. We must, however, talk of this some other time. Good-night.

NARRATIVE OF THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

It was in the afternoon of the 26th of April 1844, that, mounted on mules and horses, we left Catania for Nicolosi, intending to take guides from that place for the ascent of Mount Etna. April, it should be observed, is too early in the year for the excursion; the best time for which is on or about the full of the moon, in the months of June, July, or August. Our expedition promised to be difficult, as we could see that a great quantity of snow lay on the mountain. But these things cannot always be perfectly timed, and as no obstacle lay in our way beyond the prospect of a little additional fatigue, off we set, on a day that held out to us every appearance of the most beautiful weather. Our party, at starting, consisted of Mr A——, Mr B——, myself, two muleteers, and a boy. We were afterwards joined by Mr C—— and his muleteer. Here Mr A——'s mule made a most vicious attack, with teeth and heels, on the mule of Mr C——. Bites and kicks were exchanged, unpleasant even to witness; however, the animals were quieted without accident. And so, in peace and harmony, we reached Nicolosi in less than three hours after leaving Catania. Nicolosi is said to be more than two thousand feet above Catania, and ten miles distant.

Here we remained until about half-past eight o'clock, when we sallied forth to continue our journey up the mountain, our party being augmented in number by two guides, mounted like ourselves. We set off in high spirits, for the night was most beautiful—clear, warm, and quite calm—with a fine moon, but only about a week old; by the light of which, however, we could distinguish the as yet distant summit of the mountain, with the smoke issuing from the crater now and then tinged with flame.

Leaving the Monte Rosso on the left—one of the very numerous minor volcanos about the base of Etna—we proceeded up a tedious way, consisting of ashes, scoriæ, and rough hard lava; whilst the muleteers occasionally awakened the echoes of the Etnean solitudes with their wild chants. It was not very long before we came to the woody region of the mountain, and at about eleven o'clock we arrived at a hut in the upper part of it,

called by the appropriate name of the Casa del Bosco. By this time we all began to feel the cold of the night very sharply; and I shall never forget the genuine delight with which we beheld a bright fire, which the guides made for us in the centre of the lava-built Casa, blazing up to the very roof. Fuel there was here in plenty; the floor, however, was the earth; and the only furniture some stones, disgorged probably by the mountain in some ancient eruption; stretched on which, however, after getting thoroughly warm, some of us enjoyed half an hour's sound sleep.

At about midnight we left the Casa del Bosco, still mounted, and proceeded upwards and upwards, always by a similar kind of path. Not long after we left the Casa del Bosco, the moonlight began to fail us, and we had to pass under a wall or low cliff of lava, the shadow of which kept the path in darkness, whilst the almost setting moon shone horizontally in our faces. Just here we came to a part of the road difficult to pass, and the rider preceding me stopped, and said he could neither see his way nor go on. He, however, soon managed to surmount the obstacle, which may be described as a steep broken step in the lava rock. I then took my turn; but my horse, after getting his fore-feet upon the impediment, seemed to make no further effort, but let himself slip backwards on his haunches against the mule behind me, which, in his turn, recoiled against the next, and an accident seemed inevitable. I dismounted; and after some dangerous flounderings and plunges on the sharp lava, my poor steed lay quite still, with his hind-legs tucked close under him, evidently in the greatest terror. I walked a little farther up the ascent, whilst the guides were occupied with the poor beast. They soon got him on his legs, and brought him to me; and I mounted, and we proceeded as before. The road continued more or less beset with similar obstacles, and the moon soon afterwards went down; but the night was so fine and calm, and the stars so brilliant, that we did very well as to light. However, as we were once more stopped by some impediment similar to the last I have mentioned, A——'s mule seized that tempting opportunity to fly at one of the others, and a regular combat, as it seemed in the imperfect light, took place between the animals, to the imminent peril of the riders. I heard some sound kicks given and received, and saw indistinctly A——'s vicious brute twisting violently round and round on his hind-legs, close to the edge of a black precipice, which in the obscurity looked bottomless. It was really a frightful sight. But these things, as they occur suddenly, so they are, one way or another, terminated quickly. Most happily no harm ensued, and we all continued our route as before.

Soon after this we reached the snow, which lay in wide patches in the hollows of the lava and ashes. We crossed several of these snow-fields without accident; but on the next, the mule of the foremost of my companions fell, one leg having broken through the frozen surface of the snow, and my horse suddenly slipped down very disagreeably close to the sharp edge of the lava. I dismounted for the second time, and was quite astonished to find what a slippery state the snow was in. On alighting on my feet, I fell down immediately; and on attempting to recover my legs, slid rapidly backwards, until I was brought up, in nautical phrase, by coming in contact with some one of the party behind. However, we remounted, and continued our progress upwards.

At last we came to a place differing little in appearance from other places that we had passed, where, however, the guides decided that we must leave the mules and horses. Accordingly, we resigned them to the charge of the muleteers, who returned with them to the Casa del Bosco, there to wait for us on our descent. The guides furnished us with sharp-pointed sticks, cut in the woody region of the mountain, and we set forward on foot. Our way lay over an apparently interminable succession of slopes of frozen snow, rugged, and at the same time excessively slippery, and I believe we all found them painfully toilsome to ascend. For my own part, I often fell, and slid back several yards, and had all the work to do over again; so that in a short time I began to feel so much fatigued, that I was several times forced to stop, and lie down on the snow; and in this way I proceeded until we reached the Casa Inglese. The Casa Inglese is a small hut, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, erected for the accommodation of persons ascending Etna; but it was not possible to enter it, as the snow around it quite blocked up the door, and was as high as the eaves of the building. It is usual, in making the ascent at the most favourable season of the year, to ride thus far, which of course renders the excursion much less fatiguing.

Beyond the Casa Inglese, though the dark mass of the cone of the mountain lay right before me, and apparently quite near, yet the slopes of snow continued to rise up, one after another, as if by magic. We were now approaching an altitude of ten thousand feet, and I began to experience the effect of the rarefaction of the air. I felt no distressing symptoms whatever in the chest, but a violent throbbing in the head came on, still without pain. As soon as I ceased walking, it seemed to become, as it were, distinctly *audible*, resembling a loud and regular *hammering* at ten or twelve yards' distance; but after I had rested a few seconds, it entirely subsided. And in this way I proceeded slowly, until the snow was indeed all past, and the base of the cone, on which the snow does not lie, was fairly attained.

My companions, who had started from the place where we had left our mules at a pace which I could not keep up with, had by this time left me considerably behind, but not so far as to prevent our two guides one of whom remained with me, from calling to one another. My guide was here hailed by the foremost, to say that one of my companions was tired, and had sat down to wait for us to come up with him. However, in a few minutes, as I afterwards learnt, he went on, and we did not rejoin him until we reached the summit.

We now began to ascend the cone. Our old enemy the snow had now entirely disappeared; for the steepness, the nature of the soil, and in many places the superficial heat of the cone, is such as not to allow snow to lie upon it; but the acclivity is beset with a host of its own peculiar difficulties. We commenced our climb, for it could be called nothing else, by a circuitous route, over very hard and very steep volcanic rock, covered with loose stones of all sizes. Here I got many falls, and once slid several yards down the side of the mountain. On comparing notes afterwards, I found that my companions had all had falls about this part of the ascent. The day now began to break; and among other remarkable volcanic features, we distinguished, far beneath us, the stream of lava which broke out in the lower part of the mountain, and so nearly overwhelmed the town of Brontè last December [1843]. Soon afterwards, at twenty minutes before five o'clock, I found, to my infinite satisfaction, that I had attained the edge of the crater, along which, but still with a considerable ascent, amidst thick drifting sulphureous vapours, we continued to walk to the highest point of the summit of the mountain, which is 10,872 feet above the level of the sea. Here I rejoined my companions, two of whom, with their guide, were already settling themselves to sleep in the warm ashes. I walked on along a narrow ledge, composed of very frail materials, to the farthest accessible point, whence, before me, I saw the disk of the rising sun, and far beneath Taormina, Messina, with the volcanic islands, and amongst them Stromboli in the distance, together with the whole line of coast, and the expanse of sea; whilst close on my right, enormous volumes of smoke, now illuminated with splendid sunlight effects, and now tinged with the fires of the crater beneath, rolled furiously away to the leeward; whilst on the left, I saw another part of the crater irregularly divided into fearful valleys and

hollows, issuing from which we heard continual explosions, as of artillery, each explosion being unfailingly succeeded by the harsh clatter of the fragments that had been hurled upwards, as they fell back upon the rocks. Even when on the spot, it is not an easy matter to obtain a distinct idea of the summit of Etna; that is to say, on the supposition of circumstances being nearly the same as we found them in that locality. The smoke and vapours shut out a great part of the view, and the faculties are liable to bewilderment on witnessing violence and confusion not ordinarily connected with the operations of nature. The real character of the weather was perfectly calm and serene; but even under the most favourable circumstances, in this region of terror, everything partakes of the character of furnace and storm; and at this elevation, aided in all probability by the operation of the volcano itself, the air drew away pretty strongly from the north, with a piercing effect of cold hardly to be resisted. We stood on a frail narrow ledge, and three several times we felt shocks of earthquake. The summit of Etna is indeed a dreadful place!

We soon all reassembled, and got together, out of the wind, just below the edge of the outer slope of the cone, supporting ourselves on the steep by thrusting our heels into the loose ashes, the warmth of which we found inexpressibly grateful.

I have already described the sensations I experienced during the ascent. Another of the party suffered greatly with pain in the chest; and another, when on the summit, vomited; but he would not allow his indisposition to be caused by anything excepting the stench of the sulphureous vapours.

At Catania, I had protested against making the ascent during the night; being an avowed unbeliever in the beauty of sunrises as seen from mountain-tops; and, for tolerably obvious reasons, preferring the illumination of mid-day, when there is anything new or strange to be seen; but I was out-voted; and I now think that, on the whole, for local and other reasons that need not be recapitulated here, we did well to ascend the mountain at night. Besides, we had observed that, at about ten in the forenoon, a cloud generally settled for the day on the summit, making it advisable to reach it very early in the morning. However, the day we fixed upon for our expedition was fine throughout; but not so the day before, nor the day after.

As I had anticipated, notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, the sight of the sunrise proved a failure. I had heard much of the general magnificence of the spectacle, as well as of the extraordinary effect of the projection of the dark shadow of the cone of the mountain over the face of the country; but I saw nothing connected with these particulars the least worthy of remark. During the ascent, however, in the night, the circumstances attending the view of the sidereal heavens far exceeded my expectations. The splendour of the constellations outshone anything of the kind I had ever before witnessed or even imagined. The Milky Way lost its uncertain nebulous character; at least it put on the appearance of a luminous cloud, perfectly well-defined in outline; and I do not assert it as a fact, but I verily believe that, by its light, and by the general light of the stars, I saw my own shadow on the snow. It was, in truth, a glorious spectacle, to which no words of mine can do justice, and of which I cannot imagine I am conveying any adequate idea. As Etna has no lofty mountains near it, the stellar horizon had the appearance of being far below us; we had, in fact, more than an entire hemisphere to gaze upon; and I saw some fine stars rise from, and others set within, the black abyss beneath us. The rising of the planet Jupiter, early in the morning, was in this respect a very beautiful phenomenon. I saw also, in the course of the night, two faint flashes of lightning in the cloudless darkness far below us; and in the sky above, two, and only two, excessively faint meteors. The morning twilight appeared of very brief duration.

On the summit, we found the sulphureous vapours very overpowering; and after remaining there about an hour, we began the descent of the mountain, not the way by which we had ascended, but directly down the sheer declivity of the cone, which lay beneath our feet, where we had all been reposing. From its extreme steepness, it at first seemed impracticable: but one of the guides led the way quickly and decidedly; and we soon found that it afforded us a very rapid, and a comparatively easy path; for it consisted for the most part of fine ashes, into which we sank more than ankle-deep at every step, without the possibility of slipping; but now and then the ashes ended abruptly, giving place to a steep face of hard sulphureous rock, covered with loose stones; and wherever this occurred, you were tolerably certain of a smart fall. This path soon brought us down to the slopes of snow that, in the ascent, I had found so formidable; and to my surprise, I descended them without difficulty, and kept well up with my companions.

We now diverged to the left, in order to obtain a view of the famous Val del Bove, as it is called, an enormous desolate ravine or valley, high up in the mountain, presenting every variety of the most awful volcanic scenery. It is, I believe I am justified in saying, much the finest thing in the whole region of Etna. Although no colouring could have been anticipated in such a scene, yet the varieties, and those chiefly varieties of black, were quite astonishing. Effects, too, of light and shade abounded; and the transparent air and bright morning sun cast a singular velvet-like softness of tint over the lava streams, with now and then a tinge of the most delicate purple imaginable—

> ——'Smoothing the raven-down
> Of darkness till it smiled.'

We were, in truth, most fortunate in obtaining so perfect and enjoyable a view of this tremendous valley; often for months together the abode of aërial clouds and tempests, even when unvexed by volcanic storm.

We continued our route down the patches of snow, until we once more entered upon the woody region; and at about nine o'clock regained the Casa del Bosco, where we found our muleteers fast asleep in the sun. After a short delay we remounted, and as we had a fatiguing night walk of about eight hours, we were not sorry at the prospect of riding down to Nicolosi. In this part of the woody region I was much pleased at hearing the cuckoo; it was the first I had heard this year; and the first I recollect to have ever heard out of England.

We had now a better opportunity of observing the woody region than when we passed it in the night. I confess I was disappointed in the beauty of it, at least of that part of it which we crossed. Within sight were some terrific standing cascades of lava, that had in former eruptions desolated many localities of the region. We also enjoyed an excellent view of the very numerous minor volcanos that have at various times broken out in the lower regions of the mountain. They are all now extinct, but they have generally proved very destructive. Some of them, the Monte Rosso, for instance, are hills of considerable elevation. We also saw the celebrated Grotto del Capre, which we had passed in the night. It is an insignificant cave, not far from the Casa del Bosco, and was once the only refuge for travellers ascending the mountain. Many names of travellers are carved on the surrounding trees. I was disappointed at finding that the chestnut-tree, called, from its great size, 'De Cento Cavalli,' did not lie in this part of Etna. It must be visited in a distinct excursion from Nicolosi.

Passing from the woody region through the desolation of lavas of various dates, and over a long tract of the black pulverised ashes of the Monte Rosso, we at length reached Nicolosi. Here we dismissed our guides, and obtained some refreshment; and in about two hours more remounted, in order to ride quietly back to Ca-

tania. But our scrambles were not yet over. Just as we were leaving the place, the vicious mule managed once more to fly like a tiger at one of the others; a fresh kicking and plunging ensued, which broke A——'s girths, and down he fell on his back, with his saddle between his legs, on the sharp stones of the steep-paved village street which we were descending. But, for to-day at least, we seemed one and all of us invulnerable. A—— remounted, unhurt, and we continued our ride to Catania, where we arrived between three and four o'clock, having been absent about twenty-three hours; and considering the season of the year, we could not but be satisfied with the success of our ascent of Mount Etna.

In the evening we had the honour of a visit from Professor Forbes of Edinburgh. He had just arrived at Catania, and hearing we had ascended the mountain, came to make some inquiries respecting our expedition.

AN ENTERPRISING BRAHMIN.

The following account of a distinguished Hindoo, from the much-esteemed Serampore journal, 'The Friend of India,' throws an interesting light upon the progress of enlightenment in India, and the various agencies that are at work in the great cause. Hitherto we have heard only of Europeans, and natives who, whether embracing Christianity or not, had abjured the superstitions of their country; but the subject of this memoir clung to the last to the Brahminical faith; and yet—while rising by talent and industry from the humblest station to immense wealth—placed himself habitually at the head of every project for the advancement of his co-religionists in knowledge and civilisation.

'Of the native gentlemen who have raised themselves to eminence in the native society of Calcutta, by the acquisition and distribution of wealth, within the present century, Ram Komul Sen will be freely acknowledged as the most remarkable. Others have risen from equal obscurity to greater wealth, but none have been distinguished for their intellectual attainments. Bishonath Mooteelal, lately the dewan of the Salt Golahs, began life with eight rupees a-month, and is generally understood to have amassed twelve or fifteen lacks of rupees before he was required to relinquish his office. The father of Baboo Asootosh Deb, the founder of that wealthy family, served a native master at five rupees a-month before he became a clerk in the late firm of Fairlie, Fergusson, and Company, in whose employ, and also in that of the American merchants—who named one of their ships after him, Ramdolal Dey—he accumulated a colossal fortune. The present dictator in the money market, the Rothschild of Calcutta, Mootee Baboo, began his career with the humble salary of ten rupees a-month. Ram Komul Sen also was the architect of his own fortune, and began life as a compositor in Dr Hunter's Hindoostanee press, at eight rupees a-month; and though he is said to have bequeathed a smaller sum to his family than the accumulations of any of the native gentlemen we have mentioned (no report carries his fortune beyond ten lacks), yet he has attained a more solid renown, from his connexion with the progress of knowledge and civilisation among his own countrymen, of which he was one of the most strenuous and distinguished promoters. He did not long continue in the subordinate situation of a compositor in the printing-office. He attracted the notice of Dr Wilson, now professor of Sanscrit in the university of Oxford, who discovered his natural abilities and his thirst for knowledge, and took every opportunity of bringing him forward. His first promotion, we believe, was to some subordinate situation on the establishment of the Asiatic Society, which introduced him to the notice of some of the most distinguished members of European society. He had early applied with diligence to the acquisition of English, which he spoke with considerable fluency. At the time we allude to, a good colloquial knowledge of English was rare, and the possession of it was a sure passport to distinction. Ram Komul Sen soon came to be recognised as a leading man in the small band of enlightened natives in Calcutta. On the establishment of the Calcutta School-Book Society, he was placed on its committee, and materially assisted its operations by the compilation and translation of several useful works. When the Hindoo college was set on foot the year after, the organisation of it was in a great measure intrusted to him through the recommendation of his constant patron, Dr Wilson. Here he had an opportunity of indulging his ardour for the spread of knowledge among his own countrymen, and of exhibiting his natural aptitude for managing the complicated details of business. His position in this institution materially improved his standing in native society, and laid the foundation of that influence which he subsequently acquired. Three years after the establishment of the Hindoo college, he projected the publication of an English and Bengalee dictionary, in conjunction with Mr Felix Carey, the eldest son of Dr Carey; but his death in 1822, before a hundred pages of the work were printed, suspended its further progress. It was, we believe, soon after this undertaking that Ram Komul Sen was placed at the head of the native establishment of the Mint, by Dr Wilson, the assay master. This highly responsible and lucrative appointment raised him to great distinction, and his mansion in Colootolah became the resort of the wealthy and the learned, and the fame of his greatness was spread far and wide through Bengal. In 1830 he resumed the project of the dictionary, and with great personal labour completed the undertaking, and carried through the press a quarto volume of seven hundred pages. It is by far the fullest and most valuable work of its kind which we possess, and will be the most lasting monument of his industry, zeal, and erudition. It is probably the work by which his name will be best recognised by posterity.

'After the departure of Dr Wilson to England, he quitted the service of government, and accepted the office of native treasurer of the bank. Some months back his constitution began to exhibit symptoms of that decay, which had been accelerated, we have no doubt, by the extraordinary personal labour to which he submitted, and which had been one of the main instruments of his elevation; and he expired at his family residence in the country, opposite the town of Hooghley.

'There is scarcely a public institution in Calcutta of which he was not a member, and which he did not endeavour to advance by his individual exertions. He was on the committee of papers of the Asiatic Society; he was a vice-president of the Agricultural Society; he was one of the committee of the Calcutta School-Book Society; he was a manager of the Hindoo College. He was equally honoured in the European and native community, and had long been considered as one of the most eminent and influential natives of the metropolis. Though he continued through life to maintain the principles of a rigid, and in some respects of a bigotted, Hindoo—for he was never in advance of his own creed—to him belongs the great merit of having taken a leading part in the efforts which were made for the diffusion of knowledge among his own countrymen at the period when Lord Hastings, for the first time, repudiated the idea that the ignorance of the people was the firmest safeguard of our empire. He was one of the chief instruments in the establishment of those institutions which have diffused European science among the natives, and so greatly raised the tone of native society.'

THE FUTURE.

Those who have seen dearth and famine disappear at the bidding of an improved agriculture—the plague driven from our cities, and the ague from our counties, by the advance of civilisation and the appliances of science—will not despair of the time when typhus and scrofula, which desolate the town, and the intermitting fevers, which still linger in the country, will yield before the advance of that knowledge which is now dawning on our social horizon.—*Lecture on the Unhealthiness of Towns, &c. by R. D. Grainger, Esq.*

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

When Boileau published his translation of 'Longinus on the Sublime,' he was taken for a profound chemist, and the admirer congratulated him on his great treatise *du sublimé*.

In Pope's notes on 'Measure for Measure,' he informs us that the story is taken from the novels of Cinthio, dec. 8, nov. 5—meaning the eighth decade, and the fifth novel. Warburton, in his edition, thinks fit to fill out these abbreviations; and we accordingly read, December 8, November 5.

As great an error is made by Gail in the bibliographical index to his edition of Anacreon. A catalogue of reprints, which served as part of his materials, contained these abbreviations—*e. bro.* (*exemplaire broché*, or stitched copy), which the unlucky editor mistook for the name of a place, and accordingly set down the work as printed at *Ebro*.

Budæus took the Utopia of Sir Thomas More for a real country, and seriously proposed to send thither missionaries. D'Israeli tells us that the Travels of Gulliver gulled a good many for a long time after their publication. Holberg, a Norwegian author of the last century, published a satirical romance, which he entitled, 'The Subterranean Travels of Nic. Klim;' and this erudite work is quoted by a German writer in support of his geological theory. The fall of the roof of the New Brunswick theatre in London, some years ago, was described in a tale called 'Narrative of John Williams,' published in a then existing periodical, the Weekly Review, which, although full of imaginary circumstances, is still cited as an authority on the subject. The editor of a Hereford paper—the hero of the story having been bestowed upon that city—inserted a violent leader, assuring the public that certain statements were entirely false; that, after the most minute inquiry, it could now be unhesitatingly declared that no such person as John Williams had ever resided there.

'The Triumph of the Green Lover,' by J. Lemaire, a poet of the sixteenth century, comprised in two epistles, and dedicated to Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, gives rise to this criticism in the Bibliothèque Française:—'I do not see why the author should have taken the surname of the Green Lover, unless it be on account of the green colour of his costume, of which he gives a long description; while his mistress, the Princess of Austria, had a predilection for black, as more suitable to the unhappy fortune which had pursued her through life. The first epistle answers completely to the title of lover assumed by the author; and Lemaire does not shrink from boasting of the familiar terms on which he lived with a princess. The surprising thing is, that he should not merely have addressed her in such a style, but that he should have expected her to derive pleasure from the fact of his having done so being announced to the public in his work. He states, indeed, that he was born in Upper Ethiopia, but it is easy to see that this is a fiction.' This grave criticism is by the Abbé Goujet, who had not read the work he examined with sufficient attention to perceive that the Green Lover was a *parrot*.

BABY TRADE OPENED.

The following appears in the Athenæum of February 13:—

'To ladies without children, and others, a very promising and genteel little boy, five years old, and without parents, requires a permanent home, where he would be educated and brought up with kindness and motherly affection. Address, with particulars of family, &c. to A. N., Post-Office, Great Russell Street. Terms expected, about L.10, 10s.

'So the baby trade is to be opened! and following the law of competition—as the Great Shovel trieth to pull down the Small Coal-box by publishing *its* scale of prices—we may look shortly to read of "very promising little boys" purchaseable at *five* pounds, girls for less, and twins—like "family tickets"—on a reduced scale of prices. It has been long a fact well known in St Giles's, that "the children of the *mob*ility" were movable—could be hired by the day, as well as a sore eye or a lame leg, or the *properties* of epilepsy! But the Huggins and Muggins market is now about to be invaded by "the genteel;" and to judge from the extreme moderation of the terms, "the operation" is intended to be extensive. There will be next, we apprehend, a joint-stock company for the sale and exchange of old people!'

We confess we cannot participate with our respected contemporary in the drollery of offering children in the manner of the advertiser. The only reprehensible thing about the advertisement is asking money for the boy, which gives an air of *selling* to the transaction. Apart from this, we can see nothing wrong in seeking a permanent home for a destitute orphan child. At present, vast numbers of wealthy individuals who have no children of their own, might possibly be induced to adopt and rear orphans, not only from motives of benevolence, but in order to possess an object on which they could lavish their affections. And how much more gracious and becoming would such acts of adoption and nurture be, than the practice of keeping and pampering parrots, lapdogs, and other perishable creatures! On the whole, therefore, eccentric in principle as it may appear, we would be glad to see a 'baby trade' of this kind opened. We should be happy to see the rich, who do not very well know what to do with their time or their money, lending a hand to bring up those who, in the providence of God, have been thrown on the compassion of their fellow-creatures—and that not by merely subscribing sums to foundling hospitals, and such-like, but by actual domestication and personal superintendence.

While on this subject, we would refer to what in Paris appeared to us a fine trait of benevolence. It is customary in the French capital for pious individuals to visit the prisons for young criminals, and there select and attach themselves to a child who has been brought into a course of vice by reason of parental loss or abandonment. Having made his selection, the visitor calls at regular periods to talk with and instruct his young protégé; and when the period of imprisonment expires, he places him to a trade, sees him properly domesticated, and otherwise concerns himself in his welfare. By this means great numbers of children are reclaimed, and made good members of society. I was told of instances of extraordinary affection having sprung up between adopters and adopted; and also of the great pleasure which was often experienced from the consciousness of having saved interesting youths from destruction. Might not much of the speculative piety of England assume advantageously this practical form?

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Sweet floweret! blighted by the winter's blast,
The tribute of a verse I'll give to thee:
Thy struggle's o'er, thy every trial past,
Thou first reft blossom from the parent tree.
The world will heed thee not, my innocent!
A babe has lived—a few short days—and died;
Yet in thy mother's yearning heart were pent
Years for the days she had thee by her side.
The dim futurity she scanned with joy;
Each period of thy life she had her trust,
Was bright with hope and promise for her boy;
Alas! the vision's buried in the dust.
But no: the grave to thee new life has given,
And hopes that sprang on earth now bloom in heaven!

February 1847. B.

CURRY.

I cannot help regretting that the people of England, who possess so many excellent dishes, some national, and others borrowed from their Gallic neighbours, should envy us poor Indians our single tolerable dish, and attempt to libel it, as they do, by giving its title to a strange, wild composition, formed by throwing a little dust from a red packet, decorated with gilt hieroglyphics, into a dish of hashed fowl, and giving to the same the brevet rank of 'curry.' Now, curry is an artfully-composed dish, depending for its excellence on its flavour, not on its power of excoriating the human tongue by a wicked deception under the form of pleasant nourishment; and to obtain this, all the ingredients, some sixteen in number, must be fresh grown and fresh ground. Happily, however, an Indian cook effects this under circumstances in which an English servant would let his master starve; but give a native of India but a bit of level ground, or the plank of a boat, where he may make a fire, and provide him with a cooking vessel, a bit of ignited charcoal, a chicken, and a stove, and in half an hour he produces a good dinner; the chicken being denuded of its feathers after execution by a dip in scalding water, while the 'curry stuff' is ground upon the stone.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 169. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847. Price 1½d.

GAIETY AND GLOOM.

Among the passengers on board a steamer which one morning left Dover for Calais, was a young Englishman of somewhat fashionable appearance, who seemed to shun as far as possible all contact with his fellow-travellers: wrapped up in mysterious silence, he proceeded, on landing, by the first diligence which departed for Paris. All we have to say concerns this young gentleman, and we may as well tell his history at once.

Frank Marlow was the son of a respectable London merchant, who had given him an education at Eton, which fully qualified him in that very easy art—the art of spending. To do justice to Frank Marlow, he took very kindly to this piece of ingenuity. In little more than two years after the old gentleman's death, he had got through his handsome patrimony; a mere wreck was all that remained; and here he was, a self-exiled man, seeking for oblivion in the obscurities of Paris.

Like most persons who have gone through a fortune, Frank was full of terrible notions about the rapacity of mankind. He had been cruelly used by his so-called friends. The world was all a mass of deceit. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' was his song, and a very appropriate song too, for all exhausted prodigals to sing. Frank, at eight-and-twenty, was a gloomy misanthrope, a hater of everybody; though there was only one man on the wide earth whom he should have despised, and that was himself.

Frank sought oblivion. He wanted to live no one knew where; and the more obscurely he could hide himself, he thought he should be the happier. Several lodgings were tried in Paris, but they proved too garish and cheerful. In one house he heard the sound of a flageolet, which was enough. Horrid, deceitful villains—all bad people are merry! At length he fell upon a lodging quite to his fancy. It was on a fourth floor of a tall old-fashioned building—so exceedingly tall and narrow, that it seemed as if it had been squeezed out of shape by the houses which leant upon it. This uncomfortable-looking tenement was situated in a dull, narrow street, into which very little sun ever shone. It had the air of a great, long grave; just the kind of abode for people who take a fancy to be miserable.

Satisfactory as the new lodging was in many respects, a day or two's experience showed the morose young Englishman that, if he wanted to be perfectly beyond the reach of gaiety, Paris was the worst place in the world to which he could have come. The landlady, Madame Bernard, was an exceedingly merry, sweet-tempered person. As the wife of an operative locksmith, who did not enjoy good health, the mother of several children, the protector of a poor orphan niece, Adèle, and the mistress of a very limited accommodation, she may be supposed to have had some tolerable reasons for being careworn; but not all these things, nor the gloomy, gravelike street in which she lived, could force a sigh from her bosom. She was always as bright as a streak of sunshine. While toiling in her little den of a kitchen, whose only light was that of a sepulchral-looking lamp, the Frenchwoman was as blithe as any uncaged lark.

It was perhaps because Frank did not see much of this gaiety that he did not feel seriously distressed about it. His interviews with madame were few and short. Her principal visit was to kindle his fire, and serve his coffee in the morning; and on such occasions she used to launch out a little in the way of gossip, believing, kind soul, that monsieur had some secret grief which needed to be assuaged by conversation. Among other subjects on which she expatiated was that of neighbours—a fruitful one to landladies all the world over. In spite of himself, Frank found that Madame Bernard's gossip was worth listening to, for it gave a sort of insight into human nature.

First on the good dame's list came a mysterious couple, Monsieur and Madame Dezille, who seemed to live in a pinched kind of way. Madame was a tall, pale, melancholy-looking woman, who appeared to carry in her mind some ponderous secret, and was always embroidering purses. Her husband was a comical-looking little man, who was never seen but in a long greatcoat, that fell down to his heels. The most incomprehensible thing about him, however, was his practice of remaining at home all day, and his going out at night, and never returning till past two in the morning, to the great wrath of the portress, who, out of pure spite, averred that he was a *mouchard*, or secret spy of the police. She even once called him so to his face; but Monsieur Dezille, far from making any contradictory reply calculated to enlighten her on the subject, listened to her with provoking complacency, and quietly bidding her good-morning, walked up stairs.

The great secret at length came out. It was discovered, to the satisfaction of the portress and her lodgers, that Monsieur Dezille repaired every evening to a public ball behind the Palais Royal, where his office consisted in taking care of the canes and umbrellas belonging to the dancers, for which dignified occupation he received the munificent salary of sixty francs (about L.2, 8s.) a-month, as long as the ball was open—that is to say, during the winter season only. How he and his wife lived throughout the remainder of the year, was more than any one could tell. From the moment that these circumstances were known to them, the portress and lodgers ceased to interest themselves any further in the fate of the humble pair; but Marlow observed—and the trait impressed him with a favourable opinion of her character—that whereas Madame Bernard had formerly looked with a suspicious eye on her neigh-

bours, she now no sooner knew them to be honest, though poor, than she immediately gave them tokens of her good-will, by numerous little attentions she had formerly neglected to pay.'

Somehow or other—perhaps because they instinctively saw the truth and simplicity of her character—the shy and proud couple grew more condescending; and though evidently superior, in education at least, to the locksmith and his wife, they freely conversed with them, until they at last came to be on very amicable terms together. And then, but not till then, did Madame Dezille confide to her simple, good-natured friend the secret which weighed on her soul. 'Monsieur Dezille'—she scorned the vulgar term of husband—'was not merely what he seemed to be: he was more—he was a poet and an author.' Madame Bernard heard with silent awe. 'Like that of other great men, his life had been a perfect romance. He was the godson of a reigning potentate—a German one,' added Madame Dezille with strong emphasis, 'whose valet his father had been for many years whilst he was exiled in France by his rebellious subjects.'

Then followed a thrilling narrative of persecutions, imprisonments in deep dungeons, and hairbreadth escapes over high castle walls, all of which had been endured and effected by Monsieur Dezille in foreign lands, through the enmity of his unnatural godfather, whom he had unluckily offended; until, after innumerable difficulties, he succeeded in reaching his native country, where, like another Othello, he won his Desdemona by the history of the sufferings his youth had undergone. All this Madame Bernard, good, simple soul, heard with reverent belief. Indeed it is very probable that it was almost all true; and far from diminishing or abridging the narrative, which she the very next day repeated to Marlow, she rather increased its bulk by a few additional embellishments of her own, which she very innocently and unconsciously bestowed on Monsieur Dezille's adventures.

The occupier of the third apartment on the landing was a morose, surly old bachelor, named Ricord, whom everybody disliked—even the kind Madame Bernard, if indeed she ever disliked anybody—and who played on an old fiddle, as cross and croaking as himself. It was some time before Marlow discovered this circumstance; and even when it became known to him, he was reconciled to it by the character of the musician, which, as described by Madame Bernard, who had learned it from the portress, was anything but cheerful or lively.

Several months passed away, during which Marlow, whose only amusement was listening to Madame Bernard's morning conversation, felt very dull, yet nevertheless persisted in his misanthropic mode of existence. One cold winter's day, when he was as usual poring over the 'Journal des Débats,' and occasionally listening to his landlady, he gradually drew away his attention from the newspaper to bestow it on Madame Bernard. She was talking of Monsieur and Madame Dezille with more than customary animation.

'Yes, sir,' she continued, for she had been speaking for some time, 'I met Madame Dezille on the stairs last night, and she told me everything about it. Monsieur Dezille has just finished a *superbe* comedy, all about kings and queens. Monsieur,' addressing Marlow, 'has heard, I suppose, that his father was valet to a German sovereign, so that he of course knows everything about these great people; and his godfather, with all the princes and princesses, are to be in it; and when it is acted, it will create little less than a revolution in Germany; for Madame Dezille says, that when he read it to her, it made her hair stand all on end, it was so awful. But what shows, moreover, that it is certainly a good comedy, is, that Monsieur Dezille, after treating all his friends and comrades of the ball-room where he goes in the evening, read it to them, and could scarcely go on with it for their applause. Indeed they all to a man declared that the director of the Theatre Français would be astonished to hear it; that it would be one of the fine plays of the classic boards; and so delighted were they, and so heartily did they drink his health, that Madame Dezille, poor woman, sighed and turned up her eyes whilst she was telling me about it. So I spoke to Bernard this morning, and we agreed to ask Monsieur and Madame Dezille to come and spend the evening with us, and be merry. We shall have some cider, with roasted chestnuts and pancakes, and Monsieur Dezille has promised to read his comedy. Perhaps,' continued Madame Bernard with an insinuating smile, 'monsieur would like to hear the comedy? I am sure we should be very happy——' But here the gloom that suddenly gathered over Marlow's features as she spoke, warned her that this was dangerous ground, so, correcting herself, she hastily added, 'But I suppose monsieur does not much care about such things?'

It was not, however, at her presumption that Marlow felt incensed; he had too much good sense to take in ill part an offer he knew to be kindly meant; but his misanthropical notions were terribly shocked to perceive that his landlady and her husband—a locksmith too—were going to indulge themselves in a party, one of those dangerous and pernicious amusements which had ruined him, 'and will ruin many more,' he bitterly thought, 'whilst the love of luxury and ostentation are to be found upon earth. Ay,' he continued in a thoughtful mood, 'I see it all even now: these people are as credulous and simple as their neighbours are knowing and selfish; they will allow themselves to be duped and flattered; the parties will be renewed, always of course at their expense, until they have nothing more to bestow. They will then be laughed at for their pains; the husband, disgusted with his comfortless home and his wife's ill temper, will become a drunkard; and as for the poor children, beggary and starvation await them.'

'Will monsieur be at home this evening?' inquired the cheerful voice of Madame Bernard.

'No; I am going out for the day,' abruptly replied Marlow.

'Must I keep monsieur's fire in?' she continued with unalterable good-humour.

This time Marlow answered in a milder tone, that she need not take the trouble, as he would not come home till late in the evening.

The day was fine and frosty, so our hero immediately sallied out, fully determined not to return until Monsieur and Madame Dezille and the comedy were all fairly despatched. He took a long walk; but as, after all, the day was not yet half spent, he resolved to call upon the only acquaintance he had formed in Paris. His friend lived far away; Marlow did not reach his dwelling till dusk, and, as ill luck would have it, did not find him within. In a rather sulky mood, he now resolved to go home; but, as though to increase his ill-humour, there came on a thaw, accompanied with a drizzling rain, which promised to last for the whole evening. He was unprovided with an umbrella, and could not find a single cab or omnibus until he was within five minutes' walk of the street in which he resided. It was nine o'clock when he reached his *quatrième étage*, thoroughly tired, drenched to the skin, and, above all, highly irritated against his landlady, to whose unlucky party he ascribed his mishap.

As he usually left his key in Madame Bernard's keeping, he was now obliged to knock at her door in order to procure it from her. No sooner had he reached the landing, than the sounds of several voices within, mingling with occasional bursts of laughter and applause, greeted his ear. As his summons had evidently not been heard or heeded, Marlow, without further ceremony, entered the kitchen, and called out for Madame Bernard; but the good dame, who was busy frying pancakes over the stove—which was so contrived that any such simple cookery could easily be effected through its means—apparently did not hear him, for she made no reply. Marlow impatiently advanced, but paused when he reached the glass-door; for he felt unwilling

to enter the dining-room, where all the party were assembled; and, notwithstanding his ill-humour, he was not quite averse to obtain a cursory view of Madame Bernard's guests. Owing to her accurate description, he soon recognised every one of them.

With the exception of Madame Bernard herself, and of her niece and the children, who were busy roasting chestnuts, they were all seated round the table, on which stood an old-fashioned lamp, which shed its light around, and enabled Marlow to take a full view of their countenances. In the most comfortable and easy-chair, near the warm stove, sat his old crabbed neighbour of the fiddle, whom he had met once or twice on the staircase. He could at first scarcely believe his eyes, and thought it must be some error of his; but a strangely-fashioned and antiquated-looking instrument, which lay on the table, fully confirmed the fact. Madame Dezille, who sat next to him, was as usual embroidering a purse; whilst her husband, the man of the comedy, with bent brow and fierce aspect, read something from a manuscript before him; and to enforce or illustrate his meaning, occasionally struck his clenched fist on the table, making the wine-glasses and the old fiddle itself ring again. The locksmith, good man, listened with much gravity and awe; and when he succeeded in catching Monsieur Dezille's eye, and saw that it was the proper time for him to do so, applauded with all his might. Marlow listened in the hopes of catching something; but what between the hissing of Madame Bernard's pan, and his imperfect knowledge of French, he could only distinguish the words of 'traitor'—'perfidious monarch, tremble and fear,' &c. very frequently repeated. Growing somewhat impatient, Marlow was on the point of entering the room, at the imminent risk of destroying the effect of the best passage in Monsieur Dezille's play, when the latter, who was closely eyeing Madame Bernard's motions, hastened to wind up the critical scene with a kind of fierce flourish, threw his manuscript on the table, and in the excitement of the moment, recklessly swallowed down a burning cake just hot from the pan. His kind hostess gazed upon him with alarm; but Monsieur Dezille was perfectly cool and composed: it seemed, as Madame Bernard afterwards observed, as though nothing could have an effect upon him.

Thinking the moment favourable, Marlow now opened the door, and thrusting his head into the room, sharply asked Madame Bernard for his key. In a moment the good woman was by his side, pouring forth excuses for having given monsieur the trouble of coming so far; but then she did not think monsieur meant to come home so early. She protested, however, that his fire would be ready in a few minutes, and was leaving the room to prepare it for him, when, on discovering that he was, as she expressed it, 'wet to the bone,' she testified great concern, and earnestly intreated him to come in and dry himself near the stove. Marlow stiffly thanked her, and refused; but wearied at length with her importunities, and somewhat tempted, too, by the warm atmosphere of the room, he consented to enter, concluding that he should only stay a few minutes after all, and took a seat near the stove, upon which Adèle was now warming some wine for him, this being, in Madame Bernard's estimation, an excellent preservative against a cold. The French of every class possess an instinctive politeness, which teaches them that nothing can be more disagreeable to a stranger than to excite too much observation. Thus on this occasion, with whatever real curiosity they might have been disposed to eye 'the proud Englishman, who spoke to nobody,' Madame Bernard's guests showed no token of it; and politely making room for Marlow, took as little notice of him as possible.

Everything went on as though he had not been there. Two bottles of cider were brought out, and uncorked in great ceremony by the locksmith, whose health and that of Madame Bernard was drunk by every one present; a compliment which was duly acknowledged and returned. The cider (it cost ten sous, or fivepence a-bottle) was pronounced delicious. Marlow was amongst the first invited to test its merits, but as he refused in a very peremptory and morose tone, Monsieur Bernard had tact enough not to use any pressing. The hot roasted chestnuts were next produced in a large earthen dish, and every one immediately began peeling and eating them with great relish. This is a very favourite amusement in France, both with children and grown-up people amongst the poorer classes, who particularly enjoy it by the fireside on cold winter evenings. Its greatest merit is, that it does not interfere with conversation; and so Marlow soon found, for the table having been removed, every one drew round the stove, and became very chatty.

Monsieur Dezille was evidently the wit of the party: he could not open his mouth to swallow a chestnut, or utter a bon-mot, but the locksmith was ready to laugh and be amused, whilst Madame Dezille admiringly turned up her eyes. Even old Monsieur Ricord's grim features occasionally relaxed into an approving smile; as to the niece and children, they were in perfect ecstacies, laughing and clapping their hands with glee at everything they saw or heard. But as he witnessed the mirth and enjoyment of those around him, Marlow's gloom and ill-humour increased: he sat apart, scowling on the company, or smiling with undisguised contempt at Monsieur Dezille's most brilliant witticisms, and often impatiently glancing towards the door, as though wishing for Madame Bernard's reappearance. All advances to conversation he scornfully repelled.

Once or twice, however, Monsieur Dezille, who longed to enter into a literary controversy with him, adroitly made a few preliminary remarks on the weather, having heard that this was a favourite subject with all Englishmen; and thence suddenly plunged deep into epic poetry and the art of ballad-making, the latter of which he placed far above the former, as being much more interesting, and certainly more difficult. 'And this,' as his wife observed, 'Monsieur Dezille ought to know, being in the habit of writing charming ballads himself.' She did not say whether he also wrote epics.

But to all this Marlow turned a deaf ear: he was not to be pleased or soothed; and when he did condescend to reply, it was to make a sharp attack on all authors and poets in general, in the abuse of whom he was materially assisted by the sour old man with the fiddle, who spoke for the first time since his entrance; and though avoiding the mild deprecatory glance of Madame Dezille, was twice as fierce and pungent as himself, all his natural crabbedness having seemingly returned. Monsieur Dezille heard them both with much philosophical composure, smiled once or twice upon them, and as he made no reply, soon silenced them on that subject at least; for Monsieur Ricord, who, when once aroused, was not easily quieted, finding no more to say on poets and poetry, launched out into the praises of his fiddle, the only earthly object for which, it was asserted, he felt any love or sympathy.

Now this very fiddle had long been a source of annoyance to our hero; its dismal squeaking sounds had more than once wakened him out of his sweetest morning slumbers; and then its owner had a knack of harping upon one peculiar string, which so jarred with Marlow's delicate nerves, that he was not at all sorry to find an opportunity of retaliating. Besides, why did the Bernards invite this disagreeable old man to their party? Monsieur Dezille and his comedy were already bad enough. So, without further fear or mercy, he began abusing the unfortunate fiddle; and, spite of the groans and indignant remonstrances of its owner, clearly showed it to be ill-made, old, crazy, and out of tune.

It was in vain that the gentle Madame Bernard, who was now in the room distributing the pancakes, cast a beseeching glance towards him, as though to beg for his silence, and even once or twice hinted that his wine was warm and his fire lit. He eyed her sternly; and as his bile was fairly roused, he suddenly turned upon her, and

in a style which the bitterness of his feelings rendered almost eloquent, began a pointed attack on the extravagance of those persons who endeavour to rise above their station in life by imitating the follies of their superiors. As this was a subject which always inspired Marlow with ready and forcible arguments, his words soon produced a visible effect upon his listeners. Gradually a cloud came over the honest and merry visage of the locksmith; even Madame Bernard looked somewhat doubtful, as though she did not feel quite certain of being in the right; and the children instinctively drew away from the *Monsieur Anglais*, whom the old bachelor still eyed with indignant feelings. Monsieur Dezille alone preserved an unalterable serenity; and whilst the others allowed their cider to stand still, and the pancakes to grow cold, he enjoyed both with unabated gusto.

When Marlow at length came to a pause in his discourse, Madame Bernard observed—'I am afraid monsieur's fire will be out now; but if monsieur will stay here till I light it again——'

'No, thank you,' interrupted Marlow, who, as he felt conscious of having damped, if not destroyed, the enjoyments of all present, experienced certain twinges of conscience; 'I shall go to bed directly;' and taking the light which his hostess offered him, without, however, her usual cordiality, he retired to his apartment, endeavouring to persuade himself that he had no reason to repent of what he had done, since he had merely given the Bernards a bitter, though salutary lesson.

When he reached his room, he found that, according to Madame Bernard's prognostication, his fire was quite out—worse still, he had forgotten, in his excitement, to take the hot-sugared wine prepared for him by his kind landlady; his clothes were not half dry; he was cold, and felt in a miserable plight. Somehow or other his remorse began to revive: his certainty of having acted rightly was not now quite so strong; nay, he even fancied he might be in the wrong.

'After all,' said he abstractedly, seating himself opposite the blank and dreary fireplace, 'what great harm did those honest people commit in amusing themselves cheerfully and innocently? They were not idle; for, save the locksmith, and the little author, and the old bachelor, every one was occupied. The author's wife was embroidering a purse; Madame Bernard had been mending her husband's socks; and I think that even the little girls were busy with their samplers. All this was very right. Then how much,' continued Marlow, 'may they have spent? Why, a franc or two! Surely that is not too much for a little of that honest cordial enjoyment which I so wantonly destroyed? Yes, I have deprived them of their innocent mirth: I see it all. Madame Bernard and her husband are bitterly reflecting on their folly, and cast cold looks on their guests, who begin to experience the galling feeling that they have ceased to be welcome; the very children are sulky and sleepy, and every one is thoroughly miserable; and this,' he exclaimed aloud with great warmth—'this is my doing! Nay, it shall not be said that when I see an error, I do not know how to repair it. I will go in to them this minute, and cheer and comfort them, if, indeed, it be still in my power to do so.' And so saying, he rose from his seat, and with a hasty stride proceeded towards the door; but when his hand was on the lock, he paused. 'What excuse shall I give for going in again?' said he to himself. 'Pshaw! did I not leave my hot wine behind me, and is not my fire out?' he added with a shiver; and without further delay, he opened his door, and advanced towards that of the Bernards, from which he was only divided by the landing. He had not, however, gone a step, before he paused with sudden surprise. Surely it was an error? But no; his ear did not deceive him: the merry sound of a fiddle was proceeding from the apartment within. It so chanced that, on coming out a few minutes before, Marlow had left the outer door of Madame Bernard's kitchen half open, as he now perceived by the streak of light which lit up the landing. Impelled by strong curiosity, he approached the door, and without entering, peeped in. Owing to the glass door, he could partly discern what was going on in the second room.

To his indignant astonishment, the individuals whom he had left, according to his belief, in a state of desponding gloom and melancholy, were now evidently in high glee, and enjoying themselves to the best of their power. The old bachelor, who seemed quite merry, was scraping away on his fiddle with indignant vehemence, as though to clear it from Marlow's calumnious aspersions; Monsieur Dezille was lustily singing one of his own songs to its accompaniment, whilst the locksmith merrily beat time on the table, and the children and the niece danced at the other end of the room. The melancholy Madame Dezille herself looked happy for once: Madame Bernard only looked as she ever did look—the most cheerful and contented of human beings. To crown the whole, Marlow distinctly recognised in the black mug which amicably stood between the old bachelor and Monsieur Dezille, the identical one into which his hot-sugared wine had been poured. His interference was evidently quite unnecessary to restore a good feeling amongst all present. However contradictory it may appear, Marlow was by no means delighted at this unexpected result, but retired to rest in high dudgeon with himself, his landlady, and the whole world.

When he awoke the next morning, his natural good sense restored him to a better feeling. He perceived the folly and unreasonableness of his expectations. Why should others deprive themselves of innocent enjoyments to please or indulge his misanthropic whims? 'Surely,' he added with a sigh, 'this world is often sad enough for many of us; let a few at least find some pleasure in it.'

When Madame Bernard, therefore, came to light his fire, and prepare his breakfast, he received her quite cheerfully; and after making a few general remarks, candidly expressed his regret at having said anything on the preceding evening that might have damped the enjoyments of herself and her guests.

With much simplicity and earnestness, Madame Bernard assured him he need not trouble himself on that account; that he had not at all destroyed their pleasure; and indeed that they had never been merrier than after he was gone.

Marlow was disconcerted for a moment, but he soon rallied; and being determined to do his duty to the end, continued his discourse, and very clearly proved to his landlady that both she and her husband could not possibly do a wiser thing than to enjoy themselves occasionally with their friends.

Madame Bernard, who perhaps knew all this as well as he did, and maybe, too, a good deal better, heard him very patiently, and when he had done, merely observed—'Why, sir, as my husband has to work hard all the week, and is not very strong, it is only fair he should get a bit of amusement now and then.'

'Very right,' approvingly replied Marlow; 'but might you not select your guests more judiciously? Now, that Monsieur Dezille and his comedy seem to me rather absurd.'

'Well, sir, we are ignorant people, that do not understand much of these matters; but Joseph says he likes to hear Monsieur Dezille talk, because, as he knows more than himself, he can always gather something useful from him. Then he and his wife are rather nice people, and, to tell you the truth, sir, rather poor, though too proud to own it. Yet as I knew that Madame Dezille had had no fire these last three days, cold as they have been, I asked her to come in to teach one of the girls how to embroider purses, which she, poor soul, very willingly did, and warmed herself at the same time. Then I said how glad Bernard would be to hear her husband's comedy. So he came too; and as I thought he sometimes went without his supper, I made

a few pancakes, and Bernard got a bottle or two of cider. It did not cost much after all—only two francs—and it made us all glad and merry, and they never suspected anything.'

Though he had always thought his landlady a simple, good-natured sort of woman, Marlow had by no means been prepared for the delicacy of feeling this last trait betrayed. For a while he remained silent, but determined to make another objection. He observed—'But what motive could induce you to invite that cross old man and his abominable violin?'

'Ah, sir,' reproachfully exclaimed Madame Bernard, 'how sorry I was when you abused that violin so! He values it above anything else; and no wonder too, for it belonged to his only brother, who died many years ago; and he often talks of that brother, and says, with tears in his eyes, how beautifully he played upon that very instrument: and indeed he seems to think it is the only violin upon earth; but that is only because it was his brother's. I can assure you, monsieur, that he is not so crabbed as he seems. He is a tender-hearted creature. I have looked into his room, and actually seen him sobbing, as if his heart were like to break, over that poor violin. What an affectionate remembrance he must have of his brother!'

'Well, if such is the case, I am really sorry to have ever said a word against it,' replied Marlow rather moved; 'but I thought this old gentleman was no favourite of yours, and indeed he seems to be cross and surly enough.'

'Well, sir,' said Madame Bernard in a grave and somewhat penitent tone, 'we should never judge by appearances, for he is not half so cross as I thought him, though I should never have known it but for Madame Dezille; and this is one of the very things which, though I did not find it out till before yesterday, made me like her still more. Would you believe it, sir, both she and her husband have, for the whole winter, been attending on that old man, who is almost always laid up with the gout, and is no friend or relation of theirs? And they say that, with all his crossness, he is very kind, and wanted to do something for them out of pure gratitude; but seeing that he was almost as poor as themselves, they refused, and that was what made him so ill-tempered with Monsieur Dezille last night, though I believe they were friends again long before they parted. And you now see, sir, how it was we could not do less than invite him also.'

As Marlow had nothing to reply, and did not seem inclined for further conversation, Madame Bernard soon left him to his own reflections, little suspecting that it was her discourse which caused this deep fit of musing. 'Well,' thought he when he was alone, 'how little I knew of all the genuine kindness, charity, and feeling which lay concealed under the homely aspect of those worthy people, whose innocent enjoyment I vainly endeavoured to destroy. Now that I think better of it, I no longer wonder at their cheerful, happy faces. But how pure and blessed,' he added with a sigh, 'is that dower of a contented spirit—the art of enjoyment—since it can shed such genuine delight over what were otherwise insipid and flat, and invest an old fiddle, a bottle of cider, and a few chestnuts and pancakes, with more real pleasure than is to be found in those splendid entertainments where guests only bring with them the weariness and *ennui* of worldly minds!'

Frank Marlow was a cured man. We will not assert that it was exclusively Madame Bernard's party, and the thoughts it awakened, which wrought a reformation in his mind. He was already tired of inactivity, and a few letters from a friend in England had contributed to arouse him from his morbid lethargy. He saw that all along it had been himself, not the world, which was to blame—that the earth may become a scene of gloom or gaiety, misery or happiness, just as we use its bounties. In less than three weeks he announced to his landlady his intention of returning home. She heard him with regret; and as he had in the meanwhile effected a reconciliation with Monsieur Dezille, and the owner of the violin, everybody was truly sorry to part from him. Marlow himself felt some emotion when the hour came; but England, which was before him, and the hope of retrieving his fallen fortunes, soon banished the transient feeling.

He brought energy and perseverance to his new task, and in a few years was in as prosperous circumstances as ever. All his former extravagance seemed to have vanished; he did not, however, fall into the contrary extreme, but always entertained his friends in a manner suitable to his station in life: still they frequently heard him observe, that the most pleasant party he had ever seen had only cost one shilling and eightpence; 'though, to be sure,' he added with a smile, 'what was wanting in good cheer, was amply made up by kind hearts, contented spirits, and the genuine art of enjoyment.'

Should the reader feel any wish to learn the fate of the Bernards and their neighbours, we can only inform him that they are still residing in the same house. Monsieur Dezille's comedy has not yet been acted, but it continues, with old Monsieur Ricord's violin, to form the delight of the whole landing. Upon the whole, they are much in the same state as when Frank Marlow saw them; neither richer nor poorer, but as merry and good-humoured as ever.

CURIOSITIES OF OPPOSITION.

Improvements in methods of travelling have one after the other had to encounter the severest opposition. The managers of the older kind of roads opposed the making of roads of a better kind; then roads persecuted canals, and canals persecuted railways. Wagons were opposed to stage-coaches, and stage-coaches were furious at the introduction of locomotives. Let us go back on a few of these curiosities of opposition.

In 1580, according to the old chronicler Stow, the farmers and maltsters attempted to break down the banks of the river Lea, which had then been made navigable about Enfield, because their business of land-carriage would be injured by the greater cheapness of water-carriage. In 1662, when there were but six stage-coaches upon the road, a Mr John Crossell of the Charter House attempted to write them down—it has been said, at the suggestion of the country gentlemen, who feared that opportunities for quick travelling would have a bad effect on the domestic habits of their wives! In the year 1673, the opposition appeared anew in print: the writer of a pamphlet at that period demonstrated the ruin of the country unless the great numbers of coaches and caravans running on the roads, particularly in the neighbourhood of London, were put down. It was urged that rapidity of transit, by preventing travellers from stopping to eat on the road, would be fatal to innkeepers; and that, as less property would be wasted by the new method than by the old one, of packhorses, many mouths would come short of bread. Parliament was besieged with petitions to the same effect from all parts of the country. And coming down to the general extension of turnpike-roads into the provinces during the past century, we find the farmers in the counties near London petitioning against the improvement, as their own market would be spoiled if others from a greater distance were allowed to supply it with produce. When steamboats were first started to Margate, the coach proprietors along the road memorialised the legislature on the subject, showing that their trade would be ruined unless the vessels were immediately suppressed. It was found, however, that in proportion to the increase of visitors to Margate, the more coaches were wanted. The watermen of the Thames raised a formidable opposition to the new mode of travelling; and it is interesting to look at what they wished to retain to the exclusion of the rapidity and certainty of steam. 'It is scarcely half a century ago,' says a writer, 'since tilt-boats for the conveyance of

passengers to and from London and Gravesend were, in shape and speed, just what the Trinity-House ballast lighters are at present, and taking four tides and more for the completion of the voyage. They were succeeded by the Dundee boats, which were, as fast sailers, both the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed the improvement. They, however, were of the most inconvenient nature, as the passengers were frequently not only called upon to embark in the middle of the night, in order to have the first of the flood, and after tacking and beating about together, with sometimes too much wind, sometimes too little wind, or none at all, besides being huddled in a low inconvenient cabin, were frequently, after being six or eight hours on the water, compelled to land at Woolwich, Blackwall, or Greenwich, and then have to find their way, in the best manner they could, to the metropolis.'

Although by the construction of canals, and improvement of roads within the past fifty years, the means of communication were greatly increased, the expense of conveyance, both of merchandise and passengers, was enormous. Within that period, the charge for the carriage of goods from London to the Yorkshire towns was L.13 per ton. The trade of the great manufacturing towns of the north was cramped not only by this expense, but by the delays attending it. Besides the turnpike road, there were but two canals for the enormous traffic between Liverpool and Manchester. These might, perhaps, have sufficed for some years longer; but the proprietors, confident in their monopoly, charged most exorbitant freights—L.2 per ton—and took no pains to insure the quick transit of merchandise. Goods shipped at New York often reached Liverpool in less time than was consumed in forwarding a cargo from Manchester by canal, a distance of fifty-five miles. Boats could not be found to carry the goods—about one thousand tons daily, producing a revenue of L.200,000 annually. So great were the profits on one of the canals, that every alternate year the owners received back the amount of their original investment. They, however, never considered it necessary to take any active measures to remove the evils so loudly complained of, and, blind to their real interests, pocketed the dividends, and snapped their fingers at the public. A third canal was sometimes talked of, but the two already in existence monopolised, together with the trade, the whole available water of the district. Under these circumstances, several enterprising merchants in the two towns formed a project for a railway—a means of transit that had long been known in the coal districts on the Tyne. They first attempted to prevail on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal agent to afford them increased accommodation and abatement of charges; they did not so much object to canals, as to the want of facilities for transport. Finding the agent unyielding on these points, they proposed to him to become a purchaser of railway shares, and received for reply, 'All, or none.'

The earliest mention we have of railways occurs in the life of Lord Keeper North, 1676. 'The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rollers fitting those rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchant.' With the occasional substitution of iron for wood, the railway remained as above described, and confined to the coal fields, until about thirty years ago. In the years 1820–21, Thomas Gray, an individual now living in obscurity in Devonshire, petitioned parliament on the subject of a general system of railways for the whole kingdom. Although he met with a few supporters, yet the book which he published explanatory of his views was cried down by the reviewers as the work of a dreamer or lunatic. In 1825, a railway was opened from Darlington to Stockton, for the carriage of coals from the former place to the mouth of the Tees, on which a locomotive engine drew the wagons at the rate of five miles an hour. Watt first hinted at the possibility of constructing such engines in 1769; and in 1787, the first model probably ever seen was exhibited by Symington at Edinburgh. In 1802, after making experiments at Merthyr Tydvil, Messrs Trevithic and Vivian took out a patent for a locomotive engine for railways. The idea, however, of attaining any great speed, seems never to have been entertained, and was ridiculed by all practical men. Some modifications of the machinery were soon after introduced by Blenkinsop and Blackett; and in July 1814, Stephenson's first engine was tried on the Killingworth railway, near Newcastle. To this place a deputation was sent from the Liverpool and Manchester Committee; and although the rails were much worn, and very imperfect, the visitors saw heavy-laden coal wagons drawn by an engine at the rate of four miles an hour. The moderate nature of their expectations may be judged of by the fact, that five miles an hour was considered as great speed as it would be desirable to accomplish. After witnessing numerous experiments, the deputation returned to Liverpool, and the intended railway was publicly advertised. A capital of L.400,000 was to be raised in L.100 shares, no person to hold more than ten. So confident were the promoters of the scheme of its success, that the whole sum was subscribed in the course of a few hours.

The expense of constructing the proposed railway was estimated at L.12,000 per mile. Application for permission to commence the work was made to parliament, but with slender hopes of success. The public announcement of the scheme at once excited a fierce war of opposition. The canal owners commenced with the cry of 'vested rights,' to which the prosperity of a great community was to be sacrificed. The formation of a railway, it was contended, would be destructive to all private property along the line, and depreciate the value of the adjacent land. The most exaggerated statements were circulated respecting the introduction of railways; coachmen, grooms, stable-boys, and porters, joined loudly in the general clamour. It was asserted in the evidence before the parliamentary committee, that if railways became general, a million of horses would be thrown out of service, to the entire deterioration of the breed, and the abandonment of the 8,100,000 acres of land required to grow oats for the animals. Time has shown the fallacy of this assertion, for more horses than ever are required to carry on the increased traffic at branch lines and cross-roads. According to Mr Porter, if the whole of the turnpike roads in the kingdom were converted into railways, the number of horses unemployed would not be more than 785·312. A comparison of the returns for 1823 with those of 1843–4 shows a decrease of 1·706 horses only! The projectors of the new railway set down but a very small item in their estimated returns for passenger traffic, and were in doubt whether to use locomotive or stationary engines to draw the trains. Passenger traffic, it was still considered, would be confined to the turnpike roads; and many attempts were made to construct engines to supersede the ordinary stage-coaches on these roads. The same opposition was, however, manifested with regard to this experiment as to the railway. The committee of the House of Commons reported 'a determination on the part of the trustees to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a propelling power.' Having entire command of the roads, the trustees determined to put down the new machines by enormous tolls. On the Liverpool and Prescot road, the charge for a coach was four shillings, while Mr Gurney's steam-carriage was charged L.2, 8s., and in some instances L.3, 8s., at every gate. The roads were newly gravelled, or strewed with loose stones, besides other contrivances, for impeding the passage of the engines. The committee, however, decided 'that the substitution of inanimate for animate power is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced;' but at the same

time expressed their opinion that 'one very formidable obstacle will arise from the prejudices which always beset a new invention, especially one which will at first appear detrimental to the interests of so many individuals.'

After much vexatious opposition through two sessions of parliament, the act to incorporate the Manchester and Liverpool Company was passed in 1826; the works were immediately commenced, but the opponents of the scheme relaxed nothing of their hostility, nor was the public mind assured as to the success of the enterprise. When the Company decided on adopting locomotive engines, they were ridiculed in every quarter; great speed was declared to be not only impossible, but unsafe. Treatises were written to demonstrate the danger of travelling faster than nine or ten miles an hour, and to leave on record the authors' want of sympathy with such 'crack-brained speculations; and their hope that parliament would restrict the speed to the rate proposed, in all bills submitted to them for sanction.' An alarm cry was raised as to the danger of high-pressure engines, which took so great a hold of the public mind, that to this day many persons are unwilling to trust themselves behind a locomotive. The Quarterly Review, at that time a much more influential journal than at present, joined the hostile ranks. We cannot give a better specimen of the arguments by which it was attempted to write down one of the noblest elements of civilisation than by a quotation.

'As to those persons,' says the reviewer, 'who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mail and stage-coaches, postchaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or, to speak in plain English, the *steam-carriage*, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned.'* The writer then quotes a paragraph from the report on the proposed Woolwich railway, containing a fair estimate of business and profit, on which he comments thus:—'We are not surprised that people, who probably never saw a steam-engine or a railway, should put their names to such pure nonsense as this; but we hardly expected that Mr Telford, the engineer, should have lent it the sanction of his; nor to find a countryman of Mr Telford writing thus:—"We shall be carried at the rate of four hundred miles a-day, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steamboat, but without the annoyance of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned." But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate.... We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich railway for any sum.'

How exceedingly absurd this now appears to us, and what a lesson does it convey to those whose doubts are always readier than their sympathy! But the progressive movement did not lack defenders. A writer of the day, after showing the inconclusiveness of the reasoning, winds up by saying, 'It is reasonable to conclude that the nervous man will, ere long, take his place in a carriage drawn or impelled by a locomotive-engine with more unconcern, and with far better assurance of safety, than he now disposes of himself in one drawn by four horses of unequal powers and speed, endowed with passions that acknowledge no control but superior force, and each separately, momentarily liable to all the calamities that flesh is heir to.'

The best reply, however, to these envious or interested arguments was furnished by the public opening of the railway in 1830. What railways have since become, it is unnecessary to mention; and we need only recall the fact, that in the fourth year ending June 1845, after the publication of the above observations of the reviewer, 33,791,253 persons travelled by railway in the United Kingdom.

* 1824.

A FEW SOCIAL FACTS.

By a paragraph in a newspaper, we observe that the Rev. P. P. Carpenter has lately concluded a course of lectures, in which some interesting facts were brought forward respecting the social condition of Warrington. It was stated that in that town there are twelve places of public worship, and as many schools, open every Sunday for religious instruction; that there are eighty public-houses and fourteen beer-shops also open on the same day, for the purposes of intoxication; and that three-fourths of the adult population attend no public worship at all. There are forty-seven private, and eight public schools, in which daily instruction is given to 2885 scholars. About as many children are taught on the Sunday; and all that is raised by the inhabitants annually to educate the poor is L.300; while there are nearly one thousand children growing up in ignorance, and nearly two-thirds of the people married are unable to write their names! The whole town raises L.3200 per annum for all its religious, benevolent, and literary institutions, including schools, missions, Bible and tract societies, and ladies' charity; and spends L.68,000 on intoxicating drinks. Yet taxation is complained of, although all the rates in the town do not amount to L.9700 per annum. It was also stated that there were at least 1500 drunkards in the town; that in one street alone there were more than forty drunken women. Finally, that the sum of L.1460 is spent in the detection and punishment of crime; while upon the education of the poor, as above stated, no more is expended than L.300.

Assuming these facts to be correct, they suggest some unpleasant reflections on the disparity between the expenditure for improvement, and that for demoralisation —the halfpenny for bread, and the half-crown for sack —the grudgingly-doled pence for education, and the lavishly-dissipated pounds for sensual indulgence! Warrington, however, need not hang down its head on account of these disclosures. The same thing can be said of pretty nearly every town of its size in England, manufacturing or non-manufacturing; and we are rather afraid that something much worse could be said of Scotch towns, with all their pretensions to decency. Those who entertain the notion that small towns in rural districts are models of innocence and temperance, and that all hard-drinking is confined to busy seats of trade, will perhaps have reason to review their opinions on perusing the following particulars, which we gather from the Peeblesshire Advertiser.

The county of Peebles is one of the smallest in Scotland; in 1841 its population was only 10,499, of whom nearly 2000 inhabited the county town, an ancient royal burgh. Our authority goes on to mention that there are 29 public-houses in the landward part of the county, and 24 in the burgh, making altogether 53, or one for every forty families; the average, however, for the burgh, is a public-house for every fifteen families. 'To put the fact in an equally striking light, we may mention that in the whole county there are 2832 males betwixt the drinking ages of 15 and 65. Take off a fifth for those who do not frequent public-houses, and you have 2266 males supporting 53 public-houses, or one public-house to every 42 males. A similar average for the burgh alone shows one public-house for every 22 males. This is, in effect, as if each of these parties submitted to pay a yearly tax of L.2, 14s. 6d. for the support of a publican, which would allow him L.60 per annum of profit, to pay his licence, rent, and keep himself and family. To pay this self-imposed tax, each customer must consume a large quantity of drink, as the prime cost of the liquor is levied from the consumer, along with the publican's profit. Assuming that the

profit is 25 per cent. of the money drawn, then we have 514 males, the number in Peebles (deducting as above), paying L.10, 18s. each yearly for strong drink, or L.5602 in all. We believe it within the mark when we assert that from L.8000 to L.10,000 must be spent in the county annually on excisable liquors.' Pretty fair allowance this for a small rural district!

It may be observed, that in nearly all newspaper notices of this subject, no other plan for stemming the torrent of intemperance is proposed than limiting the number of public-houses. There can be no reasonable doubt that the temptations which these establishments offer, help materially to create habits of intemperance. But, after all, this is not the thing to keep exclusively driving at. Public-houses would not exist were there not a demand for their services; and it appears to be a clear case that, unless the demand is lessened by improved habits among the people, little good can come of the fiery crusade against these establishments. In London, where public-houses are organised on monopoly principles, intemperance is not by any means put down. It matters little whether ten thousand drams are dispensed by one shop, or ten shops sell one thousand drams each. Perhaps the limitation is injurious. Denied licenses, people set up private drinking establishments, the resort of the worst of characters, and into which no police-officer can intrude without a warrant. Houses of this unprivileged order are infinitely more mischievous than those that are licensed and under the eye of the law. Such is mentioned to us in reference to London, and we know that such also is the case as regards Edinburgh. Some time ago, two or three respectable drapers in the High Street of the latter city hired and paid a constable to do nothing else than keep order at the door of an unlicensed public-house, which was a nuisance to the neighbourhood. In short, it appears from all evidence, as well as from reason, that intemperance is not to be eradicated, though possibly it may be modified in a small degree, by a limitation in the number of public-houses. Neither is it to be quelled by any fanatical outrage on the feelings, nor by any increase in the duties payable on malt and spirits. Were these excise duties to be raised, illicit distillation, and an extensive contraband trade, would immediately commence. Let the friends of temperance be quite assured of the fact, that nothing will remedy the monster evil but a substantial improvement in the tastes and habits of the people.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

The misrepresentations of tourists and travellers are notorious. Few among them seem to possess the faculty of judging dispassionately of any incident which falls under their observation. A single fact serves as a basis for a structure of reasoning; while, for lack of a knowledge of circumstances, the most unwarrantable inferences are often drawn. In this manner, writers are constantly misrepresenting what they see passing before their eyes, if not inventing facts in order to bear out recklessly-adopted theories. To all appearance, the English are doomed never to attain a fair understanding of the American character, in consequence of this imperfect or prejudiced method of writing; and it seems still more certain that the French and English are for ever to enjoy a thoroughly erroneous conception of each others' character, habits, and manners.

The blunders almost daily committed by French writers in treating of England are most amusing. Our readers have doubtless heard of a mass of trashy extravagances called the 'Mysteries of Paris,' but they are probably ignorant that there is a book, likewise by a French author, called the 'Mysteries of London.' This author styles himself Sir Francis Trolopp; but, to prevent the mistakes of posterity, we shall mention that his real name is Paul Féval. This gentleman tells us that he was long and intimately acquainted with London society, flitting about from the drawing-rooms to the clubs, from the clubs to the taverns, and equally *au fait* of the manners of peers and pickpockets. The fact is sufficiently proved by an incident in the 'Mysteries,' which would not readily occur to an English novelist, but which holds a deservedly prominent place in the nine volumes of Sir Trolopp. The Earl of White Manor becoming desirous to part with his countess, takes her out into the market with a rope round her neck, and offers her for sale. And this is actually detailed in a book purporting to be written by a person who knows England! Well might the work be entitled 'Mysteries.' This enlightened author gives, likewise, the history of a struggle between the same nobleman and his younger brother, Sir Brian de Lancaster. Sir Brian is the victim of the law of primogeniture, and struggles against his destiny with a passive heroism which commands the sympathy and admiration of the whole metropolis. His brother has had the criminality to become the earl, for no better reason than that he was born before Sir Brian. This is the thought that haunts the younger brother, and fills him with the deadliest hate. In vain Earl White Manor proposes to neutralise, as far as possible, the injustice of fate, by settling upon him a handsome allowance. He rejects the composition with scorn; he descends proudly into beggary; he sells matches in the streets; and derives the only compensation his misery admits of from the fact of his being able to accost the Earl of White Manor publicly, requesting him to buy a pennyworth from his younger brother.

The hatred subsisting between the English and French nations is philosophically accounted for by our author, by a reference to the dislike one naturally imbibes against the unfortunate person who *lends* him anything. We borrow fashions, cookery, dancing, plays, corsets, and a hundred other things from the French; and of course we hate the very name of our creditor. The Englishman, besides, is intensely egotistic. He cares for nobody, not even for his own countrymen; and he will look calmly on while a thief picks his neighbour's pocket: the great London maxim being, 'Every one for himself.' Owing, no doubt, to this metropolitan peculiarity, the 'Family' has become one of the most prodigious institutions recorded in history. What is the 'Family?' It is a society of robbers, perfectly well known to the police, and consisting of noblemen, clergymen, merchants, and others. These distinguished characters speak in a language which of late years has become so familiar in our drawing-rooms, through various recondite publications, that it is hardly necessary to say that 'to stump up' means to pay, that a penny is a 'mag,' sixpence a 'tanner,' a shilling a 'bob,' and so forth. The chief of this society, we are told, is an Irish adventurer, calling himself the Marquis de Rio Santo. The whole female aristocracy of London are pulling caps for this grandee, who derives a handsome revenue from smuggling, robbery, and coining, and without whom no soirée in the metropolis is complete. One of his comrades is a Jew, who was cut down from the gallows, and who now passes without suspicion as Sir Edward Mackenzie.

Our attention has been called to this book, and another we shall presently mention, by a last year's number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, a periodical which has merged since then in the Westminster Review. The writer, however, in his remarks on national character, exhibits, singularly enough, the very same failing it is the object of his article to expose. He admits —for it is impossible to deny the fact—that there are some excellent French books on England, far better than any English books on France; yet he adds, that even when a Frenchman is well-disposed towards us, 'we must still believe him to be essentially incompetent to form a correct opinion not only of us, but of every foreign nation. The French mind is the least flexible of any. The prejudices of an Englishman are neither wise nor agreeable; like all prejudices, they make the possessor ridiculous, offensive, and short-sighted. But

an Englishman needs very little travel, if he have two grains of intelligence, to make him give up all such prejudices as are not wholly moral. This the Frenchman cannot do. France is his invariable standard, because he identifies himself with it.' This appears to us to be quite erroneous. A Frenchman is a far better citizen of the world than an Englishman; and so far from being bigotted to the customs and character of his own countrymen, we have generally found him too unreflectingly disposed to admire ours. There is just one thing he cannot away with, and that is our mode of passing the Sunday. At home they sing, dance, and go to the theatre, and have done so as far back as his knowledge of history extends; and he thinks there must be something faulty in a state of society which condemns him to feel so miserable on a day which his own countrymen set apart for merriment.

The reviewer is more happy in accounting for some of the mistakes of our French visitors. 'In every case,' says he, 'he "boards in a family." He has a nice little drawing-room *au premier;* he takes his meals with the family. The friends of that family become known to him. He is invited to their houses; he observes their manners; and he generalises from them. A cautious man might easily make this mistake of hasty generalisation. For observe, that to a Frenchman his landlady is a lady. He of course cannot draw nice distinctions in manners; and the mere fact of his landlady taking a boarder, is to him insignificant. As no one in France has a whole house to himself, to "let lodgings" is the most natural thing in the world. Now, although we are quite aware that straitened means are not always synonymous with inelegant manners, we must still say that, with due allowance for individual exceptions, the class of society in which a man mixes who mixes with the friends of the family in which he boards, is *not* a representative of English breeding—is *not* the type which Englishmen recognise.' This is, unquestionably, a source of error, and one that most Englishmen in Paris escape. But if an Englishman is less likely to misinterpret what he sees, he is, on the other hand, less in the way of seeing anything at all. He mixes almost exclusively with his own countrymen. He settles in a neighbourhood which is peopled by the English; he haunts a café where they resort; and thus, whatever number of grains of intelligence he may possess, instead of giving up his prejudices, he strengthens them.

The work of another French writer, equally amusing for its blunders, has attracted our attention. It is entitled 'Zambala l'Indien; ou Londres à vol d'Oiseau,' by J. Arago, brother of the astronomer. This gentleman's travels were not confined to London: he made a tour of the globe, and has written his 'Voyage autour du Monde.' He is therefore a man very little likely, one would think, to be deceived in scanning the aspect of metropolitan society. With experience so vast, he has only to look in order to see; and we no doubt shall find in his book original and enlarged views of ourselves. They *are* original!

M. Arago has a great liking for the English; but our mercantile character, he suspects, is carried to extreme. In every circumstance of life we seem to be at the desk or the counter, deciding everything by figures, and counting noses on all occasions. This is the case, he tells his readers, in our courts of law, where the evidence is weighed, not by its probability, but by the *number* of witnesses. A man who has four witnesses against two, gains his cause as a matter of course.

M. Arago, again, though a great admirer of our young ladies, considers their besetting peculiarity rather odd. It seems that, after taking a walk in unadorned beauty, they are in the habit of returning home with a superb necklace blazing on their bosom, diamond rings glittering on their fingers, or a rich diadem ornamenting their brow. This is strange enough, considering that the streets of London are no longer paved, as formerly, with gold; but what is still more wonderful is, that the circumstance excites no observation in the family. Neither father nor mother inquires whence the fairy windfall has come; or if they do by any chance make a remark on the subject, the slightest reply satisfies them, and they even ask pardon for their indiscreet curiosity.

But the grand merit of M. Arago is his discovery of the true character of the new police. This calumniated body was formerly supposed to have a strange hankering after the kitchen areas, and no very vehement objection to a treat of cold meat, or any other unconsidered trifle at the hands of the admiring Molly. The very aspect of the man, however, according to our observer, is enough to disprove such allegations. He is delicately shaped; he has the bluest eyes in the world; and his small white hands proclaim the aristocrat of nature's making. His pale brow expresses the benevolence he is constantly practising; for, instead of dragging evil-doers roughly to the station-house, it is his business to persuade mildly, and preach with a gentle voice respect for the law. 'One amongst them was especially distinguished by the affability of his manners, the elegance of his language, the regularity of his features, on which were stamped an ineffable sweetness. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty, belonging to a family of honest tradesmen, of small fortune, but honourably acquired. Georges Oxley knew that he was handsome; for the *jeunes miss* who passed near him at first looked down, and quickly glanced up again, only to ascertain whether the eyes of the policeman were as soft and dreamy as they were reputed in the world. Further on they once more looked back to convince themselves that Georges possessed the grace and elegance which generally distinguish young men of good family; and then the *jeunes ladies*—still only from curiosity, for I will not dive further into their consciences—passed again, and let their handkerchiefs or parasols fall by chance, in order to be able to contradict public opinion, which endowed Georges with the purest pronunciation and the most harmonious voice. . . . His was a privileged nature; gentle and calm externally, warm and powerful internally, but so doubtful of his future, that a deep sentiment of sadness and bitterness was always to be read in his smile. Georges would never have had the power to run after happiness; he would have feared a deception; and therefore it was, perhaps, that when all was joy in his house, he alone, always at the post of honour confided to him, bore so much melancholy and timidity in his appearance and his words, that it was impossible to look at him without a strong feeling of interest, and a touching affection. Activity of mind and apathy of body sometimes go together. Georges Oxley thought, and thought a great deal; but when inquisitive looks, when maternal solicitude sought to guess the cause of his painful preoccupation, his broad and open brow became pure and serene—his manners, his language, recovered their natural manliness; and the more energy you found in him at that moment, the more you pitied him for the violence he submitted to from a sense of dignity.'

This charming policeman does not appear to be exactly in the station from which his class was formerly supposed to spring; and perhaps, therefore, his twenty shillings a-week, subject to a deduction for clothing, may be considered rather meagre remuneration. However, his family are quite 'respectable,' keeping, as they do, a lace warehouse; and thither the *jeunes miss* resort, under pretence of purchasing, but in reality to ascertain the extent of softness and dreaminess possessed by the policeman's eyes. One of these young ladies is Lady Emmeline, an earl's daughter, and her studies of the 'force' bring her too frequently to the lace warehouse for her peace. One day Georges is not there—in fact he is on his beat; and the things that are shown to her over the counter, and the stupid people who show them, are weariness and vexation to her spirit. But the policeman is not there; she is not to see his dreamy eyes; she is not to listen to the pure pronunciation of his harmonious *w*oice; she is not to feel his small white

hands against hers as they are holding the lace together. Wretched and forlorn, the lovely Lady Emmeline at last leaves the shop; and meeting a beggar at the door, she drops a sovereign into his hands, whispering, 'Pray for me, and for him!' The reader is of course prepared to hear that Georges becomes the husband of Lady Emmeline, and the stepson of an earl.

All this seems very odd. It is difficult for us to conceive how men of the most ordinary intelligence could heap together such wild absurdities in what they intend to be a *bona fide* picture of English society. But Sir Trolopp is not merely in earnest—he means his 'Mysteries of London' to contrast favourably with the 'Mysteries of Paris;' believing, as he does, that the imagination of Eugene Sue has to a certain extent run away with his judgment, and being determined that his own book shall owe its excitement only to its truth! As for the Circumnavigator, he has described England, we have no doubt, with just as much fidelity as all the other countries he has looked at with his own eyes, and yet never seen things truly as they were.

The foundation of the art of reporting correctly on foreign countries, appears to be nothing more than a profound conviction that human nature is pretty nearly the same everywhere. This conviction will prevent us from jumping at monstrous and absurd conclusions; it will give us the habit of inquiring into the *circumstances* that have occasioned the modifications we observe; it will teach us moderation and humility; and, while permitting us to indulge in a good-humoured laugh at Zambala and Sir Trolopp, it ought to render us careful not to subject ourselves to similar ridicule.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Among the great men of Germany, is one whose name is mentioned with pride by all his countrymen, with whose works all are acquainted, from the monarch upon his throne to the lowest labouring man, and whose fame is gradually spreading over the civilised world; this is the poet, the novelist, the philosopher, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. This extraordinary man was born in the little town of Wunsiedel, situated in Bavaria, and among the recesses of that chain of mountains known by the name of the Fichtelgebirge, or Pine Mountains. The inhabitants of this region are very simple in their tastes and customs: their houses are made of wood, and thatched with straw; the men are employed in mining, while the women, as is generally the case in Germany, perform all the agricultural labours.

In the year 1763, our hero was born. His father was the organist of Wunsiedel, and his mother was the daughter of a cloth weaver in the manufacturing town of Hof. We know little of Richter during the first two years of his life. He says, in his autobiography, that he can remember nothing except the kindness of a poor boy, who carried him in his arms, and brought him milk to drink. In 1765, his father was appointed pastor of Jodity, and thither the family removed. He has given us long descriptions of his life while at this place. He tells us that his great pleasure was to learn everything, and he thought it a happy day when he first entered the village school-room. He seems to have made rapid progress in his studies; but his father, angry at the manner in which a peasant's son had behaved to him, removed him from school, and took the charge of his education upon himself. Seven hours were now daily devoted by Paul and his brother Adam to the study of the Latin grammar; and both felt it a hardship to sit within doors on a lovely summer's day, while his father was perhaps gone on a journey, having first appropriated to each of his sons their wearisome tasks.

The dry Latin rules did not, however, check the young Paul's ardour for learning, and he often stole into his father's library, devouring whatever book he happened to lay his hand upon. He tells us also that he made a clock and a sun-dial, and he even tried his skill in the use of the pencil. He seems to have been very fond of music, and often devoted whole hours to playing upon an old harpsichord which was found in the parsonage. We will give our readers a translation from Paul's account of his life at Jodity:—

'We will start with winter and January,' says he: 'in the cold weather our father, like a herdsman, came down from his study, and to our great joy dwelt in the common sitting-room. In the morning he sat by the window, and learned his Sunday's sermon by heart, while we carried his cup of coffee by turns to him. Out of doors, all was covered with snow; but within, all was life. Under the stove was a pigeon-house; on the windows, goldfinches' cages; and on the floor, a bull-dog and a poodle. At the sound of the vesper bell in the evening, we placed ourselves in a circle, and chanted one of Luther's hymns. How much more pleasant were these winter evenings when, once a-week, the old errand-woman, with her basket of fruits and wares, entered the kitchen from the town of Hof, spreading cakes and pasties before our eyes!

'In spring we were let loose into the fields. We ploughed, sowed, and made hay. My father did not stand by as a hard taskmaster, although the labourers were his feudal tenants, but as a good shepherd, caring for the spiritual welfare of his children. In the morning I carried my father's coffee to the pastor's garden, which was outside the village; in the evening my mother brought us salad and fruit for supper; and after this my brother and I sprang about in our nightgowns, in the open air, as freely as the birds above us. On Sunday, before church, I went through the village with a bunch of keys, to open the pastor's garden, and to bring thence some roses with which to decorate the reading-desk. After church, my brother and I carried to the peasants the usual half pound of bread, and the money collected. I think no other professional man can form any idea of how much the Sunday's vesper hour is enjoyed when the church duties are over. How did we rejoice with our father when he exchanged his pastor's dress for his light coat, and set forth with us to enjoy the calm repose of the Sabbath evening in the fields!

'In the summer I used to be sent to Hof, not only to buy those necessaries which were not to be had in Jodity, but sometimes, when we were short of money, to borrow some from my grandfather. Christmas and the annual fair were our great seasons of rejoicing, and my father joined us in all our preparations, sometimes even decking the Christmas tree with his own hands.'

From this little extract, our readers will see how very simple the lives of these mountain people are. They have few wants; and be they ever so poor, their poverty, provided it be not caused by any misconduct, is considered no disgrace. It must not be supposed that Paul's father, being a clergyman, was in flourishing circumstances. The income of a pastor, especially in a mountainous region, is very small. Thus we find that our hero's family had begun to feel the want of money, when a happy change occurred. Just as little Paul had attained his twelfth year, the pastor of Schwarzenbach died, and old Richter was appointed to the vacant pulpit.

The schoolmaster in this little town was named Werner, and Paul was placed under his charge. Here he studied Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, took lessons in music, and began to read the literature of his own country. Nothing, he says, gave him such intense pleasure as 'Robinson Crusoe;' and once, when his father was giving a week-day sermon, he hid himself in an empty loft to read it. He had not been long at the Schwarzenbach school before he perceived that his master knew very little more than he did himself, and he resolutely took his education into his own hands. He was assisted in his plans by two young friends, who, admiring him for his zeal and industry, procured books of every kind for him. Paul's thirst for knowledge increased rapidly. It mattered not what the subject of the work was, he read and re-read it until he fully

mastered its contents. He also made extracts; and before he had reached his seventeenth year, he had filled many thick volumes, each of more than three hundred pages quarto. At this time it seems to have been his father's intention to bring him up to the church; and though he could ill afford the expense, he determined to place Paul at the gymnasium at Hof. Accordingly, at Easter 1779, our young hero made his appearance in the great school-room, 'being ridiculed,' says he, 'on account of his rude country garb.' He soon, however, distanced all this ridicule, for he rose to the highest rank in the school, and all his companions were obliged to acknowledge his immense superiority.

During his attendance at the gymnasium, Paul's home was under his grandfather's roof; the situation of whose house, and the comparative abundance of whose living, seem to have had a peculiar charm for him. He appears to have been quite happy while here: but this happiness did not last long; for his father, who had been some time an invalid, died, leaving to Paul the care of his mother, and the task of discharging his debts. Misfortune did not end here: the good grandfather and grandmother soon after breathed their last, within a few weeks of each other; and Paul's mother being their favourite child, received the house at Hof as her legacy. This caused dissension and ill-will in the family, and the other relatives instituted a lawsuit against the poor widow, who had now no other protector than her young son. She determined to leave Schwarzenbach, and to reside at Hof, much against the advice of Paul, who knew how coldly the inhabitants of that place regarded the favoured daughter of the cloth-weaver.

Paul's future life was now decided upon: his mother wished him to enter the church, and therefore sent him to the university of Leipsic, in the mistaken idea that nothing but a certificate of his poverty was needed to procure him admittance to the lectures, and assistance from the professors. On the 19th of May he entered the college, and turned his whole attention to the study of theology. He had gone thither with the false notion that he could live without money; but he had not resided there long, before he found how mistaken he had been.

'I have,' says he in a letter to his old schoolmaster, Werner, 'no acquaintance with either professors or students; I have no free table; no pupils; but do not give up your hopes for me. I will overcome these difficulties; and I hope in time not to need any help. Here is an enigma which I cannot explain, and which I have only darkly hinted at to my mother. I cannot say more till I know whether my expectations are realised. You mention in your letter what impels me to industry—my mother. It is my duty to endeavour to sweeten her life, which has ever been so unfortunate; and by my sympathy to lessen the grief which she feels at my father's loss. I must also do something for the happiness of my brothers; and were it not for this, I should study only what I felt an inclination for.'

All Paul's hopes of attracting the notice of the professors seem to have been vain; his poverty and his modesty were insuperable obstacles; and finding that his greatest wish—that of becoming acquainted with clever men—was not likely to be realised, he turned with renewed ardour and industry to his books. He studied the English and French languages, and also made himself thoroughly conversant with the great authors of those two countries; but amidst all his intense labour, he never seems to have lost, or even forgotten for a moment, his childlike feeling of affection towards his mother.

In December 1781, he writes to her thus:—'I daily hope and expect to receive news of what is passing with you, and also the assistance I have so long prayed for. I wrote lately to tell you that, as I had no funds, I must be trusted: be so good as to give me some counsel. I must eat, but I cannot be trusted any longer: I cannot freeze, but where shall I get wood without money? It is a long time since I asked you for any, and when it comes, I shall scarcely be able to pay what I owe. Do not think that I would ask you for money unnecessarily. If you can help me now, I trust you will not be called upon to assist me again, as perhaps the project I have will enable me to earn enough for you as well as for myself.'

The scheme to which Paul alludes in this letter was that of becoming an author; an intention which did not meet with his mother's approbation, for she hoped he would follow his father's profession, and that she might have the happiness of sitting one day an attentive listener to his discourses. He endeavoured to remove her objections, and persevered in his intentions. The early history of an author is always interesting, and, we may add, instructive; for though we may not be placed in the same situation ourselves, yet we shall always find some one point which we can apply to our own characters, and which may strengthen us to overcome our own difficulties, of whatever kind they may be. Paul's first work was a satire, which he sent to his friend Vagel, begging his opinion of it. He received for answer, 'I do not praise your folly, but your wonderful wisdom; nevertheless, I fear that if this book be published, nearly all the world will quarrel with you.'

Alas! Paul's hopes were doomed to disappointment. He waited a twelvemonth without being able to dispose of his manuscript; and he says, 'that after it had been returned to him by a professor, he read it again, and rejoiced that it had not met with a publisher.' Nothing daunted, this boy of nineteen again put his pen to paper; and having completed a collection of essays, entitled 'The Greenland Lawsuits,' took courage, and presented himself to the Leipsic booksellers. The work was refused by all; and he sent it to Voss, the great publisher at Berlin. He seems at this time to have been in greater poverty than ever, since he is described as sitting, on the last day of December, in a desolate room, with no fire to warm him, and no food to satisfy his hunger. But a gleam of happiness broke in upon him, when, on the same evening, he received intelligence from Voss that he would publish his work. Who can describe the joy, the gratitude, with which Paul received the fifteen louis-d'ors, the first fruits of his talents and perseverance?

With this money he was enabled to pay all his debts, and to remove from his close, dull room, to a summer-house in a garden belonging to his landlord, where he could study uninterruptedly. At this time every one wore powdered hair and queues; but Paul, partly from necessity and partly from taste, adopted a style very different to the fashion. He says, in a letter to his mother, 'As I cannot make my waistcoats wear any longer, I must go without. My hair has also been cut, as it will save me the expense of a hairdresser. I have a few curls left.'

The landlord of the garden objected to this costume; and after much debate, Paul returned to his old apartment. In 1783, after the publication of his work, he went to Hof to pass the vacation with his mother. The people of this little town do not seem to have valued his book, and he returned to Leipsic, feeling that that was the spot best suited to him, as literature and music were held in high estimation by all classes of society. At the annual fair he sold a second volume of 'The Greenland Lawsuits' to his former publisher, for the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars; but for the third volume he could not find a purchaser. His poverty again became pressing, and he had no other alternative than to return to Hof, in the hope that he should be able to live more economically with his mother. He owed some money to his victualler, but he had no means of paying it; and upon the creditor following him to Hof, he was obliged to borrow the money of two friends, named Otto, sons of the evening preacher of that town.

This was the hardest part of Paul's life: his mother had lost her little property by the lawsuit, and was living with her two younger sons in a small cottage,

containing only one apartment. His old friend Vagel came immediately to see him, and supplied him from time to time with books, and even with necessaries. Encouraged by this kindness, he continued to study and to write, earning occasionally a few groschen. About a year after Richter left Leipsic, a college friend named Oerthel returned to his father's residence at Topen, near Hof, and seeing our hero's desolate situation, devised a plan for the improvement of it. Oerthel had a younger brother who needed a tutor, and Richter was offered the post. After some hesitation he accepted it; and on New-Year's Day 1786 removed from his mother's abode to Topen. Unfortunately, neither the elder Oerthel nor his youngest son ever valued Paul according to his merits: the young man's character was not amiable, and had it not been for Madame Oerthel's kindness, and for the friendship of his old schoolfellow, Adam, he would have been really unhappy during his residence in the family. As it was, his spirits and health failed, his gaiety deserted him, and the illness of his friend gave him great concern. At last this friend expired in his arms; and Paul, wearied with his pupil's ingratitude, and having now no tie to the family, returned to his mother's indigent home, not even being able to procure all the money which Herr Oerthel owed to him.

Again he turned his thoughts to his pen; and having produced an Essay upon Death, probably suggested by the recent loss he had sustained, he took courage, and sent it to Wieland, the editor of the German Mercury, through the medium of Herder, who was at that time at the height of his popularity. Madame Herder opened the packet, and having read the essay, was so delighted with it, that she forwarded it to another periodical, with which her husband, at that time in Italy, was more closely connected. Paul did not receive any money for it, but the praises which were lavished upon it gave him encouragement to persevere. He now reformed his dress, and entered more into society, where he was welcomed by all, not only on account of his conversational powers, but also because of his musical genius, which excited universal admiration.

In 1790, our hero was offered the place of schoolmaster at the village of Schwarzenbach; and under the patronage of the magistrates of the district, he entered upon his office. Here Paul seems to have been quite happy and contented. He had for long pondered deeply on the subject of education, and he had now an opportunity of trying the practicability of his ideas. He devoted his whole energies to his employment, and was rewarded by the affection of his pupils and the confidence of their parents. He went every Sunday to Hof, where he always found a party assembled to greet him, consisting generally of young females, whom he encouraged and directed in their studies; in fact he seems to have been both instructor and confessor, which we may account for by the feeling expressed in his own words—'To a man who remembers his mother, all women are sacred for her sake.'

These four years were the happiest of Paul's life: friends multiplied, and poverty began to be unknown. We have already mentioned Christian Otto: he had ever stood a firm friend to our hero, aiding him in his pecuniary troubles, and filling the office of critic, reviewer, and adviser. Not a work went to the press without being first submitted to Otto's judgment; and it was he who advised him to try his fortune again in the literary world. Accordingly, Paul sent his first romance to the Counsellor Mority, at Berlin, whose daughter was about to marry a famous bookseller there. Mority was astonished at the genius evinced by the manuscript, and wrote immediately to Richter, saying, that he had found a printer who would give a hundred ducats for the work. We will not attempt to picture Paul's happiness: as soon as he received the money, he hastened to Hof, and gave his mother the shining treasure. His troubles were over: the perseverance with which he had battled against adverse circumstances was amply rewarded; his hopes were realised; and, above all, his efforts to rescue his mother from poverty were successful. He gave up the mastership of the school at Schwarzenbach; and having taken his mother from her miserable little dwelling to a cheerful but modest house near his friend Otto, his next care was to repay his old schoolmaster Werner the money which she had borrowed.

The time which he now passed at Hof was a time of nearly unalloyed happiness; but his disappointments were not all over. His romance did not meet with the success he expected; and consequently, when he presented his second work, 'Hesperus,' for sale, he could only obtain two hundred dollars for it. During the following summer he made a visit to Bayreuth, having formed an acquaintance with a Jewish merchant there. Here, to his great surprise, he found his works read and appreciated, and he returned with redoubled industry to his pen. His next production, a novel, drew upon him the attention of all Germany: letters of congratulation poured in from all quarters, but more especially from Weimar, the town in which Göethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, the four greatest poets of the age, were residing. He could not resist the flattering invitations given him, and he made his appearance in that little circle of great men. The Duchess Amelia received him with marks of distinction, and the Princess of Hohenlohe besought him to undertake the instruction of her two sons; a request which he politely refused.

In 1797, Richter found his health so bad, that he was obliged to go to the baths of Eyer, in Saxony; and while here, he received the intelligence that his mother was no more. Overcome with grief, he hastened back to Hof, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing her features once again. Among the relics she left her son, was a little book in which she kept an account of her gains by her midnight spinning. 'If all other books were destroyed,' writes Paul to Otto, 'I would keep this, wherein is found the record of her nights of misery.'

We need not follow Richter, step by step, any further. His end was gained: fame and admiration awaited him, although money was still difficult to obtain. In 1801 he married Caroline, the daughter of Herr Von Meyer of Berlin, a woman in every way fitted to be the wife of so extraordinary a man. After his marriage, he settled at Meiningen, and diligently set to work to complete his most famous production—'Titan.' He led a quiet, retired life, for his means were still straitened; and after the birth of a daughter, he left Meiningen, and took up his residence in Bayreuth, where he hired a small house adjoining that of his friend Otto. Here he lived till the day of his death, beloved by all around him. In 1808 a pension of eighty-five pounds was granted to him; and this, together with his own earnings, was sufficient for his comfort.

Nothing remarkable occurs in the history of Richter's life for several years. He generally passed a great part of the summer in travelling, and was everywhere received with marks of respect and admiration. But a bitter blow struck him, from which he never recovered. His son Max was at the gymnasium at Munich, and appears to have been distinguished for his talents and industry. He had unfortunately inherited his father's sensitiveness of disposition, which, having been fostered by early education, settled at last into profound melancholy, and his health giving way, he returned home to die. Richter's spirits sank under this misfortune; and his incessant weeping is said to have brought on the disease which eventually deprived him of sight. In the autumn of 1823, his strength rapidly declined; his nephew cheered his hours of suffering by reading to him; and he had a piano placed near his couch, which he sometimes accompanied with his voice, describing the ideas which floated through his mind as he played. On the evening of the 14th of November he breathed his last, beloved, honoured, and regretted by his countrymen. He was buried by torchlight in the church of

Bayreuth, an unfinished manuscript being placed on his coffin, and an ode by Klopstock sung over his grave. Thus ended the life of one who, however great he may have been in intellect, was still greater from the beauty of his domestic character, his modesty, his humility, and his uprightness. His writings, consisting of poetry, prose fiction, and philosophy, are unfortunately unsuitable to the current of sentiment in English minds, and they must therefore, like most German productions, continue to be little known in this country.

PASSAGE OF THE COL DU GÉANT.

The passage of the Col du Géant, one of the lofty Alpine points in the vicinity of Mont Blanc, is generally considered by tourists too dangerous to be attempted. In making a journey through Savoy in 1844, I was resolved, however, to make the experiment—the pleasure of overcoming a great difficulty, such as is often experienced by Englishmen, being one of the motives of my enterprise. It was on the 30th of July, while at Chamouny, that I notified to the *chef des gardes* my wish to attempt the passage. He readily appointed three guides to accompany me, and we entertained hopes of being able to start that same afternoon. But the weather in a few hours changed for the worse, and continued very unfavourable, with snow, rain, and frequent thunder, for some days. Without inserting here a meteorological journal for the period of my detention at Chamouny, it will be sufficient to state that, on the 5th of August, the weather towards the middle of the day improved so much, that I decided upon starting at two o'clock, with my guides, for the Montanvert, with the intention at anyrate of passing the night there, and of proceeding the next morning for the Col du Géant, should the weather continue fine. Besides the three guides, two of whom had several times made the passage, I was attended by a young man in the character of guide-aspirant, who hoped one day to be enrolled among the regular Chamouny guides. Of course he was not engaged on the same terms as the other three.

We arrived early in the afternoon at the Montanvert, after a very hot walk. Here we found the customary number of visitors of all nations, who had been recreating themselves during the day with the wonders of the Mer de Glace, and were now assembling in various groups, preparing to descend to Chamouny. My arrival so late in the day, with my rather formidable tail of guides, seemed to cause some surprise, which increased when my intentions transpired. However, a good-humoured conversation naturally sprung up, which ended with good wishes being showered upon me from all sides. 'Adieu, monsieur; bon voyage!' said a Frenchman at parting; adding, with as near an approach to a sub-sardonic smile as his politeness would permit, 'Et beaucoup de plaisir!' with which words the last party disappeared down the steep mountain path, leaving me to the avalanches and my meditations. I retired into the little hospice, where I and my guides supped, and betook ourselves to rest betimes. The weather seemed settled, and, if possible, improving.

Before one o'clock in the morning I heard my guides stirring, and soon after we all met, and congratulated each other on the fineness of the weather. The planet Jupiter was shining magnificently over the summit of the Grandes Torasses, and the moon, three weeks old, was just rising over the Aiguille du Dru. I had felt a little uneasy during the night, owing to my having heard some strong gusts of wind; but they had now quite died away, and the silence was unbroken, save by the steady roar of the many small torrents falling from the opposite rocks and lesser glaciers into the Mer de Glace. It was not in the least cold. By a quarter after two we were on foot; and after half an hour's walk by moonlight, we came to the precipitous face of rock called Les Ponts, a point which we passed without difficulty, after which we were soon fairly launched, and on foot, upon the great glacier itself. We took the route leading to the Jardin, as far as the moraines at the foot of the Couvercle, and then coasted along them as far as the Tacul, where we arrived at half-past four. The sky now appeared of the most exquisite rose-colour over the Couvercle, and of a fine yellow over the Aiguilles Rouges, behind the Flégère, at some distance on the other side of the vale of Chamouny. Once, before it was light, during our progress, one of the guides cut a step or two for us in the ice with the axe that he carried for that purpose, and it was curious to see it strike fire on the gritty surface. At the foot of the Tacul I had some spiked nails screwed into the soles of my shoes.

Here I gazed with renewed wonder, although I had enjoyed nearly the same view before when I visited the Jardin, at the Glacier du Taléfre, and at the Glacier du Tacul, which we were shortly to be busily engaged in scaling. The sun was now shining brilliantly on the highest peaks, there was neither cloud nor vapour visible, and no wind, save a moderate pleasant breeze. Nothing could be more wonderful than the conviction that there were many hours of uncertain labour before us in the passage of the glacier, which from hence, in the clear morning air, appeared so little formidable. The weather was so fine, that the eye was deceived as to height and distance even more than usual.

At about half-past five, on a steep slope of snow considerably above us, under the Aiguille du Grésson, I saw to my great delight a troop of about fifteen chamois. They were not at all behaving like the chamois of the picture-shops—neither tumbling down precipices upon their heads, nor exhibiting themselves in any conventional attitudes; but were making their way, in a file, gently across the snow, one after another, just as you see deer in a park; nor did they appear to take any notice of us.

Hereabouts we came to some ugly crevasses in the glacier, with snow-bridges over them, which had a treacherous look, owing to the snow which fell freshly, and in considerable quantities, only three days ago (on August 2), and which lay thickly on this part of the glacier. In fact we were now beginning to attain a considerable height. Next we came to several crevasses in succession, extending, to all appearance, right across the glacier; these were of a very variable width, so that we readily found places narrow enough to enable us to pass them with ease. By six o'clock we had ascended the glacier, at a guess, to about the level of the Jardin, which we could see at a distance, opposite to us, in its solitude, insulated in the upper part of the Glacier du Taléfre.*

Soon after this we got into the heart of the Glacier du Tacul, and Alexandre Devonassond went ahead of us all to explore the way. Here we came to some really bad places, which we passed with care and patience, and not without a sensation of horror on seeing a mass of ice roll from above, and disappear with a thundering crash. Hurrying forward with all possible care, we at length got some breathing-time on a small plain of snow; and afterwards, for a little while, continued our progress up the glacier without having to encounter any bad crevasses: we were aided too, rather than impeded, by the new-fallen snow—the softness of which took off the danger that would otherwise have existed of slipping upon the ice. Hitherto our progress had been very slow, and we had been obliged to make many countermarches, so that it was now past seven o'clock.

I will observe, by the way, that it is quite impossible

* According to Professor Forbes, the height above the level of the sea of the lowest part of the Jardin is 9042, and of the highest part, 9893 English feet.

for the most extravagant pencil to exaggerate the outlines of glacier scenery—its wild fantastic forms, icy cliffs, crags, pyramids, pillars, and huge projecting masses, all making up an extraordinary study for the artist.

Soon afterwards, in consequence of our coming to a very bad crevasse, Devonassond was again sent out to explore a passage in one direction, and Coutet to explore in another, leaving me and the two others together. Here a large wasp, apparently puzzled like ourselves, came buzzing round and round us. We were at fault here for some time. At last a very narrow bridge of ice was seen at some little distance, which, by its darker colour, appeared to be old ice, and therefore, by comparison, firm. This bridge, if such it may be called, lay on our right, many feet above us, and the question was, how to reach it. Devonassond, with admirable coolness, yet running risks, as I thought, which made me feel almost faint with anxiety as I witnessed them, managed, by the help of steps which he cut with his axe in the solid ice, to scramble up to the base of a small column of ice that communicated with a sort of platform, on which there was firm, though scanty standing-room, and from whence the bridge might be immediately reached. The ice-column looked insecure, and the more so from the quantity of brilliantly-white fresh-fallen snow that had lodged against it. Its firmness, however, was put to the proof by blows with an ice-pole, and it was partially cleared of the fresh snow. Devonassond then cautiously cut steps round its exterior surface, and so ascended to the platform, followed by another guide, who held one end of a strong cord, the other end of which was tied round my body. I then followed them. The two guides, now firmly placed on the platform, held the cord slackly, not intending to use it unless it was required. It was agreed that they should tighten it if I called out to them to do so, but not else. Thus I wound my way, in the footsteps of those who preceded me, carefully round the column, with literal precipices and yawning gulfs of ice, formed by crevasses intersecting crevasses in every possible direction, beneath me; steadying myself with one hand as I walked, and holding the cord loosely between the finger and thumb of the other, like a child who learns to walk alone by holding up its frock before it—for confidence in the succour at hand was the only support really required. The other two guides followed me. We then all crossed the narrow bridge of ice without difficulty; and, descending by a low, yet perpendicular cliff of ice, we resumed our line of march, leaving this formidable intersection of crevasses behind us. It was now eight o'clock. Soon after this, the glacier changed its appearance altogether. As we ascended, we found more fresh snow, and fewer crevasses; but there was still great need of caution. Here we all tied ourselves together with two stout cords, and proceeded for half an hour more, until we came to a convenient place for halting, where we stopped, and took some breakfast, having had a laborious walk of more than six hours from the Montanvert, almost entirely over ice.

Here I accidentally let fall on the snow the case of the green spectacles I wore on this expedition. It immediately began to glide away, as if animated, and disappeared down a crevasse, at about eighty yards below us. Nothing is safe for an instant if not well-looked after on these treacherous slopes. In order to prevent a like mischance happening to our poles, the loss of any of which would have been a serious matter, we took care never to let them out of our hands without first sticking them firmly upright in the snow by their pointed ends.

Whilst we were in the middle of the glacier, I could not help remarking what ridiculous figures we all were, equipped with blouzes, frieze gaiters, green spectacles, veils, and slouched hats, pacing along with the most solemn gravity. The journey had made us very hungry, and we fell to our repast with excellent appetites, after which we resumed our line of march exactly as before. At a quarter before ten we came on the fresh track of more chamois, but we saw none. Mont Blanc now appeared on our right, in a rocky opening by the side of the glacier, astonishingly diminished in height, and apparently close to us; yet in reality it was more than six thousand feet above us, and on that side wholly inaccessible. From hence we pursued our course up a long and steep ascent of snow, in one monotonous zigzag, interrupted only by our sinking knee-deep into the soft snow, and by the countermarches it was necessary to make in order to find snow-bridges strong enough to bear us across the crevasses with which the snow was at this height intersected. Some of these bridges had a downward, and not an upward curve; fringed with icicles many feet long. Such bridges as these we carefully avoided. In many places we saw creases in the smooth snow, under which we found incipient cracks and crevasses of a few inches only in width, that seemed to show that these wonderful regions were in a perpetual state of lapse and change, so that in all probability no two journeys across them can be made under similar circumstances. We appeared to have got out of our main difficulties quite as suddenly as we at first got entangled among them. And now the bare outline of the Col seemed to lie just before us; it was not, however, until after nearly another hour's labour over the inclined plane of eternal snow, glacier no longer, that we actually found ourselves upon the ridge (according to Forbes), 11,142 feet above the level of the sea: having attained our point not without some hard work, and undergoing some risks, but without sustaining any painful degree of fatigue, and without experiencing any ill effects whatever from the rarity of the air; symptoms of which may always be expected to be experienced as soon as an elevation of ten thousand feet is attained. The cool, silent precautions of my guides throughout were beyond all praise.

But it is not desirable, and it is scarcely possible, to remain long on the uppermost ridge. You must make immediately for the rocky buttress on which De Saussure's cabin stood. In order to attain this spot, you pass a very dangerous steep slope of snow, terminating abruptly in a precipice on the summit of the glacier of Mont Frêty, on the side towards Piedmont. In crossing this slope, the new-fallen snow stood us in good stead. It was exactly of the proper consistency for walking upon safely and easily; nevertheless, it appeared to me to be a place where, in some states of the weather, an avalanche might easily be detached, that would carry all before it and with it to destruction. Devonassond told me that on one occasion, on passing this spot, he found it an entire sheet of ice, so that he was obliged to cut steps right across its whole length in order to reach the rocks. These, however, we now attained without difficulty; and on arriving, we congratulated one another on the entire success that had, up to this point, attended our expedition, and commenced a vigorous attack upon our remaining provisions.

Here, then, we were fairly stationed upon the summit of the Col du Géant, at a height, as I have before stated, of more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this point the view to the north is quite shut out; but on turning to the south, on your right hand, is the summit of Mont Blanc, with its dependent glaciers, and awful buttresses and outworks; in good truth, a most sublime and astonishing sight! Below, lies the Allée Blanche; farther, amidst a wilderness of alps, not fewer than five enormous peaks of mountains, apparently little lower than Mont Blanc, and of outlines to the full as grand; nearer rose the Cramont and the Pain de Sucre, hard by which was the little town of Courmayeur, with the adjacent valleys; and thus, not to catalogue the remaining mountains, the eye passed eastward towards Mount Rosa, and the glorious Cervin. Most fortunately there was no haze or vapour to intercept the wonders of the view; there were only a few white clouds here and there, rather setting off than marring the proportions and magnitudes of the mountains before us, infinite in number and majesty. In

fact no description can convey anything like an adequate idea of this side of Mont Blanc, and of the appearance of the descent, our destined route, from the summit of the Col du Géant towards Courmayeur.

Whilst gazing at the view, our attention was arrested by a hissing sound, which we found to proceed from the snow on a very long and precipitous slope to our right, the surface of which, under the influence of the noonday sun, began to slide in gentle avalanches down towards the rocks beneath. We immediately, merely for the sake of amusement, commenced hurling stones, as large as we could lift, down the slope, in hopes of augmenting the avalanches; but it was wholly without effect. The velocity, however, which these stones acquired before they reached the bottom of the slope, and the force with which they dashed against the rocks below, bursting asunder in clouds of dust, was a striking sight. Two of my party succeeded in detaching a very large mass, which rolled down with prodigious violence, but it had no more effect on the snow than the smaller ones.

Some of the boards of De Saussure's cabin, before alluded to, still remain on this spot. Here it was that, in his devotedness to science, that distinguished philosopher passed seventeen days and nights. The *débris* of rock here contain a vast quantity of crystals. Here, too, we picked up the broken stem of a thermometer. We also saw several butterflies whilst we remained on the summit. We had, earlier in the day, seen several dead and dying insects on the surface of the snow, and one or two dead half-fledged birds.

We remained on the summit of the Col until a quarter before one o'clock. I forgot to note the exact time of our arrival, but I think we remained on the summit nearly two hours, enjoying the uninterrupted calmness and beauty of the weather. We now commenced our descent towards Courmayeur. Our way lay down a long precipice of loose rocks and stones, fortunately free from snow. This descent, together with a glissade of snow much lower down, and after that a steep descent of rude mountain pasture, occupied us, without intermission, until past three o'clock, when we made another halt at the tail of a snow-slope, from under which there issued a delicious clear stream of ice-cold water. Here we finished what wine we had with us, and congratulated each other sincerely on the success of our expedition, for now all difficulties were past; and I will not deny having looked up at the frowning battlements of ice, on which we had been so lately standing, with the most exhilarating sensations.

During the descent, I was much struck with the towering magnificence of the Mont Velen, which I had seen in great beauty when on an excursion to the Great St Bernard a fortnight before. The beauty of the scenery below, about Courmayeur, as seen during the descent, exceeds anything which the vale of Chamouny affords.

Other steep pastures, fir-woods, and a succession of sloping green meadows, led us finally down into the vale of Courmayeur at a quarter past five. Here, just as we had reached the bottom, although I felt in no respect unpleasantly fatigued, I was attacked by a giddiness so sudden and violent, that I fell against a young ash-tree, and thence headlong down a soft grassy bank. My guides, in alarm, ran to my assistance, and in less than a minute I was perfectly restored; nor was I in the least hurt by the fall. This kind of attack I had never before experienced. I have no doubt but that it was occasioned by changing the air of the glacier, and of the mountain, for that of the valley, which we all found very hot and close. I continued my walk with great caution for a little way, being apprehensive of a return of the seizure; but finding that, on crossing a narrow wooden bridge over a foaming torrent, I could stand and look at the troubled waters without inconvenience, I dismissed the subject from my mind, convinced that the indisposition was merely transient. And so it proved. We at length reached Courmayeur at six o'clock, having been on foot fifteen hours and three-quarters. In the evening I experienced a very slight bleeding at the nose. I slept well that night, and the next morning felt little or no remains of fatigue.

There is no part of the passage of the Col du Géant, from Chamouny to Courmayeur, that is extraordinarily fatiguing; though the glacier is sure to be in a state more or less dangerous, and the summit of the Col, towards Courmayeur, may be in a very dangerous state indeed. The excitement is unceasing, and the attention perpetually occupied. I have been very fortunate in all my mountain excursions, and have been well rewarded for paying a little patient attention to the turns of the weather. We had scarcely arrived at Courmayeur, when dark clouds began to gather round the summit of Mont Blanc, and soon after enveloped the Col du Géant; and at dusk it came on to rain heavily, with thunder and lightning.

With respect to passing the Col du Géant, I think, on the whole, it is better to go, as we did, from Chamouny to Courmayeur, than from Courmayeur to Chamouny. It may be a question, in case of bad weather, which is the better place of the two to be detained at: but at Chamouny you are sure of getting good guides at a short notice; and if you intend starting from Courmayeur, you must send round to Chamouny for a guide to be the leader of the party, and must keep him with you till you start. Also, on the Chamouny side, in passing the glacier, you are going up hill all the way, whereby you obtain a better sight of your chief difficulties, which also you thus encounter early in the day's work. But, on the other hand, should the rocky precipice on the side of Courmayeur have any snow upon it, the ascent of it would probably be better than the descent. However, in such a case, it would perhaps be the more prudent plan to defer the expedition altogether.

The next morning, August 7, was fine after the rain and thunder of the night; but we observed that fresh snow had fallen on the heights, and that the precipitous rocky descent from the Col was now gray with snow; so that had we delayed our expedition a single day, it would in all probability have failed. At eight o'clock I left Courmayeur with my guides, and proceeded by the Col de la Seigne to Chapice, a wild little mountain village, our quarters for the night. We were scarcely housed, about dusk, before a thunder-storm came on; during which I saw, by a blaze of lightning, three children of the hamlet sitting on the grassy slope of the mountain, not heeding the weather, and no one heeding them. The rain at last drove them in. One had a bowl of milk in his hand, and another a wreath of Alpine flowers. The next morning we went on by the Col du Bon Homme to the baths of St Gervais. Here I bade farewell to my trusty guides, shaking them all four cordially by the hand at parting. They were of course going home to Chamouny. I went on to St Martin, and the next morning returned by the diligence to Geneva.

MUSIC OF FISHES.

Aquatic animals are generally supposed to be destitute of the means of making themselves heard; and if they communicate with each other, it is usually supposed that it must be otherwise than by sound. The seal has, it is believed, a peculiar and distinct cry; and the grampus snorts as it attains the surface. Frogs, and other amphibious animals, croak long and loud enough; but in all these cases the sounds are emitted, not under, but above the water, and by creatures rarely more than half-aquatic. The cetaceous races have warm blood, and suckle their young; and fishes, properly so called, are considered, as we shall presently show, erroneously a silent race. The long-eared Balaamite is justly reckoned the strangest ass mentioned in history; and a scaly creature emitting sounds may truly be reckoned a very odd fish indeed. A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette, called the Neat's Tongue, to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by hearing long distinct sounds, like the

protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitchpipe or pitchfork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell, floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette: they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water—or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel—the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe—and spoke of them as plentiful, and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be procured alive, and the means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in ichthyology. We shall be glad to receive from our readers any information they can give us in regard to a phenomenon which does not appear to have been heretofore noticed, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of the naturalist. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given no doubt will be entertained, when it is mentioned that the writer was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impressions of all of whom in regard to them were uniform. It is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities — shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.—*Bombay Times.*

FACTS ON THE POST-OFFICE.

At an entertainment lately given at Manchester to Mr Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny postage, some remarkable statements were made by that distinguished benefactor of his country. 'He wished,' he said, 'to convey to his hearers some idea of the magnitude of the institution. Were he merely to state that so many millions of letters passed through the Post-office in a year, no one could form any accurate conception of the reality. The best mode, probably, to convey any idea of the whole, would be for him to describe some part. For instance, last night when he left London, he was at Euston Square when the mail was brought in to go by the train—this being only one of many which are despatched by railways. It was considered an exceedingly light mail; but small as it was, it literally filled six large omnibuses; and the heavy mails forwarded on a Saturday night filled nine carriages of a similar description. Again, the number of dead letters, since the adoption of prepayment, had become a very small fraction—less than the 200th part of the whole; nevertheless the average amount of money found in such letters, in coin, bank-notes, and bills of exchange, was L.400,000 per annum. Many thousands of pounds were actually found in letters with no address whatever. It might seem to many absurd that letters should be carried past a town for which they were intended, and then brought back; but it was not really absurd. It arose from the impossibility of every town making up a bag for every other town. There were about 1000 post-towns, and if every one of these made up 1000 bags, there would be 1,000,000 bags; in fact, more bags than letters. It had often struck him that some pains should be taken to make the main features of the Post-office system intelligible to the people. There was no department of government which came so much into contact with the people, and it was advisable that they should know what arrangements were capable of improvement, and what were not. Perhaps it might be interesting to the company to revert to a few facts connected with the change produced by the plan of penny postage. Immediately before the introduction of the reduced rate of postage, the number of chargeable letters—not including franks—delivered amounted to 75,000,000 annually. Last year it amounted to 299,500,000, or to fourfold the original number. It would require something more than that to bring the Post-office revenue up to the former gross amount; but less than fivefold would effect that object. At the present moment, the number of letters delivered in the London district, comprising a circle of a radius of twelve miles round the Post-office in St Martin's-le-Grand, was quite as great as that which, under the old system, was delivered in the whole United Kingdom. The increase was rapidly going on, and amounted to 28,000,000 more last year as compared with the previous year. It was the opinion of many gentlemen that the introduction of the penny rate increased the difficulty of effecting improvements. It was said they could not afford to give cheaper postage and greater facilities also; but in fact improvements had followed one another more rapidly since the penny postage came into operation than before. When the plan was first proposed, the large towns had only a single mail connecting them with London; now they have two mails per day. Again: in England and Wales there were formerly only 2000 post-offices of every kind; now there were 4000. There was a growing conviction in the minds of all connected with the Post-office, that to make the establishment profitable, they must make it as useful as possible, and to that great object his efforts should be devoted.'

THE SWING.

Upward she wings her flight afar,
A bird amid the quivering bowers;
Then, shooting downwards like a star,
Just skims the dew, and stirs the flowers.

One moment, like the huntress fair,
She stoops to kiss Endymion's eyes;
The next, rebounding in the air,
Shoots Parthian arrows as she flies.

Love-banished, and recalled by love,
She paints the passion false and vain:
Yet no; for though she seems to rove,
She still obeys the master's chain.

Now on the earth, now in the air,
Now won, now lost, her fleeting charms;
Gliding aloft, a phantom fair,
Then pressed an instant in my arms:

Ah! cease, dear wayward girl, to fly,
And from thy wild vagaries rest;
Leave, leave the angel in the sky,
And give the woman to my breast!

L. R.

THE ROUND TOWER.

A SONNET.

In London, queen of cities, you may see,
Facing the lordly house of Somerset,
A goodly tall round tower. Its base is wet
With Thames' fair waters rolling quietly.
Who was it built this tower? what may it be?
Say, was it piled by Druid hands of old?
Or reared by Eastern Magi, there to hold
The sacred flame, type of their deity?
Was it a hermit's calm retreat? or pile
Where hung sonorous the resounding bell?
Or is it such as in green Erin's isle
We see, whose uses nobody can tell?—
'Twas answered, 'Who 'twas built it know I not;
But 'tis, I know, the Tower for Patent Shot.'

—*Old newspaper.*

CHARACTER OF UNHEALTHY DISTRICTS.

All these districts have the same character. The streets are narrow, badly paved, badly cleansed, and badly drained; the houses ill-constructed, without the means of cleanliness and decency, over-crowded and unventilated; and, as a consequence, the streets are covered with filth, and the houses full of impure air. The condition of the streets and houses generates filthy habits, and the habits once formed, react upon, and exaggerate the state of things to which they owe their origin; till at length filth, disease, destitution, and crime, come to dwell together as natural and inseparable companions.—*Sanitary State of the Metropolis.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 170. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847. Price 1½d.

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

SERFDOM.

A reader of history is startled with no fact more curious, or more suggestive of melancholy reflections, than this: among every people aspiring to the rank of a nation has there been a tendency to a condition of slavery—slavery less or more modified, according to circumstances, but still, in any of its forms, a condition of personal degradation and dependence. Accustomed in the present day to associate ideas of injustice and violence with the condition of slavery, we are naturally disposed to imagine that slavery in all ages must have been maintained exclusively by force. Violence no doubt has been mainly a cause of slavery; but history demonstrates, by unchallengeable evidence, that, in numerous instances, it has also been a voluntary condition—a condition into which men have peacefully gravitated, and actually chosen in preference to liberty. In pretty nearly all modern dissertations on slavery, this latter fact has been somewhat disingenuously kept out of sight, possibly from a well-meant desire to do no damage to the cause of slave emancipation. We think it consistent with a truer morality to look the truth unflinchingly in the face; humanity, as we conceive, being always best served by a fair representation of facts, and the philosophy which can be drawn from them.

The oldest record on which reliance can be placed is the Bible—a work, it is to be presumed, in every one's hands. If we peruse with even moderate diligence the historical portion of that ancient record, we may observe, from various passages, that in the patriarchal and subsequent ages slavery was an institution regulated by express injunction. The Hebrews were to have no sort of scruple in buying or selling strangers. 'Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you' (Lev. xxv. 44, 45). With respect to the buying and selling of each other, however, this ancient people were placed under some kind of limitations. If a Hebrew bought one of his own nation, the slave was to serve him only seven years, and receive certain presents at departure; but if it happened that the slave, from affection to his master, would not leave him, then he was to be kept in perpetual bondage. The ceremony on such occasions is distinctly prescribed: 'Then thou shalt take an awl, and thrust it through his ear unto the door, and he shall be thy servant for ever; and also unto thy maid-servant thou shalt do likewise' (Deut. xv. 17).

The tenure by which personal freedom was held was exceedingly slight all over the East. Liberty might at any time be forfeited by impoverishment, or any other misfortune; and so little was it prized, that men did not scruple to gamble away their entire property in themselves and their families. In the infancy of institutions, buying and selling are the ready methods of negotiating a thousand intricate transactions. Contracts of various kinds resolve themselves into a matter of exchange. We accordingly find that, in all ancient marriages, the symbol of buying and selling was introduced. Every man obtained his wife for a certain quantity of goods or money, or, as in the case of Jacob, for a length of servitude. And till this day, in most rude nations, the same practice prevails. Among the North American Indians, a wife is purchased by a present of peltry, and other articles suitable to the fancy or necessities of the seller.

In ancient times, inability to pay a debt was a fruitful source of slavery. In the narrative of events recorded in the fourth chapter of the second book of Kings, an affecting story occurs: it is that of a poor widow, whose children are about to be taken from her, and carried into slavery, in liquidation of an unpaid debt of their father. In the woman's despair she comes to Elisha, and after telling him that her husband is dead, adds that 'the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen.' The prophet, it will be remembered, interposes to prevent this calamity, by multiplying her vessel of oil, out of which she is desired to pay the demands of her ruthless creditor. From this simple fact, it would appear that people who could not pay their debts became, with their families, the property of their creditors. The seizure and sale of the person was, in all probability, the only available means of settling a claim of this kind; the law threw no mantle of protection over the liberty of the unfortunate debtor.

The readiness with which large masses of men became the property of wealthy owners, accounts in a great degree for the large public works of ancient times. What was wanting in capital and science was made up by the animal force of slaves. All the huge stones for building the Pyramids were dragged on sledges, from distant quarries, by long rows of men, yoked together with cords, and impelled to exert their utmost strength by attendant companies of soldiers. The raising of these blocks to their respective places was likewise effected by bands of slaves pulling at ropes attached to rude mechanical contrivances. In the Great Pyramid of Cheops there are six million tons of stone, piled on a surface of eleven acres, and rising to a height of four hundred and sixty-one feet. A steam-engine could have elevated the whole mass without a single pang to a human being. But, according to Herodotus, relays of a hundred thousand slaves toiled for twenty years in raising the stones to their places. The sacrifice of

life was enormous, but the gaps made by death were speedily filled up with new victims. The expense for labour was a trifle. The slaves, in all probability, cost nothing; there is even reason to believe that they resigned their liberty, and undertook these horrid services, for the sake of subsistence, although their fare was only a handful of dry beans.* Some light is thrown on the methods for securing slave service in the history of Joseph.

It was while the Pharaohs were engaged in their stupendous undertakings that Joseph, a poor Syrian boy, bought by Potiphar from the Midianite merchants, rose to consideration as a domestic slave in the royal household. Having attained the position of prime minister, a dearth ensues in the land; and how does his sagacity meet this disaster? By a provident foresight he stores up an abundance of corn in granaries, and sells it out to the people during the scarcity. But the first year exhausts their stock of money, flocks, and herds; all that they have is given for food. At the second year of dearth, therefore, they come to Joseph, and in desperation offer themselves, with their land, in exchange for subsistence. 'Wherefore shall we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? Buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh.' Joseph, no doubt expecting this climax, buys the people, and removes them to cities appointed for their reception, to which movement no objection appears to have been made. 'Then Joseph said unto the people—Behold, I have bought you this day, and your land, for Pharaoh: lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land' (Gen. xlvii. 23). At a single blow, this clever foreigner had reduced the free population of the country to the condition of serfs of the crown—a condition as nearly as possible that of the agriculturists of Egypt in the present day under Mehemet Ali.

From similar glimpses of Grecian and Roman history, we learn that the abject poverty of the people made them thankful to resign their liberty, and become the bond-servants of opulent masters. In the latter days of the Roman empire, the great bulk of the population in Rome were mere hangers-on upon great men. Without a will of their own, or any means of individual enterprise, they gladly submitted to be the property of some one who would feed them. So also through what are called the middle ages, which succeeded the dismemberment of the Roman empire, we find a condition of slavery universal. The church, it is true, successfully interposed to prevent the open sale and deportation of human beings on the rude scale which had been formerly practised; but this only modified, without extinguishing, the principle of slavery, and the condition of dependency which ensued did not essentially differ from that which had prevailed among the Romans. Like circumstances produced like results. There was no diffusion of capital, no scope for individual exertions, no safety but under the protection of a chief. For many centuries, therefore, in England and Scotland, the peasantry, according to law and usage, were the fixed vassals, villeins, or serfs of barons, who gave them food, shelter, and clothing, in exchange for their services in peace and war. Necessity had thus not a little to do with the slavery of the middle ages. To a poor man there was no choice between bondage and starvation, unless, indeed, he preferred the precarious life of an outlaw and robber. Nor did the bondage generally assume a harsh character. It was for the interest of a lord to take some degree of care of his vassals; and the expectation of living and dying in the same spot was considered a boon cheaply purchased by the resignation of independence. In sales of property, the vassals were disposed of, along with the lands and houses, to the new owner; thus, in deeds transferring property in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the words '*cum nativis, et eorum sequela*' (with the natives, and their succession) frequently occur; and it is no unusual stipulation, that the purchaser shall not dismiss the bondmen into a state of self-dependent freedom.*

The gradual dissolution of feudal usages, and the advance of popular rights, along with a general improvement of means, put an end to villeinage in Britain, though it is historically interesting to know that, within the last hundred years, men with their families were sold as pendicles of property in Scotland. We allude to the last fragment of legal serfdom in the British islands, as it existed in relation to the operative salt-makers and coal-miners. In justice to these men, it should be mentioned that they manifested no reluctance to receive their freedom; but the same thing cannot be said of the clansmen in the Highlands and Isles on the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions in 1748. They desired no civil privileges; they would have greatly preferred a perpetuity of feudal dependence on their chiefs; and old associations, along with their connexion with the soil, were not dissevered without violence. The truth is, the poor people's minds were *etiolated*. They had not the vigour for self-reliance, and required some one to think and act for them.

After long ages, civil equality was established in England; every man was declared to be free, and to be the absolute proprietor of his own person. This freedom, however, was not an unmixed good. In proportion as villeinage disappeared, mendicancy increased; and so great did this new evil become, that the state was obliged to institute a modified species of serfdom, under the title of a poor-law. By this, as finally arranged in the reign of Elizabeth, the poor, no matter what their mental or physical condition, once more established their right to maintenance out of the lands on which they were born. It was practically a villeinage without sale. For the baron, was substituted a parish overseer; and for the word vassal, might be read pauper. The pauper could not be disposed of like a beast of burden; but he could be compulsorily worked in exchange for the food and shelter to which he was driven or voluntarily clung.

There the matter rests. At present, the expense incurred for the poor in England amounts to about six millions annually (L.5,039,703 in 1845); but this is independent of a vast number of charities; and were the dispensation of funds on a similar scale in Ireland and Scotland, the yearly cost of the poor in the United Kingdom would probably be not less than ten millions. The actual outlay in the present year, it is believed, will be twenty millions.

* A similar act of oppression was perpetrated by Peter the Great of Russia, when he caused the erection of St Petersburg. The work was compulsorily executed by serfs, who were wretchedly fed, and slept in the open air on the damp ground. The building of the city, it is calculated, cost the lives of upwards of three hundred thousand men. This event occurred in Europe within the last hundred and fifty years.

* Merville, who died in 1189, minister of William I. of Scotland, granted to Henry de Saint Clair the lands of Hermandston in Mid-Lothian, with two bondmen, Edmond the son of Bonde, and Gille-michael his brother, with their progeny, on this express condition, that they should not be removed from the lands.—*Diplom. Scotiæ*, pl. 75.

Out of all this recital of facts, a humiliating confession is wrung. Civilisation has been as unsuccessful in preventing the growth of pauperism within the bosom of society, as ever barbarism was in avoiding the institution of slavery. Three thousand six hundred years ago, Joseph stayed the horrors of dearth by making the people serfs; England, to all appearance, can think of no other means of averting starvation, than by making the people parish paupers; that is, dependents on the land. While many millions of persons are dropping out of the ranks of independent labourers, and swelling the lists of the destitute, the talk is only of improved poor-laws: which signifies an extended encroachment on public means.

From the facility with which masses of men relinquish habits of independence for the sake of mere creature support, it would appear as if there was a proneness to slavery in human nature which can be eradicated only by culture, and a concurrence of happy circumstances. The disappearance of feudalism, and the gift of personal freedom, along with the security of property, have unitedly raised Britain to a high pitch of glory. In no country in Europe is labour better remunerated, or skill and industry so sure of their reward. The progress of the humbler and middle classes has been correspondingly great; thirty millions of money in savings' banks, and some thousands of benefit and assurance societies, testify a prodigious advance in habits of foresight; while the extensive enginery at work to instruct and refine, gives promise of a condition of things much more satisfactory than now exists. At the same time, it is painfully evident that society, with all its increasing opulence and intelligence, does not rid itself of the tendency to vassalage and pauperism. We cannot but consider this a curious phenomenon; and did we despair, as some do, of civilisation, we should, from appearances, acknowledge that history goes on in a circle, and brings a state of refinement round to the necessities and institutions of barbarism. The phenomenon, however, is incidental, not natural. Feudal usages have bequeathed to all classes the disposition to worship rank, by what may almost be called a blind instinct. This is strikingly manifested in the elections of members of parliament. On these occasions, not alone the peasantry, who may be held excused in their half-etiolated state, but the largest and most intelligent communities, are seen voluntarily committing the management of their affairs to parties not the most suitable on general grounds, but because they possess a title, or some other qualification equally aside from the duties which are to be performed. A similar species of subserviency pervades all the higher seats of learning; of which no more conspicuous example could be given than the late exaltation of a prince—merely because he was a prince—to be chancellor of the university of Cambridge. Phrenologists, I suppose, would call all this a large development of Veneration. If things are to be called by their proper names, it is a lingering principle of serfdom—a spirit of grovelling and detestable meanness.

Where men, opulent and learned—perhaps we can hardly say educated, in the true sense of the word—are found cherishing feelings as grotesque as they are unreasonable, we have the less occasion to wonder at a disposition in the uninstructed masses to lapse back into habits of feudal dependence. Vast numbers are poor by inheritance, and having grown up a three-fourth idle existence, they naturally cling to the soil on which they have been cradled; and as the poor-laws, with false benevolence, strengthens the traditional attachment, serfdom amongst the rural population seems but the effect of a natural, though in reality an artificial, cause. While it is a leading principle in the poor-law to fix each man to his parish, a bounty may be said to be held out for the continuance of a qualified rural vassalage.

This, however, must have an end. We see it coming. The natural energies of society and powers of self-rectification have not hitherto had fair play; they have been obliged to contend with all sorts of difficulties, the relics of a feudalism, dissipated only in name and a few of its forms. Nor is it in a frantic resumption of feudal obligations in all their mediæval integrity, as some would seem to argue, that the miseries of poverty are to be averted. Englishmen have not yet fallen so low as to wish to be slaves, in order to be insured their daily bread. Popular feelings, left to their free demonstration, would seem to point in a contrary direction; and humanity might be more graciously employed than in encouraging fallacies which are repugnant to the spirit of independence. What we desiderate is justice, not charity. Freedom in commercial intercourse has already been accorded, though as yet its benefits can scarcely be said to be visible. An abolition of the laws of entail, the unembarrassed sale and transference of land (out of which would arise a better system of tenantcies and cultivation), the constituting of the whole United Kingdom one great parish as respects the poor, colonisation on a large, a continuous, and systematic scale—are all so many additional means which the generation now growing up will have the fortitude to adopt for the relief of the country. Neither have we reason to despair of eradicating much of the tendency to pauperise in urban populations. It can doubtless be said, with too much truth, that there are large masses of men whom prosperity does not bless—that the fruits of labour only furnish means for dissipation. But to charge this entirely to the score of human nature would be manifestly unjust. In other countries, where refined taste and harmless mirthful recreation have not for ages been proscribed, we see no such consequences. A consciousness of this fact is dawning on Britain; and in the ameliorations already affected, we have no unreasonable hope that foresight will increase along with a general improvement in the tastes and habits of the people. What might not be achieved by education alone, were common sense, instead of the miserable prejudices of party, to be allowed the ascendancy!

The contingencies of human affairs will ever, unfortunately, create a certain amount of dependent poverty; but that millions of beings, able-bodied, and not deficient in intellect, should accumulate in a hopeless species of serfdom, burdensome to society, betrays a woful want of statesmanship, and is an impeachment of the national understanding. Without dreaming of a Utopia, we can conceive a state of things in which a far higher and more diffused civilisation than the present will exist, and with which the spirit and practice of vassalage will scarcely find itself congenial. Nature has no deliberate design for the maintenance of slavery. But she unequivocally demonstrates what men may very easily become, morally and physically—by neglect and misusage, gravitating nearly to the character of brutes; and by culture and favourable circumstances, ascending to a condition only a little lower than the angels! History, religion, observation, everything enforces this everlasting truth. Man must elevate himself. His Creator has most graciously pointed out the means by which he may soar to Heaven!

W. C.

THE LAMETER.

AN IRISH STORY.

Numerous have been the stories about Irish weddings —the heedlessness with which they are undertaken, the frolics, fights, and follies with which they have been too often the occasion. I believe, however, there is room for one story more. At all events, it is one I picked up in the country, and I give it pretty much in the language of the narrator, a lively middle-aged lady, whom I met at a party one evening in Cork.

Last summer—proceeded the lady—when I was on a visit to the seat of my cousin, Captain Johnson, in the county of Wicklow, the family was a little amused with a queer sort of wedding which took place in the small town in the neighbourhood: it was the marriage of one of the servants, and we therefore took some interest in the affair. My cousin, you must know, is a great improver—none of your old set of squires, who let things go to wreck and ruin. The estate was dreadfully incumbered when he succeeded to the inheritance, but he soon put everything to rights, and now keeps a first-rate body of servants to execute all kinds of farm-work. The estate is partly hilly and pastoral, so he has a cowherd to take care of the cattle. This cowherd, Garritt Byrne by name, was a rather good-looking young man, with a long frieze coat and capacious capes, and he usually carried a very sufficient-looking cudgel, which I daresay he knew how to flourish in proper style.

Garritt, I found, was a kind of favourite. His mother had been a nurse to some of the family at the Hall, and this gave him a claim to consideration. Whether from having been a little bit spoiled from this cause, I cannot tell, but Garritt had grown up somewhat self-conceited, and took things rather easily, even when they concerned his own welfare. But this of course is not very uncommon among us Irish. Be this as it may, Garritt on one occasion got himself into trouble by his *aisyness*.

One of the dairymaids, whose name was Judith, was the beauty of the county. She had fine black hair, handsome features, and a clear skin; but besides these personal attractions, she was a girl of some taste, and always kept herself as neat as a new pin. She was also intelligent and sprightly; her voice usually led the song in the cow-house and dairy, and much confidence was placed in her by her master and mistress.

At eighteen, Judith had many admirers, but only two aspired to her hand. It was generally believed that Judith had placed her affections on Garritt Byrne, and all other lovers had moved off in consequence, except one. This was an elderly man, not by any means good-looking, a little lame, and very rich. On account of his personal infirmity, he was called the *Lameter*—a term commonly applied in Ireland [as it is in Scotland] to a lame person. The Lameter, however, for all his limping gait, was a brisk, confident-sort of man, not easily daunted; and although he was aware of Judith's preference, he still hung on perseveringly, trusting to some lucky turn in his favour.

Judith, it must be owned, acted rather coquetishly. She used to give the Lameter now and then a look of encouragement, which maintained his hopes; though the truth was, all her jiltish airs were employed in order to bring Garritt to a distinct arrangement as to the marriage. But Garritt, in his *aisy* way, looked on the encouragement of the Lameter as a piece of nonsense, and only laughed at the idea of Judith giving him up for such an insignificant rival. Garritt and Judith had been long attached to each other; explanations had been made; and for more than a year they had agreed on being married, as soon as each had gathered up what was thought sufficient.

This agreement was known in the house, and every article that was not required again, or had lost its fellow, was put by for Judith. Before the year was out, Garritt made known that he had accumulated the requisite sum; but he spoke not of the wedding, except as still in prospect, and seemed as if he did not know his own mind. No woman likes to be trifled with in this kind of way. Judith's pride was concerned, and she resented the affront so far as to hint that she did not intend to wait on Garritt Byrne's pleasure much longer, not she. At last she said decidedly that Holy Eve should see her married. She was not afraid of finding a husband. Garritt laughed louder than ever at the idea of the Lameter.

Summer glided past, autumn came on, and Garritt was often away in the mountains for days at a time with his cattle. He seemed to pay little attention to Judith's coldness of manner; nor did he appear to remember her threat; yet every one else felt assured that she would put it in execution.

As Holy Eve drew nearer, there were evident preparations for a wedding. A white dress was bought and made up; no one, however, knew who was to be the happy man. The Lameter was not oftener at the house than usual in the evenings, but he appeared more elated than was his wont, and Judith appeared sadder and more anxious. Judith was promised a house near the Hall, and was to continue to be dairymaid; so that it made little difference to her master who her husband was to be.

The morning of Holy Eve came, and Garritt Byrne was in the mountains with the cattle, where he had been for several days previously, and there appeared no sign of his return, or preparation on his part for joining in the evening's ceremony and amusements.

A large barn was cleared out, and doors laid on the floors of the lower rooms for dancing on. A large room on the second storey, which was gained by narrow steep stairs, boarded at each side, was laid out with tea-tables, where the young ladies presided. The evening drew on; the bride was dressed in her white gown and a lace cap with white ribbons; the fiddlers arrived, the tea was ready, and the company come. No doubt now remained as to who was the happy man; for the Lameter arrived in full dress, with white waistcoat and cravat, and a new suit, and looked brisker than ever. He carried a jar of whisky and a glass, and regaled the dancers, who were setting to with might and main. Most of the female part of the company were taking tea up stairs with the bride; and the Lameter and the bride's brother accordingly came up to see that all was going on rightly. Judith was deadly pale, but showed no symptom of altering her determination. She received the bridegroom's awkward compliments with a smiling face as she handed him a cup of tea. A report having spread from below that the priest was coming, for a few moments she appeared stupified; then suddenly turning to the Lameter, she said aloud, 'Have you a ring?'

This was an awkward question. The Lameter stammered out, 'No; I never thought of getting one.'

'Because,' said Judith, with a toss of her head, 'I will never be married with a key, a straw ring, or the priest's watch-chain; I must have a real gold ring of my own.'

If the Lameter had had wings, he would have flown to gratify fair Judith's slightest wish; but as he had none, he hopped over to measure her finger, assuring her that he would buy her the handsomest ring in the town; and taking her brother along with him, he proceeded to the house of the only jeweller (otherwise watchmaker) to get one.

The priest's coming was a false alarm; for he was not thinking of stirring yet, and was sitting at a snug fire taking a tumbler of punch in his own house.

Judith became more composed; she had gained a delay, which might yet be lengthened, by her finding some fault with the ring when it came. But she appeared to fear the arrival of the priest, as she knew that she must then submit quietly to her own decree. But priest or bridegroom were not come yet, and no sound could be heard but of the music and dancing below stairs.

A quarter of an hour passed; Judith was anxiously

listening, when suddenly the large gate in the yard was opened with violence: in a minute after, heavy, quick steps were heard on the stairs, the door burst open, and there appeared Garritt Byrne in his long gray coat, covered with mud, and out of breath. His eyes were dazzled with the blaze of light; he passed his hand across them, and was soon beside Judith. He could not speak, but his arm was round her waist; a stride or two brought them to the door, and before the women recovered from their surprise, or could make any resistance, supposing them to have been willing, they were down the stairs. Garritt seized a dark cloak, which one of the dancers had hung at the door, and wrapping it round Judith, they hastily crossed the yard, passed through the gate, and took the road to the town. Not a word was spoke by either as they walked swiftly along. As they passed the jeweller's shop, Judith cast in a fearful glance, and saw her brother and late bridegroom still engaged choosing and bargaining for a ring. Judith breathed quicker, and drew closer to Garritt at the sickening sight. On they walked, until they gained the far end of the town, where the priest resided. Garritt stopped at his door, and gave one thundering knock. The priest's *boy* (a man of fifty), not very remarkable for brightness of intellect or sharpness of sight, opened the door, and welcomed the bride and bridegroom, as the former threw off the dark mantle on entering the priest's parlour, and displayed her white dress. His reverence was sitting at his warm fire, and was trying to prevail on himself to leave it, and make ready to attend the wedding at Squire Johnson's, and was now most happy to find that the young couple were so considerate as to come to him; and knowing that Judith was to be the bride, he did not suspect in the least that there had been a change of bridegrooms; and thought that all was right, although he might have noticed the soiled face and hands and dirty dress of Garritt. The money was paid, the *boy* and the cook were called in, and the ceremony was performed in a short time. Judith was not now so particular about a gold ring, when the priest took a small brass curtain ring from his pocket, and gave it to Garritt, with a knowing wink, to place on her finger. The priest gave them his blessing, and they were soon beyond pursuit, and safely housed in the mountains among Byrne's relatives, 'uncles and cousins by dozens' of the name—the whole affair reminding one of the story of the brave Lochinvar, and perhaps equally worthy of versification.

To account for Garritt's indifference, and his late, though sudden appearance, it must be told that he never believed that Judith really intended to put her threat into execution; and as he had no intention of hurrying the marriage, so he was contentedly attending to his master's cattle in the mountains, about five miles off. He had put them in their sheds, and foddered them for the night, and had just succeeded in lighting a good fire in his own hut, when his little brother disturbed his quiet by rushing in as the sun was setting, and with more energy than his brother Garritt ever possessed, he cried out, as he gasped for breath, 'Garritt, man, what are you about sitting there, when Judith's wedding is going on? The priest is bespoke; and unless you have some life in yer heels, the Lameter will have her before an hour!'

Garritt waited not to answer this astounding news; but he had life in his heels for once, for, like an arrow from a bow, away shot Garritt down one hill and up the next, and never halted until he arrived at the gate: a friend awaited him there, who told him that he was not too late; he scarcely drew breath until he secured Judith. It is impossible to describe the confusion which ensued after the disappearance of the two lovers; the younger females were not sorry that Garritt had taken the bride; but the uproar was great down stairs when the men heard of it; for the noise they were making prevented them from hearing Garritt, and no one had seen him passing up or down the stairs. They first called for the Lameter, and next for Judith's brother, but both were absent. The whole party were ready for pursuit, but they had no leader, and did not know what way to take; and none of them agreed on what to do; but they all allowed that it would look very foolish to the country to have let the bride be taken off from among them. Some said they could not be blamed, when the bridegroom and the bride's brother were away, and had left her in women's care. The Lameter and his intended brother-in-law returned in the midst of confusion, and asked why the music had ceased and the dancers left off. It was some time before one of the party told what had happened; the Lameter looked confounded at first, but soon rallied, and pretended to take the matter coolly. The brother was enraged, and took several young men with him to look for Judith; but, fortunately, they did not think of going to the priest's house, until it was too late to find her there. The Lameter made a speech, in which he said that although the bride was gone, yet whisky and the fiddlers remained, and he begged of all the company to make merry. They thought that they could not do better, and the music and dancing commenced again: the Lameter gave them plenty of whisky, and they were as noisy and merry as before.

It was reported that the Lameter asked several of the handsomest young girls present that night to accept of his hand and fortune; but they all told him that they would do no such thing as to take Judith's leavings. So they all refused the honour then; but it is certain that he got a wife long before the next Holy Eve, and that she was present on that night, and the prettiest girl there when Judith disappeared.

Before many days were over, Judith was attending the dairy, and Garritt the cows, just as if nothing had happened them; and Garritt proved a very quiet, kind husband, and Judith a tidy, smart little wife.

Now for my moral—said the lady in conclusion—and it is this: I would have all young men learn not to put off their weddings too long after they have wooed and won, and have sufficient means to marry, the damsel of their choice. And I would warn all young women to beware of making rash resolutions, the keeping of which might destroy their happiness for ever.

ANGLO-INDIAN LADIES.

In a recent number* we gave a general picture of the English in India, and we are now tempted by an article in the 'Calcutta Review' to descend to particulars. The article is called 'French Pictures of the English in India;' and we select it for notice, because we cannot help being tickled with the idea of an Englishman, broiling in an almost intertropical climate, sitting down to defend himself and his womankind from the strictures of a Frenchman. Between the two, one would think the truth must out; and more especially since the Count de Warren, being an officer in the Company's army, enjoyed every opportunity of observing the society it is his object to criticise. If the fact were otherwise—if the count were a mere bookmaker, who described at second-hand, the contest would have little interest for the spectator; but as it is, there is a certain equality in the literary warfare, which satisfies our notions of fair-play; and as we watch the parties, we feel as if we were umpire in the contest.

The career of a young English woman in India, Count de Warren tells us, is 'a tragi-comic sort of history;' and, to prove the assertion, he traces her fortunes from the time she leaves England, where, it seems, she has grown up 'without portion, without connexions, without beauty, and consequently without even the hope of an establishment.' These are grave charges at the outset. She is poor, plain, ungenteel—in short, an adven-

* Journal, No. 164.

tures; and in this desperate plight, all on a sudden there turns out to be somebody or other at Calcutta or Madras who will take charge of the consignment if she is sent out to them. The girl is of course in the seventh heaven; she has nothing to leave at home, and everything to look for abroad; and she sets sail, therefore, for the asylum that is offered her, 'full of health, of hope, and of gaiety, on a voyage of discovery in search of a husband.'

All this is denied by the reviewer. The age of damsel-errantry, he says, is past. 'The greater number of young ladies who embark for India on board our splendid passenger ships, turn their faces towards the East, because their *home* is there. Their legitimate protectors reside in India, and they are but returning to the parental roof, from which the circumstances of their position have temporarily banished them. They do not often arrive in the country with very extravagant notions of the splendid establishments in store for them—or indeed with any very absorbing thoughts of the great matter of matrimony at all.' The 'circumstances of their position' will be a mystery to some of our readers, and we must therefore explain, that children of European parents do not thrive—indeed rarely live—in India after a certain age. It is necessary to send them home, to have their constitution strengthened, or formed, by their ancestral climate; and they are seldom recalled till they have grown up into young lads or young women. But what strikes us as a terrible omission on the part of the reviewer, is his passing over, without remark, the charge of *plainness*. No; we will not think this an omission. It is contemptuous silence. It is a disdaining to reply to an imputation too obviously and extravagantly false for serious refutation. As for his gratuitous remark upon the slight hold which the subject of matrimony takes upon a young girl's imagination, we confess we have some doubts; but the truth is, neither he nor any other individual of our sex has the least right to venture even upon a surmise about the matter.

The adventuress, however, has arrived in Calcutta, and looks around her for what, according to Count de Warren, she has come—a husband. 'Assuredly she will not have any difficulty in finding one; she will only be embarrassed by the number she may choose from—old and young, civil and military, patrician and plebeian; from the old general with his periodical bilious attacks and his parchment visage, which has not perspired for the last ten years, for the sun has sucked out all the moisture, to the young red-and-white ensign, who makes eyes at them whilst he wipes off the large drops that roll down his forehead. She is scarcely landed, before, in the very first fortnight, she is overwhelmed with offers of marriage. The poor young creature is so stunned with the flatteries which buzz in her ears, that at length her poor little head, never one of the strongest, is completely turned. She begins to think that she really possesses all the perfections which are attributed to her; and she is told so often that she is an angel, that she knows not how to limit her pretensions in the great matter of the *établissement*. The aunt preaches to her, morning and night, against lowering herself by condescending to dance with any one under the rank of a first-class civilian, or an officer of high standing, in the enjoyment of a fat appointment, who can bestow on his bride thrice indispensable things, and which in India are considered necessary for the happiness of conjugal life; namely, a silver teapot, a palanquin with a set of bearers, for visits by day, and a buggy for the evening drive.'

Failing in all efforts to make a desirable match, we are told by the count that the lady 'all-forlorn' at length goes pretendedly for the sake of her health to a distant station, and there marries a poor subaltern. A marriage like this is of course unfortunate. The wife has no domestic habits, no knowledge of housekeeping; and instead of getting her husband's affairs into some sort of order, and introducing economy into his establishment, she compels him, either by her ignorance or her 'gentility,' to keep a *khansamah*, or male housekeeper, who is the greatest thief in the world. 'No concession is made to circumstances or to places. Even when travelling, the ladies will not abate one ribbon from their toilet. Change of climate—change of fortune—nothing will induce an Englishman to descend from his first style of living. He will live as he has lived; and when he is ruined, he will run into debt rather than submit to be poor, and live like a poor man.' The reviewer admits that there is some truth in this charge of extravagance; but denies that even a ruined man necessarily finds his moneyless bride a burden. 'We could point,' says he, 'to numberless instances of regimental subalterns, who, having been involved before marriage, have, after a few years of wedded life, extricated themselves, by prudence and good management, from their incumbrances, and yet all the time kept up a much more respectable appearance than others who have been carelessly frittering away much larger sums.' He asserts that marriage is by no means the business of young ladies; that they are in no hurry whatever; that they spend a reasonable time under their guardians' roofs; and that 'young gentlemen do not think any worse of them for having learned one class of domestic duties before they address themselves to the study of another.' He admits, however, that 'India does not improve their aspect' (the count's charge is, that it makes them yellow), but hints that the men do not look upon beauty as consisting in rosy cheeks or plump proportions: 'or if they do,' adds he philosophically, 'why, it is assuredly much better, as the roses must fade and the plumpness dwindle, that this distressing change should take place before, and not *after*, marriage.'

Count de Warren's opinion of the manners of his adventuresses is not very favourable:—'As for the women with whom one has to dine and to talk, nothing can be more silly or more scandalous than the conversation to which one is condemned. It is not that they want mind or capacity—they are generally better educated than our own women—but it is that detestable fashion, which compels you always to view them through an odious medium. An English lady, showing her ability to converse on serious subjects with a man of merit, incurs the risk of being taunted as a *savante*—a blue-stocking; the greatest injury that can be inflicted upon her. It is becoming in her to appear offended if you talk rather seriously about politics or literature; but she will call forth all her eloquence, and never halt, whilst she favours you with all the details of the nursing, the weaning, and the physicking of her children; or, better still, pulls to pieces the reputations of her neighbours. The position of the young married women is still more deplorable. They have to choose between two evils—an affectation of ignorance on the one side, impossible after all they have read, from their very infancy, in unmutilated (*non châtiées*) editions of the Bible, or an abandonment of the most enticing, the most "romping" description. The one class appear to be astonished at everything, ever returning for answer the everlasting words, "oh dear me!" the other throwing themselves at the heads of all the men, with a prodigal display of loud talking and loud laughing in the worst possible taste.' On this subject the reviewer remarks, that young ladies *from* England pretty nearly resemble young ladies *in* England; that there is more domesticity in Indian life than formerly; that ladies are, for the most part, to be seen at home happy, contented, amiable; and that they are very skilful in adapting their conversation to the supposed calibre of their hearers—a circumstance which may account, he hints, for the views adopted by the count.

But now we have the ladies at dinner. 'If you are a Frenchman, you will be thunderstruck at the enormous quantity of beer and wine absorbed by these young English ladies, in appearance so pale and delicate. I could scarcely recover from my astonishment at seeing my fair neighbour quietly dispose of a bottle and a half

of very strong beer, eked out with a fair allowance of claret, and wind up with five or six glasses of light but spirited champagne, taken with her dessert. The only effect it seemed to produce upon her was visible in the diminished languor of her manner, and the increased brilliancy of her eyes. I hoped at first that she was an exception; but I was very soon convinced that she but exemplified the general rule. It is in this manner that the majority of English ladies combat the lassitude of mind and body induced by the climate; but the time soon comes when such a regimen as this destroys their health. They are then compelled to leave their husbands, and return with their children to Europe. But the fatal habit is contracted; the voyage home only tends to strengthen it. As time advances, it becomes more deeply rooted; and too often the brandy bottle is the miserable finale of the sweet creatures, who left their mother's arms and their father's roof all bright in purity and beauty.' This picture is of course represented as ludicrously absurd. The count's mistake, we are told, arises from the custom, still extant in India, of asking people to take wine. The glass of the lady of the house may thus be in part replenished a dozen times, but it would be monstrous to assert that she drinks a dozen glasses of wine. He might have added, that returned Indian ladies are not more famous for brandy-drinking than other ladies in England. Let us note also, that, for the sake of the climax, the poor, plain, and ungenteel adventuress is now supposed to have been the pure and beautiful darling of a tender home.

We have now done with Count de Warren, and shall give the reviewer's opinion of married life in India:—'We do not hesitate to express an opinion to the effect, that in no community with whose social characteristics we are acquainted, is there more married happiness than among the English in the East. . . . There are many circumstances peculiar to India favourable to the development of married happiness; none which are unfavourable to it, in the aspects represented by our author. Husbands and wives are more dependent on each other in this country than at home. Necessitated during the greater part of the day to remain within doors, the married officer seldom fails to derive comfort and consolation from the companionship of his wife; he has a better-ordered house, a better-regulated establishment; and what a difference when sickness is there! There is no place in the world where a man stands more in need of such companionship; and if imprudent marriages are sometimes perpetrated, there is everything to excuse them. In a worldly sense, doubtless poverty is a great evil; domestic privations, whether in one hemisphere or another, are not very pleasant to bear; but in India, poverty has rarely that very humiliating aspect which it so frequently wears at home. Poverty, we repeat, does not *rub* against us so painfully as it does in England; it is not so palpable—its evils are not so omnipresent. Neither the physical nor the moral evils are so keenly felt, for there is no want; and where debt has not come to humble us, there is no degradation. Look at the struggles of poor people in England! We do not speak of poor people, but of poor rich people. How painful their efforts to appear respectable—to conceal the deprivations which they endure! Poverty in this country is not an unforgiveable offence. Here a man may have a very small income, and a very large circle of friends. At home, this phenomenon may sometimes be seen in the person of a clever and agreeable bachelor. But let him marry, and the scene is changed. Here poor married people are not, as such, cut off from society; they are not regarded as people to be avoided; they are not taught by their richer neighbours to feel what it is to be poor. Neither is the name of poverty inseparably associated with ideas of maids-of-all-work, hashed mutton, soap-suds, and tallow-candle-ends.'

Being able to sift the evidence on both sides, with the assistance of more than one score of conflicting witnesses, we are of opinion that Count de Warren's pictures are grossly and ridiculously overcharged, and also that the reviewer paints a little too much *en beau*. A mighty improvement has taken place of late years in Anglo-Indian society; but there still remains much to be done. Society in India is composed, almost exclusively, of reasonably well-educated people; and much more may justly be expected of them than if they were intermixed, as in this country, with the ignorant. But they have still a great deal of trash and frippery to get rid of. The enervating influence of the climate can be no excuse for these in social life, for, as regards serious duties, no country under heaven produces more brilliant examples both of physical and intellectual energy. Nay, even the Calcutta belle, who passes a great part of the day 'annihilated' by the heat, rushes into the dance in the evening with an enthusiasm and perseverance unequalled at Almacks. The import trade in books, however, languishes. We believe we are correct in stating that, notwithstanding the movement in the population, not the slightest improvement has taken place for many years; whereas the import trade in *millinery* continues to make a steady and triumphant progress! These are awkward signs of the times—and we venture to suggest that they would afford a good subject for the earnest and able pen of the reviewer.

JAMES CROWTHER, THE NATURALIST.

It is somewhat remarkable that there has long been at Manchester a set of men in humble life who devote their leisure time chiefly to the study of natural history. The newspapers lately gave an account of a member of this corps, which has struck our minds not merely as a curious and interesting piece of biography, but as something singularly affecting. James Crowther, though known in the scientific world for his having discovered many British plants in situations where they were not previously suspected, was never in any superior position in life to that of a warehouse porter. He died in January of the present year, at the age of seventy-eight, in obscure and necessitous circumstances—even, we regret to think, under a certain degree of privation; that is to say, while not without the common necessaries of life, he entirely wanted those comforts which his age and ailments demanded. Yet this seems to have been rather owing to his own modesty, in not making his wants known, than to any indifference on the part of his neighbours, and those who knew his acquirements as a naturalist. Still, it is sad to think that this worthy old man had only a pension of three shillings a-week to depend upon—the bounty of a Society for the Relief and Encouragement of Scientific Men in Humble Life—and that *one* of the seven sovereigns which were subscribed for his funeral and the erection of a little stone over his grave, would have been felt by him as a blessing at any time during the few weeks preceding his decease.

Crowther was a native of Manchester, and from nine years of age, when he became a draw-boy, he formed a unit among the toiling thousands of that seat of industry. He had previously attended various schools, and thus entered life as a man not wholly illiterate. From his earliest years, he delighted to examine every natural object which came in his way, and plants, above all things, attracted him. He soon came into connexion with the group of working-men who then associated in Manchester for the cultivation of botany. It was not uncommon for forty such persons to meet together weekly in the spring and summer seasons, in order to show to each other the rare plants they had collected, and discuss their characters. To pursue the account of Crowther, read some years ago before the society which latterly contributed to his support—'Often after he had finished his day's work, he would set off and walk fifteen or twenty miles out of town, to collect a plant he had been informed of. He generally managed to reach the place of his destination at dawn of day, before any of the people were stirring, and thus escaped being taken up as a thief or a poacher, and was able to return to

Manchester in time for his work. Notwithstanding all his precautions, however, he was often pursued, and had many narrow escapes from being captured. He often contrived to elude his pursuers by his extraordinary swiftness in running. Many were the hot chases he had had; but the most severe run was with Mr Hopwood's keepers, in Hopwood Park. They once pursued him three or four miles straight across the country without stopping, and he considered it nearly a miracle that he escaped them. John Dewhurst and Edward Hobson were his chief companions in these excursions, and amusing are the anecdotes he relates of their botanical rambles in Cotterill, Marple, Ashworth, and Birtle Cloughs, and in the neighbourhood of Greenfield, in Saddleworth—all famous localities for lichens and mosses. Crowther has discovered many plants and insects new to this neighbourhood. In company with John Dewhurst, he first found the *Limosella aquatica* at Mere, in Cheshire. When he saw it, he threw up his hat for joy; and on Dewhurst turning round to see what was the matter, Crowther cried out that he had found a new plant—a perfect gem. On their return home, they informed Hobson of the circumstance; but he would not believe them, he said, unless he saw with his own eyes the plant growing. The journey of Crowther and Hobson to see this plant is very pleasingly described by Mr Moore, F.L.S. in his memoir of the late Edward Hobson, in the following words:—"An amusing instance of Hobson's perseverance in procuring scarce specimens is related in connexion with his old companion Crowther. The latter having declared that he had seen an aquatic plant, which Hobson much wanted, growing in a mere near Knutsford, it was agreed that they should go there and procure it. Hobson had great doubts as to their meeting with it; and when they came in sight of the lake, poor Crowther, whose accuracy was in question, had the mortification to find it so swollen with recent rains, that the plant was at least three feet under water. Hobson felt for Crowther's disappointment, and set about botanising in the adjoining fields, rather than complain of a fruitless journey. Whilst so engaged, he heard a plunge in the water, and looking round, Crowther had disappeared. In the greatest alarm, Hobson rushed back, and had the satisfaction to see the old man just emerging from the water, with the precious specimen in his grasp."'

During manhood, and till age incapacitated him for work, Crowther was a warehouse porter. He married, and had several children, all of whom are still in humble life. His wages—at first sixteen shillings, afterwards a pound, a-week—were always rendered by him in full into his wife's guidance. To obtain a little more money for the gratification of his peculiar tastes, this honest fellow would go after six at night to wait the arrival of the Duke of Bridgewater's packet by the canal, that he might have a chance of getting a gentleman's luggage to carry. 'Being a favourite with the captains of the packets, who respected him, he was generally employed if a passenger required a porter. When the late Sir James E. Smith was engaged on one of his botanical works, he was spending a few days with his friend, the late Mr Roscoe, at Liverpool. Happening to mention to his host that he was delayed with his book from want of information relative to certain mosses and lichens, the former suggested that he should make inquiries of the weavers of Manchester, some of whom were good botanists. Sir J. E. Smith at first ridiculed the idea; but on being assured by his friend that he was likely to obtain the information he required, he proceeded to Manchester by the Duke of Bridgewater's packet. On arriving at Knott Mill, he inquired for a porter to carry his carpet-bag up to the inn, and old Crowther was engaged. After proceeding a short distance, he asked if Crowther knew some person who lived at Hullard Hall? "Oh yes, sir, I do, very well; he is a bit in my way." "Why, what way is that?" asked Sir J. E. Smith. "He is fond of collecting mosses and lichens," was the reply. A conversation ensued, and Crowther went up to the Star Inn, and, as Sir J. E. Smith declares, furnished him with all the information he was in search of.' Crowther, in like manner, assisted Dr Hull in his work on 'British Botany.' A gentleman named Carmeletti had in a similar way been obliged to him. Crowther always spoke of the last-mentioned person with peculiar pleasure, for he had given the poor porter four shillings and a pair of new shoes for bringing him one rare plant which he found growing near Middlewich. Crowther was also fond of entomology, and had collected many insects as well as plants, all of which were sold from time to time when old age and poverty fell upon him.

When Crowther was a young man, there was a college in Manchester, which was afterwards removed to York. One of the Roscoes of Liverpool, studying at this seminary, was an ardent botanist, and frequently employed Crowther to collect specimens for him. Sometimes they took botanical excursions together. To follow the obituary memoir of our hero in the *Manchester Guardian*—'He was in his youth fond of a practical joke. On one excursion, noticing that Mr Roscoe was genteelly attired in the costume of that day—in shorts and white silk stockings—Crowther made his way into a soft, boggy, dirty place, somewhere in Crumpsall, the character of which was somewhat disguised by a green covering of grass and herbage; and when in the midst of this, he called eagerly to Mr Roscoe, as if he had found some rare plant. Mr Roscoe hastened towards him, and soon plunged up to his knees, his white silk stockings receiving a complete coating or varnish of boggy mud. Mr Roscoe bore his ludicrous mishap with great good-humour; and after getting cleansed, and a little refreshment at a house not far off, they returned home. Shortly afterwards, Crowther, visiting Mr Roscoe at his lodgings, was induced to take hold of the chain of an electrical machine (and these machines were then not so well known as at present), when Mr Roscoe gave him as severe a shock as he dared; and Crowther said he was quite stunned by it, and did not feel right again for some time afterwards. "There," said Roscoe, "you *bogged* me; now I've electrified you; and we are all straight again."'

The writer in the 'Guardian' adds a few anecdotes of the perils which then beset such poor votaries of science in their ramblings after plants. 'On one occasion Crowther and Richard Buxton went out together to Staly Moor, and to a valley called Staly Brushes, in search of a particular plant, taking with them as a guide a person who lived at Ashton. By him they were led rather higher up the hill-side of the moor than they ought to have gone, and consequently they got amongst the grouse. They had not been there long hunting, not the grouse, but their own botanical game, when a gamekeeper came up, told them they were trespassing, and accused them of poaching. They for some time could not satisfy him that they were only botanists, that they were in search of a particularly rare plant, the "cloudberry"—so called from its growing on high hills, which are often cloud-capped—(the *Rubus chamemorus*). The gamekeeper for some time would not believe them, and was very abusive, saying he knew they were after game. They showed him their plant-boxes; but he said these were shuffling excuses, and he threatened to take them before the magistrates for poaching. At last, however, finding they had no guns, or snares, and by degrees becoming satisfied of their having no hostile views on the grouse, he permitted them to go, and directed them the way to the bottom of the valley, which they took with great alacrity, and with no small thankfulness at their escape from so awkward a predicament.

'Upon another occasion, Crowther was actually brought before a magistrate on suspicion of poaching. He was botanising on the estate of Mr Egerton of Tatton, and when in search of aquatic plants, he frequently carried a rod, not unlike a fishing-rod in general appearance, having joints, with brass ferrules; but

at the end of this long rod were two hooks, one sharpened at the inner edge, in the form of a sickle, with which he cut off plants growing far in the water, and with the other hook, which was not sharpened, he angled the plants to the bank. Once while thus engaged in a mere, or piece of water, on the estate of Mr Egerton, two gamekeepers came up and seized him; and notwithstanding all his protestations to the contrary, and his assurances that he was not fishing for fish, but for plants, took him before Mr Egerton on a charge of poaching, Mr Egerton interrogated him, and Crowther told him what his pursuit really was, and exhibited his tackle and hooks, which it was at once seen were not very well adapted for angling for carp, perch, or trout; and the result was, that Mr Egerton directed that he should be immediately liberated, saying to the keepers, "Let him go wherever he has a mind in future, and do not molest him any more."

'Another of Crowther's perils was from a savage bull. It was his habit, in the Whitsuntide week, when the annual races gave a general holiday to the workpeople of the town and neighbourhood, to make a pedestrian botanical excursion to Craven, Yorkshire; and he visited that neighbourhood several years at that period. On one occasion, while botanising there, he found a bull coming directly towards him, with most unequivocal symptoms of intending mischief. The hilly fields in that neighbourhood are all divided by stone fences, some of these being walls of considerable height. He succeeded in reaching and climbing one of these high walls before the bull reached the spot. There stood the savage animal just below him, bellowing, lashing his tail, and exhibiting every mark of fury. Crowther, as he sat on the coping of the wall, just out of reach of the bull, thought, if he could detach a large stone from it, he might give the animal a temporary *quietus*. He succeeded in loosening a large and heavy stone, and poising it with both hands, he launched it with all his force at the bull's head, and with such effect, that the animal dropped on the ground as if killed. Crowther stayed not to see the issue of his adventure, but ran off on the other side of the wall. When telling this adventure, he invariably expressed his belief that he had really killed the bull.'

Our humble botanist seems to have been at all times a sober and well-behaved man. In the various notices respecting him, we hear of no blame whatever attending his modest but persevering love of natural history. He seems to have borne the penury of his latter years with the most perfect resignation, as befitted the pure and unsophisticated lover of nature. His last wish was, that he might be laid in St George's burial-ground at Hulme, next the remains of his old friend Hobson, with whom, when alive, he had passed his happiest hours. It was a 'last wish' worthy of the simple and amiable character of the man, and of course it was fulfilled.

Amongst the various means of superseding mean with worthy and innocent indulgences, we are surprised that natural history has met with so little attention. As a source of gratification and amusement, taking it in its lowest aspect, we know nothing so exempt from all corrupting tendency. It seems to have the irresistible effect of abstracting the mind from all that is gross and sordid. The first simplicity is sustained by nothing so well as by natural history. Perhaps we should not be saying too much if we said that the elements of a beautiful religion lay in this study, when its study is set about in a right manner. Why, then, are not our youth more generally initiated in natural history as a branch of education? In no rank would it fail to work to good ends. The poorest class of workmen would possess 'riches fineless,' in a taste like that of Crowther and Hobson. The common soldier, if acquainted in even a small measure with botany or entomology, would have at command a means of enjoyment which would make the dreariest of home or foreign stations to him a paradise. And the researches of such persons, both at home and abroad, would, we cannot doubt, help much to advance science itself. Nor should we overlook the important effects of such studies in bringing men of different classes together on a footing of equality, which must tend to make the social machine the firmer in its joinings. On the other hand, what a redemption is furnished by natural history for the young man of fortune! Those energies, those precious possessions, which are too often squandered on the turf, or dissipated in tiresome idleness, how might they be converted to noble uses, if our youth of the higher classes were inspired with a love of natural history! On this subject we shall relate an illustrative anecdote, which may form an appropriate conclusion to the present paper. An ingenious naturalist was lecturing a few years ago at a watering-place on certain curious preparations of the lower marine animals, which he had spent years in elaborating. Amongst the audience was a peer, who had spent a brilliant fortune in the follies which beset his class, and was now in much reduced circumstances, but who had naturally some good dispositions. This gentleman listened to the lecture with the keenest interest, and after its conclusion, lingered behind to examine the specimens, and converse with the lecturer. 'Oh God!' he at last exclaimed, 'had I but been taught a little of this science in my early days, from what it might have saved me!'

SOCIAL MEETINGS.

In all ages of the world, and almost everywhere in the world, there have been social meetings for the purpose of eating and drinking. These are the grand staples of mutual entertainment, pitched upon by the general instinct of mankind, and the exceptions are so few, as to prove the rule. We live, however, in an age that has very little respect for customs, merely because they are old; and perhaps the fulness of time has come when it will not be thought downright impiety to inquire whether there is any extraordinary merit in a social dinner? Eating and drinking are mere animal necessities, which can hardly be supposed to require encouragement; and if it is not for the purpose of encouragement, surely it is a little absurd to invest them with so much state and dignity. Why choose this instinct for patronage in preference to any of the rest? Why elevate hunger into a virtue? We really cannot tell. All we know is, that mankind in all ages have had a pleasure in eating and drinking together. The practice infers hospitable and social feelings: there is friendship, it is said, even in the interchange of a pinch of snuff!

Social meetings being universally acknowledged to be one of the good old ways of securing a little happiness, it strikes us that it is of importance to do the thing well. Some people perhaps imagine that money is the great moving power in social intercourse. Nobody of course can eat and drink without having a purse of some kind to draw on; but money, after all, is only a subordinate in the affair — there must be something else; and it is for want of consideration on this point that social dinners, so called, are often so terribly dull. What, too often, is a modern dinner? Some dozen or so of ladies and gentlemen meet in a drawing-room, all nicely dressed, all desperately dull, few perhaps acquainted with each other, none knowing exactly what to say, or caring to say it if he did, and everybody wondering when that horrible quarter of an hour is to end. At length the welcome announcement is heard. The party move off in pairs, and down stairs they trip, with the decorum of the company entering the ark, 'each male and female after its kind.'

> 'Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
> No: 'tis a temple and a hecatomb!'

The more quiet people have dined hours ago, for it is now far on in the evening; but they look at their neighbours satisfying their hunger, and amuse themselves with the brilliance of the equipage and the flavour of the wines. As for the conversation, there is no such thing—and there can be none. The host has pro-

vided food and drink in every imaginable variety—porcelain, crystal, silver, till the eyes ache with splendour; but as for conversation—as for the means of passing the time otherwise than in the exercise of the animal instincts—it has not entered his thoughts. The very highest point to which his intelligence has soared in the selection of the company, is with reference to the balance of the sexes. Beyond this, he cares nothing about the matter. His dinner, according to rule made and provided, is to be a mere feast of the senses, intended for the gratification of the lower instincts of his guests. There, then, lies the error. A dinner, to be worth anything, must not only be a good dinner in the usual sense of the word—it must be enjoyed by a properly-assorted company; a happy party, each contributing his share of conversation and pleasantry to the feast. As all this seems unrealisable, we very nearly bring ourselves to the fancy that dinners will not long be able to keep their ground. If not revolutionised, the system must inevitably disappear.

So also must there be a power of amusing to some distinct purpose in all other kinds of social meetings. In private evening entertainments, the French have always beat the English. What interesting accounts could be given of the literary soirées of the seventeenth century in Paris! Among other places attractive for their intellectual brilliancy, was the residence of the beautiful and eccentric Marchioness Rombouillet. The interior of her hotel was of her own design; and with the fearlessness of genius, she even painted the walls of another colour than the red and tawny to which Paris was before restricted, calling one of her rooms the Blue Chamber. It was in this room, which was furnished in blue velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, that she received her visitors; and it set the example of a light and elegant fashion, which subsequently became popular both in France and England—its windows sweeping down without interruption from the ceiling to the floor, and thus affording free entrance to the air, and a complete view of the garden without. Hither crowded, for nearly half a century, the most distinguished authors of the day, and here they were met, on common ground, by the aristocracy of rank. Admission to this enchanted circle fixed a man's position in society.

The reunions at the house of Paul Scarron, the buffoon writer—deformed, gouty, and poor—comprised most of the first wits, male and female, of the time. There Lafontaine recited his fables, Matta told his stories, and Ninon sang her songs. And so on with many other evening meetings, to which the charms of literature lent their attractions. In the present day, though under a different style of manners, the evening parties in the French capital are conducted on a principle of rational intercourse, without either the formalities or the expense which oppress London entertainments. What we would wish to see is a little more intellectuality in our reunions; a little more ease, love, and kindness, would likewise be an improvement. The following seems to be a pretty common receipt for making up evening parties:—

Take a certain number of ladies, and scatter them about one end of the room on chairs, two or three feet apart, each lady overflowing her chair with her ample drapery. Send in among them a forlorn-hope of white cravats, the main body of which remains at the other end of the room. Let a buzz of conversation arise from committees of rarely more than two, and never more than three in number; while many of the guests—perhaps the majority—show their talent for silence by holding their tongues. Set a young lady down to the piano, and there let her murder an Italian song, while she might have imparted some pleasure by giving a native melody. Let the servants glide through the assembly from time to time with coffee, and after the *ennui* has become insupportable, let everybody go away. Sometimes literary people, or those who affect to be such, form an element in these meetings; but somehow, even with their aid, the affair is triste. Men of any note do not like to be invited on the principle of being shown off, and therefore, possibly, they revenge themselves by being nobody.

Perhaps the best London parties of late years were those of Dr Kitchener, where there was not only excellent company, but excellent amusement. Usually, first-rate vocalists were frequently present; there was always the telescope in the observatory, and sometimes the moon out of doors to be looked at; and at the end there was a repast, curious from its gastronomical treasures. But the doctor himself was the great curiosity of the evening—the spectacle, as it were, on which the attention of the company was fixed—a marvel to his guests in astronomy, gastronomy, physic, music, and optics. One grand regulation of these parties was, that no one was allowed to stay beyond a certain hour—eleven o'clock.

We remember some parties at John Martin's the painter, which were tolerably pleasant, apparently because they were small, and almost all the company well acquainted with each other. But when our host accidentally picked up a superb Venus at an old-furniture shop, and placed her behind a curtain in one of the rooms, it is surprising what a fillip this gave to the enjoyment of the evening. It was an object for *all* the company to look at and think of; it was an object of *social* attraction, which directed the current of conversation; and it set afloat more poetical ideas, and elicited more striking criticisms in art, than we had ever met with before at an evening party, or ever met with again.

From these illustrations, it may be observed that givers of parties should aim at something more than the mere trifling away of time, or the overpowering of the senses with splendour. We confess the difficulty of the subject, the more especially as all are not favourably situated for following out enlarged notions of social intercourse. Fashion, that terrible bugbear, must also be overcome. We are not without the impression that, if evening parties were well organised, they would go far towards putting down dinners, which, with all that can be said for them, are a sort of ancestral absurdity—an excrescence clinging to the civilisation of the age. And in putting down dinners, they would add to the general amount of sociality. Dinners, as usually conducted, are not only strictly unsocial themselves, but the cause of unsociableness in other things. In spite of their rich meats and luscious wines, they give a dry and hard tone to society. The display, which is their being, extends throughout all the relations of life. If dinners were at an end—if we broke ourselves of the habit of looking to them as the grand resource, we should by and by get the length even of visiting, in a friendly way, at each others' houses, like fellow-denizens of the earth, brethren and sisters of humanity, without an invitation at all!

AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse-dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and as soon as supper was ready, sat down to table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper, the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news of the capital. The horse-dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which the latter replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there. At these words the landlord looked very significantly at a young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon after-

wards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired, the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes. Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept about an hour or two, when he was suddenly awaked by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow in upon him.

Startled at this unforeseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons, who were standing under the window. A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards, a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall. Confounded as the horse-dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated: this circumstance, however, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this, the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades. But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards, he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him. He was just preparing to quit his hiding-place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask for another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few minutes the door of *his* room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold. 'Keep the lamp back,' muttered the father in a suppressed voice. 'What have we to fear?' said the young man; 'we are two against one: besides, he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores.' 'Do what I tell you,' said the father angrily: 'do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the whole neighbourhood?' The horse-dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe. An instant afterwards the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding that the unhappy man in the bed had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said, 'It is over now: look for the money.' 'I have found it under the pillow,' said the son; 'it is in a leathern belt and a pocket-book.' The murderers disappeared. Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground. This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led into the out-house where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved. The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, or at least calm and sullen; but when, on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed despairingly, 'My son! oh my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!'

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing with some of his companions at the alehouse. Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached outhouse, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation. Nor do we need to add that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and that the horse-dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

PERPETUAL LAMPS.

The incidental mention of these lamps, in an article which appeared in No. 143 of the current series, has induced us to take up the subject with an endeavour to set at rest the doubts, and if possible to clear up the obscurities, which still overshadow it. The paper mentioned in the article referred to was read at the York meeting of the Archæological Institute by Mr Way; and thus, for at least the hundredth time, the question has been revived, discussed, and relinquished as an insoluble mystery after all. At the spoliation of the monasteries in York, says Camden, a vault attached to a little chapel was broken into, and an ignited lamp, which must have been burning for ages, was discovered therein. A curious and most interesting communication by Mr Wetherall followed, containing a minute account of another sepulchral lamp discovered on the route from Granada to Cordova, in an ancient Roman sepulchre, which was also burning at the time of discovery, but was broken in pieces by the carelessness of the labourers. In both cases the flame was instantly extinguished. There have been many accounts of these everlasting lamps by the learned of almost every age. Two or three notices will here suffice.

Fifteen hundred years after her death, the tomb of Tullia, Cicero's daughter, was accidentally discovered, and opened; and it was found to be illuminated by one of these lamps, the light being extinguished instantly on the admission of fresh air. More marvellous is the relation about the lamp of Olybius:—A Paduan peasant, on digging into the earth, accidentally struck on an urn; this contained another urn, within which was a lamp still burning, between two other vessels, the one full of liquid gold, and the other of liquid silver! An inscription upon the urn informed him that the great alchemical secret was contained in these vessels. Pausanius relates that Callimachus constructed a golden lamp, which he placed in the temple of Minerva at Athens; and after some oil had been poured into it, it continued burning for a whole year. Then there is an account, implicitly received by Licetus (the author of a ponderous folio on the subject), that the tomb of

Pallas, the Virgilian hero, was discovered in the year A. D. 1041; the corpse unchanged by time, with that gaping wound in the heart so affectingly described by the poet; and in the sepulchre was found a lamp, which, however, could not be put out by any means whatsoever; thus differing from the generally received characteristic of the 'perpetual lamps.' Merlin the magician, among other wonderful things which he accomplished, appears to have succeeded in constructing one of these lights, if we are to take the author before-mentioned as a credible authority. But we need not enumerate examples.

If the different accounts are to be credited, the mystery is completely beyond solution. Let us enter more closely into the subject. Camden, with a customary caution, lays the responsibility of the tale he recounts on the shoulders of several 'credible persons,' who related it to him, and contents himself with quoting Lazius for the exposition of the perpetual flame secret. The account of the lamp of Olybius is an obvious impossibility, until at least the laws which affect combustion undergo a very material alteration. The other examples may be as summarily disposed of, with the exception of the most recent alleged discovery in Spain. It is, however, much to be regretted that no archæologist was present at the time; that none but ignorant rustics, full, possibly, of superstitious terrors, beheld this famous lamp, or we might have had the question set at rest for ever. There are suspicious circumstances about the tales, as they have been handed down to us, to which we do well to give heed. It is most unfortunate, then, that the 'perpetual lamps' *always* go out as soon as they are discovered. One would think they might have the grace, at anyrate, to keep in, after enduring unaltered the lapse of ages, for a few days or weeks, and so give us moderns a chance of getting trustworthy testimony concerning them. But no! they are no sooner found, than they are found *out*; and this, to ordinary judgments, confers upon them at once a highly apocryphal character. The ingenious Bishop Wilkins explains this feature of the lamps, by presuming that the exposure to open air disturbed the balance between the flame and the fuel, and that, consequently, the flame shortly went out; but this is a lame and impotent conclusion. It may also be asked—allowing that the lamps were found really burning, and were blown out accidentally—How is it that they have never been relighted, and handed down, from age to age, visible witnesses to the truth of the statements? The question cannot be answered. There is, moreover, an air of romance about every account that exists, which considerably damages its credibility as a matter of fact. On the whole, it may be averred that the stories at present received about these lamps are of a very questionable nature. There are, however, other grounds for doubting, and of a more satisfactory description. In the 'Archæologia' of the Society of Antiquaries, will be found an account of the discovery of a Roman sepulchral lamp, in a 'barrow,' at Barblon in Essex. The tomb was opened by an archæologist fortunately, and the lamp was discovered in one corner of it, with all the appearance of having been long extinguished. The lamp, with its contents, was sent to Mr Faraday, the eminent chemical philosopher. In it was contained a cake of a substance, dry, brittle, and earthy in appearance. The upper surface of it was black, the lower green, from its contact with the bronze of the lamp. This substance was altogether combustible, and consisted simply of a fatty fuel, much changed by time. In the beak of the lamp was found a wick, evidently consisting of a fibrous vegetable material, about an inch in diameter, and half-consumed. Near the lamp stood what has been believed to be a curule chair—indicative of the official authority, or of the noble rank, of the tomb-tenant. Here, now, were all the elements of a splendid fable, excepting the simple circumstance of the lamp being out, which, there is little doubt, would have been overleaped, had the discovery taken place at another epoch, and by other means. We may go a step beyond, and ask—If the 'perpetual lamps' *were* known to the ancients, how was it that a noble Roman's shade was left to the poor consolation of a vegetable wick and most unperpetual tallow? The historians of these lamps are not content with the simple assertion of their being in combustion, but they insist upon the 'fact,' that they gave forth sufficient light thoroughly to illuminate the sepulchre. This is another ground of objection. It is well known that light, in ordinary circumstances, as in a lamp, is produced by the ignition of solid particles of matter; the light of a lamp is due to the ignition of the carbon of its fuel. In burning, then, a certain amount of solid matter is consumed every minute. Dr Ure calculates that a mould candle consumes rather more than a hundred grains of tallow per hour. If we allow, to make a rough estimate, sixty grains of solid carbon to such a light per hour, this would demand about seventy pounds of solid carbon for one year, or about three tons for a century, for the production of the *light* alone of such a flame. This is, however, only an approximative statement of the case, as we are still to account for that portion of the fuel which contributes to the non-luminous part of flame. Thus a whole tallow-chandler's warehouse, economised as you will, would only supply a mould candle with fuel for about a century; and it will be a novel discovery indeed to the antiquarian world, if such a receptacle be ever found in connexion with any ancient sepulchre. We have taken the fuel to be of the nature of fat or tallow, but it is evident the same line of argument applies itself to all other kinds, excepting always that liquid Lazian gold, which ignorant moderns know nothing about. There is a further difficulty, which, even if an eternal supply of fuel were granted, would render the constant flame an impossibility; that is, the nature of a wick. Granting that it might be made of asbestos, and thus rendered indestructible, it would, after the lapse of some time, become so charged with half-decomposed fuel, as to form a semi-solid mass, which had lost the power of imbibing the oil in sufficient quantity to sustain the flame. A final objection lies in the want of fresh air. With a perpetual flow of oil, and a wick, if it were possible, so made as to obviate the last objection, the lamp, without a renewal of the exhausted oxygen of the tomb, would speedily become extinct. This appears to have been the case with the lamp discovered at Barblon. Such is the presumptive, such the positive, evidence opposed to the perpetuity of the sepulchral lights.

Learned men, however, have perplexed themselves much in the attempt to explain away the difficulty. The penetrating genius of Baptist Porta exercised itself in vain upon this subject: he believed in the truth of the accounts, but failed in all his experiments to produce anything like an eternal flame. Bishop Wilkins suggested the idea of the asbestian wick, and innocently asks, whether it was not probable that an *inconsumable* oil might not be extracted from asbestos itself?—which seems a kind of *lucus a non lucendo* reasoning. Dr Plat has suggested the idea, that a natural fountain of naphtha, or a jet of carburetted hydrogen, might be in connexion with the lamps; but this hypothesis is open to the objections—first, of the want of renewed air; and secondly, of the entire absence of any mechanism attached to the lamps to justify the supposition, even if there had been any such natural supply, which has never yet been alleged in any instance with which we are acquainted. Mr Way writes—'Some substance may have been compounded, which, long closed up amidst the pestilent vapours of the tomb, may at length, on the admission of some measure of purer air, have become ignited for a brief space of time, and as quickly have been extinguished, when, on being brought forth from the vault, an accelerated combustion had been produced.' Now, it is well known to chemists that some substances may be so prepared as to take fire on the admission of air to them, as in the numerous chemical playthings known as *pyrophori;* but these

must be rigidly excluded from the air, in hermetically-sealed glass tubes, or they become slowly oxidated, and are useless; therefore the objection to Mr Way's hypothesis is insuperable, as no substance could be exposed even to the impure air of the tomb without undergoing, in the course of ages, a slow oxidation, and thus becoming incombustible. It is remarkable that the same idea suggested itself to the mind of Porta, who was well acquainted with the tartrate of lead pyrophorus; but he candidly admits that it will not solve the difficulty.

The solution we would venture to offer (supposing that light is actually seen on breaking into any crypt or sepulchre) is the following, though it cannot be much pressed:—The gas *phosphuretted hydrogen* is the product, in certain circumstances, of the decay of animal substances, and instantly shines with a phosphorescent light on coming in contact with air. Is it not probable that the decaying remains* deposited in the grave may have, in the course of years, been slowly evolving small quantities of this gas? Let the tomb be supposed to contain some of this gas, and an extinct sepulchral lamp: some labourers break into it, the air falls upon the luminiferous gas, and the vault is filled with light, which the ignorant intruders refer to the lamp it enables them to distinguish; they seize upon the lamp, and presently the light disappears, the whole of the phosphuretted hydrogen has been consumed, and the vault is in darkness. The idea is perhaps worth entertaining, and appears to afford a simple and not improbable explanation of a long-lived archæological chimera.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Our late article on this subject has brought us a number of communications, some of them odd enough.

A person in humble life, writing from a village in the north of England, asks what book we would recommend him to employ to teach his mother to read. She is, he says, upwards of fifty years of age, and is desirous of being instructed in the art of reading, 'which will be a great comfort to her, and an act of gratitude from me.' We have suggested a Primer, and hope that this dutiful son will enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his parent able to read her Bible and 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal' before she quits this mortal sphere.

A correspondent sends us a scrap from a Birmingham newspaper, containing an impression of a woodcut, representing one of the labours of Hercules—the seizure of the stag. This cut purports to be a drawing of a testimonial in silver, presented to Mr Lines, drawing-master, by his pupils. The engraving, which is in outline, with a little shading, is stated to have been drawn and executed by Master James Grove, with no other knowledge of the art of woodcutting than what he derived from a halfpenny Tract in 'Chambers's Miscellany.' We congratulate the young artist on his taste and perseverance. All things considered, his execution is remarkably good: we have seen worse cuts from practised and taught hands. His success shows what can be done by self-reliance, and an earnest desire to overcome difficulties. We are glad that the directions given in the above-mentioned Tract have been of some little practical utility.

Speaking on this subject, we are reminded of a communication received a few days ago from a gentleman in Gloucestershire, who deprecates our bringing the 'Miscellany' to a conclusion, as announced, at the twentieth volume. A few passages from his letter may be extracted. 'I have for some time circulated your Tracts among at least a hundred families in West Glo'stershire, who peruse them with intense interest. I also give them as rewards at the church Sunday school, or for writing out of school hours in winter evenings. You should see how the poor ignorant lads will work to get them, and how they read them aloud at the cottage firesides to father, mother, and the family circle, who, when young, had not the advantage of learning to read like them. Several clergymen of the church of England, and some of the religious denominations, find them equally useful for distribution. We all agree that "ignorance is the parent of vice," and are pleased with the means you adopt to conquer that evil.'

It is gratifying for us to know that our 'Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts' finds its way at least in one quarter of the country into the hands of the class for whom it is specially designed. We regret that, consistently with other duties, it will not be in our power to extend the Tracts beyond twenty volumes; but within that compass, we hope, will be found as ample a variety of instructing and amusing matter as could reasonably be wished. A unique little library will have been furnished, fitted alike by its character and price to seek for a welcome at every fireside.

The above correspondent, who seems to be an enthusiast in popular instruction, concludes by mentioning that he prints short pithy addresses on pieces of paper, to distribute in cottages and elsewhere; and the reading of which, he says, 'has a good effect.' He encloses one of these addresses, printed in small quarto, within an ornamental border. It is headed 'Fresh Air,' and is as follows:—

'The celebrated Dr Darwin was so impressed with a conviction of the necessity of good air, that, being very popular in the town of Derby, once on a market-day he mounted a tub, and addressed the listening crowd. "Ye men of Derby, fellow-citizens, attend to me! I know you to be ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your exertions, you procure for yourselves and families the necessaries of life; but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour—this, then, depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air; for the purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together—the effluvium from the body corrupts it. Keep open, then, the windows of your workshops, and as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bedrooms. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring diseases on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever, which is only another name for putrid fever, which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice—*open your windows to let in the fresh air.* Remember what I say; I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest but your good in this my advice."'

Next comes a letter from our old acquaintance Grant Thorburn, the original of Galt's Lawrie Todd, who still survives in New York. Grant is an oddity. Fifty-two years ago, while a young man, he left Scotland to seek his fortune in America, and we believe he has not sought it in vain. Pondering on things long gone by, this little old man bethinks him of a usage which he supposes might be advantageously introduced into Scotland from America, and we are to be the channel of its introduction. It is this. In America, it is customary to shake one or two bundles of loose straw into a grave over the newly-lowered coffin, in order to prevent the rattle of stones and earth upon the lid, which is always ungrateful to the feelings. Grant is rather late in telling us of this custom, but his communication is not the less welcome. In Edinburgh (and probably elsewhere in Scotland) it has for several years been the practice for the sexton to throw a quantity of straw into the grave before shovelling in earth: perhaps our notice of the fact, however, may carry the usage into quarters where it has not hitherto been known.

A letter from a bookseller in a town in the west of Scotland, informs us that he has for some time attempted to employ men in poor circumstances to go about selling cheap publications on the plan recommended by us, but that nearly all his efforts have been unsuccessful. 'The men,' he says, 'would do well,

* It is not forgotten that these consisted principally of cinerary matter.

and make money, if they could keep from drinking whisky. I have often set them up in trade, and they have almost invariably shown me ingratitude for my kindness, by perishing the pack through dissipation.' How frequently does this appetite for drink frustrate every means that can be adopted for improving the condition of the humbler classes! We thank our correspondent for his obliging communication.

Our article, 'A Word on Land,' has not pleased the parties who are concerned in leading the working-classes into a notion that the acquisition of an acre or two of land is to render them permanently comfortable and independent. We should have been very glad to see, by statements and calculations, that the project we discommended is really to turn out favourably; but unfortunately no attempt is made to prove anything of the sort. Our observations are met only by personal abuse, and we are denounced as 'aristocrats'—rather an amusing accusation, considering what we have been about during the last fifteen years. Not, however, even to gain the applause of the parties who now address us, will we stoop to flatter prejudices, or desist from exposing what we consider fallacies in social economy. A section of the working-classes may cease to look on us as friends; but we shall not the less act a friendly part towards them. We therefore, at whatever risk of offending, repeat our warnings respecting community land-buying projects and patch-farming, as means for regenerating the operative classes of the United Kingdom. And this, surely, we can do without in anyway approving of the present system of land tenures, or of the conduct of landed proprietors generally. We think, on the contrary, that on both these points there is a vast deal to condemn and improve, as we hope at a suitable opportunity to show.

A late article on Quack Medicine Advertisements appears, from various communications, to have given so much satisfaction, that we should infer the existence of a wide-spread sympathy on the subject. The growing detestation of such advertisements will surely shame the newspapers into dismissing them from their pages. A dealer in ———'s Pills writes to say that, from conscientious convictions, he is disposed to relinquish their sale; and we hope all respectable tradesmen will follow his example. No honest man, on consideration, can lend himself to the deceptions of the quack medicine manufacturer. That nearly half a million sterling should be spent in the United Kingdom annually on quack nostrums, which are either for the most part useless, or injurious to health, shows the extraordinary amount of ignorance and credulity that still requires to be removed.

Though not so numerous as formerly, questions as to fields of emigration continue to be put to us. Latterly, we have had great difficulty in offering any advice on this subject. At one time we felt warmly disposed towards different colonial possessions, but now shrink from the responsibility of recommending any one to go thither. This is not the place to speak of the strange method of managing the colonies, few of which, we regret to say, are without some kind of grievance to vex their inhabitants or retard their prosperity. In place of forming vast and suitable fields for the reception of an avowedly overplus home population, they seem, for the greater part, to be only engines of expense to the parent state. Possibly a more rational and beneficent policy may still make them a desirable resort for emigrants. But our feeling in the meanwhile is to counsel no one to peril his fortune within them. We would rather incline to recommend the United States of America as the most favourable, all things considered, for the purposes of the emigrant. For agriculturists with capital, the valley of the Mississippi offers scope the most boundless and profitable. Formerly, produce was disposed of with difficulty for want of demand; but now that a market is open in the British islands, agriculture in America will rise to importance and dignity, and the quantity of land which will be torn from the wilderness, and thrown into crop, will be immense. Now, then, is the time for those who wish to take a hand in this great transatlantic movement. That Western Canada will participate in the advantages of this new trade, there can be little doubt; but the stoppage of traffic between the interior and the sea-coast for several months in the year is a serious drawback. A railway is talked of to make Canada independent of the St Lawrence, and were this effected, the colonial farmers would have cause for rejoicing. In Canada, however, they talk a long time before doing anything; and, like the Irish, they are too much in the habit of looking to government to assist in projects which they should execute by their own industry. The outlet from the whole valley of the Mississippi, including the valleys of the Ohio and Missouri, is open all the year by way of New Orleans.

THE BROKEN CHESS-PAWN.

Many years ago, I formed one of a happy family circle seated round the tea-table. A letter had that day arrived, which, with the observation and quick instinct of a child, I guessed in some way concerned myself. 'It will be a pleasant change for her,' said my father, glancing at me. These were words enough to quicken my curiosity, had it not been all alive before; and I was busy picturing to my mind what this pleasant change might be, when my mother set the matter at rest by saying, 'Alice, your Aunt Walton has invited you to spend a month with her, and we think of allowing you to go.' A month in the country, and in June! What young heart, that has been nurtured in a town, does not thrill at the mention of it? I could scarcely restrain my delight, and ran about the house telling every one of my anticipated visit.

My Aunt Walton was a widow lady, living in a fine old country-house at some distance. She was a great favourite with all her nephews and nieces, being herself extremely fond of children, and I had always heard her spoken of as one of the kindest, gentlest creatures on earth. It was a fine sunny morning when I was put on the stage-coach that was to take me to a small town not far from my aunt's residence. Having never been able to travel in a close conveyance, I was given in charge of the coachman, and had a seat on the outside. People may say what they will of the superiority of railway travelling to the old coach system, but say, ye lovers of speed and steam, when flying along through narrow ravines, or gloomy tunnels, or even when a distant and fleeting glimpse of the country is obtained, what know you of the delights of travelling?

No loud bell or shrill scream ushers the stage-traveller on his journey, but the winding horn of the guard, and the loud crack of the coachman's whip. Once out of the town, and how beautiful the scene! It is early morning, the sun is drinking up the dews of night, and the sweet perfume of flowers is wafted on the breeze. The lark is singing his matin song, now ascending higher and higher, then falling like an arrow to the ground. The cattle are quietly grazing in the fields, and the haymakers are just commencing the labours of the day. Many a mile has sped pleasantly away, when, hark! the horn sounds. We are approaching a village, where fresh horses are standing waiting our arrival. The business of the day is now begun; all seems life and activity; yet the girls, with their brooms sweeping the cottage floors, rest a while to gaze on the coach as it passes by. At a little distance rises the village church, and there the quiet little parsonage lies basking in the sunshine. The horses are changed, and we start again, merry-looking urchins waving their caps in the air, or maybe hanging on behind, till the whip of the coachman drives them scampering back. And then the vehicles and travellers met on the road: now a sturdy wagoner with his lumbering team; then a troop of gipsies stretched idly on the grass, the youngest of them starting up, and running for some distance by the coach window; now an old woman, with scarlet cloak and

large basket on her arm, trudging to the village for sundry necessaries; then a group of merry faces in a gaily-decked wagon, setting off on a pic-nic excursion. These, and many more, were the sights which met my view on the way to my Aunt Walton's residence, and I have never forgotten them. Ah! but the reader may say, stage-travelling in the winter! Give us a picture of the unhappy outside passenger, half-frozen to his seat, vainly endeavouring to keep out the cold blasts, with rain or hail pelting him in the face, or perhaps a heavy fall of snow, and the coach at last brought to a stand-still. Gentle reader, having never been in such an unfortunate situation, I cannot describe it; I will only say, I think I have heard very similar complaints from certain third-class travellers. I belong to a generation that is fast dying away; the world is changed now from what it used to be; people cannot stay quietly at home; they must be going here, there, and everywhere. Well, if they like it, I would be the last person to prevent them, only it was not so when I was young.

I know a dear girl, to whom I sometimes talk in this strain; and she laughs, and says those barbarous times are gone by; and that railways make people more sociable by bringing friends oftener together; and make nations too more sociable, so that we shall soon have no more wars, and

> 'The pen shall supersede the sword,
> And right, not might, shall be the lord;'

and I don't know what happy things she does not prophesy. She says she belongs to the new generation; and I think she does, for *I* never heard people talk so: but I daresay she is right, for she reads a great deal more than I do, and I know so little of what is going on in the world now. But this is wandering from my story. All journeys end, and mine did at last. I reached my aunt's residence, and a fine old place it was, with its terraced garden and massy stone porch. And then the rooms! I had never seen such rooms, so large and lofty, with polished oak panels, round and finely-carved ceilings. And the paintings! Family portraits looking as antique in their curious costumes as the house itself. My aunt received me very kindly, and I soon began to feel quite at home; and often, as she was sitting with her knitting, would I take my place at her feet, and read aloud from the large family Bible, which always lay on a table near her.

At times, laying aside her work, and pointing to the portraits on the walls, she would tell me the history of many who had lived in that house before her; and so much did these stories fill my childish mind, that often, when wandering through the long galleries and rooms that were seldom entered, I have almost expected to meet some of those fair beings whom the portraits, and my aunt's vivid descriptions, had for ever impressed on my memory.

One day I was standing behind my aunt's chair, when I took hold of a black ribbon she wore round her neck, and which seemed to be attached to something hidden in her bosom. I had often looked at it with curiosity, and now asked her what was at the end of the ribbon. She smiled, and said, 'You would never guess;' and then added, 'sit down, my child, and I will tell you. You are fond of stories, and this is a true one. When I was young, I was very proud and passionate.'

'*You*, aunt!' I interrupted her in astonishment. Passionate—that kind, serene, old lady whom I had never seen even ruffled!

'Yes,' she continued; 'you would not have doubted had you known me then. Many an anxious hour did I occasion my parents, and many a time did they talk to me of the sin and folly of giving way to temper; but it was in vain. I thought that passion and resentment were an evidence of spirit, and of all things, I hated a tame-spirited person. Books were not so common then as they are now, and we had little to employ our time with but embroidery. I was therefore delighted when a kind friend from London taught me the game of chess, and gave me a box of men; and many a long evening passed pleasantly away whilst I was engaged with my brother in our newly-acquired game; the only drawback to our pleasure being, that my father, for some reason, never liked to see us engaged in it. One day (it seems but yesterday), I had seriously offended him by allowing something to be destroyed which he greatly prized. My father was a man of even temper, and I never remembered having seen him in a passion; but now he was roused, and saying, "If you care not for what *I* value, neither will I for what you do," he caught up my chess-box, which lay on the table, and dashed it on the floor. I looked at him in amazement: I thought not of the chess-men, but of him and of myself. I saw how he had degraded himself before me; it was a passionate act, but it was also a mean one. That single action taught me more than all the reproof I had ever received, for I learned that passion was mean and humiliating; and if thus my father appeared before me, so must I also appear before others. The chess-box still lay upon the floor—the cover had not fallen out, and apparently no mischief had been done. Quietly rising from my seat, I picked up the box, and left the room to examine its contents. The men were all safe, save one, a pawn. I looked at this broken pawn, and made a resolution, that as long as I lived I would preserve it—it had taught me a lesson which I hoped never to forget.'

Here my aunt drew the ribbon from her bosom, and I saw attached to it a broken pawn.

'And is that the very same?' I asked with surprise.

'It is,' said my aunt. 'I have worn it ever since; and whenever tempted to give way to passion, this little piece of ivory has exercised over me an almost magical power. Heaven blessed my endeavours, and though the struggle was often severe, in the end I was the conqueror.' Then taking my hand in hers, she added in her softest, kindest tone, Whenever, dear Alice, you feel inclined to give way to passion, think of my story, and of the Broken Chess-pawn.'

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT HUNTING.

A FEW weeks ago we presented the contribution of an Irish gentleman, ridiculing the too common practice among his countrymen of *waiting for a commission*, instead of betaking themselves earnestly to some line of private enterprise. The practice, however, of waiting for appointments of a similar kind, and also for civil offices under government, is, we lament to say, far from uncommon in Great Britain. On this subject the 'Manchester Examiner' made lately some suitable remarks, which we take leave to lay before our readers.

'Amongst the various "popular delusions" which prevail in this country, as well as in many others, there is one which has been little dwelt upon by public writers, but which is, nevertheless, well-deserving of exposure—we allude to the belief which has long been entertained, that there is at the disposal of the executive government an inexhaustible fund of patronage in the shape of government appointments. The Post-office, the Customs, and the Excise, are the grand avenues through which men hope to find the way to a permanent settlement, and to comfortable quarters for life. We should like to have the opportunity of seeing a list of the letters of application which are received in a year, or in a single month, by some of the members of parliament now sitting on the ministerial side of the House, from such of their constituents and others as are anxious to devote themselves to the service of their country. At this moment, we doubt not, there are in the United Kingdom some thousands of individuals who are indulging the fond expectation of becoming servants of the state, and who are spending months, or even years, in the pursuit of this the darling object of their ambition and their hopes. They fix upon some member of parliament who is supposed to be on good terms with the ministry of the day, and most commonly on the representative of the borough or county in which they reside, and for whom they have given, or expect to give, a vote, and through his intercession they entertain sanguine hopes of success. They write their unfortunate member a pressing request that he

will interest himself on their behalf, and express their confidence in his kindly feeling towards them, and in his power to further their views. They wait his answer with great anxiety; and when it comes, with an indefinite expression of good-will and of willingness to serve them, they are buoyed up with the hope that he is doing all he can to assist them. The most importunate are not content with writing, but actually make a journey to town to press the matter more strongly upon him; and at his lodgings, or his club, or in the lobby of the House, they besiege him with solicitations for his interest with the ministry he supports. In addition to these efforts, they get up memorials signed by influential electors and others, testifying to the merits and capacity of the applicants, and hope by these means to force the gates which lead to the "fools' paradise" of a government appointment.

'We need not dwell on the miseries of waiting for that which, however ardently hoped for, is almost, and, in most cases, absolutely impossible to be attained. That men have written, memorialised, and implored for months and years, and have at the last been grievously disappointed, is known to everybody at all acquainted with the interior of government offices, or with the routine life of an unfortunate member of the legislature. That men should still go on seeking to dig for gold, where, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, no gold is to be found, is only another instance, added to multitudes besides, where people resign themselves to the delusive expectations of success in a lottery, and neglect the solid prizes which offer themselves in so many other directions. To show how desperate is the chance of success in the lottery of government appointments, we need only state a fact which is within our own knowledge, that at this moment there is a list of applications for places in the Post-office alone, which contains upwards of *two thousand* names, and that a list of names, selected from these, numbers some *seven* or *eight hundred* strong! But even this formidable array is not equal to the applications which are received at the treasury. We have no means of knowing accurately the exact number of names in the books in that department, but we do know that they amount to *several thousands*, and that, in connexion with one class of appointments altogether very limited in number, the letters of solicitation received within the last six months would fill a large hamper.

'There are several points to be observed with respect to these applications. They come generally from men who seek an easier way to comfort than is afforded in the ordinary channels of industry, and very often from those who have failed to succeed in other and more independent pursuits. They hold out the prospect of a permanent, and, it is generally supposed, of an easy mode of obtaining a living. We pronounce the whole system of "appointment hunting" to be a great "popular delusion," causing much mischief to those who are imposed upon by it, creating corruption among constituencies, and involving an incredible amount of labour and annoyance to the members of the legislature. From long observation, we have come to the conclusion that ninety-nine out of every hundred who apply are doomed to disappointment, and that of the few who succeed, the majority might have been more wealthy, and much more independent, if they had devoted their time and energies to some of the many branches of trade or professions by which the millions of our population secure a competent and honourable subsistence.'

THE GOOSEBERRY.

In Spain and Italy the gooseberry is scarcely known; in France it is neglected, and little esteemed; in some parts of Germany and Holland the moderate temperature and humidity of climate seem to suit the fruit; but in no country is its size and beauty to be compared with that produced in Lancashire, or from the Lancashire varieties cultivated with care in the more temperate and humid districts of Britain. Dr Neill observes, that when foreigners witness our Lancashire gooseberries, they are ready to consider them as forming quite a different kind of fruit. Happily, this wholesome and useful berry is to be found in almost every cottage garden in Britain; and it ought to be considered a part of every gardener's duty to encourage the introduction of its most useful varieties in these humble enclosures. In Lancashire, and some parts of the adjoining counties, almost every cottager who has a garden cultivates the gooseberry with a view to prizes given at what are called 'Gooseberry Prize Meetings,' of which an account is annually published, with the names and weight of the successful sorts, in the 'Manchester Gooseberry Book.' The prizes vary from ten shillings to L.5 or L.10—the second, third, even to the sixth and tenth degrees of merit, receiving often proportionate rewards. There are meetings held in spring to 'make up,' as the term is, the sorts, the persons, and the conditions of exhibition; and in August to weigh and taste the fruit, and determine the prizes. The perfection the Lancashire berries have attained owes nothing to men of scientific knowledge, being cultivated scarcely by any but the lowest and most illiterate members of society; but these, by continual experience and perseverance in growing and raising new sorts, have brought the fruit from weighing ten to upwards of thirty pennyweights, and that, too, under the greatest disadvantages, not having the privilege of soil, manure, situation, &c. like the gardens of their more wealthy neighbours, but oftentimes limited to a few yards of land, either shaded by trees, confined by buildings, or exposed to the most unfavourable winds, and so barren, that they have frequently to carry on their shoulders a considerable way the soil in which the plants are to be set.—*Gardeners' Monthly Volume.*

SLANDER.

It is almost as criminal to hear a worthy man traduced without attempting his justification as to be the author of the calumny against him; it is, in fact, a sort of misprision of treason against society.—*Junius.*

THE THREE STAGES.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

It was a happy group. The honest pair,
Followed by many a blessing and kind wish,
Trod lightly down the elm-embowered walk
Towards the ivied porch. The conscious nurse,
Big with the deep importance of her charge,
Folded with careful arms the tender babe,
Round whom so many budding hopes did cling.
Oh what a heaven was in that smiling face,
As, throwing out its dimpled hands, it peeped
From out its flannel nest! What deep pure joy
Seemed swelling that young heart, as, yet unstained
With passion or with care, it gazed abroad
With its blue eyes upon the arching trees,
The sky, and the green earth!

It was a merry group. Twice twenty years
Had left unchanged that row of towering elms.
But oh how changed was he who 'neath their shade
Led, fondly leaning on his stalwart arm,
His young and blushing bride! The gossips round,
Uncovered, bowed before him as he passed;
For he was wealthy, had his numerous flocks,
And acres stretching far for many a mile.
He had become a shrewd, far-seeing man,
Learned in ledgers, big with calculations,
And deeply read in this world's sapience;
But on this morn, his marriage morn, he sung,
Forgot his speculations for a while,
His pains and losses, and paced blithely on,
Exchanging many a jest with friends around,
To the old hoary porch.

It was a mournful group. The sun shone out,
Lusty and young as sixty years before,
But he who then had twinkled his young eyes
In its bright beams, was now all sadly borne
To the cold grave. There was a motley crowd,
More curious than loving, and a train
Of dry-eyed mourners, full of bursting thoughts
Of wills, and title-deeds, and legacies,
Of heirs and next of kin. One, one there was,
Whose heart wept o'er him, though she was not there,
Whose bosom throed with one big thought—her *husband*;
And no one mourned beside, but hurried on,
With decent coldness and grave unconcern,
And laid him down by his unconscious sires
In the dark dustful earth.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 171. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1847. Price 1½d.

WALKS IN WESTMORELAND.*

Some years have elapsed since, in fulfilment of a tryst with one of the most accomplished of England's daughters, I passed a fortnight exploring, in her delightful society, and under the privileged auspices of the best of country pastors, not only the general features of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, but, in a series of daily rambles, the primitive rural district in the immediate vicinity of Windermere.

Contrary to tourist routine, our line of march from Penrith led us first to the foot of Ullswater, one of the wildest and largest of the beautiful sheets of water whose widely different character imparts to them such varied interest. From the paragon of *princely* village inns at Pooley Bridge we took a boat, and were rowed some half-dozen miles up the lake, so as to obtain a view (though, alas! a too distant one) of the nobler scenery towards Patterdale. That circumstance probably weakened the effect of this highly-extolled lake, which, spite of its extent, and many fine points, struck us as overrated, and, even to a Scottish eye, deficient in wood.

Pursuing a bad but beautiful road up a steep ascent of eighteen miles to Keswick, we enjoyed from it the most exquisite views of the lake and mountains round. Saddleback struck us as finer, from this point at least, than Skiddaw, and the general aspect of the range continually reminded us of Scotland. Grandeur rather than beauty characterised the drive, and less wood was everywhere visible than in the Highlands.

Passing the valley of St John, whose 'castle rocks,' and the novel spectacle of nature for once imitating art, are so graphically depicted by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Bridal of Triermain,' we arrived at Keswick, and passed a lovely evening in delicious contemplation of the gem, in my opinion, of all the sisterhood of lakes. A seat beneath two trees, looking up Derwentwater, affords the most faultless combination of scenery I ever remember beholding. The hills, piled in the happiest confusion, tier above tier; a woody island in the foreground; and a circular basin, glowing with the evening sun, reflecting every peak around.

We allowed our guide to unmoor one of the many fairy skiffs fastened to the sunny bank, and glided across to the island—a perfect insular paradise, with all its fresh fragrant shrubs unpolluted with dust, and sheltered from every blast. From the windows of the villa the prospects are indescribable. I could not help regretting that this Eden was not, instead of being the rare occasional abode of a luxurious idler, the permanent residence of the poet Southey, whose prosaic actual dwelling, a suburban-looking box close to the town of Keswick, disappointed me much.

Far different was the aspect of Rydal Mount, the meet abode of Wordsworth (of which more hereafter), when passed the following day in the course of a drive unequalled perhaps for variety and contrast within the same narrow bounds. Our parting peep, caught from a steep ascent, of Derwentwater, lying as cool and clear in the morning air as it had been warm and glowing the evening before, reminded me strongly of the character of some Swiss valleys, nay, even of more desolate gorges in our own mountains, part of the drive much resembling the approach to Glencroe. About Grasmere and Rydal, again, one might fancy one's-self in the milder vales of Switzerland; while some hours of luxurious enjoyment on a bank above the inn at Lowood, with the glittering expanse of Windermere full in view, recalled, though as in a miniature picture, and wanting the noble mountain framework, the island-studded mirror of Loch Lomond. Windermere, beautiful as it is, is a lake to be loved and enjoyed, rather than gazed and wondered at. It should perhaps be seen—if to be seen merely—the first of the group to which it belongs, as the others far exceed it in wildness and sublimity. But on the banks of none would one be more inclined to linger, or even finally to set up one's rest. The village of Bowness, our resting-point, is the *beau ideal* of an English hamlet—neat, clean, cheerful, and embowered in roses; with one of the most picturesque and venerable of churches, and a modern Gothic school, towering on a cliff beyond it, and adding a new feature to the before perfect picture.

The hotel (Ullock's) where we resided, and were as much at home as if in our own several places of abode, has every recommendation an inn can possess—comfort, cleanliness, civility, good fare, moderate charges (its celebrity notwithstanding), and a degree of quiet perfectly incomprehensible. For though overflowing with hourly accessions of company, no rude sound of 'chambermaid,' 'boots,' or even 'bells,' is ever heard to disturb the home stillness of this *dearest* (in the best sense of the word) of hostelries.

Our apartments opened on a beautiful little green terrace or platform above the lake, on which, at morning or evening, it was luxury to lounge, the autumnal coolness of the air, and ever-shifting varieties of cloud and sunshine, forming a continual feast to the senses.

And now for the result of the rambles before alluded to, in the cottage anecdotes, gleaned while accompanying the most popular of pastors in his accustomed visits of benevolence among his people, and noted down verbatim on the spot, which may probably, by lovers of character, be deemed their chief, if not only merit.

No. 1.—A beautiful clean picturesque cottage, remarkable even in a country where all are more or less

* This article is from the pen of a respected female contributor, a lady not unknown in literature.

so. Cheerful window, commanding within its rustic framework such a view of lake and mountain as an artist might walk miles to procure. The curiosity of the house, however, is its ancient mistress—a nice, clean, lively woman, the very image of thrift and good housewifery, but the remotest in appearance from having in her mind either music or sentiment. We found, however, that this mind was the residence of both; for on our remarking a fiddle suspended against the clean whitewashed wall, the handiwork of her son — one, she told us, 'of a right musical family'—she tripped nimbly up stairs, as if the very word 'music' had awakened the latent propensity of her earlier years, and brought down a venerable dulcimer (the first of its species which any of our trio had ever beheld), and on our inquiring its age, answered characteristically, 'I hae played on't some five-and-fifty years or more. I played on't at four year auld, and I'll be sixty t'morn.'

She forthwith suited the action to the word, and though with hands absolutely distorted and numbed by rheumatism, displayed much of the dexterity and execution which must in youth have rendered her the Paganini, if not of 'Abyssynian,' at least of Westmoreland maidens. The instrument—in shape a sort of oblong, with the sides bevelled off like an antique window seat — had ten rows of strings, and was played with two quills. These the old lady moved about with singular agility, jumping, with squirrel-like leaps, from row to row of strings, and progressing, from no contemptible imitation of a chime of church bells, to such rapid evolutions as are required by an Irish jig.

Considering that she played by the ear, had every joint stiffened by rheumatism, and had nearly abandoned the art for the last twenty years, her performance was really wonderful. Her instrument being sadly out of tune (which, to do her ear justice, seemed to shock it greatly), we asked if any one could remedy the defect; and she said there was only one old man at Bowness sufficiently gifted, if his fingers were still capable of performing the task. We exhorted her not to let the art die with her, but instruct one of her grandchildren; on which she rejoined, with the invariable prefatory ejaculation of her country, 'Well, and music is a harmless thing! I used to play in t'moonlight when I was a girl, and my father gone to's bed!' and this with as little idea of being sentimental, as if she had said she supped on bread and cheese.

We were invited up stairs to enjoy in more perfection our favourite view, and the landing-place exhibited, besides the precious dulcimer-case, a curiously-carved writing-desk of 1624, and an elegantly-turned old oaken spinning-wheel, quite fit for a dowager duchess of sixty years ago.

No. 2 was a picture of a very different description. We had seen a Westmoreland peasant woman of the better class, in the decline of life certainly, but still in the enjoyment of tolerable health and unimpaired activity of tongue and limb. We were now to witness the sad effects of disease on one of the most notable and stirring of housewives. It was by the presence of the benevolent clergyman that all our intrusions were sanctioned; and this was evidently one of the last earthly visits the mistress of the cottage would ever receive.

Crouching over the expiring embers of a fire sat a pale emaciated woman of about fifty, in the last stage of decline, patient, and prepared for her change, yet dwelling with pardonable minuteness on the details of her previous domestic trials and present illness. These derived from her death-like appearance, and the peculiarly expressive and idiomatic language of the country, an interest incapable of being transferred to paper. A strong remnant of Saxon words pervades the dialect of this part of the country, several instances of which occurred during the day.

Her husband, a small farmer, she said, had lain two years a martyr to rheumatism, during which he never 'saw to mithen corn nor hay.' A double portion of out-door duty, in addition to her daily and nightly nursing, of course devolved on her, and to these exertions she had now fallen a victim; her husband in the meantime having been restored to health by her energetic proceedings in carrying him to a 'rubbing doctor' at Preston. The clergyman, in his own mild way, gave her a few words of pastoral consolation; while my gifted companion (the little attendant maiden having been scared away by the 'gentlefolks') blew up the fire, first filling at the brook, and then heating, the tea-kettle, and administered the welcome refreshment with a cordial kindness peculiarly her own.

It was a comfort that, in a worldly point of view, the poor woman wanted nothing that money could procure. She spoke with pardonable pride of having expended twenty pounds for regular advice during her husband's long illness, and nearly as much more to a popular quack; and wine being prescribed for her, she said 'the measter' (the invariable country name for husband) was to 'fetch her a fresh quart to-morrow.' A few more morrows would probably close her earthly wants and sufferings.

No. 3.—The transition was sudden—shorter even than the bit of meandering meadow-path connecting the two cottages—between the stillness of 'life's warfare all but ended,' in the person of our shrinking and helpless last hostess, and an almost appalling vigour and energy in that of our next one; the very tallest woman I ever remember to have looked upon, whose gaunt bony figure was equipped for the hay-field in very scanty drapery. She literally touched the beam of her own cottage roof, and reminded one, in all but grace, of an antique Caryatide of some of the severer styles of sculpture.

The redeeming character of this hard-favoured Glumdalclitch, was her perfect good-humour and cheerful cordiality of welcome; while the confiding minuteness with which she and other parents enlarged to the 'parson' on the little ailments, or progress in learning, of their children, as well as the universal smile that beamed on every face at sight of him, spoke volumes for his estimation among a people to whose simplicity flattery seems unknown, and who in most cases express a great deal less than they feel.

No. 4.—If good-humour and energy had been pleasing even under the rude exterior of the Westmoreland giantess, they were of course doubly attractive in the person of one of the prettiest young wives and mothers that ever cheered a peasant's fireside. It would have been hard to say whether this comely young creature, whose girl of six years old might have been mistaken for a younger sister, was proudest of her children or her cheeses; which latter, ranged in a goodly row on the usual oaken shelf—the snowy whiteness of their polished sides set off by the still darker hue of the ancient smoke-tanned rafters—having attracted my attention, had each its individual merits pointed out to me with professional pride.

Everything about this *ménage* was bright and stirring, and shone through a sunny medium. The children's faces alone were grievously in want of washing—a rare blemish in this cleanliest of countries, where the very pigs seem to have undergone ablution; but, as she said, all the world had been at the hay, and 'better for the lile (little) ones to rout in t'dirt, nor to ail int' bed.' On my remarking that cheese-making seemed a toilsome mode of turning a dairy to account, she cheerfully answered, 'Oh, we munna look out for rought to be had wi'out trouble.' In short, it was impossible to look on her pretty modest face, and re-echo her cheerful good-night, and not congratulate John Richardson (still a-field) as a very enviable married man.

No. 5.—We were now to see assembled, under one cottage roof, a very galaxy of cottage virtues, with due accompaniment of cottage comforts. The pastor had warned us, in general terms, that his next visit was to a recent sufferer by a dreadful calamity, the object of it having fallen into the fire in a fainting fit, and been so burned about the face and hands, as to escape with life

at the expense of many weeks of intense agony. While talking a moment, within this peculiarly clean cottage, with its owner—a nice motherly woman, surrounded by children of all ages—a hearty greeting, in the most cheerful of human accents, announced the entrance of the convalescent invalid.

She was, notwithstanding all she had gone through—and 'words,' she expressively said, 'could never make known what she had *a bidden*'—a nice, hale, hearty-looking creature, whom no suffering could tame or calamity subdue; her eyes twinkling with scarce suppressed glee, and her lips overflowing with rich humour, only the more racy for being clothed in the indescribable vernacular of Westmoreland.

To the parson, as usual, all the incidents of her illness and recovery, which had occurred since his last visit, were graphically detailed; and one anecdote of herself was highly characteristic, Mr —— told us, of her indomitable spirit and ready repartee. When her poor burnt hand, still disabled, and swollen to twice its usual dimensions, and very imperfectly skinned over, was incapable of the slightest motion, 'Ta doctor,' she said to us, 'had coom in like a crazy creeture, and spreading his five fingers out before her face, had exhorted her to do the same. "Well!" says I, "gin I could ha' made a hand like his, I never wud ha' coom'd tull him!"' The arch humour with which she said this was a thing never to be forgotten, nor the light-heartedness and trust in Providence, and her neighbours' kindness, of a being dependent on her own labour for daily bread; and yet now content to owe it, with equal cheerfulness and right-mindedness on both sides, to the family under whose roof we found her (though no relation) a welcomed and cherished inmate.

On hearing of the accident, which occurred to her while waiting on a very old and infirm gentlewoman, a nice girl, whom we had seen, the daughter of our present hostess, had volunteered at the old lady's house some weeks of untiring and gratuitous attendance on poor Nelly; and when Nelly's mistress, with somewhat of the crabbed narrowness of age, had begun to tire of the burden, the mother of the girl had stepped forward and offered a home to the still totally helpless and houseless invalid. These traits, so honourable to the feelings of a people whose only national blemish is supposed to be a too great love of gain, or rather horror of expense, were related to us with sparkling eyes by their youthful pastor, who looked quite proud when, in answer to our questions about the date of the accident, the patient showed her sense of his familiarity with it by the appeal of, 'Thirteen weeks come Monday, ben't it, parson?'

I could not help on this, as on many other occasions during the day, envying one of the most accomplished of scholars and gentlemen the cordial affection of his flock, and the influence he has acquired, by the most legitimate and unostentatious means, over a population slow to form attachments, and proverbially incapable of exaggeration.

No. 6, which was perhaps, in point of local and provincial interest, the climax of our Westmoreland experiences, was a visit to the house of a *bona fide* 'statesman'—a class of old yeomen fast wearing away, and losing, if not their paternal possessions, at least their patriarchal simplicity and independence.

Of this expiring genus, we could not have seen a finer specimen than old William Cholmondely; the gaunt but fine relic of one of the tallest and most powerful among the athletic race of Windermere.

The house and its inhabitant were in the most excellent keeping with each other. The latter, his face still florid, and his white hair streaming about in somewhat of its youthful luxuriance, strode out to his threshold, attended by two large sheep-dogs, which only wanted a hint to be uncivil. Though slightly deaf, old Cholmondely kept up a conversation full of rustic shrewdness and unabated spirit.

His hospitality was soon proffered, and the more readily accepted, that some of the party had sacrificed to the walk the usual forms of dinner. Milk, warm from the cow, the delicious thin wafer-like oat-cakes—forming, strange to say, not the occasional relish, but staple food of every cottage, where whole days are devoted to their laborious preparation—and best cheese of the country, were quickly placed before us. As a sample of the liberality with which our repeated *draughts* on the former were sure to be 'honoured,' the goodly milking tub, in which the fluid had just been drawn from the cow, was introduced in full view on a side table, and jug after jug strained directly from it for our use; while the old host's still lively eyes twinkled with satisfaction at our apparent relish of his mountain cheer.

The house in the meantime well deserved a description. The state-room, or centre apartment, into which we were ushered, was wainscoted and roofed with oak, stained, by age, of the darkest mahogany, or almost ebon hue; along whose dusky rafters shone more brightly than usual an unwonted array of magnificent cheeses.

Before the wide antique chimney, clothed with its summer broidery of fresh boughs, literally gleamed, like newly-burnished weapons, a whole range of fantastic-looking andirons, of all shapes and sizes, adapted for suspending, at various undefinable angles, the pots and pans of some mighty Camachos' wedding-feast. But the crowning feature of this really imposing apartment, breathing centuries of yeoman comfort and respectability, was a gate of oaken railing, somewhat akin to that often placed by careful modern parents on the top of a nursery flight of stairs, which separated the actual parlour in which we sat from the main staircase, springing under a venerable old arch directly from it.

The immediate proximity likewise of this *chamber of dais* to the ample kitchen, and no less spacious dairy, which intervened between it, and the unfailing and picturesque Westmoreland outer-porch, spoke of a pleasing and primitive union between the business of rural life and the scene of its most privileged holidays. We departed, delighted with our glimpse into patriarchal life, and attended even beyond the 'door-stane' by our venerable host, who, expressing a wish to show us his 'beans'—no bean-field, as we supposed, but bee-hives; an evident corruption of the German word 'bienen'—took leave of us at the gate of his little trim and well-kept garden. He was one on whose like, though the generation now flourishing in Westmoreland are still unusually tall and athletic, a traveller from less-favoured localities can seldom hope to look again.

Such were the glimpses of mountain cottage life with which one day's delightful ramble furnished us, and to which perhaps the scenery of the most loveable of neighbourhoods has lent a delusive charm. But whatever may be thought of the very humble pictures, which have little, save their truth and fidelity, to recommend them, all will sympathise in the delight I experienced in driving over to Rydal Mount, and the opportunity of seeing, unshackled by the forms of an ordinary introduction, the interior of a poet's home such as Wordsworth is privileged to inhabit.

Never surely were residence and man more exquisitely adapted to each other; nor, should I say, judging from their reception both of the intimate friends I accompanied, and of their interloping appendage, was poet ever blest with womankind more calculated to temper, by the friendly ease of their hospitality, the mixture of shame and awe inspired by trespassing (not involuntarily) on the den of such lions as Scott or Wordsworth. The urbanity of the latter under such trials I had no opportunity of appreciating, at least under his own roof, for he was absent on an excursion, whence he only returned in time to meet us in the act of quitting his premises. But in his wife and daughter he possesses auxiliaries who must at all times lighten to himself and others the 'ills' to which 'genius,' like (but oh how unlike!) 'flesh,' is heir to. Of the extent of these 'visitations,' some idea may be formed from

the circumstance of five parties, none of them specially authorised, having called during our afternoon visit; while a neighbour told me it was no very uncommon thing for the tea-table to be as often replenished with unexpected guests: so that double credit seems to be due to that unpretending kindness of the poet's fitting helpmate, and the playful grace, beyond the reach of art, of his accomplished daughter, which will long be associated with the other charms of Rydal Mount.

The house is just what and where it should be—sufficiently elevated above the beautiful vale it commands to be cheerful, yet abundantly sheltered and embosomed in its luxuriant canopy of trees and shrubs. While prolonging our visit, in the hope, not altogether frustrated (as far as a glimpse of his personal presence, the noblest perhaps ever borne by poet, as, with hat in hand, and his fine white hair playing in the wind, he stood beside our retreating carriage), of the return of the master of the house, I retired into a window of the charming library, to allow freer scope to the conversation of the more privileged friends of the family I had accompanied; and, under the irresistible influence of the view without, and the genius of the place within doors, gave vent to my feelings in verses which have, like the preceding prose, no other merit than being put down *on the spot*.

SONNET WRITTEN IN WORDSWORTH'S WINDOW.

What thoughts rushed through my mind, and stirred my heart,
While glad retiring even from kindliest sound
Of mountain welcome! Pleased, I sank apart
In yon deep window nook, and made the gems
Of earth, and air, and sky, for *him* enchased
By nature's lavish hands, within its bound
For one bright moment—oh, how brief!—mine own.
Methought, if thus in awful presence placed
Of giant mountain summits, caught through stems
Of ancient oaks, ungifted soul like mine
Aught of the poet's sacred joy could taste,
Aught of the hallowed spirit hovering round,
What marvel thus should glow through every line
The fires by Wordsworth lit at nature's shrine!

The tameness of the above lines may be redeemed perhaps by the raciness of a Westmoreland compliment to the bard, which was told us on the spot. A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she often saw Mr Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. 'Oh, indeed,' said she, 'he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *booing his pottery** through the woods, he will now and then say, "How d'ye do, Nanny?" as sensible as you or me!'

NATURE AT WAR.

THE BALANCE.

In some former papers† we have given an account of the wars, offensive and defensive, of the lower animals; and we now desire to reconcile such apparent anomalies with the general scheme of nature.

It is manifest that there exists a limit to the over-multiplication of life on the one hand, and to its annihilation on the other. The earth can be proved to be capable of supporting no more than a definite number of living creatures upon its surface. If there is an excess, it will be cut down; if there is a deficiency, it will be supplied. In a word, there is a balance which holds the opposing powers in equipoise; a balance, one of whose scales is labelled 'multiplication,' the other 'subtraction.' Held by an Omnipotent hand, guided by an Omniscient Power, it may have its oscillations, but, as a universal scheme, its equilibrium is almost perfect; and at no period since the earth and its tenants sprang into existence, do the annals of natural history inform us that either scale has kicked the beam. If creatures drop out of the one scale, a compensating proportion of others will be added on to the opposite. Thus, while it is always under the direct control of the Author of life, it possesses all the elements of a self-regulating principle within itself. To take a simple illustration in the initiative. A certain insect has had a certain plant appointed to it as its food; a season having some peculiar features will produce this plant in unusual luxuriance, to the exclusion, probably, of many that formerly shared the same area of soil with it. As a direct consequence of the increase in food, the number of insects is a thousandfold increased, the luxuriant plant is devoured by myriads of additional mouths, and is at last cropped down to what may be regarded as its normal status. The balance now rapidly inclines in the opposite direction, as concerns the equilibrium of vegetation, but it is again restored by the birth and increase of all the plants eaten out and smothered before. This is just an instance in which a redundance of production brings its own check upon its back. In this case, and in many others, the balancing principle reacts also upon the very check itself: with the disappearance of the excess of sustenance the excess of consumption vanishes too, and the millions of busy insects die by a simple negation.

To extend our views. The balance of power reveals itself in both the great kingdoms of nature—animal and vegetable. Confining our attention principally to the former, and in some measure respecting a convenient division formerly made into carnivorous and herbivorous creatures, let us briefly advert in the first place to the balances of production and consumption subsisting in the mutual relations of animals—depredators and their prey. In sustaining the equilibrium of species, insects are very actively and very extensively engaged. There is a species of aphis which does incalculable mischief to plants, destroys the hops of the orchard, and blights every tree upon which it alights, which finds a check in a splendidly glittering enemy known as the 'lion of the aphides.' This aphis lion was commemorated on a former occasion for its remarkable freak of imitating the destroyer of the Nemæan monster, and clothing itself with the skins of its slain. Its ravages among these insects are only to be compared with the ravages of the latter upon plants, and are probably under-estimated in the comparison. The aphides have, fortunately for us, other enemies still. Kirby thus writes of the destruction caused by the caterpillar of another aphidivorous insect. 'It was but last week that I observed the top of every young shoot of the currant-trees in my garden curled up by myriads of aphides. On examining them this day, not an individual remains; but beneath each leaf are three or four full-fed larvæ of aphidivorous flies, surrounded with large heaps of the slain, the trophies of their successful warfare, and the young shoots, whose progress has been entirely checked by the abstraction of sap, are again expanding vigorously.' Rolander made a remarkable discovery, which is a beautiful illustration of several links in our chain of argument. 'The *Phalvena strobilella* has the fir cone assigned to it to deposit its eggs upon; the young caterpillars, coming out of the shell, consume the cone and superfluous seed; but, lest the destruction should become too general, the ichneumon lays its eggs upon the caterpillar, which, being hatched, destroy the latter.' It has a remarkable apparatus with which it succeeds in this insidious attack: its body cannot enter into the cone, but it inserts its long delicate tail into an opening in the cone, until it succeeds in touching the enclosed caterpillar. The egg is then slidden down through this tail, and posited upon the hapless larva, whose death then becomes inevitable. In the tail is placed a kind of borer, which, says Reaumur, they use as a carpenter uses his hand-awl, giving it a semi-rotatory motion in alternate directions. By this means the ichneumon is able to bore down to the nests of the mason-wasps; when it has bored quite down to the larva, enclosed in such fancied security, it lays the fatal spot upon it, and takes its leave, satisfied of the ultimate result. The ichneumon will also pierce the gallnuts which protect the slumbering parasite within, oviposit upon it, and depart. The service this little destroyer renders to man is incalculable: it pierces the covering with which the *Cecidomyia* or Hessian fly invests its progeny—an insect whose attacks upon wheat are the dread of every agriculturist—and thus nips this destroying

* Repeating his poetry.
† Journal, Nos. 158, 159, 162.

creature in the bud. It also destroys in a similar way the caterpillars, which consume the cabbages, and the genus *brassica* generally; both of them services which it is only just to acknowledge as among the most valuable rendered to man by the instrumentality of the world of insects. The processionary caterpillars have a tremendous enemy in an insect named the *caloroma*, which, like the glutton, distends itself to such an extent with its prey, as to be incapable of motion. It is a singular illustration of the law of balances, that while these very insects are imbued in bloodshed themselves, they are followed by flocks of birds which swallow up multitudes of the emigrating army in turn. Finally, the very striking fact may be mentioned, that Kirby, in a calculation of about eight thousand species of British insects, found that the two divisions, carnivorous and herbivorous insects, formed almost a counterpoise to each other, the former being a little in excess.

To turn to the kingdom of fishes. It has been calculated that one codfish produces about six millions of progeny in one spawning season. If from this vast number five millions five hundred thousand are deducted for losses by accident, or mischance, or prey, and only five hundred thousand remain as the offspring of one parent—were this small portion of the original sum alone to come to maturity every year, the sea would soon be swarming, other circumstances being favourable, with no other inhabitants. Not so: the check to this excessive productiveness is that of prey; and so efficient is its operation, that out of the original six millions, a few score, or even less, alone come ultimately to maturity. The herring is also possessed of astonishing fecundity, coming, as they do, to our shores and shoal waters in numbers which are feebly expressed by the term 'millions'—in shoals miles in length and breadth. What would ensue were there no means of keeping down this enormous production of living beings? By their consumption of the entire food of the ocean, all other fish, if they still remained inoffensive, would perish from starvation. Such a contingency is provided against by depredation. The sea-fowl in countless flocks feast upon them, and consume incredible numbers; the shark gulps down his thousands too; and the dog-fish, porpoise, grampus, in large herds, hem in the herring shoal, and at every instant are engaged in reducing its hosts; while man and starvation complete the havoc, and curtail the tendency to excess. To convey an estimate of the mighty numbers of these shoals, it has been said that if all the men in the world were to be loaded from some of them, they would not carry the thousandth part away! And if such is the productiveness of creatures inhabiting our northern seas, so strong the tendency to over-multiplication in the teeth of every obstacle, what estimate is to be formed of the fecundity of those more genial regions where all nature revels in luxuriance? The inexhaustible millions of fish which crowd the warm waters of the Indian Ocean are so vast, that fishing in those seas is next to a sinecure. But it is here that these voracious monsters, which are equally the terror of men and of the finny race, multiply to a corresponding degree, and keep down the exuberance.

Again, among birds. Rennie, quoting Reaumur, states that a single caterpillar of the *Gamma* (γ) moth lays four hundred eggs. If twenty of these were placed in a garden, and became moths, the eggs laid by these, if all fertile, would produce in the next generation eight hundred thousand caterpillars. Rennie adds, that did not Providence, therefore, put causes in operation to keep them in due bounds, the caterpillars of this moth alone, leaving out of consideration the two thousand other British species, would soon destroy more than half our vegetation. They are devoured in multitudes by birds. Bradley calculated that a pair of the common sparrows, with a young family at home, will destroy three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars in one week! Swallows, in their airy flights, destroy hosts innumerable of ephemeral and other insects. The shrike, kestril, pie, rook, crow, woodpecker, and a vast number more, derive their entire subsistence from the consumption of insects and *annelidæ*, and the amount of service thus rendered to man has received more than one ample corroboration. The hawk tribe, on the contrary, keeps down the production of field-mice, young rabbits, many of the smaller kinds of birds, and reptiles; and it is worthy of remark, that whenever, from unforeseen causes, any particular species comes to be in excess, these birds confine themselves to the work of keeping it down, from the simple reason that that is the most ready method of furnishing themselves with food. If the excess is at all permanent, it is productive of a greater increase in the numbers of the consumer, until a balance is at length attained. The influence of the more rapacious birds of prey in the same work, although advantageous, and, taken as a whole, of considerable momentum, yet fails to exhibit itself so strikingly in the individual as in the instances enumerated. A similar general remark is applicable to the operation of reptiles.

Lastly, to speak of mammals. The fertility of the rodent animals is so great, that were they at liberty to multiply unchecked, the period would not be far distant at which they would cover the earth with their progeny. Thus rabbits, which are said to have been originally natives of Spain, multiplied at one period in that country, and also in some of the islands of the Mediterranean, to such a prodigious extent, as to make it necessary to call in the assistance of the military to destroy them; but this failing to exercise any appreciable influence over the invaders, the ferret and weasel were introduced, and the numbers of the rabbits became very rapidly thinned down. Every one is familiar with the extraordinary fertility of our domestic nuisances, rats and mice: at an earlier period in the earth's history, they seem to have swarmed in still greater numbers. Dr Lund, in his essay on the Fauna of Brazil, states, that in a cavern which he entered in Brazil, and which is 120 feet long, from 6 to 9 feet wide, and from 30 to 40 feet high, about twenty feet from the entrance he met with a layer of brownish earth, very loose, and about a foot in thickness. On examination, this mould proved to be full of small bones. He filled a box, containing about half a cubic foot, with it, and counted in this quantity about two thousand separate *rami* of the under-jaw of a species of rat, besides the jaws of other animals. All the skulls were fractured: this was evidence of a violent death; and in the cave were found numbers of owls, which Dr Lund believes to have been, during successive ages, the murderers of the countless myriads of the rodent animals whose remains formed the floor of the cavern. Aristotle tells us that he put one mouse with young into a vessel of corn; in some time after he found a hundred and twenty descendants from this single mouse! In fact, were it not for furious civil wars, for the incessant hunting down of these creatures by cats, owls, snakes, and others, the rat tribe would almost dispute with man himself the dominion over the entire globe. The lemming or Lapland marmot, in armies made up of hundreds of thousands, at certain periods, generally once or twice in twenty-five years, sets out on its journey, and the host is followed by wolves, bears, and foxes, to whom the lemmings fall an incessant prey. Great troops of the *quaggas* or wild asses are occasionally known to migrate in search of food, and are cut down night after night by lions and others of the carnivora. The springbok or Cape antelope is also often driven down by drought from the deserts to the cultivated districts, where the havoc they commit is beyond estimation; and where they would soon be the means of depopulating whole regions, were it not that troops of ravenous animals follow, and constantly fall upon them. Mr Lyell quotes, upon the authority of Ullva and Buffon, an anecdote which appropriately illustrates the general system of counterchecks. The Spaniards had introduced goats into the island of Juan Fernandez, where they became so prolific, as to furnish the pirates who infested those seas with provisions. In order to cut off this resource, dogs were introduced; the goats were rapidly destroyed, and after this event the number of dogs as rapidly diminished.

Let us now turn, but briefly, to depredations which are committed more directly upon the vegetable world; by

means of which it not unfrequently happens that the whole vegetation of a district may entirely alter its character. The aphides, and the formidable locusts, come to take the foremost rank in this engagement. The aphides sometimes visit a region in such numbers that their armies darken the air, and alighting upon plants, they rob them of their sap, and not unfrequently strip them of their leaves, in either case effecting their destruction until another spring. The fearful ravages committed by locusts are so well known as not to require illustration. Their arrival destroys one balance, but institutes another in its room; the herbivorous animals speedily perish for lack of food, but the amount of animal matter and of life in the locusts more than compensates for this loss. This, however, is a defective balance. When not so universally destructive, locusts often restore the equilibrium in the vegetable kingdom; they attack a particular plant which may have been over-luxuriant, and consume it down to the ground, thus affording room and opportunities to other species to push forward. The Syrians and Hottentots turn the tables upon these creatures, and since they devour their produce, they become devoured themselves in its stead. Many caterpillars eat daily twice their weight of leaves; so that the harm a number of such creatures would do in a garden may be readily conceived. Just as with the locusts, so when the caterpillars, ants, and aphides multiply to excess, and thus rob the birds of their food, the latter find a very agreeable substitute in the persons of the devourers themselves.

There are a few special cases which have interest enough to entitle them to a short consideration. There are two modifications of the means of balancing in particular, which show, that to effect this great object, extremes can meet. The smaller predatory animals, after their wholesale destruction of life among creatures weaker than themselves, die at last the death of murderers, in becoming victims to the great generals in the art of slaughter—the larger carnivora. Again, the largest and fiercest creatures, in spite of their colossal powers, fall victims to the attack of the most insignificant beings. Illustrations of both of these propositions abound everywhere. In the first case, it is the savage law of superior strength and ferocity; in the second, it is the system of parasites, which is at once the instrument of retribution, and a co-operative means of preserving the equilibrium of species. Cuvier relates that the sword-fish, in spite of its terrific weapon, is overcome by the attacks of a little crustaceous animal which penetrates into its flesh, and renders it sometimes so furious, that it dashes itself on shore. De Geer says that even the sanguinary spider has a formidable enemy in a little parasite which attaches itself to its belly, and eventually succeeds in destroying the tiger of the insect tribe.

The balance is, however, held in equipoise by the assistance of other causes partaking of a more extrinsic character. The locusts, writes Barrow in his travels in Africa, are sometimes driven into the sea by a violent wind; on one occasion their dead bodies formed on the shores of Africa a bank three or four feet high, and fifty miles long. The sugar-cane ant, *Formica saccharivora*, at one time appeared in Grenada in such infinite numbers as to threaten the complete annihilation of the plant. Large rewards, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, were in vain offered for some effectual remedy; and the universal ruin they caused was awful. In vain were fires lighted, or canals of water dug, to stop their progress, a forlorn-hope of millions would stifle the flame, or fill up the dikes, and over their dead bodies their comrades passed in triumph. Serious thoughts were at length entertained of quitting the island altogether, and abandoning it to its fate, until in 1780, a fearful tornado, accompanied with torrents of rain, entirely annihilated the marauders. The occurrence of floods over extensive tracts of country is another natural agent in restoring an overbalance to equilibrium. Humboldt in his personal narrative says, that during the periodical swellings of the vast rivers in South America, immense numbers of animals are drowned: the wild horses which graze in innumerable hosts in the savannahs, are annually drowned in thousands by the sudden rising of the rivers which flow through them; the rising of the inundation being so rapid, that these creatures have not time to save themselves by retreating to the higher ground. Thus, if year by year these brute armies have their ranks increased by countless additions, inanimate nature itself arrays its powers against them, and seems to refuse to permit the excessive increase. The emigrating instinct may be cited as another provision for the same purpose. Large numbers of herrings are in their migrations frequently cast upon the shore, and stranded. Insects, such as the recent flights of butterflies, will, when they have multiplied to excess in one country, restore the balance there by taking their departure. Ants set out in great armies to found a new colony, and fall victims by the way to their many enemies. In Lapland, the squirrels, when pressed for food, will collect in large numbers, and set out on an emigrating expedition.

A beautiful thought suggested by Liebig opens up to our contemplation a view of balances in the vegetable kingdom, which I feel reluctant to leave unconsidered. From the vast amount of carboniferous remains discoverable in various regions, it has been conjectured that the primeval atmosphere was excessively charged with carbonic acid gas. A vast luxuriance of vegetation was the consequence, until by its means the surcharge of that gas was reduced; and then, by slow degrees, the excessive vegetation also became diminished, and the period arrived in which the quantity of the carbonic acid gas in the air neither increased nor diminished; in short, a balance was the result. If it increased, an increased vegetation would ensue, and bring the countercheck for the preponderance; if it diminished, there would be a scantier vegetation, until the amount resumed its standard again. In such a simple and wonderful manner are the atmosphere and the vegetable world counterbalanced. The geologist also, in reflecting upon the gigantic herbivorous animals which were in existence at a former epoch—the mastodon and megatherium—will not fail to connect with the former means of balancing the direct check which could result from the enormous appetites of creatures possessed of the most colossal proportions; creatures whom a forest would alone satisfy, and whose depredations no vegetation could have endured with impunity but the over-teeming one of a young world.

As some allusion has been made formerly to a kind of mutual influence discoverable in the relations of the different members of the vegetable kingdom, we will conclude by citing a few instances of the balancing of species in it. Decandolle writes—'All the plants of a given country are at war with one another. The first which establish themselves by chance in a particular spot tend, by the mere occupancy of space, to exclude other species; the greater choke the smaller; the longest livers replace those which last for a shorter period; the more prolific gradually make themselves masters of the ground which species multiplying more slowly would otherwise fill.' The naturalist thus comes to regard the weed in his garden as much the enemy of his delicate favourites as the lion is to the sheepfold; the only difference is, that it kills by suffocation, not by bloodshed. Thus the grasses and the hardy nettle will thrive in such rank luxuriance as to stifle the other species of plants; the restitution of the balance then devolves upon an insect or a quadruped which is attached to that kind of food, and then the others, to which they are indifferent, come to make headway again. Plants of one species also, when they multiply to excess, in a short time render the soil incapable of supporting them, and they perish, to give way to new species; and these, after a time, to others. In fact, rotation is a modification of the balancing principle.

Such is the simplest view of the subject: on the one hand a multiplying, on the other a subtracting power; both opposed to one another, and by their mutual opposition preserving the harmony of the creation scheme. Production and destruction, then, are the poles between which a kind of neutrality is observed in the operations of nature. But these poles are widely separated the one from the other, and thus a great range or play of forces may

be allowed in the working of this scheme, without in anywise involving the integrity of the great plan. The general balance which exists is a system, rather than a balance, of two constant equipoises against each other. Thus one entire species may be annihilated, and the check it exercised upon another race is then lost. This loss is commonly provided for; either another species takes its place in the work of depredation, or the species upon which it fed is first dismissed, the necessity of a check is cancelled, and, as a simple result, the check itself passes away from the stage altogether. Here is an individual balance destroyed, but the law of balances is not thereby in the least affected. A simile may help to make this statement more readily seized upon. There are some species of foreign ants which are great wood eaters: these insects will frequently attack the posts which support a building; they consume the wood upon the solidity of which the superstructure is dependent; but for every particle of wood removed, they substitute a mortar of their own, which possesses equal or perhaps greater strength, and so in a little time the building which formerly rested upon wood is now, though still as secure as ever, resting upon a totally different support. Just so with the system of balancing. Its elements have been wonderfully different in past ages to those which obtain at present: the grand design has continued the same, although the basis upon which it reposes has been so entirely and so repeatedly metamorphosed.

THE MORAL ALCHEMY.

'In this the art of living lies.'
—Dr Cotton.

A group of young people, composing the family of Mr Mansfield, were one winter's night collected in the drawing-room, around the centre table, gazing with eager curiosity upon an engraving which that gentleman had just unrolled before them. It represented an antique and spacious apartment, lighted by a single lamp, which seemed but to make 'darkness visible.' The occupant of this gloomy chamber was a spare old man, whose sunken eyes and wrinkled brow bespoke a life of mental labour. He was represented to be busily engaged with some occupation, the object of which fairly puzzled the younger children, and the heterogeneous articles which surrounded him did not tend to elucidate the mystery.

'This is an alchemist in his laboratory, making experiments in order to discover the Philosopher's Stone,' Horace Mansfield at length observed, addressing his brothers and sisters in a tone expressive of pride at his superior knowledge. 'What an absurd idea!' he added, looking somewhat contemptuously on the figure before him.

'In our enlightened days it does indeed appear so, Horace,' his father remarked; 'yet persons possessed of learning and ability engaged in the pursuit. It was the mania of the middle ages, and was not confined to men who might be supposed to have had leisure for the study, but was even pursued by princes. One of the German Electors* was surnamed *The Alchemist*, of which title he is said to have been more proud than of his electoral dignity.' Mr Mansfield then proceeded to explain to the younger children the motive which had induced the alchemist to spend his days and nights in deep study and repeated experiments, and lamented that so much valuable time should have been devoted to a fruitless pursuit, whilst that which was really useful, and would have tended to promote the interests of mankind in general, had been left unexplored.

'And yet, papa,' exclaimed a thoughtful boy, who had been looking very earnestly on the picture—'and yet if gold could have been made so easily, how much could have been done for the poor?'

'I question, my dear, whether benevolence ever instigated the pursuit,' Mr Mansfield returned. 'And had the discovery been made, it is doubtful if the same value would have been set upon this now rare metal. Such things, my children, have no intrinsic worth. The value set on them is purely artificial, on account of their scarcity. Thus you see if what is termed baser metals could be transmuted into gold by a chemical process, that mineral would not be held in the same high esteem as at present.'

'Where do you mean to put this pretty picture, papa?' asked a little fair-haired girl, as she climbed to her accustomed seat on her father's knee.

'I intend, my dear, to have it hung up in the school-room,' was his reply.

'The school-room! I thought, papa, that you did not approve of pictures in the school-room?' chimed in another.

'I do not approve of such as would be likely to distract your attention from your studies; but when I have told you how, in my youth, I learned a lesson from a picture similar to the one before us, I hope you will always think of it when you see this.' The children looked up with pleased and eager glances.

'May I guess what it was, papa?' asked Horace with an air of self-importance.

'To be sure you may; but I doubt if you will succeed.'

'You wish the alchemist's incessant labour and contempt of difficulty to incite us to perseverance in our studies?'

'That would be an excellent moral to draw from the subject, Horace; but that was not the lesson I learned from it.'

'Well, then, papa, we must leave it to you to tell us what it was.'

'When I was a youth of about your age, Horace,' Mr Mansfield began, 'I had conceived a great desire to follow one of the learned professions; not that I had any particular talent for any, but I had adopted the erroneous idea that it would increase my importance. My father had, I knew, other views for me. I was his only son, and being engaged in a flourishing line of commerce, he naturally wished me to be associated with him, more especially as he was in delicate health, and had a large family of daughters to educate and provide for. I never thought of disputing my father's authority; yet my obedience was of a description which I now think of with shame, for it was anything but prompt and cheerful. I consequently commenced my new duties with a spirit altogether at variance with their proper fulfilment. As might be expected, I was always unhappy. I considered myself an injured individual, and deemed that my prospects in life were entirely blighted. Whilst my mind was in this desponding and discontented state, a relative of my mother's paid us a visit. He was one of the most delightful specimens of cheerful old age I ever met with. He had spent a life of activity and usefulness, and was ever ready to sympathise with and encourage the young in a similar course. He very soon discovered my source of regret; but he did not make any remark until a circumstance occurred which gave him an opportunity of teaching me a lesson.

'I accompanied him on a visit to an exhibition of pictures, where, amongst other gems of art, was an exquisite painting, the subject of which was similar to the engraving we have before us. I was much struck with it, and stood for some considerable time rivetted to the spot; then turning away with a bitter smile, "Ah, would," I murmured, "that I had been the fortunate discoverer of that stone!" This brief exclamation was not intended to meet the ear of my aged companion: but it did so; and he eagerly inquired whether I desired the *fame* of the discovery, or the unbounded *wealth* it would produce. "The wealth, sir!" I energetically replied; "but not for its own sake, for I am not avaricious;" and, encouraged by his manner, I then proceeded to open my heart to him, by making him acquainted with my severe disappointment. Nothing further passed on

* John Margrave of Brandenburg.

the subject until we were on our way home, when, with a good-humoured smile, the old gentleman addressed me. "I have, my dear young friend," he said, "been turning your wish over in my mind; and thinking it unlikely that it will ever be realised, I have hit upon an excellent substitute." I looked up not a little puzzled to divine his meaning, but made no remark. "The Philosopher's Stone," he resumed, "is, I believe, now generally admitted to have been a mere chimera of the imagination; but it is in your power to effect a transmutation of infinitely more value, and this is no secret science. The experiment may be tried by any one." "I really do not understand you, dear sir," I returned with some anxiety, supposing that he was about to make a revelation which would further the objects of my desire. "Providence has not permitted you to follow the bent of your own inclination," he resumed. "You are dissatisfied, and consequently unhappy: thinking, like the prophet Jonah with his gourd, that you 'do well to be angry.' Now, if, instead of brooding over what you deem to be your misfortunes, you were to try, by the magic power of a moral alchemy, to transmute your duties into pleasures, you would, I think, find the result successful. You look surprised and incredulous, my young friend," he pursued; "but I can assure you that the thing is practicable, because I have made the experiment myself. When the occupation is simply manual, we may employ our thoughts upon more agreeable and congenial subjects; but when they are necessarily chained down to an uninteresting employment, the very fact of its being a duty, if it be discharged with a cheerful spirit, may invest it with a charm. Will you try this moral power?" he asked, affectionately taking my hand. "I will—I will indeed, sir!" I exclaimed. "You have made me thoroughly ashamed of my discontented spirit." And I did try it, my children; and having experienced its happy effects, recommend you all to make the same experiment for yourselves.'

NOTES ON LONDON.

BY AN OUTSIDE BARBARIAN.

It is perhaps my *outsidism*, but I hope it is something better, which causes me to be surprised at certain circumstances attending the management of the theatres in London. Having many friends connected with the newspaper press, I am, immediately on stepping in from the country amongst them, beset with offers of tickets for the theatres, which, they tell me, cost them nothing. They offer this favour in a pleasant humour, as if glad they can be of any such service to me. As intended for a piece of kindness, I dislike refusing the offer; yet neither do I feel comfortable in accepting it—and, practically, I make a point of never using any tickets so obtained. For why, it occurs to me forcibly, should I 'sorn' upon these poor actors for my amusement? Why, if I wish to partake of the enjoyments they profess to furnish to the public, should I not pay for them, as I pay for my lodgings, my cab, my meat and drink—above all, for my newspaper? 'It is a *custom* of the managers towards the press,' such is the defence put in; 'and you do not injure any one by taking advantage of it.' Oh, but such a custom! The journalist professes to 'extenuate naught, nor set down aught in malice,' against the theatres; his primary duty towards the public demands that he should be perfectly just and impartial with respect to these places of amusement. Well, such being his relation to them, what business has he with their managers but to obtain, at the most, that gratuitous admission for himself which may be necessary in order that he may have no impediment to the preparation of his criticisms? Anything beyond this, what is it but a bribe, either exacted from the fears of the managers, or offered under fear? Is it not simply because the press is understood to have a power of damaging by its reports, that it obtains this concession? Can any one for a moment imagine that a manager would give journalists gratuitous tickets for their friends, if it were not in the hope of thereby softening the rigours of their critical sense, or at the least preventing them from condemning in mere whim, which is known to be in their power? Talk of Turkey or Persia, where industry bribes power for leave to toil, and leave such a base little tyranny as this unredressed, unspoken of! Talk of the honour and purity of the English press, when it fosters in its bosom a corruption as bad as that of Bacon—only more disgraceful, in as far as its victims are, by universal confession, a class unusually subject to penury, and all the saddest difficulties and distresses which harass human existence! Oh shame, shame!

When the outside barbarian, however, goes to the theatre, and honestly pays his own money for the value proposed to be received, he finds another piece of absurd arrangement of a different kind. He can hardly get a door civilly opened to him for the admission of himself and his wife to their box, without administering a bribe to the servant in waiting. Outsiders who do not pay will doubtless be let in, but with the consciousness that they are regarded as shabby, and they will be told to sit on some of the back seats, as the front ones are engaged. By and by come perhaps some more knowing persons, who pay a shilling to the box-opener, and immediately these persons are proclaimed as the party for the front seat, although there was no engagement in the case. All this is detestable; and, judging from our own feelings, we cannot doubt that it is unfavourable to the interests of theatres, seeing that it makes playgoing uncomfortable.

Suppose that managers were to discontinue bribe-tickets to the gentlemen of the press, and apply the saving to the proper payment of their servants, so as to insure unsuborned civility and good treatment for those who are their real supporters?

LONDON AN ANTIQUATED TOWN.

From the universal neglect of street improvement till a late period, every town is less or more antiquated, and far from comfortable or salubrious. London, the centre of wealth and influence, might have been expected to be more improved than places of less importance; but this is far from being the case. Physically and morally, the metropolis seems to be pretty nearly impervious to change; the people, I fancy, being all too busy about private, to think of public affairs. Be this as it may, the structural and other arrangements of London, with some few exceptions, are not creditable. The want of sufficient thoroughfares, lengthwise, crosswise, and diagonally, is perhaps the most striking deficiency. Notwithstanding some minor alterations for the better, it is to this day impossible, without great inconvenience, and the encountering of many unpleasant scenes, to make one's way diagonally through London—neither from Charing Cross, for example, to Islington, nor from Temple Bar to the Regent Circus. We must, for such a movement, go by some right-angled course. It is equally impossible to proceed in a carriage to any distant place with the certainty of reaching it in a given time. You may be blocked up in Fleet Street or the Poultry for half an hour, or in some other way so far impeded, that trains may have started, and steamers set sail, and you be 'left lamenting.' As a last monster evil, the cattle-market is held in the centre of the city—a source of inconvenience and even danger beyond all endurance. The press, I am glad to see, frequently alludes to these scandalous imperfections in management; and I wish it would go one step farther, and ridicule the folly of state functionaries, on the occasion of public feasts, flattering civic dignitaries, as if they deserved commendation for their indolence and conser-

vation of all that is mean, disgusting, and dangerous. How much more becoming would it be for ministers of the crown to insist on the execution of public improvements in London; and, in particular, that that abomination, Smithfield market, should be swept away!

London is also antiquated with respect to cleaning. I lately passed through streets within a hundred yards of Oxford Street—broad, good-looking streets too—which were in a wretchedly neglected state, with lines of putrid pools on both sides. The narrower, meaner streets are also offensive, especially in dry weather—for Jove is evidently much looked to for aid by those in charge of this department. In Deptford, close behind lines of houses, there are stagnant lakes of nastiness fit to breed a pestilence in suitable conditions of the atmosphere. These are distressing things to be connected with the nineteenth century, and fix down London, beyond all appeal, as an antiquated town.*

It is curious to observe the numberless minor traits of antiquatedness which beset London usages. At one place we see the neatness, precision, and rational civility of a railway station: at another we are stopped five minutes at the end of a lane in the Strand, till a huge clumsy wagon, with four horses—a thing entirely in the fashion of a bygone age—winds its slow way into the thoroughfare, where it is a cumber and an annoyance to any other kind of vehicle; or we have to purchase immunity from the insolence of a cab-driver, by submitting to overcharges for which there is no available remedy. Many things are accordant with modern ideas of convenience, so that it is a pleasure to have to do with them; many others are rude, vexatious, and uneconomical. Perhaps it is not too much to say that every age, from the Romans downwards, is represented in the modes and usages, as well as the domestic accommodations, and the police practices, of London.

STAMMERING.

I have been taken by a friend to see stammering cured by Mr Hunt in Regent Street. Though a matter in which a patrimonial interest is concerned, I feel tempted, by the interesting nature of what I saw, to make public allusion to Mr Hunt's system. Two young men were in attendance, both grievously afflicted with stammering, and both new cases. One was asked to sit down, and Mr Hunt then addressed a few questions to him, on which he made the usual wretched attempts to answer. This young man had no recollection of ever speaking fluently. His attempts to read were equally miserable failures. Mr Hunt then explained to him, in simple terms, the physiological and moral causes of stammering, and gave him a few very intelligible directions for the regulation of the mouth, tongue, respiration, and the part of the chest to speak from. The youth was soon able to pronounce sentences, and also to read, with considerable readiness. The other youth was then put through a similar series of lessons, and in an equally short time the comparatively perfect use of the organs was attained in his case. On a subsequent visit, I saw a girl who stammered and hesitated in an extraordinary manner, restored to a common style of speech in less than twenty minutes. These, however, are not cures. A complete victory over the bad habit can only be the work of time.

There is no mystery whatever in the plan. It is merely replacing nature upon her pivot, from which accident or bad habit had thrown her. What the instructor does, is but a small part of the cure. The greater part is the work of the pupil, fully obeying the rules, and persevering in them, till a new habit has been acquired. Most persons, I conceive, would not be safe from a relapse under carelessness for many months, and individuals of weak will might fail altogether.

Mr Hunt is, strange to say, a Dorsetshire yeoman, who has been led by accidental circumstances to add this to his other avocations. He laments being under the necessity of keeping his plan in the meantime a secret—the only thing about it which struck me disagreeably; for who would not wish to see the means of abolishing stammering diffused as widely as stammering itself? The exhibition is a most interesting one, creating that peculiar satisfactory feeling which we experience when the triumph of nature over error is asserted. Yet, as if to make good the rule that all benefits to humanity must come through the sufferings of individuals, Mr Hunt has been subjected to persecution on account of his practice. It was discovered that stammering ought to be regarded as a disease, and therefore treated only by qualified medical men: on this ground Mr Hunt was publicly denounced as a quack. It would be as reasonable to demand that a dancing-master, who substitutes graceful for awkward walking, or an elocutionist, who extirpates patois from the tones of the voice, should have a medical diploma. A beautiful thing it would be, indeed, for the resolver of this difficulty to go to a faculty altogether ignorant of the subject, and study their mysteries, which have nothing to do with it, and nine-tenths of which are now under a strong suspicion of being mere delusion, before he could be allowed to make use of an invention of his own, the benefits of which are palpable!

A TALE OF MODERN ITALY.

In a certain province of Northern Italy, subject to the Austrian government, some years ago there dwelt a widow lady of noble family, Ginevra Marchetti by name. Her husband had been killed shortly after their marriage in a duel with a German officer, with whom he quarrelled on the subject of the Austrian domination. He left to the disconsolate Ginevra his estate, his castle, and one only son, then an infant. The estate was well cultivated, and yielded a large income. The castle was beautifully situated in a mulberry grove, by a rushing stream, and formed a delightful residence. But in the little wailing new-born babe the solitary widow alone found the courage to live and be resigned. No; resigned she was not: it is by no means an Italian virtue, and Ginevra partook largely of the most striking features of the national character: hot-tempered and enthusiastic, fierce in her resentments, passionate in her attachments, and carrying to extremes even those natural affections which, uncontrolled, will as surely produce our utter wretchedness as they are intended to form our greatest happiness. She had shared in her husband's overweening detestation of the Austrians, and it may easily be imagined how much that hatred was augmented by his death; and the more utterly her country became subdued, the more wildly seemed to burn her patriotic ardour. All these feelings, however, became lost and deadened in the one all-absorbing tenderness which was her life—an only son, an only child! It will readily be supposed with what ungovernable love such a person must have doted on such a treasure. But from that first moment when she had lifted herself from off the cold body of her husband, to snatch the living babe to her breast, one terrible dread (in her superstitious ideas a presentiment) obtained complete possession of her mind—the dread that the poor infant would one day share the fate of the bleeding corpse before her, and die for his ungrateful country. To guard against this, and cheat the fates if she could, she

* On a former occasion, in noticing deficiencies of this nature, we were so unfortunate as to displease various parties, who, by way of reprisal, told us that Edinburgh was a vastly more dirty town than London. Agreed: in some respects Edinburgh is dirtier. But they make a great mistake who suppose that we care about any one town more than another. On this, and everything else, we are quite cosmopolitan. We ask, as any person might surely ask, and, in fact, as the London press is constantly asking, why the streets of the metropolis are not swept daily on a uniform plan? Because the town is under the thraldom of antiquated civic and parish institutions; the reform of which, in order to produce a systematic and harmonious whole, suitable to the wants and feelings of the age, the people will not give themselves the trouble to insist upon; and, as is well known, few things are set to rights in this country without an incontrollable clamour.

determined that the child should never know what death his father had died; and never, if she could help it, leave his quiet castle and the boundaries of his own property, where no rumour might reach him of the great oppression of his native land.

For a long time her plan seemed very successful. Lorenzo passed from being a comical little baby, with long black hair, to roaming through the gardens a beautiful dark-eyed boy; finally, he became a fine-looking, high-spirited young man, the very idol and pride of his mother's heart. All Italians seem to be by nature instinctive worshippers of the fine arts; they must infallibly be either painter, poet, or musician, and generally all three. Lorenzo had from infancy shown a great predilection for the study of painting, and as he grew older, he displayed very considerable talent. He could think of nothing else; it was his sole occupation; and he spent days, and even nights, in his studio. Ginevra was delighted: she saw how completely he was absorbed in his favourite art, and she hoped it was to prevent him from wishing to see more of the world, or taking any interest in the political events of the day. For some time Lorenzo was quite content to work out his wild fancies as best he might, or to make one portrait after another of the peasant maidens, with the purple grapes and vine leaves twined in their dark-brown hair. But true genius is always aware of its own deficiency. He had a lofty ambition—the best ladder to success; and one day, in a fit of despair at his own performances, he flung his last picture out of the window, and declared to his terrified mother that he would start next day for Bologna, in order to study at the conservatory there. Her wild distress may well be supposed. Bologna! the very hotbed of political intrigue, the very centre of Carbonarism and secret societies! She declared he should leave the house only over her prostrate body, and was so frantically vehement in her opposition, that at last her son, though scarcely less passionate and fiery than herself, appeared to acquiesce in her wishes, and no more was said on the subject. One morning, when, as usual, she flew to his studio as soon as she arose, to gladden her eyes with the sight of her darling child, to her unutterable horror she found only a portrait of himself, of a striking resemblance, which he had secretly painted for her, and now left with a short letter, stating that, unable to control any longer his artistic enthusiasm, he had departed to study at Bologna, or elsewhere, as he might find most suitable. The picture would console her so far, he hoped; for as surely as the eyes would always look steadily on her, so truly should his thoughts be with her ever. He concluded by promising to write, and ultimately to return, but gave no indication as to the exact route he had taken. To follow him was therefore impossible, and Ginevra had nothing for it but to fill the air with her shrieks for a time, and finally to settle down into a mournful despondency, during which she sat, hour after hour, gazing at the portrait, and trying to believe what it had been promised the eyes should tell her.

Lorenzo did not fail to write, and his letters became indeed the only joy of his mother's existence, but he always contrived cunningly to leave her in uncertainty as to his exact abode. Now he was at Bologna; now at Rome; now travelling about the country in company with other artists, in search of studies from nature. Sometimes long intervals would elapse between his letters; then Ginevra robed herself in mourning from head to foot, and refused to open her lips, till the arrival of a letter seemed to restore her to life. At last came a longer period than had ever yet passed without her hearing from him. Her anxiety finally overcame the sullen gloom in which she generally passed those dreary intervals, and she took every possible means of obtaining information respecting him, or even regarding the state of those towns in some one of which she imagined him to be. It became her custom during this period of terror and misery to walk down every evening to the village inn, where she occasionally heard from the passing travellers such reports on the state of the country as greatly interested her; and when the stranger was above the rank of a mere peasant or country merchant, she generally invited him to pass a few hours at the castle with her, in order to gain what information she could.

Months, many wretched, terrible months, had passed away, and no tidings of her beloved son had reached her. Ginevra was wasted to a shadow; she neither ate nor slept, but sat continually like a monument of living despair before the treacherous picture, that still smiled upon her sweetly as ever. One day there chanced to pass through the village a man of some rank and influence, likely to be well acquainted with all that was going on in the world without; and compassionating the overpowering anxiety of the unhappy mother, he agreed to spend the day with her, in order to give her his advice as to the measures she ought to take for the recovery of her son. They had been some time in conversation, talking as yet chiefly on the unsettled state of the country, when Ginevra having offered her guest some refreshment, conducted him through a long suite of rooms to that in which the meal was laid. She of course walked first, and suddenly was startled by an exclamation which burst from the lips of the stranger. She turned round in haste, and saw that he stood motionless before the picture of her son, which hung in the little boudoir through which they were passing; and a single glance showed her that his was a gaze not only of recognition, but almost of horror. She flew back to him; she grasped him by the arm; for a moment her utterance seemed choked; then she poured forth a torrent of questions. It was her son! Did he know him? Where had he seen him, and when? He did not know him, the stranger answered, but *he knew the face;* and he uttered the last words as though they contained some terrible secret, for his voice faltered, and he turned away from the eager, eloquent eyes of the poor mother. Ginevra could not understand this. However, hope, well-nigh extinct, had been suddenly rekindled in her bosom, and she pressed him instantly to tell her all—all he knew of her long-lost treasure! He had seen his face?—then he had met him accidentally?—at Bologna, in the picture-galleries doubtless?—at Rome perhaps?

In vain, for some time, the stranger endeavoured to elude the questions of Ginevra, and then sought at least to break the truth to her with some degree of caution. Her vehemence, her wild supplications, overcame him at last, and she worked herself into such a state of frenzy at the momentary suspense, that he finally disclosed to her all he knew without reserve. At the close of his recital, she lay at his feet rolled into a heap, in violent convulsions. The circumstances which he stated were briefly as follows:—

The stranger, who gave his name as the Marchese B——, had been residing for several months past in a small German town in the Austrian states. It had so chanced that his house was directly opposite to the prison—an enormous building, whose inhabitants formed, strictly speaking, the largest part of the population. Narrow as was the street which divided it from his dwelling, he remained in profound ignorance of all that passed within its massive walls, and might have fancied it as tenantless, as in reality it was full of suffering beings, but for one slight circumstance, which soon became for him a source of intense and painful interest. One of the small closely-barred windows of the prison was directly facing those of his apartments. It remained always completely closed, with a great iron shutter, which must have excluded both light and air, and which was never opened excepting for two or three minutes every morning, when it was partly pushed back, probably by the jailor, in order that he might examine the cell—and at that moment, daily, there presented itself, behind the thick bars, a young sad face, that for a brief instant looked wistfully out upon the

blue sky and far green hills, and then vanished as the iron plate rattled back to its place! Daily the Marchese had acquired the habit of stationing himself at the window, to watch for this mournful apparition, and trace in the wasted features the terrible effects of the discipline of solitary confinement. When he first saw the face—and it is needless to say he had at once recognised it in the picture of Ginevra's son—it was blooming and bright as the beautiful image before him; but day by day he had seen it fade away, grow paler and older by the many long years into which despair had transformed the lonely hours of his prison-life; soon the eyes looked out without a gleam of hope, the lips did not even part to breathe their wonted sigh; and the good Marchese dared not say how wan, how dim, how almost ghostlike it had seemed to him when he last looked on it.

Ginevra lay in convulsions on the ground, as we have said. But however ill-regulated the mind, or fierce the passions, there is a courage, a constancy, a power of endurance in a mother's love, which never fails in the darkest hour; and after a time, she rose, composed her distorted features, gathered up her long dishevelled hair, and sat down deathlike, but resolute, to consult what was best to be done. Lorenzo lived! that was something: and she was fortunate in the strange coincidence which had converted the Marchese into her warmest friend; for, deeply interested in both mother and son, he determined to leave nothing undone to restore them to each other. After much consultation, he finally prevailed on Ginevra to remain passive where she was, whilst he himself undertook the incalculably difficult task of attempting to effect the liberation of her son. Fortunately, the Marchese B—— was a man of considerable influence with the higher authorities; but still the obstacles he had to overcome seemed almost insurmountable. In the first place, it was no easy matter to identify a prisoner amongst the mass of unknown individuals whose very names became obliterated instantly on their separation from the living world. Most happily, in his profound interest for the poor captive, whose melancholy face haunted him, he had asked who he was—a fruitless question indeed!—and received for answer that he was No. 10. Still, even this was a clue, if by this time poor Lorenzo had not become the No. 4 or No. 5 of some other prison. Not to dwell too long on the details of his search, we may pass on to state that he did at length succeed not only in discovering him, but in obtaining a commutation of his sentence of perpetual imprisonment to that of perpetual exile, with confiscation of his property.

As to the crime of which all this was the punishment, a few words of bravado, rashly spoken in an open coffee-house, seemed to have been the 'head and front of his offending.' It need not be said that Ginevra determined at once to follow her son in his expatriation, though to her it was no slight matter thus to abandon her country for ever, as Lorenzo was sentenced, on pain of death, never again to set foot on the Italian shore. The benevolent Marchese assisted her in making her arrangements, as she was obliged almost instantly to quit the castle, no longer hers; and with the money procured by the sale of her jewels, this daughter of a noble house travelled to Trieste, where Lorenzo was to be conveyed, still a prisoner, and destined to receive his freedom only after his embarkation at a certain distance from his native shores. Their first meeting took place, therefore, on board ship; for as long as the young man was a prisoner of Austria, he belonged to a class who apparently are not supposed to have any earthly ties or human affections at all! And what a meeting for the mother and son! The fair, undulating hills of their own dear country fast receding from their view, to be beheld no more; themselves, beggared and abjectless, sailing away they scarce knew whither; and if Lorenzo looked with astonishment on his mother's hair, which he last had seen a raven-black, now white as snow, she on her side, but for the unfailing instinct of the parent's heart, might have doubted if this worn, spiritless, enervated man were indeed her bold, energetic, vigorous son.

After wandering for some time without aim or object, and well-nigh exhausting their slender means, which were still drawn from the sale of the last remnants of their former opulence and luxury, Ginevra and her son finally settled in one of the Ionian islands, chosen principally because there they would at least hear the sound of their native language. It was a bright green island, which many a one might covet longingly as a fair and quiet resting-place. But to the poverty-stricken son and mother it was not Italy; and we are well convinced that nowhere is the pure unmixed love of country to be found so strongly implanted as in the breast of an Italian. With them it is a deeply-rooted principle—a very instinct as it were; and we do really believe that the pangs of an exile, banished from that garden of Europe, are unspeakably severe, notwithstanding the absurdities in which poets, ancient and modern, have indulged on the subject. It was a bright green island, but Ginevra was far from her husband's grave, and Lorenzo from the living friends of his youth. Soon other cares began to weigh them down each day more heavily: want stared them in the face—actual want—and they had till now only known the utmost refinement of luxury. Their resources were quite exhausted, and their last and only means of support became the pencil of Lorenzo; but with what feelings did the young painter, broken-spirited and sickly, resume his once beloved art!

It is an old time-worn reflection, that nothing is so utterly destructive to genius as the necessity of drawing from it the means of daily subsistence; what was once the very paradise of fancy, becomes an insupportable drudgery: and it proved so with Lorenzo: instead of indulging in the wild flights of unfettered composition, he was now forced to paint staring portraits of clumsy shopkeepers, or ambitious milliners, who paid him ill, and drove him half-frantic by their ridiculous criticisms on his performance. This means of living was, besides, very precarious—often it failed him altogether: his natural delicacy and gentlemanlike feeling, which he could not get rid of, were greatly against him. At last another less scrupulous portrait-painter established himself in the town, and Lorenzo was deserted at once and entirely: in a few weeks more they were starving! Happily, most happily—and Lorenzo thanked Heaven for it—at this juncture the worn-out, broken-hearted Ginevra died, making her last moan that she would not rest by her husband's side, in her own native home. She died of intermittent fever, the disease of the country, which, though not usually dangerous, had proved so to her enfeebled frame. Lorenzo was attacked with it at the same time; but in youth, life has a wonderful tenacity, and he recovered, to find himself in a state actually of squalid wretchedness. His mother was dead, and he was reckless and broken-hearted. Life was utterly without hope or interest; he never dreamt of finding such in that which is beyond it, and soon he became altogether careless as to whether he lived or died. But in the midst of his misery, and at last of his starvation, one fierce and burning desire—maniacal we must call it—rose up within him, with an intensity which would not be subdued. It was the frantic longing to look once more upon his native land; once again to set his feet upon his native shore; he cared not how poor, how wretched, if but there! And besides, in Italy he had friends, if he could succeed in entering it unknown: in some one of its wild deserted valleys he surely might find a safe refuge. He was greatly changed; several years had elapsed since he left it; he might safely believe himself forgotten. But even were he not, who would recognise in the haggard, abject-looking creature, the once gay and proud young noble?

To attempt procuring a passport, without which he could neither leave the island nor land in Italy, was, he well knew, an utter impossibility. He did not even make the endeavour; but he managed, in some extraordinary

manner, to secrete himself on board of one of the steam-packets which ply between the Ionian islands and Trieste, and remained hidden till they had been two days at sea. Then forced by hunger to appear on deck, he succeeded in telling the story of his sufferings in so touching and eloquent a manner, backed as he was by his wretched appearance, that he won the compassion of all on board, and obtained the captain himself as his zealous protector. This man promised to do all he could to assist him in landing unmolested, but he greatly doubted the possibility of success. The absence of the passport would infallibly produce inquiry; and notwithstanding the exile's assumed name and change of appearance, he knew the management of the Austrian police too well not to dread the result. But poor Lorenzo was sanguine. Sorrow and anxiety had half-maddened him, and his monomania had become the desire, or rather the wild determination, to visit once more his beloved Italy! He refused to believe it possible his hope could fail. At length the steamer reached Trieste; and how did the heart of the returning exile bound within him as he beheld that gay city rising out of the blue sea before him, with its stately buildings and its vine-clad hills!

As usual, the customhouse and quarantine officers instantly came on board to examine the passengers. When the passports were demanded, Lorenzo's deficiency was at once discovered; but the captain endeavoured to fabricate a story, explaining the loss of that important paper, and did what he could to remove all suspicions. His eloquence was not without its effect; but still they could not allow the exile to land till they had communicated with the authorities; and as the steamer was to remain in port for a day or two, they agreed to leave him on board under the surveillance of two gendarmes, until they received their orders respecting him. Poor Lorenzo was now forced to watch the passengers landing one by one on the shore, that, like the mirage of the desert, seemed to mock him with its brightness; but the more he feasted his eyes on the fair landscape, the more convinced he seemed to be that he should yet roam amongst its valleys. Several days passed, and the shrewd captain augured ill of the delay. He felt that they must have fallen upon some indication which had awakened their suspicions, and led them to make a lengthened inquiry. He knew that there existed certain volumes—a library in themselves—the annals of the secret police, where the private history of half the population of Austria was noted down, and all characterised by various comprehensive epithets. He greatly feared that his poor friend must figure there in no very complimentary terms; and he was right. The sharp agents of the police had soon traced out the unfortunate exile, notwithstanding his change of name; and on referring back through the countless pages of these terrible books, the name of Lorenzo Marchetti was found with the fatal word 'Proscritto!' This was enough.

On a bright sunny morning, Lorenzo, ever on the watch, perceived a boat putting off from the shore filled with officers in the Austrian uniform. As he saw them direct their course towards the vessel, he became half-frantic with delight and impatience, never doubting but that they were coming to release him. The good captain drew near, shaking his head dubiously; and in another moment the boat was alongside, and the officers had mounted on the deck. They walked straight up to the trembling exile. 'Lorenzo Marchetti, let us go!' they said.

At the sound of his own name, the unhappy man grew deadly pale. 'Where would you take me?' he said with quivering lips.

'To the prison of Spielberg!' was the answer.

'Ah e troppo!' ('It is too much!') he exclaimed; and Lorenzo with a bound threw himself on one of the officers who stood near. The German defended himself, thinking he wished to attack him, whereas his sole object was to possess himself of the short sword he wore by his side. In this wild effort he succeeded, and exclaiming, 'At least they shall bury me in Italy!' Lorenzo plunged the instrument into his heart, fell back into the arms of his horror-stricken enemies, and expired without a groan!

PROGRESS OF NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

Mr Porter's 'Progress of the Nation,' noticed in a recent number, has already been followed by a new edition of Mr M'Culloch's 'Descriptive and Statistical Account of the British Empire,'* from which we shall now proceed to collect such information as may throw additional light upon the general subject.

The section relating to the industry of the United Kingdom commences with agriculture, as 'the first and most important of the useful arts.' The total number of landed proprietors in England alone is estimated at 200,000, and the average annual income of each at L.200 a-year. But although this is the average, the value of their properties ranges from forty shillings to L.100,000 a-year and upwards. Taking them generally, the landlords are hard-working men, of very moderate income; although it is the custom to regard as their type the few owners of large estates, whose wealth and importance attract the greatest share of public attention. The small farm system is stated to be injurious to the progress of agriculture, and to the habits of industry of the farmers; while moderately large farms produce more (in consequence of increased outlay) in a given space, and act more favourably upon the character of the population. The local population, it is true, is less; but owing to the exchange of the produce for the various objects of art or industry, the mouths fed are more numerous. In England the estates generally are of a moderate size, while in Ireland they are larger. But in the latter country these large estates are split into such minute holdings, that four-fifths of the people are supposed to subsist on the produce of the land they occupy. The consequence of this is almost universal poverty and misery. The small farmers have not sufficient occupation for their time, and grow up in incorrigible indolence; and being prevented, by want of means, from adopting improvements, agriculture languishes, and the most fertile soil in the world produces only *one-fifth part* of what it might do under a better system.

Various causes are assigned for this state of things in Ireland; but one of these has existence likewise in England, although modified there by other circumstances. This is the law as regards leases, which in these two countries are regarded as movable property; whereas in Scotland they are an inalienable estate, descending (except in cases of special provision to the contrary) to the heir-at-law. The result of this is, that in Scotland the younger sons look to other professions than agriculture for support, or move to other localities or countries in search of employment, leaving the inheritor of the land to devote his unclogged energies to the increase of his farm, and the advancement of its agriculture. This, however, is only part of the truth. The substantial reason for the superiority of Scotch husbandry is, that in Scotland every farmer has a lease of some kind, generally for nineteen years, while the bulk of the English farmers have no lease at all. Tenants-at-will from year to year, they have no encouragement to improve the land, and are for the most part practically serfs of the landed gentry, who look more to political considerations than rent. The backwardness of English agriculture from this and other causes is a curious feature of a country renowned for its manufacturing and commercial energy.

A full half or more of the arable land of England is applied to grazing husbandry, while in Scotland and Ireland the great proportion is under crop. The number of horses in Great Britain is about a million and a-half,

* Longman and Co.

estimated to be worth from eighteen to twenty-two and a-half millions sterling. The total head of cattle is estimated at 5,620,000, of which a fourth part, or 1,405,000 are annually slaughtered for the supply of the kingdom. The weight of the cattle and sheep killed in London has more than *doubled* since 1710: the animals weighing at present, on an average, 800 lbs. bullocks, 140 lbs. calves, 80 lbs. sheep, and 50 lbs. lambs. In Ireland, in 1841, the number of horned cattle was 1,863,116, most of which are sent to this country.

The milk sold in London alone amounts in value to L.800,000 a-year, and butter to L.1,120,000, the latter being the produce of 150,000 cows.

The number of sheep in England and Wales is 26,148,463; in Scotland, 3,500,000; and in Ireland, 2,106,189—producing in all 540,000 packs of wool.

The present value of timber in England is estimated at from forty to fifty millions sterling, and its yearly product at from one and a-half to two millions. The royal forests, enclosed and bearing oak for the supply of the navy, cover from 50,000 to 60,000 acres. In Scotland the total extent of woodland considerably exceeds a million acres; and in Ireland it is only a third of that area.

The total annual value of the agricultural produce of England and Wales is L.141,606,857; of Scotland, L.27,744,286; and of Ireland, L.48,200,834. The profits of farmers are stated at one-half the rent in England, and one-third in Scotland, which would give 9½ per cent. on the capital employed. This includes, however, all they receive themselves as wages, and proves the business to be anything but a lucrative one. Yet low rents are supposed to be as injurious to all parties as high rents; in proof of which, the following anecdote is told relative to South Wales:—'A gentleman noted for his liberality to his tenants, during the last seventeen years of his life laid out upwards of L.20,000 in improving the farms of his tenants-at-will, without charging them a penny in advance of rent. He died; and his successor, of a different cast, leaving off improvements, tried what doubling the rents would do; and it is painful to relate, for it borders on a libel on human nature, that this advance of rent, considered exceedingly grievous at the time it was imposed, had a greater effect in improving the agriculture of the estate than all the benevolence and forbearance of his predecessor. The tenants were now compelled to do for themselves what another did for them before.' A rise of rent is, generally speaking, a sign of improvement; and to such an unexampled extent did this take place in Scotland, that the entire rental of the kingdom rose from one million in 1770, to four millions and a-half in 1815.

The improvement of agriculture was slow, and frequently interrupted; but the general result is so satisfactory, that it is affirmed that Great Britain provides food at present sufficient for the comfortable sustenance of five millions of inhabitants more than in 1820. Nor are the capacities of improvement exhausted. On the contrary, there is almost a boundless vista of prosperity before us. 'It is impossible, indeed, to say to what extent, under such circumstances, improvement may be carried.'

Such are the treasures that grow, or move, upon the surface of the country: beneath, in its depths, though we find little either of gold or silver, there is an almost inexhaustible abundance of substances that are of much more importance to mankind. The first of our minerals may be said to be coal, since upon it depends mainly the production of the rest. In some parts of the country, for instance, there is iron, but for want of coal it is not worked; and such districts are set down as destitute of mineral wealth. Coal is the grand *primum mobile* in this manufacturing country. To it Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, owe their greatness; and to the want of it many of the great cities and towns of history their decay. Nor is its operation limited to physical objects; it acts upon the very stuff of which men's minds are composed, and creates habits of industry, and develops intelligence, wherever it appears.

Coal, like other great benefactors of mankind, was persecuted in the ages of ignorance, and in London repeatedly prohibited altogether, on account of the supposed injurious tendency of its smoke. Since the time of Charles I., however, its advance into general use has been steady and rapid; and at present the domestic consumption of Great Britain may be safely stated at 20,000,000 tons; that of manufactories at 13,200,000 tons; and that of railways, steamers, &c. at 1,200,000 tons. To these items must be added 4,000,000 exported to Ireland and the colonies, which will give a grand total of 38,400,000 tons. If this is reckoned at an average of ten shillings per ton to the consumer, the whole will be worth L.19,200,000 a-year.

Coal-mining, however, is not a very profitable business to those concerned in it. Large fortunes, it is true, have been made from time to time by individuals; but taking the trade on the average, the profits do not exceed ten per cent. on the capital employed, and this at simple interest. It is a business, however, which will always go on; and the supply of the material is considered, by the best observers, to be equal to the present demand for many centuries to come.

Iron, like coal, was at one time persecuted on account of its consumption of wood in the smelting process; but when Lord Dudley obtained a patent in 1619 for smelting with coal—one of the most valuable of all inventions—his works were destroyed by the ignorant rabble, and himself well-nigh ruined. In 1740, when the new process fairly began, the quantity made was 17,000 tons, which in 1840 had increased to 1,396,400 tons. Last year it amounted to 1,750,000 tons. This can only be matched by the progress of the cotton manufacture. It is not supposed that the prosperity of the trade is temporary, but, on the contrary, that it will continue increasing for an indefinite time. Supposing, however, that it remains as it is at present, this will give, as the yearly value of the production, fourteen millions sterling.

About 5000 tons of tin are obtained in the year, at a value of from L.65 to L.80 a ton. We had formerly a monopoly of this article, and the price was nearly twice higher; but since 1814, the little island of Banca, in the Indian Archipelago, has come into successful competition with us, driving us out of the Chinese market, and even rivalling us at home.

Copper, although fairly commencing only with the last century, is now of more importance than tin; its production increasing from 700 tons to upwards of 14,000 tons, and estimated to be worth L.1,406,000 a-year. As a business, both tin and copper mining partakes of the nature of a lottery; the veins that promise most, sometimes disappearing at once, and *vice versa*, making the needy adventurer a capitalist, and the capitalist a beggar, as it may happen.

The lead produced in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to upwards of 51,000 tons, each ton yielding about eight ounces of silver.

Salt is produced to an unlimited extent from brine springs and fossil beds. The home consumption of this article, exclusive of Ireland, is estimated at 200,000 tons, and our exportations amount to 337,000 tons. The average cost is only fifteen shillings a ton. The other minerals are manganese, antimony, stone, slate, fullers' earth, and lime. The consumption of the last is immense, but affords no data for calculation. To these may be added, though perhaps more properly a manufacture, bricks, of which nearly a *billion* and a-half were made in 1844.

In this survey, the treasures of the sea are worthy of some observation, because the consumption of fish is not now, as formerly, confined to the coasts, but extended by railways throughout the entire kingdom. In Birmingham, for instance—that great terminus—the consumption in 1839 was only 400 tons, and it is now 4000 tons. Of such importance is despatch in the con-

veyance of this perishable commodity, that a mackerel vessel arriving at Billingsgate at five o'clock in the morning, would obtain fifty shillings per hundred for its fish; whereas, if it did not reach the market till the afternoon, the utmost price it could realise would be twenty-eight shillings. Formerly, vans with four horses were employed to hasten up the cargo, which is now transported in a small fraction of the time by means of steam, whether on the road or the river. The entire value of the fisheries, including both foreign and domestic, is stated at from four millions to four millions and a-half a-year. The whale fishery has decreased rapidly, and in the northern seas more especially, the trade is now almost wholly confined to seals.

Such is a general glance at the treasures of the soil, the mine, the sea, with which nature has endowed the inhabitants of Great Britain. Let us now turn to the products of their industry in the manufacture of raw materials into those objects of comfort and utility which form the distinctive character of civilisation.

Our earliest national manufacture is that of wool; and many plans were fallen upon for its encouragement, including the law of Charles II.'s parliament (which was not expunged for a hundred and thirty years), that all dead bodies should be buried in woollen shrouds! The discouragement of machinery had the same tendency as injudicious fostering; and but for the example of cotton after the inventions of Hargreaves and Arkwright, 'the woollen manufacture,' as a writer in Rees's Encyclopædia observes, 'would probably have remained at this day what it was in the earliest ages of civilised society.' At the end of the seventeenth century, the value of the manufacture was estimated at eight millions sterling: it is now twenty-four millions.

In 1766, the value of the different species of cotton goods produced in England—or rather of a mixture of cotton and linen, for there was then no other—was estimated at L.600,000 a-year; but in the following year the spinning-jenny was introduced, which at first enabled eight threads of the weft to be spun as easily as one; and eventually was improved to such an extent, that a single young girl was able to work a hundred and twenty spindles. Then came the spinning-frame for the warp, which carried the process to a pitch which might truly be termed miraculous, if we did not remember that, subsequently, the mule-jenny—a compound of these two—spun a thread two hundred and forty miles in length from a single pound of cotton! Hitherto, however, the manufactories were obliged to be pitched wherever a waterfall supplied a motive power; but, as if no obstruction was destined to remain, no element of prosperity to be wanting, the improvements of Watt in the steam-engine set them down in the midst of dense and industrious towns. The invention of the throstle then gave the mule the power of spinning spontaneously with no human intervention but that of children to join the threads; and then the power-loom brought the whole to a climax by weaving, by means of machinery, the yarn in like manner spun. The total value of the cotton goods, of all kinds, is estimated at thirty-six millions a-year; including ten millions as the price of the material, and twenty-six millions for wages and profits. On the most moderate computation, this business must furnish subsistence to considerably more than a million persons. 'And for this new and most prolific source of wealth,' says Mr M'Culloch, 'we are indebted partly and principally to the extraordinary genius and talent of a few individuals; but in a great degree, also, to that security of property and freedom of industry which give confidence and energy to all who embark in industrious undertakings, and to that universal diffusion of intelligence which enables them who carry on any work to press every power of nature into the service, and to avail themselves of productive capacities of which a less-instructed people would be wholly ignorant.'

At the Union, the linen manufactured in Scotland was a million and a-half of yards; at present, the value of what is made at Dundee is a million and a-half sterling. The total value for Great Britain and Ireland is estimated at ten millions.

The manufacture of silk was introduced into England so early as the fourteenth century, and in the sixteenth it had become a considerable and established trade. Towards the close of the seventeenth, however, the importation of foreign silks was prohibited; and the consequence of the monopoly thus granted to the home manufacturer was a total cessation of improvement, and much injury to the business from the competition of smuggled goods. In 1825 this suicidal policy of the government was changed, and the market thrown open, with merely nominal disadvantages, to the foreign manufacturer. The result of this step—from which nothing less than utter ruin was anticipated—has been a vast increase in the silk manufacture, which supports upwards of thirty thousand labourers, and is worth to the country upwards of ten millions sterling a-year.

Birmingham was called by Mr Burke 'the toy-shop of Europe;' but among the toys are vast numbers of guns and swords, and now steam-engines, more important than all the other *firearms* in the world. So extensive is the button trade alone, that in 1834 a single manufacturer had in his workshop 10,000 double sets of cut steel dies for livery buttons only. In 1824, a manufacturer of another kind received a single order for L.500 worth of dolls' eyes. At present, about 160 tons of fine sheet steel are annually manufactured into 300,000,000 pens. The whole annual value of all sorts of wrought brass and iron, and of hardware and cutlery articles produced in Great Britain, is estimated at seventeen millions sterling.

The manufacture of leather is very nearly equal in value to that of iron, being estimated at sixteen millions.

The earthenware manufacture owed to Mr Wedgwood its increase from a paltry business, in 1762, to one yielding at present from two to three millions a-year. The duties on glass were repealed in 1845, and the advantages anticipated are now in a fair way of being realised.

Mr M'Culloch's section relating to paper, books, &c. is unaccountably deficient in the most ordinary information. He does not seem to be aware that there is such a thing as a cheap press in the country. He computes the value of monthly and quarterly periodicals circulating from fifteen hundred to two thousand copies, but entirely omits those that scatter abroad among the people their *weekly* sheets, to the number of eighty or a hundred thousand copies! On this point we speak neither for ourselves, nor for many other and more successful labourers in the field of popular instruction, but for the sake of truth, on a not uninteresting subject of social concern. We are unwilling, however, to do anything more than point out a defect which the author has it in his power to remedy in a subsequent edition.

Breweries, distilleries, manufactories of hats, soap, candles, &c. make up the account of the wonderful industry of this wonderful country.

A SETTLEMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE following interesting particulars occur in a small work on emigration, lately published by Wiley and Putnam:—

'In one of the small and rather poor towns on the St Lawrence river, is a certain road of about three miles in length, on which reside at the present moment a number of English and Scotch families. With the exception of one Dutch family, no others than those referred to reside upon this road.

'About twenty years ago these emigrants made up their minds to go to the new world. They were in exceedingly straitened circumstances, but confident that industry and honesty would not fail of their reward. Residing in the north of England, and in the south of Scotland, they took shipping at Hull for Quebec. They had a long and tedious passage, and reached Quebec with their slender means

almost exhausted, ignorant of the country, and of the best means to procure employment. In those days there were no societies to give the emigrant desirable information, nor books to furnish it.

'They resolved to go into the country at all events; a wise determination under such circumstances. By some means they found their way to the town in which they now reside; a small town on the American side of the river St Lawrence.

'They found it a wilderness. Here and there a scattering settlement was to be met with, but not a rood of land cultivated like that to which they had been accustomed in the old country. Everything was new to them: the modes of farming, of living, of buying and selling, of building. The soil was tolerably good, but it was covered with huge trees. Here they resolved to plant themselves, and go to work and make "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." They bought this wild land, on credit, at from two to three dollars the acre, payable in four annual instalments.

'What did they now do? Money they had but little of. Their land was not paid for. A few cooking utensils, scanty bedding, and a little clothing, was all they had, except their strong hands and stout hearts. With these they went to their honest, earnest, laborious work. The land they had purchased lay in a body, and they took farms adjoining each other.

'The first thing to do was to cut down the trees, so as to make a sort of road, though it was so rough, that no wheel-carriage could pass over it for the first year or two. In sleighing time they could get their stuff out and in on sleds. When there was no sleighing, they were obliged to do so on the backs of horses; oftener, however, on their own backs.

'As soon as this apology for a road was laid open, by simply felling the trees, each family went to work, and made a rude, cheap dwelling of logs. With the exception of a few nails, and perhaps half-a-dozen panes of miserable glass, all the materials were produced on the spot by their own hands. The work was all done by themselves from beginning to end; and in a very short time this hardy band of emigrants had homes of their own making in the forest.

'At this stage of their history they had not so much as a foot of land under cultivation, not even a garden. They had the outline of a road before them, and a rude log-cabin to dwell in. These were all.

'Their next step was to begin to subdue the forest, and turn it into fruitful fields. Long and wearisome years of toil lay before them before this could be accomplished; but, nothing daunted, they went to work. The process of clearing was now begun. Each man cut down the huge trees on a few acres the first summer. These trees were cut into logs of a size convenient to be drawn by oxen into piles. These were then set on fire, and suffered to consume. The surface of these few acres was thus cleared of the trees which had stood for centuries upon it, leaving only the stumps sticking up about four feet high. A strong man would clear in this manner perhaps ten acres the first season.

'In the autumn this land was sown with wheat, in which grass seed was mixed. Thus was the first summer spent, and winter came. During the winter more trees were cut down, to be got ready to be burnt in the summer. At last the spring came. In March they began to make maple-sugar, the very first thing their land had yielded them in the way of eatables. They now bored auger-holes in the sugar-maple trees, and putting small wooden spouts in the holes, they caught the sap, which fell in small rude troughs, cut out of blocks of wood. This was boiled, and made into sugar, a great luxury indeed for them all.

'By and by the snow entirely disappeared. The wheat they had sown on their newly-cleared land was found to be in a vigorous, thrifty state, and they rejoiced, as none but a pioneer emigrant can rejoice, in seeing these pledges of future success. The summer now wore on. The harvest came, and they gathered in a rich crop of wheat from land which, but a short year before, they had seen covered by a thick forest. The grass seed which had been sown with the wheat now struggled up among the wheat stubble, giving pledge that in another year it would furnish hay for the cattle they hoped by that time to have.

'They had thus lived through the first, and usually the worst year of a settler's life. They had endured many hardships it is true, and the little means they brought with them were hardly sufficient to furnish them with the coarsest fare in the meantime. But the wheat they had raised, together with a hog or two, which each family had managed to rear, gave them a good stock of food to last till another harvest.

'Thus they kept on in their hard toil, till, year after year, they enlarged their clearing, and in time they brought the whole under cultivation. Their comforts also increased year by year. Their families grew more numerous, a real blessing in such circumstances; their road became tolerably fair, cross-roads intersected it, a school-house was got up, a preacher occasionally came in of a Sunday, and everything really thrived.

'At the present time this settlement is really a desirable place of residence. Almost all the original settlers whose history we have been rudely tracing, occupy the lands they first entered upon. Good frame and stone houses and barns have taken the places of the rude log ones. Their lands are all paid for, and there is scarcely a man of them but has money out upon interest. Their sons and daughters have intermarried. Healthy and happy grandchildren gather apples and plums from trees which stand where once the forest stood, and you might search the world over, and not find a healthier, happier, better population than this.'

EARLY RISING.

Many literary men seem quite regardless of the fact, that their health depends greatly upon the degree of rest, study, and exercise taken; as much so, in fact, as upon the nature and quantity of their food and clothing, and the intervals between their meals. Retiring to bed at an early hour, and rising early, are habits which would be found highly conducive to their health, and well adapted to prepare them for going through their day's work with a refreshed and cheerful spirit. It is also a business-like habit, and that is no small recommendation of an author in the eyes of those from whom he would wish to find encouragement and employment. Let it be remembered, too, that nearly the whole of our great men ascribe the extent and success of their labours to their having accustomed themselves to go early to bed, and rise early in the morning, and to this many have attributed their excellent health and length of life. We can at least speak for ourselves, not that we rise particularly early, but that we follow a rule of going early to bed, and insuring, as far as possible, a good sound sleep. Sound sleep is in fact indispensable to the health of men daily engaged in literary pursuits; without this species of pacification, the nervous system becomes overwrought, and bad health in various distressing forms is the result. Let it therefore not be forgotten that early rising is valuable only so far as it insures early retiring to bed, and the habitual tranquillisation of sleep.

Homer, Horace, Virgil, and numerous other ancient writers, were early risers. But not to go back to so remote a period, let us restrict our examples within the last three centuries. Sir Thomas More, who assures us it was by stealing time from his sleep and meals that he was enabled to complete his 'Utopia,' made it his invariable practice to rise at four; and he became so well convinced of the excellence of the habit, that he represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before daybreak. When Bishop Burnet was at college, his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock; and he continued the practice of early rising to the end of his life. Bishop Horne states, that during the composition of his very excellent version of the 'Psalms,' 'he arose invariably fresh as the morning to his task.' Sir Matthew Hale always rose early, and studied sixteen hours a-day. Addison, when sojourning at Blois, rose as early as between two and three in summer, but remained in bed till eleven or twelve in the depth of winter. Dr Doddridge says it is to his habit of early rising that the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works. Fabricius states that 'Linnæus arose very early in summer, mostly about four o'clock; at six he came and break-

fasted with us, about one-eighth of a league distant from his residence, and there gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants, which generally lasted until ten.' Dr Tissot says that Zimmerman was accustomed to rise very early in the morning, and wrote several hours before he began his professional visits. Paley, who in the early part of his college career frittered his time away in the society of idle and extravagant acquaintances, was one morning awakened at five o'clock by a friend, who reproached him with the waste of his time, and of his strong faculties of mind. Struck with the justice of the rebuke, Paley, from that time forward, rose at five o'clock every morning, and continued the practice ever after. It is easy to conceive how this excellent reform contributed to the achievement of the celebrity of the author of 'Evidences of Christianity,' 'Moral Philosophy,' &c. Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four; and Dr Parkhurst the philologist at five in summer and six in winter, in the latter season always making his own fire. Franklin and Priestley, among our philosophers, were early risers. It is to the hours he gained by early rising that we owe the numerous volumes which issued from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. He rose at five o'clock, and lit his own fire when the season required one. By six o'clock he was seated at his desk, which he did not leave till breakfast time, between nine and ten. After breakfast he devoted two hours more to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad, he remained at work incessantly all the morning; but his general rule was to be out on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of uninterrmitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness.

PLEASURES OF LABOUR.

It is not uncommon to hear mechanics and other working men repining at their lot in life, especially as compared with that of such as are engaged in the learned professions. In hours of despondency, those are imagined to be happy who are freed from the necessity of manual labour, whether as men of wealth or of letters. Contentment is the best policy. All is not gold that glitters. Inaction is not ease. Money will not purchase happiness. Lords and ladies are often very wretched people; and the instances are numerous in which even kings have thought men of humble stations the happiest. M. d'Alembert relates that Frederick, king of Prussia, once said to him, as they were walking together in the gardens of Sans Souci, 'Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably happier than either of us.' So also Henry IV. exclaims, in Shakspeare—

> 'Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
> And in the calmest and most stillest night,
> With all appliances and aids to boot,
> Deny it to a king?'

which may remind us of a saying of a greater and wiser king than either: 'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.' And before I dismiss my royal witnesses, let me cite King James I. of England, who used to say that the happiest lot in life was that which set a man below the office of a justice of the peace, and above that of a petty constable. The truth is, labour is not an evil. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' sounds like a curse, but has been made a blessing by our benign Creator. Health, strength, and cheerfulness are promoted by the proper use of our bodily powers. Among the Jews, labour was accounted so honourable and so necessary, that every man used to be bred to some trade, that so he might have a resource in case of misfortune. The same sentiment has prevailed in other Eastern nations. One of the Hebrew rabbies has the surname of the Shoemaker, and another of the Baker. Sir Paul Ricaut somewhere mentions that the Grand Seignior, to whom he was ambassador, had been taught to make wooden spoons. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that mental exertion is less wearing than the labour of the hands. Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artisan feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and their meagre frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale than their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: 'Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work.'—*The Working Man; an American publication.*

BROTHER MAN!

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

God is One, and we are Two—
Brother man, brother man!
Wherefore make so much ado?
Why should differ I and thou?
God is One, and we are Two—
Brother man, brother man!

We are wrong, and God is right—
Brother man, brother man!
Why should difference end in fight?
Why should good be quelled by might?
We are wrong, and God is right—
Brother man, brother man!

We are beads, and God the string—
Brother man, brother man!
If we do not closely cling,
Snapped will be the jewelled ring;
We are beads, and God the string—
Brother man, brother man!

We are parts, and God is All—
Brother man, brother man!
Should our body's members brawl,
Would it not the brain appal?
We are parts, and God is All—
Brother man, brother man!

We are limbs, and God the Head—
Brother man, brother man!
Were the arms to contest led,
Bruises o'er the frame would spread;
We are limbs, and God the Head—
Brother man, brother man!

We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!
Let to him each heart aspire,
As to heaven flameth fire;
We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!

God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!
All mankind shall brethren be,
Like the stars in unity—
God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!

THE POET.

In a poet worthy of that name, the powers of intellect are indissolubly interwoven with the moral feelings, and the exercise of his art depends not more on the perfection of the one than of the other. The poet who does not feel nobly and justly, as well as passionately, will never permanently succeed in making others feel: the forms of error and falseness, infinite in number, are transitory in duration: truth of thought and sentiment, but chiefly of sentiment, truth alone is eternal and unchangeable.—*Carlyle's Life of Schiller.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 172. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1847. Price 1½d.

ONE AND ALL.

The great mistake of the selfish and the predacious lies in supposing that their own interests can be regularly and securely advanced by throwing the interests of their fellow-creatures at their feet. The fact is, that though one may occasionally be successful to some extent in his efforts to benefit himself at the expense of his neighbours, or by a complete neglect of their interests, there is no dependence to be placed on efforts made in such circumstances; and favourable probabilities are never great, except where the interests of others have also been held in view.

We see a lively illustration of this principle in the affairs of trade. What are usually the most prosperous *concerns?* Not those which are indifferent to the public conveniency or interest; which prefer high to moderate profits; which resist, as long as they can, all improvements by which production and distribution may be made more economical, and therefore cheaper. No: but those which strain to subserve the public needs in every available way, and which seek not how to make dear, but how to make cheap. It is notorious that the manufacturers of England are the most prosperous class. Generally speaking, those concerned in agriculture are at the opposite end of the scale. Why is this? It is because, in manufactures, ever since they commenced amongst us, the leading object has been to produce as economically as possible: the constant tendency has been towards giving the public the utmost possible comfort and enjoyment at the lowest possible cost; while, in agriculture, the interests of the public have been always held as secondary, or rather altogether disregarded. It is, therefore, only right and fitting that the manufacturer should be rewarded with comparatively a high degree of prosperity. He prospers, because, where means are economically applied, there is always most to spare—most generosity in the thing itself towards those dealing in it. The other fails, because poverty naturally attends ill-applied means. To all connected with the respective systems, there is the like measure of resulting benefit. The operatives and servants in the one case receive largely, because of the greater success of the undertakings in which they are engaged. In the other case, they pine on comparatively small dispensings, wrung from a system which the selfish principle has blighted.

However oddly it may sound, benevolence towards the public is the root of all trading success. A man must really wish to do his best to serve his fellow-creatures, and promote their comfort and wellbeing, before he can actually do it; and his actually doing it is indispensable to his own personal success. He must therefore be, as a first and all-important requisite, a benevolent man. Not that the selfish men will not prosper also, or that benevolent men will not fail. But the man who, with other favourable qualities, is animated by a wish to act in that way which will be most beneficial to his fellow-creatures—he is the man most likely, all common conditions being equal, to carry away the palm. We mean that benevolence is the only safe principle to proceed upon. Take the common ideas respecting trading success, and it will be found that they can all be resolved into this principle. The courtesy expected of the tradesman, his patient attendance, his promptitude to serve, his anxiety to have the best goods at the cheapest charges, are all benevolences towards the public. The success he looks for is but a return of love for love on their part. So he is properly no more selfish in his acts as an upright, well-meaning tradesman, than the philosopher or preacher is selfish who says, 'Love one another;' meaning that by A loving B, B will love A in return, and society be thus sweetened. We thoroughly believe that all the nobly successful men of business would be found to acknowledge that they had thriven because they all along sincerely aimed at what was primarily for the benefit of the public. They would all be found to have been liberal, and not scrubby, in their dealings, and to have in everything studied how they could best second the wishes of their friends and customers to make a certain sum of money go as far as possible for the supply of common human needs.

It is on the same principle that improvements tending to the public conveniency and gratification are usually attended by superior profits to those concerned in effecting them. When the railway, with its frequent trains, always sure of giving accommodation, its certainty and rapidity of transit, and the rationality and courtesy of its officials, is substituted for the uncertainty, the narrow accommodations, the slowness, of the comparatively expensive stage-coach, with its barbarian attendants requiring to be bribed into a rough civility, the public feels the benefit to be great; and railways, accordingly, are much resorted to. Hence, while the absolute amount of income from railways exceeds that from all former modes of travelling in an immense degree, the relative success is also great. It is so in the direct ratio of the greater serviceableness of railways to the public; and no one can say that it is not deserved. This should be considered as a great encouragement to those who desire to promote or undertake practical improvements of any kind. There is certainly no department of business, of an important character, which is at present ill done, and attended accordingly by paltry gains, but what might be made the basis of what is called a fortune to persons sufficiently ingenious and energetic to effect an improvement. Take, for example, the hackney-carriages of any of our cities. The circumstances in which these are at present conducted, are such as to be extremely uncomfortable to the public. For one thing, it

seems quite impossible for a stranger to hire such a vehicle without being grossly overcharged at the end of his drive. The appointed fares, though not too high, perhaps, when we consider the plan on which the business is conducted, are not such as to be very convenient for the mass of the public. Unfortunately, however, even when the stranger offers, at the end of his drive, 20 or 30 per cent. above the real fare, it is ten to one that he does not escape without rude demands for more, against which there is practically no redress. Here is a trade which may be said to bear a malevolent aspect towards the public. It stands on the principle of extorting as much as it can, without making even the profession of a wish to be obliging and civil in return. It is, therefore, not in a state which can be satisfactory to itself, any more than to the public. A company is proposing to put it on the opposite footing of benevolence towards the public; that is to say, to furnish carriages at 33⅓ per cent. less fares, and these to be provided with mechanism which will determine the distance passed over with unfailing accuracy, so that overcharges, and all disputes attending upon them, will no longer be to be dreaded. Should this plan be realised with the requisite skill and energy, and should the fares prove to be not below what expenses would demand, it can scarcely fail to be successful to the profit of its originators, for the public must of course give it a preference. The success of such a concern is not a mere commonplace; it is a fact bearing strongly on the philosophy of social happiness. The Mile Index Cab Company, or by whatever other name it is called, will get its better profits precisely as we get affection from our children—by being kind to them; or as the amiable man acquires popularity—by loving, and therefore being in return beloved.

Unfortunately, there is a drawback from the prosperity of benevolent systems and practices—that all such are continually in the way of sustaining damage from affairs of an opposite kind. The manufacturer, for example, is impeded and injured because food, the grand material of his exertions, is not as yet obtainable on the same economical principle as his wares. Every enlightened and gracious thing in our state has to struggle with the taxing barbarisms which surround it on every side. The liberal-dealing country is condemned to precarious markets, in consequence of the prevalence of opposite principles in neighbouring countries. Another influence acts detrimentally: it is the prevalence of mean suspicions that men who act disinterestedly have a sinister object in view. The world has been so much accustomed to see things conducted on selfish principles, that it can hardly be brought to believe in the possibility of virtue. If the upright man be successful, he is just the more likely to be made a mark for malevolence. We know parties who systematically withdraw all friendship from men as soon as they assume the appearance of success. Every person, however, who does his duty, must be prepared to withstand or disregard such influences and feelings. Engaged in a great and noble enterprise, he must learn to pity detractors, and draw happiness from the consciousness of integrity.*

It is to be lamented that there is so little unanimity with respect to individual and general interests. Could mankind be persuaded to view the subject on all its sides, they would find that there is no such thing as an individual or isolated interest in this world. It is the short-sighted alone who think so; and bitterly do they, in general, pay for the error. The true test of everything that professes to be of a beneficial character is—Is it for the benefit of ONE AND ALL? The ordinance for the social state of man has introduced this mutual dependence of interests. Everything that mars or thwarts it, is naught, and can hardly come to good. It is only by a reverent attention to it, that the happiness of each unit can be attained.

* Conversing the other day with a merchant from the United States, he said that, professionally, he remarked a striking difference between the feelings of tradesmen with respect to each other in Great Britain and America. In some places in England and Scotland, any man's success seemed to be too frequently considered a loss to others; whereas the more common doctrine in America is, that individual is inseparable from general prosperity, and is matter for rejoicing accordingly. We give this as the impression of a man of some experience, without vouching for its general accuracy.

THE TWO HOMES.

A STORY FOR WIVES.

OUR story begins—as most other stories terminate—with a wedding. And yet how often is marriage but the entrance-gate of life, when the romantic girl must inevitably merge into the thinking and acting woman, and she who has hitherto lived within herself and to herself, must learn to live for another. She steps from the altar into a new existence, requiring new energies and new feelings; she enters on a path as yet untried, in which there is much to be overcome, and in which she has need of all help from her own heart and from Heaven.

Mr Stratford, the rich banker, gave away at the marriage altar, on the same day, his only daughter and his niece. The fortunate bridegroom who won the former was Sir Francis Lester, a baronet of ancient and honourable family. The husband of the latter was of lower standing in society—plain Henry Wolferstan, Esq. a gentleman whose worldly wealth consisted in that often visionary income, a 'small independence,' added to an office under government which yielded a few hundreds per annum. These were the two who carried away in triumph the beautiful heiress and the graceful but portionless niece of Mr Stratford.

With the usual April tears, the two young brides departed. A stately carriage-and-four conveyed Sir Francis and Lady Lester to the hall of a noble relative; while the humbler railway whirled Henry and Eunice Wolferstan to the antique country mansion, where a new mother and sisters awaited the orphan. And thus passed the honeymoon of both cousins, different, and yet the same; for in the lordly abode, and in the comfortable dwelling of an English squire, was alike the sunshine of first, young, happy love.

In a few weeks the two couples came home. How sweet the word sounded, 'our home!' What a sunny vista of coming years does it open to the view, of joys to be shared together, and cares divided—that seem, when thus lightened, no burden at all. Sir Francis Lester forgot his dignity in his happiness as he lifted his young wife from her downy-cushioned equipage, and led her through a lane of smiling, bowing, white-ribboned domestics, up the noble staircase of his splendid house in —— Square. Hand in hand the happy pair wandered through the magnificent rooms, in which taste refined and increased the luxuries of wealth. Emily was never weary of admiring, and her husband only looked in her eyes for his delight and reward. At last, exhausted with her pleasure, Lady Lester threw herself on a damask couch. 'I can do no more to-day; I am quite wearied.'

'Wearied of home—of me—of what?' said Sir Francis smiling.

'No, no,' answered the bride, looking proudly at her husband, and playing with his jewelled fingers; 'only wearied with being so happy.'

'I hope you may always have that excuse, dearest. But now we must not give way to laziness: my mother is coming to-night, you know; and I want my Emily to be brilliant and beautiful—more than usual, if possible.'

'Indeed I do not care: all the mothers in the world would not induce me to rise and have the fatigue of dressing and dining in state to-night.'

Sir Francis looked annoyed; but he had been married too short a time to do more than look. 'As you will, Emily,' he said; 'but I wished——'

There was something in his tone that made the wife look up. She saw the expression, and repented. 'You wished—and I will do anything you wish, now and always,' whispered her beautiful lips in his ear, and the

shadow was gone from between the two—swept away by the touch of love.

Half a mile from the abode of Sir Francis Lester was the home of Mr and Mrs Wolferstan. It was one of those pleasant houses that a generation now past used to erect in the suburbs of London. White, modern-built terraces and formal squares have risen up around, but the old houses still remain here and there, with their barrier of trees, or low privet hedges, against the dusty road; their little gardens and brown walls covered with ivy, or woodbine, or thick-leaved vines. To one of these pretty dwellings Henry Wolferstan brought home his bride.

It was an evening in September, chilly enough to make a fire welcome, when Henry and Eunice sat for the first time by their own hearth together. The ruddy firelight gleamed on the young wife's face as she presided at the tea-table; while her husband, resting at his ease in an arm-chair, watched with his affectionate eyes every movement of the delicate little hand that flitted about in matronly dignity. How happy they were! After all the trials of a love whose course had been often ruffled by worldly cares and hindrances, to find themselves at last in a still haven—a happy, wedded home! Eunice looked round the cheerful room; the books, the well-chosen prints, silent, beautiful companions, which they both loved so much; and the open pianoforte—all seemed to speak of future comfort and happiness. And then she saw beside her the face that had been for years the sunshine of her life, and knew that he was her husband; that they would never be parted more; that the love between them would be as an ever-living fountain, daily springing up anew to freshen and brighten their united life. All this came upon the full heart of the young wife, and she fairly burst into tears. Happy, blessed tears they were, quickly kissed away, and changed into smiles!

Many and many a time in after-years did the young couple call to mind that first happy evening in their own home—how they looked over their treasures, their household gods! and Eunice touched her new piano, and sang; but her voice trembled; so at last they came and sat by the fireside—like John Anderson and his spouse, as Henry laughingly said—and built castles in the air; the jests always ending in seriousness, for they were too happy to be very mirthful.

Time glides away fast enough with every one, and most of all with those whose life is untroubled. Eunice had been married six months before she began to think how long it was since she had resigned her hand into Henry's loving keeping. Yet short as the time seemed, it was sufficient to make the former life of both appear like a dream. They had already settled down into a calm, sedate married pair. Sometimes people jested with them upon restricted freedom and marriage fetters; but Henry Wolferstan only laughed—he was ever of a merry mood—and asked if any man or woman, single or not, could ever truly say they had their *liberty*. And in good truth it is well it should be so; for such liberty would be a sore burden sometimes.

Mrs Wolferstan still kept up her intercourse with her cousin, for Emily was of too generous a disposition to make the difference in station a bar to such old friendship. Still there was in the world's eyes a distinction between the wife of a rich baronet and of a gentleman of limited income; and, still more than this, there was the difference of habits, thoughts, feelings, which the position of the two cousins naturally brought about; so that, if the intercourse of the two wives gradually narrowed, it was not very surprising. Eunice never returned from the square, which breathed the very atmosphere of gaiety and splendour, without feeling a sense of relief on entering the quiet precincts of her own home.

One day she came earlier than usual to visit Lady Lester, whom she found still in her dressing-room. Emily lay seemingly half-asleep; but when Eunice drew aside the rose-coloured curtains, and let in the warm noon sunshine, she saw the pale face and swollen eyes that were beneath the rich lace cap. Before she had time to speak, Lady Lester observed, 'Well, Eunice, my husband and I have had our first quarrel.'

'I am sorry—truly sorry. And Sir Francis——'

'Do not speak of him: he is unkind, proud, obstinate.'

'Hush!' said Eunice, laying her finger on Emily's lips; 'you must not speak thus—not even to your cousin.'

'I must tell you—I will not be contradicted,' answered the young beauty resolutely. And Mrs Wolferstan thought that to listen would perhaps be the wisest course, though she knew the evil of such confidences in general.

'I do not see half enough of my husband,' continued Emily. 'He is always going out—not with me, but alone, or with that disagreeable mother of his, whom I hate to see in my house; yet she makes it like her own, and I am thought nobody—I, the wife of Sir Francis! I intreated him this morning not to ask her so much, to let her leave us alone together, and that he would stay at home a little more. But he was very angry: not passionate, for that he never is—I often wish he were—it would be better than his cold formal manner when he is displeased.'

'Was that all?' asked Eunice.

'Not quite. I told him he ought not to leave me so much—that I would not suffer it. And he answered in his quiet way, "When Lady Lester makes her society not quite so dull, it will have more charms for her husband." And so he went away. I will make him repent it, though,' said Emily, while the hot flush mounted on her brow. Eunice saw at once that it was no time for even gentle reproofs, and besides, Emily was not all in the wrong; there was much to be laid to the charge of her husband also. Scarcely had Mrs Wolferstan succeeded in calming her friend, and just as she was beginning to think how she might best frame salutary but tender advice, the mother-in-law of Lady Lester entered.

The hasty greeting between the wife and mother of Sir Francis showed mutual dislike. Eunice contrasted the tall, harsh-voiced, frigid lady before her with the gentle woman who was Henry's mother, and her own, too, in love, which made the formidable title of mother-in-law but a name for a most sweet bond. Thinking of this, how much she pitied Emily! Had she not heard the confession of her cousin, the one half-hour during which she listened painfully to the abrupt, coldly polite, or sarcastic speeches that passed between the lady and her son's wife, was enough to convince Eunice that she was in a house of strife. She rose to depart; for it was vain to hope for more conversation with Emily. As she bade her cousin adieu in the anteroom, Eunice could just find time to whisper, 'Dearest Emily, when I married, a wise and true friend said to me, "Take care of the *first* quarrel!" I did so: Henry and I have not had our first quarrel yet. Listen to me. At all risks, end yours; make any sacrifices to be friends; and never, never have another. God bless and help you! and good-by.'

The wise Solomon says, 'The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water.' Alas! if they who first open the fountain did but know into what a fearful river of wo it soon swells, sweeping away everything in its overwhelming tide. Emily Lester was wise enough to follow her cousin's advice; she did make up the quarrel, as a loving and still beloved wife almost always can, and no other tie has the same influence. But Sir Francis, though gifted with many high qualities, was a difficult temper to bear with and guide. His character and pursuits were fixed before he married; his wife must mould her nature to his, for he would never bend his to hers. He loved Emily fondly, but he regarded her, probably from the difference in their years, more as a plaything than an equal. After the silken fetters of the lover were broken, he would never brook the shadow of control. To give him an idea that

he was ruled, was to lose that power for ever. Emily had truly called him obstinate; for the same quality that made him firm in a good purpose, made him resolute in an erring one. To thwart him, was but to strengthen his iron will. Yet he was a man of high principle and feeling; but he required to be lured by smiles to a cheerful home, instead of being driven away by frowns and murmurs.

Let us pass over another year, and again visit the two homes. A mother's bliss had come to both: the heir of Sir Francis Lester was received with triumphant joy, and cradled in satin and down; while the first-born of Henry Wolferstan was laid in its mother's bosom with a tearful but not less happy welcome. Life had become very sweet to Henry and Eunice; their cup of joy was running over. Too much bliss is a snare to the wisest; and therefore, perhaps, it was for the best that, before many months had passed over the babe whose advent had given so much happiness, a shadow gathered on the path of the young parents.

Eunice sat waiting for her husband's daily return from town. Sleep had closed the eyes of her little Lily —the child's name was Lavinia, but they called her Lily, and very like was she to that sweet flower, especially now as she lay asleep, like a lily folded among its leaves. Eunice's fingers were busy in fabricating a christening robe for her darling; and the mother's heart kept pace with their quick movements, travelling over future years, until she smiled at herself to think how earnestly she had been considering the making of the bridal dress of the babe of three months old that lay unconsciously sleeping by her side.

A little later than his accustomed hour—for he was generally very punctual—Henry came in. He looked pale, and his eye was troubled, but he kissed his wife with his usual affection, perhaps even more. Still, Eunice saw that all was not right. She waited for him to tell her: he always did; but this night he was silent. A few passing questions Eunice put, but they were answered so shortly, that the wife saw that that plan would never do; so she tried to distract his attention by speaking of Lily and the christening.

'See, Henry, how beautiful she will look in her robe—the darling!' said the mother, unfolding it, and displaying the delicate fabric.

Henry covered his face. 'Take it away!' he said, in tones of deep pain. 'I cannot think of such things. Eunice, I ought to tell you, and yet I dare not.'

'What is it you dare not tell me, my own Henry?' said Eunice, softly putting her arm round his neck. 'Nothing wrong, I am sure; and even if so, you know I will forgive.'

'I have not done wrong, Eunice; it might be foolish, but it was not wrong.'

'What was it, Henry, love?' said a voice so low, that it might have only been that of his own heart urging the confession.

'I will tell you. You know my brother George, how wild he is, and always was? Well, he came to me a year ago: he had a good situation offered him, but they required a surety; and George implored me on his knees to save him, and give him a chance of reforming. I did so. I was bound for him to the extent of our little all—poor Lily's fortune—and he has just fled to America—a thief! defrauding his master, and also me. Eunice, we have now only my salary to live upon. This is the trouble that weighs me down.'

'Is that all?' said the wife. 'Then we will bear it together. It is nothing — nothing,' and she smiled through her tears.

Her husband looked surprised. 'Eunice, do you know that we shall be much poorer than we are now? that we must give up many comforts? and the poor babe growing up too. Oh how foolish I have been!'

'Never mind the past now, dear Henry: I have only one thing to complain of—that you did not tell me sooner.'

'You have indeed a right to do so,' said Henry slowly and painfully. 'I know it: I have brought this upon you; I have made my wife poor.'

Eunice looked at her husband with eyes overflowing with love. 'Henry,' she answered, 'since you speak thus, I also must think of myself. I must remember that I brought you no fortune; that I owe all to you—home, food, raiment; that, in making me your wife, the gifts were all on your side, for I had nothing. When I consider this, what right have I to complain of reduced luxuries—nay, even of poverty?'

'You are my own noble-minded wife,' cried Henry, folding her in his arms. 'The richest treasure I ever had was the woman's heart you brought me.'

Thus even adverse fortune without could only throw a passing shadow on that blessed, united home.

The birth of their son drew a little nearer the hearts of Sir Francis Lester and his wife, but their life had been too long a troubled current to receive more than a temporary calm. When Sir Francis stooped from his usual dignified reserve to fondle his child, with the pride of a new-made father, these caresses, after the first pleasure was over, gave a jealous pang to Emily's heart. She was absolutely jealous of the babe, attributing her husband's more frequent society to his delight in his son and heir. She even doubted the increased fondness of manner that he evinced towards herself; until, repulsed by her coldness and vague hints, he again sought abroad the comfort that was denied him in his splendid but joyless home.

From that home Sir Francis became more and more estranged. His wife rarely saw him in the day, and midnight often found him absent. If she complained, or questioned him whither he was going, or where he had been, his sole answer was silence or haughty reserve. In the early days of their marriage, Emily had often won her way, even against her husband's will, by tears or caresses. But the former were useless now; the latter she was too proud to try. Only the shadow of her olden love lingered in the wife's heart, and in its stead had come distrust, and jealousy, and wounded pride.

One morning daybreak saw Lady Lester returning from a ball alone, for her husband now seldom accompanied her. As she entered, her first inquiry of the heavy-eyed domestic was if his master had returned. He had not; and this was only one of many nights that Sir Francis had outstayed the daylight. Lady Lester compressed her lips in anger, and retired; but she had scarcely gained her room ere Sir Francis entered.

'You are out late?' said Emily. He made no answer. 'Where have you been?' she continued.

'Nowhere of consequence, at least not to you.'

'Sir Francis Lester, you are mistaken,' answered Emily, trying to speak calmly, though she trembled violently. 'I have a right to know where you go and what you do—the right of a wife.'

'Do not annoy yourself and me; I never interfere with your proceedings.'

'Because you know there is no evil in them. I have nothing to hide which you have.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because, if you were not doing wrong, why should you stay out night after night, as now? There must be a cause for this; and shall I tell you what I think—what the world thinks? That you gamble!'

'The world lies!' cried Sir Francis, the words hissing through his white lips; but he became calm in a moment. 'I beg your pardon, Lady Lester; I will say good-night.'

'Answer me, Francis!' said his wife much agitated. 'Where do you go, and why? Only tell me.'

'I will not,' replied he. 'The curiosity of a wife who doubts her husband is not worth satisfying. Good-night.'

Emily pressed her throbbing forehead against the cushions of a sofa, and wept long in silence and solitude. Ere morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, she had resolved what to do. 'I will know, muttered the un-

happy wife, as she thought over the plan on which she had determined. 'Come what may, I will know where he goes. He shall find I am equal to him yet.'

Two days after, Sir Francis Lester, his wife, and mother, were seated at the well-lighted dinner-table. There was no other guest—a rare circumstance, for a visitor was ever welcome to break the dull tedium of a family *tête-à-tête*. Alas for those homes in which such is the case! Silently and formally sat Lady Lester at the head of her husband's table. How cheerless it was in its cold grandeur! with the servants gliding stealthily about, and the three who owned this solemn state exchanging a few words of freezing civility, and then relapsing into silence. When the servants had retired, Sir Francis uttered a few remarks in his usual tone—perhaps a little kinder than ordinary—to his wife; but she made no effort to reply, and he turned to his mother. They talked a while, and then the elder Lady Lester rose to retire.

Emily's pale cheek grew a shade whiter as she said, 'Before we leave, I have a word to say to my husband.'

Sir Francis lifted his eyes, and his mother observed sharply, 'Perhaps I had better retire?'

'As you will,' Lady Lester replied with a sneering emphasis. Oh how different from sweet Emily Stratford of old! 'But it might be an unpleasant novelty to Sir Francis to hear his wife without his mother's presence!'

'What is all this?' coldly said the husband.

'Merely, Sir Francis, that what you refused to tell me, I have learned. I know where, and how, you pass the evenings in which your wife is not worthy to share your society; I know also where you spent last night. A noble thing, a very noble thing for Sir Francis Lester to be squandering his own—ay, and his wife's—fortune in a gaming-house!'

Sir Francis started from the table. 'It is false!' he said, while the blue veins rose like knots on his forehead.

'It is true,' Emily answered. 'I know it.'

'May I ask how?'

'By the evidence of one who saw you enter the house.'

'And shall I tell you, Francis, how that evidence was gained?' said his mother in the calm biting tone she well knew how to use. 'I now see why Lady Lester gave yesterday and to-day two such long audiences to her father's old servant, and why she needed his assistance so much—to be a spy upon her husband!'

Sir Francis clenched his hands involuntarily, and looking fixedly at his wife, said, in a tone so low and suppressed that it became almost a whisper, 'Emily Lester, is this true?'

Much as Lady Lester had erred, she was not yet so far advanced in the ways of wrong as to veil that error by a falsehood; she answered steadily, though a deep blush spread itself over her face and neck, 'Yes it is!'

Her husband, to Emily's great surprise, did not answer a syllable. His head was bent, and his features immovable. He offered no justification, uttered no reproaches, and his silence irritated her beyond all bounds. Amidst violent bursts of sobbing, she poured out a torrent of recriminations: all her forced calmness had departed, and she upbraided Sir Francis with the bitterness of an injured wife.

'I have endured too long—I will endure no more,' she cried. 'You trust me not, and therefore you cannot love me. I will go to one who does both—my kind, dear father. I will leave you—we must part.'

'We *will* part,' said Sir Francis in a tone of freezing coldness, that went like an ice-bolt to Emily's heart. Her husband rose up, walked slowly and firmly to the door, but when he reached it, he staggered, and felt about for the handle, like one who was blind. In another minute the hall door closed, and he was gone.

Emily sat as he had left her, but her tears flowed no longer: she was as still and white as a marble statue. The mother-in-law stormed, sneered, reviled; but she might as well have talked to the dead. At last she went away. When the servants entered to remove the dessert, they found their mistress still in her seat, half-leaning on the table, but perfectly insensible.

Eunice Wolferstan was roused from the contemplation of her own reverses to soothe the unfortunate Emily. For two days, during which her delirium lasted, no news of Sir Francis came to his wife. His supposed guilt became as nothing compared to the fear lest he should take her wild words in earnest, and that they should part. But this fear soon became an agonizing certainty. In a letter to Emily's father, Sir Francis declared his intention to return no more to the home his wife occupied; that all her own fortune, and a portion of his, should be settled upon her, but that henceforth they must be separated. In vain the poor old father, his natural anger subdued by witnessing the agony of his child, pleaded for her. Sir Francis was resolute. That his wife should have dared to discover what he chose to conceal, was a deep offence in his eyes; but that she should have set a servant to watch him—no power on earth would have made the haughty Sir Francis Lester forgive that.

The desolate wife prayed her cousin to try her power to soften his obstinate will; for Sir Francis had ever respected the high but gentle spirit of Eunice. She went, strong in her woman's influence: her words touched even him, as she could see by the changing of his countenance. He bore more from her than from any one; for man will sometimes bow to the sway of a high-souled, pure-minded woman, when he will not listen to his brother man. Eunice pleaded Emily's sorrow—her love; but all failed to move Sir Francis. Then she spoke of the child; and at the mention of his boy, she saw the very lips of Sir Francis quiver.

'You will take him away from her? Poor Emily's heart will break to lose both husband and child.'

'Mrs Wolferstan, I wish to be just to myself—not cruel to her. I would not take the child from his mother, though it is hard to part with my boy.' And the father's voice trembled, until, erring as she thought him, Eunice felt compassion for the stern, unyielding, yet broken-hearted man.

'Oh,' she thought, 'had poor Emily only known how to guide this lofty spirit.'

Sir Francis continued, 'When Lady Lester and I are parted, I could wish the world to know as little about the fact as possible. You can say incompatibility of temper was the cause, or anything you will; but let there be no shadow cast on her fair fame—or mine.'

'Emily need fear none,' answered Eunice. 'And you——'

Sir Francis drew up his tall figure proudly—'Nor I neither, Mrs Wolferstan. To a wife who insults her husband by mean suspicions, no explanations are due. But I owe it to myself to say, and I wish you to know also, that Emily was deceived; that I never stooped to a vice so detestable as gambling; and that the nights I spent in torture amidst scenes I loathe, were devoted to the attempt to save from ruin a friend whom I loved as a brother. Now judge me as you will.'

Eunice could only mourn that the little cloud which had risen between the husband and wife had so darkened the vision of both. But it was past now: no peace-making could restore the alienated love. Once only did Sir Francis and his wife meet: it was on the signing of the deed of settlement. A cold bend of salutation was all that passed between the two who had once loved so fondly. Sir Francis preserved his old reserve and calmness of manner; Emily strove to maintain equal composure, and the excitement of her mind gave her strength. Sir Francis placed his signature on the fatal parchment, and then her father led Emily to the table. She gave one wild imploring look at her husband—but his face seemed passionless: there was no hope. She took the pen, wrote her name, her fingers, her whole frame, grew rigid, and without a sigh or moan she fainted at his feet.

It was over: Sir Francis went abroad: and the young wife, widowed by her own deed, was left alone. But

for the babe who remained to cling round her neck, and look at her with eyes like those of the husband whom she had lost, Emily's reason would have left her. The magnificent house was closed; and she took up her abode in the home from which she had been taken a beautiful and happy bride. Thither the loving care of Eunice followed her still; and Emily gradually became calmer, and wiser, and better, under the guidance of her cousin. Eunice's own path was far from smooth. In her first high-hearted fearlessness of poverty, her very ignorance had made her courageous. Now she came to experience how bitter are those trifling but gnawing cares that those who have known the comfort of easy circumstances feel so keenly; how wearying is the constant struggle to spin a sovereign into the longest thread of gold-wire possible. The grim ogre, poverty, whom the brave heart of Eunice had at first repulsed so cheerfully and boldly, had his revenge by all sorts of sly assaults. But in time she bore them better, and felt them less; and it was a balm to all sorrow to know how much she was loved, ay, and reverenced too, as a good and virtuous wife, 'whose price is above rubies,' ought to be by her husband. And day by day were their hearts knitted together. She, in loving obedience, yielded willingly, and therefore most sweetly, bending her mind to his in all good things; and he guiding and protecting her, as the stronger should the weaker, in a union in which neither ought to strive for the pre-eminence, unless it be the pre-eminence of love.

For two years only was Eunice fated to know the soreness of altered fortunes. Conscience overtook the brother whose sin had caused so much pain: he died, and restored all to the master whom he had defrauded. The master was a just man, and dealt equally well with Henry Wolferstan; so that fortune again smiled upon him. He left the small house where Eunice had learned the hard lesson of poverty, and returned to the same pleasant home where he had brought his bride.

There, after four years had passed over her head, let us look at Eunice, now in the summer of womanhood, wifehood, motherhood. It was high summer too on the earth; and through the French windows of the room where Eunice sat, came the perfume of roses from the garden. Bees hummed among the leaves of the mulberry-tree, luring sweet Lily from her A B C to her favourite seat under its boughs. The child looked wistfully towards her little cousin, Sidney Lester, who was sporting among the flowers, and all her mother's words failed to attract her attention, until the lesson was happily broken in upon by a visitor. Lily scampered away—the unannounced guest entered—and Eunice looked upon the face of Sir Francis Lester!

She had never seen him since the day of the signing of the deed; and time, travel, it might be suffering, had changed him much. He looked now like a man whose prime was past; his hair was turning gray, and he had lost much of his stately carriage. When he spoke, too, there was a softness in his voice that it had not before; perhaps it was at the gentleness, even to tears, which Eunice evinced at seeing him so unexpectedly.

He said he had come on urgent business to England; he should soon return to Italy, and would not go without seeing Mrs Wolferstan. After a while he asked after his boy; and then Emily's name was on her husband's lips. As he spoke, he turned his head away, and looked out of the window, but immediately started back, saying, 'I understood—I heard—that Lady Lester was in the country?'

'She and Sidney returned to-day, but I feared to tell you they were here,' answered Eunice softly.

'Is that my boy? I must see him;' and the father's eyes eagerly returned to where Sidney stood on the garden seat, supporting himself by one rosy arm thrown round his mother's neck, as he pulled the mulberry-leaves within his reach. Emily sat still—not the brilliant Emily of yore, but calm, thoughtful, subdued: even the light of a mother's love could not altogether remove the soft sadness from her face. How little she knew whose eyes were gazing upon her now! 'I must speak to my Sidney,' at last said Sir Francis in changed and broken accents. 'Will you bring him to me?'

'They are coming now,' Eunice answered.

'Then I will retire to the other room: I cannot, I will not see *her*.' And Sir Francis, with his freezing manner of old, walked away just before Emily entered with her child.

'Sidney, come with me,' said Eunice, stooping over the boy to hide her agitation; 'some one wants to see you.'

'Who is it?' asked Emily.

'An old acquaintance; that is, a stranger,' hurriedly said Mrs Wolferstan, so new in the art of stratagem, that Emily at once guessed the fact. She trembled violently, and sat down; but when Eunice took Sidney's hand to lead him away, the mother interposed.

'Not so, Eunice; you cannot deceive me,' she said firmly. 'I see it all; and no one but myself shall take Sidney to his father, and my husband.' She lifted the boy in her arms, suffered Eunice to open the door, went in, and closed it after her.

For a whole half-hour, which seemed a day in length, did Eunice sit without, waiting for the result of that interview on which joy or misery, life or death, seemed to hang. She heard no sound; all was still. She hardly dared to hope; she could not even think; only her affectionate heart lifted up a wordless aspiration, too indistinct to be even a prayer.

At last the child's voice within called loudly and fearfully, 'Aunt Eunie—Aunt Eunie; come!' Eunice went trembling. Emily had fainted; but she lay in her husband's arms; her colourless face rested on his shoulder, and heavy tears were falling on that poor pale face from the stern eyes of Sir Francis Lester.

They were reconciled! Love had triumphed over pride, wrath, obstinacy; and the husband and wife were again reunited with an affection passing that even of bride and bridegroom, for it had been tried in the furnace of suffering, and had come out the pure gold of love—patient, long-enduring love.

In the home to which Sir Francis once more brought his loving and now worthily-beloved wife there was no more coldness, no dull weariness, no estrangement. Perhaps it was a fortunate thing for the married pair that the mother of Sir Francis could no longer dissever the bonds that closed again and for ever: she slept beneath a marble monument, as frigid, and stately, and hollow as she herself in life had been.

Perfect bliss is never known in this world; yet if there can be a heaven upon earth, it is that of a happy home, where love—not girlhood's romantic ideal, but strong, deep, all-hallowing, household love—is the sunshine that pervades everything within its charmed circle of union. With this blessed sunshine resting upon them, let us take our last look at the Two Homes.

VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

Among the noble monuments to the generosity of British charity, and to the expansiveness of its sympathy, there is not one which possesses more interest at the present moment than the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, recently opened in the vicinity of London. It is situated west from the metropolis, in the high road from Brompton to Fulham; and those who have a leisure hour to spare, will be well repaid for their time in inspecting the admirable internal arrangements of this institution. To others who are at a distance, I may be permitted to submit the following sketch of a visit recently made to it.

The locality in which it has been decided to erect this hospital is widely celebrated for its mild atmosphere, and has long been the resort of the consumptive, forbidden by circumstances, or the severity of their disease, to seek the genial air of the south. It is situated upon an open site, a little withdrawn from the highway, and commands from its summit, and from the windows

of the patients' wards, a very fair prospect, extending for some distance in the direction of Kensington and its vicinity. It is surrounded by a space of ground now being laid out as a garden, and intended for the exercise and amusement of such patients as are able to endure the exposure to open air: in fine weather, the invalids appear to take much pleasure in it. The structure itself rather resembles an Elizabethan palace than an hospital: it is built of red brick, relieved by copings and architectural ornaments of white sandstone. There is a profusion of these uncouth monstrosities in the shape of anomalous and unheard-of brutes, and hideous gaping heads, and grinning faces of every degree of deformity, which appear to form essential characters of that style of building; and which, if they serve no other end, are some of them ugly enough to provoke a smile upon the face of the most wo-begone tenant of the building. If there be any lovers of natural history among the patients, these ornaments are well calculated to throw an entirely new light upon their minds as to the relative proportions of the heads and bodies of animals: for the honour of the science, one cannot help hoping there really are no such half-starved lions and unicorns, and no such hybrid monsters in all creation, as are portrayed there. But this by the way. At present, from a deficiency of funds, the centre and right wing of the hospital is all that is yet completed; but when that difficulty is removed—I trust it will not long remain one—the building will form an elegant addition to the architectural ornaments of the metropolis, and will assume its proper rank as one of the 'lions' of London. Some idea of the character of the building may be formed from the fact, that the cost of the present portion of it has considerably exceeded thirteen thousand pounds, which does not include another large sum for its fitting up internally. But we have been long enough outside; let us enter. On entering, a remarkable sensation of warmth is experienced, which can be compared only to that of entering a thoroughly well-warmed and ventilated sitting-room. This feeling is in striking contrast with that commonly felt upon entering the chilly, ill-ventilated hall of other hospitals; and the total absence of the indefinable, close, disagreeable odour of a large medical institution, is particularly worthy of remark. Only those who will remember the irritable lungs of the consumptive, will appreciate this apparently trivial circumstance at its proper value. A handsome stone staircase, enriched with a fine-painted window, a gift from one of the governors, and illustrated with appropriate subjects, faces the entrance, and is the main communication between the male and female wards, which are upon different storeys of the building. I was first conducted to the basement, whither I would be accompanied by my reader.

One of the most interesting features of this hospital is the system of ventilation, which has been submitted to the care of the great thermal philosopher, Dr Arnott. The apparatus is on the basement floor, and is under the care of an engineer, who, according to the circumstances of the weather, and external temperature, is able, by a simple arrangement, to regulate the heat and supply of air to the remotest end of the entire structure. The air-engine room is a good-sized vault, at the opposite side of which the visitor will see a beam in motion, which, if he be anything of a mechanic, will forcibly remind him of some of the earlier forms of the steam-engine beam. It is of wood, having a segment of a circle at either end connected to the cord which moves the pistons, of which there is one at each end. These rise and fall alternately, in a long wooden chest, about seven feet in depth by fourteen in length, and about a yard in diameter. This chest is partly in the vault, and the farthest side of it is shut out of the vault by a wooden partition, which completely cuts off all communication between the hither and further divisions of the room. Thus three parts of the chest are in the vault on this side, and the remaining fourth opens into another room: through a door in the partition we enter into the other portion of the vault, and there we can form a clear conception of the object of this apparatus. This is a small room, and forms, in fact, the air-chamber of the ventilating machinery. In the side of the chest which looks into this room there are four large apertures, protected by a light grating of iron-wire, against which flaps of India-rubber cloth inside the chest are heard to strike at each motion of the piston, while in the intervals air is felt to rush rapidly through the uplifted flaps into the interior of the chest. Connected with this side of the chest is a subsidiary air receptacle, which appears to be a reservoir for the reception of any extra pressure of air in the apparatus. At the extremity of this room is an unglazed window, protected by wooden cross-bars, and having a shutter adapted to it in such a manner as to regulate the amount of air admitted to the air-chest by a very simple method—the shutter consisting of three hinged flaps, which can be laid back in succession, or brought forward to exclude a certain portion of air, if the supply be too abundant. The interior of the chest contains a set of double bellows, which are worked by the pistons, and expel the air into a common channel, which conveys it away. At present, the machinery is moved by hand-power, but a small steam-engine is being erected for this purpose. It is to work night and day without intermission. Returning to the other division of the vault, we observe at one side a recess, which contains the stoves. The heating apparatus is simple, and will be readily understood. It consists of two large Arnott stoves, which are surrounded by cases containing water, the whole being bricked in to economise the heat. Immediately above the stoves is a large reservoir of water, from the bottom of which two pipes proceed, and are connected to the water-cases surrounding the stoves. The water in the reservoir becomes heated by the circulation of the water through these pipes, the cold current descending by one, and the heated current ascending by the other. The air, after leaving the bellows, is conveyed by pipes through the cistern, and is thus exposed to the heat of the water; from hence it proceeds into a channel which conveys it throughout the hospital. During its passage through the reservoir, it acquires that degree of temperature which becomes requisite for the comfort of the patients, and which is regulated by simply supplying the stoves with more or less air for their consumption, the heat rising or falling accordingly. The sensation of the air, as it quits this apparatus, is most agreeable; it has none of the desiccating, mordant character of hot air in general; but it has a warm and balmy feel, which is quite a luxury on a cold day. There is a little recess in the wall, which forms a part of the hot-air channel, and is entered by a small door, in which I would recommend any one who has been made cold and peevish by a keen north-easter to stand for a few minutes, and he will find both temper and temperature to be rapidly restored to their equilibrium. Such is the anatomy of the very excellent lungs of the Consumptive Hospital. It is curious that what we may designate its digestive organs are the next in order, so that we proceed hence into the kitchen.

Much ingenuity has been exercised in this department also; and, totally apart from its gastronomic attractiveness, the kitchen has charms for the machinist of no common order. A very large fireplace, with its auxiliary ovens and hot closets, occupies one side of the room; near it is a variety of apparatus intended for steaming joints, &c. Four large saucepans for fish, vegetables, &c. occupy a small bench, and are connected with the steam-pipe by four stopcocks, by means of which the steam, when requisite, can be turned on to each. At another side of the kitchen is an arrangement of soup caldrons, labelled with the enticing announcements, 'Beef-tea,' 'Mutton-broth,' 'Arrowroot,' 'Coffee,' 'Chocolate,' 'Hot Milk,' &c. The contents of these are boiled by jets of steam being blown into each, which is both an economical and a very advantageous method. Two water-pipes, on swivel-joints, supply each caldron

with water when requisite. The kitchen culinary apparatus is supplied with steam from a small self-feeding steam-boiler, which, with its furnace, forms one side of the adjoining scullery. At one corner of the kitchen is the provision loft, a kind of well, up which the provisions are wound to the respective wards. On the whole, this kitchen, though not a very large one, is among the most complete of its kind, and is really a very brilliant and formidable affair, more particularly when at full work; and at that time its steaming caldrons, roaring fires, and bubbling pots, are calculated to impress the visitor's mind strongly with the idea that he is rather in some busy manufactory than simply in a mortal kitchen. I felt more than half-inclined to think it no bad thing, after all, to be an in-patient here; and I am free to confess that the bountifully-stored larder beyond did not form one of the least elements in this impression. The remainder of the basement is occupied by the out-patient department, the dispensary, physicians' rooms, &c. From hence up stairs.

The ground-floor is arranged into a number of moderate-sized wards, each distinguished by its appropriate title. This plan appears to me much preferable to the ordinary method of arranging the wards of an hospital into long, dreary, gaunt rooms, where dozens of beds form the eternal melancholy perspective, and where two or three deaths are certain to occur every week. Here each ward contains but five or six inmates, who may live in each other's society perhaps for months, unterrified by the forced contemplation of the frequent visits of the Great Destroyer, and who can congregate round the fireside, and thus, with some measure of success, beguile away the long and dull hours of their confinement. The female wards are upon this floor. A day-room, in which the stronger patients sit, where they read, and write, and chat, forms one portion of the extremity of the wing, and the pretty temporary chapel has been formed in a corresponding room at the other end. Between these two extremities is a long passage, well warmed by the ventilating apparatus, and forming an excellent in-door promenade. A corresponding one is upon the upper floor. Here the patients take that degree of exercise which is so beneficial for them, and without a risk of a cold draught, or of the thousand accidents of surly English weather. These passages are lighted with the gas apparatus invented by Professor Faraday—a word or two on the principle of which will exhibit to us another feature in the admirable ventilating arrangements of the hospital. To the casual observer, the Faraday gas-light presents, in the appearance of its mechanism, nothing striking: it is a handsome, massive-looking, pendant light, but apparently nothing more. The light burns in a small semi-globe of glass, which is surrounded by one of larger dimensions, on the top of which is placed a piece of talc, surmounted by a thin copper plate. The arrangement is such, that the air to feed the flame enters in the centre of the inner glass, then passes over its upper margin, and not being able to escape at the top, by reason of the copper plate which closes the mouth of the outer globe, it is turned down, and is drawn away by a tube which opens internally all round the bottom of the outer glass shade. The foul air is thus carried away out of the globe, and is conveyed by this tube up the central column into an air-shaft, which is conducted to the roof, and there discharges its contents. The principle, in short, is just that of the down-draught stoves seen in many of our tradesmen's shops: the tube forms an inverted air-siphon. To set the current in motion, a small central burner, which heats the column, is first lighted; afterwards the heat from the gas flame gives the air an ascendancy generally sufficient to perpetuate the up-current while the gas is a-light. By this ingenious contrivance, the foul air from the gas-light is completely cut off from escaping into the building; and by a power which operates, so to speak, upon itself, it is compelled to cast itself out of the hospital altogether.

Along one of the sides of these passages run skirting-boards, in which slits are cut at the top and bottom. If the hand is held over these apertures, a constant, soft, and warm stream of air is felt to pour out from them. A similar skirting forms part of the sides of every ward, and of every room on the ground and upper floor. These apertures are in connection with the hot-air channel from the apparatus first described, which, in fact, runs along and ramifies throughout the entire building. Each ward or room is supplied with one or more regulators, in the shape of a movable slide, which must be raised or depressed if the amount of air poured out requires alteration. We have seen the entrance of air into the hospital; we have just noticed its distribution; and if we enter into any one of the wards, we shall witness its mode of exit from the structure. Each room in the building is provided with that simple, but immensely useful invention, the balance-valve chimney ventilator. By its means there is a constant change of the air of the wards, and indeed of the air generally; the warm, fresh air enters at the floor, fulfils its office, and escapes by these valves at the ceiling. Thus a supply of pleasant fresh air is constantly insured to the inmates.

A good library, containing upwards of two hundred volumes of an instructive and entertaining character, is open for the use of the patients. The number of wards at present occupied is twelve; the number of patients sixty; but there is room for a larger number in the building as it at present stands, a contracted state of funds being the only obstacle.

In conclusion, I cannot end my visit to the Hospital for Consumption without offering my humble congratulations upon the skill, nor less upon the benevolent humanity, which has opened to the outcast from other hospitals a refuge so noble and so promising of relief to the unhappy victim of pulmonary phthisis. Sixty thousand annually fall under the swoop of this mysterious disease; yet I cannot conceal from myself the hope that, under the increased facilities here offered for its examination, and now known for its detection in an early stage, the day is at hand—and may it come quickly!—when the mystery will be solved, and the disease surrender itself to the superior laws of medical science.

WILLIAM GARDINER THE BOTANIST.

In a recent number we presented a short, and, we hope, not uninteresting account of the late James Crowther, a self-taught naturalist, who lived and died in a humble situation in Manchester. We have pleasure in now making known a person equally ardent in his admiration of the works of nature, and whose whole life may be said to have been a protracted effort to realise, amidst the most untoward circumstances, a mastery of botanical science.

William Gardiner was born of humble parents in Dundee, where he now resides, and his youth was spent in the privations which are the lot of no small portion of the labouring population. Like most Scotch boys, he got some schooling; but the sum and substance of his education was only rudimentary instruction in reading and writing. Yet, with the assistance which these valuable instruments confer, and with an indomitable spirit of perseverance, what may not be achieved? From his earliest years, William manifested an extraordinary love for flowers, and this finally attained the character of an unconquerable passion. In the midst of poverty and neglect, the sight of a flower inspired cheerful thoughts: it was impossible to feel unhappy while nature spread such a banquet of beauty and innocence around! How a boy reared within the sphere of a busy manufacturing town should have had the inclination or opportunity to cultivate a taste for botanical pursuits, might well seem surprising, did we not know that such things are far from uncommon in the lives of men of genius, and that to the enthusiastic mind all impossibilities disappear.

In 1819, when about ten years of age, he was appren-

ticed to an umbrella-maker, in whose establishment he remained five years. At the end of this period he removed to a situation in the shop of Mr G. Robertson, hosier and umbrella-maker, with whom he remained till 1844. To most youths, employment in any line of business furnishes an apparently reasonable excuse for neglecting mental improvement, though, in reality, some of the most distinguished men in Europe are known to have pursued their self-advancing studies in the half hours and hours gained from daily drudging employment. Whether, indeed, it be following the plough, as with Burns, hammering at shoe-leather, as with Gifford, or bottling beer in a cellar, as with Britton, the salient and well-disposed mind can ever find scope for agreeable and improving rumination. Engaged in making umbrellas, and while still a lad, without a friend to direct or encourage, William Gardiner continued to give a share of thought to the works of nature, and every interval of leisure was spent by him in rambles about the fields and hill-sides in the neighbourhood of Dundee. This brought him into acquaintanceship with many plants hitherto unknown to him, and created a desire to distinguish by names the various genera and species, without which he felt the study of nature could be of little substantial value. But in Dundee there were no classes to impart instruction in these subjects, and he possessed no means of procuring works of elementary information. At length he had the happiness to make himself master of a second-hand copy of Berkenhout, and a musty synopsis of Ray's 'British Flora.' These works unfolded the principles of classification, and enabled him, greatly to his delight, to assign names to the floral beauties which had charmed his youthful imagination. Other sources of information afterwards revealed themselves in the library of the Watt Institution, and he might now be said to have vanquished the initiatory difficulties of botanical science.

The neighbourhood of Dundee, however, was exhausted of novelties, and visions of the vegetable treasures which might be seen and gathered among the Highland glens and mountains rose depressingly on the mind. By the kindness of his employer, apparently insurmountable obstacles disappeared. He was permitted opportunities of making excursions into various parts of Perthshire, and these greatly increased his knowledge of the vegetable kingdom. With the view of uniting general utility with personal improvement, he proposed to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh to collect a quantity of alpine plants for that body; and the offer being accepted, he made a regular excursion into the Perthshire Highlands in the summer of 1838. So well pleased were the Society with the collection made for them, that Mr Gardiner was elected an associate member.

This expedition was like the beginning of a fresh existence—the vegetable productions of such high ground as Ben Lawers being quite new to him, and so different from those he had been accustomed to meet in the low country, that his enthusiasm in botanical pursuits was greatly increased. In 1839 he spent several months collecting coast plants for various individuals; and in 1840 he made a collection of alpine plants from the Clova mountains for the Botanical Society of London. Next year the wish for botanical rambling became stronger; but where were the means for its gratification? It now occurred to Mr Gardiner that he might make a kind of business by collecting Scottish plants—those of an alpine character in particular—as many persons seemed to be desirous of possessing properly-arranged specimens, who had no opportunity of gathering and preserving them. In this idea he was not mistaken; for from 1841 to the present time, he has collected and distributed many thousands of botanical specimens to lovers of Flora all over Great Britain. Encouraged by success in this pursuit, he altogether gave up his former business in 1844, since which time he has devoted himself exclusively to the profession of a practical botanist.

In June 1844 Mr Gardiner made an extensive botanical tour among the mountains of Aberdeen and Perthshire, on this occasion visiting the picturesque and sublime scenery around the sources of the Dee, where a vast number of interesting specimens may be gathered. An account of this journey was published by him in 1845, under the title of 'Botanical Rambles,' and affords us an opportunity of presenting a description of the day's work of a botanist—perhaps we should also say a poet—in the neighbourhood of Braemar.

'The white mists were slowly rising up the mountain-sides, disclosing the "land of brown heath" in all its glory, but still chequered here and there with fields of glittering snow, though a warm summer morning sun was showering his rosy beams upon it. Many a gray rock was bathing itself in the orient ray, and many a bristling pine clothed the slopes of the lower hills. The bosom of the vale, through which flowed the lovely Dee, had its fields and meadows mantled with luxuriance; and the village, with its bridge across the murmuring Clunie, its mill, its inns, and its two elegant spired churches, stood forth in all the resplendence of morning.

'It was such a morning as I could have wished

——— "To climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,"

but it was yet rather early for many of the alpine plants, and I decided upon botanising some of the lower ground first. The road up Deeside from Castleton winded beautifully among fragrant birchwoods, in which profusion of *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, and *Vitis-Idœa*, *Arctostaphylos Uva-Ursi*, and *Empetrum nigrum*, were intermingled with the heath. Here and there were scattered the starry flowers of the *Trientalis Europœ*, with little clumps of *Gnaphalium dioicum* and the slender *Melampyrum pratense β montanum;* and on rather dry moory spots, the *Pedicularis sylvatica* occurred, with a white corolla. The air was still and warm; the small birds vied with each other which would breathe the sweetest music; the cuckoo "sighed along the vale;" the voices of rooks came from far-off woods, softened by the distance; and ever and anon the ear caught the sound of the "river rushing o'er its pebbled bed;"

"The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;"

while the graceful squirrel gambolled among their branches; and the bee murmured from flower to flower, and luxuriated in those sunny spots where

"Heath-flowers clustering wild glow with empurpled light."

Now a variegated butterfly would float past on noiseless wing; then a timid doe would peep out from the verdant covert; and at every opening among the trees, or turn of the road, glimpses of beautiful scenery would burst upon and delight the eye, so that my walk was altogether a pleasant one.

'About two miles from Castleton, down the wooded side of the Carr-Hill, runs a little stream, forming near the wayside a tiny waterfall called the "Carr Linn," about which I picked *Hypnum pulchellum* and *stellatum*, *Tetraphis pellucida*, *Bryum crudum* and *ventricosum*, *Hookeria lucens*, and *Jungermannia albicans;* and the trunks of the birch-trees were abundantly invested with the wide-spreading patches of the elegant *Orthotrichum Drummondii*. Nearly two miles farther on,

"I sought a lonely, woody dell,
Where all things soft and sweet—
Birds, flowers, and trees, and running streams—
'Mid bright sunshine did meet;"

and into that dell the Linn of Corrymulzie poured its sparkling waters. A bridge spanned the stream above, and a zig-zag staircase led down the rocks to the foot of the fall, which, though not of great size, was very beautiful. The rocks were everywhere profusely decorated with flowers, and green moss, and tufted ferns; and a rich diversity of trees—birch, plane, larch, laburnum, and mountain-ash—intermingling their branches and foliage, produced a most pleasing effect. The path

down this delicious dell was like a little paradise. It was so cool, so verdant, so full of beauty and perfume, and the warbling melody of birds so harmoniously blended with the refreshing sound of falling waters, that one felt as if in fabled fairyland. Bright insects were flitting about through the trees, and among others I noticed one that has long been a favourite, the lovely and delicate lace-winged fly, and which recalled to memory a few lines addressed to one several years ago. Those of my kind and good-natured readers acquainted with the insect will, I hope, attribute my introducing them here to the right motive—a desire of awakening pleasurable thoughts and associations.

"TO THE LACE-WINGED FLY.

Bright fly! thou recallest the sweet days of my childhood,
When, wandering alone through the green sunny wildwood,
To pull the fresh cowslips all drooping in dew
And list to the ringdove so plaintively coo,
I there first beheld thee in happy repose—
Thy pillow the half-opened leaves of a rose.
How enraptured I stood! and, in silent surprise,
Viewed thy fair pearly wings and thy bright golden eyes!
And how with delight my young bosom did glow
When thou mountedst aloft to the cherry-tree's bough,
And then, in the wake of a clear sunny ray,
Rose far in the blue sky, and vanished away!
And still, when I visit the woodland's green bowers,
To quaff the rich breath of the gay summer flowers,
And hear the sweet birds in their happiness singing,
Till all the glad echoes with music are ringing,
I love to behold thee on rose-blossom sitting,
Or under the fragrant trees merrily flitting,
Thy beauty—the pleasure thou seem'st to inherit—
Impart a pure ray of delight to my spirit;
For who can be sad while a creature like thee,
With so fragile a form, yet so happy can be?
Does He who has clothed thee in vestments so fair,
And fed thee, and watched thee with tenderest care,
Not watch over all with unwearying eye,
And pour from a fountain that never runs dry
His kindness unbounded on great and on small,
And his power and his love that sustaineth them all?
Then welcome, bright fly! for a teacher thou art,
That can win, with thy gentle persuasion, my heart:
No anger, no threatenings, thou usest to awe me,
But with love's silken cord dost more easily draw me,
To willingly offer, at gratitude's shrine,
The spirit's pure praise to thy Maker and mine."

'Among other plants growing in this dell were *Rubus saxatilis*, *Melica nutans*, and *uniflora Melampyrum sylvaticum* and *pratense*, and abundance of *Epilobium angustifolium*, but not in flower. The *Melampyrum sylvaticum* had some of its flowers of a deep orange colour. *Carex pulicaris* and *pallescens* were in perfection on moist rocky banks, and I culled a specimen or two of the beautiful and apparently distinct *Luzula multiflora*. *Bartramia Halleriana* occurred among the rocks in dense tufts, with *Weissia curvirostra*, *Hypnum pulchellum* and *stellatum*, and, where water was trickling, *Weissia acuta* and *Fissidens adiantoides*. There had been here primroses, cowslips, woodroof, and wood-anemones; but they were all past flowering, and some of the leaves of the latter were covered with *Æcidium leucospermum*. Near the foot of the dell the barberry was flowering, and on its leaves plenty of *Æcidium Berberides*.

'With a light heart and heavy vasculums I returned from Corrymulzie when the lark was leaving his station in the blue sky, and the brilliancy of day giving place to the softness of evening.'

Next day was devoted to an excursion to the summit of Ben-na-Bourd, the account of which we are likewise tempted to extract. 'The second sun of July was brightening with his early beams the waters of the Dee, when I left Castleton, with a guide, for the lofty mountain solitudes of Ben-na-Bourd. About a quarter of a mile from the village we crossed the Dee in a boat, ferried over by a picturesque-looking kilted boatman, who chained his little bark to a tree on the opposite bank. Passing the boatman's pretty cottage, we entered the fresh woods, where

"Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze;"

and after walking on for some time

"Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves,"

emerged upon the open heath, and came into Glen Candlic; up which a road for ponies has been formed by Mr Farquharson of Invercauld, the proprietor, and is continued all the way, gradually ascending, to the west shoulder of Ben-na-Bourd. In this wild and solitary glen plenty of deer were seen, and *Epilobium angustifolium* was not uncommon among the rocky banks of the stream. Soon after leaving Glen Candlic, we crossed a stream descending to Glen Quoich, on the banks of which *Arabis petræa* was both in flower and fruit. The ascent now became steeper, and gave ample occupation to our respiratory apparatus; the air was keener, and the sky getting somewhat overcast, threatened us with mist and rain. . . .

'On reaching the margin of a considerable field of snow, a little below the summit, I came upon large patches of *Polytrichum septentrionale*, and, to my great joy, bearing plenty of capsules! There was a drizzling rain, and the cold was so severe, that my fingers were almost benumbed; but the sight of this rarity was enough to diffuse a thrill of warmth through every nerve, and for a few minutes the effects of the elements were entirely forgotten. I was also gratified with fine specimens of *Dicranum Starkii*, and picked up besides, while my guide laid out dinner on a snowy table, *Dicranum falcatum*, *Trichostomum microcarpum*, *Conostomum boreale*, *Polytrichum hercynicum*, and *Jungermannia scalaris*. My guide and I were soon on the summit, which is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about eight miles north from Castleton. Here the mountain breeze was certainly revelling in all its freshness, but rather too "arrowy;" the sky was too murky for allowing the eye to enjoy any extent of prospect, and the ground was too sterile to produce much of interest to the botanist. The contrast between this hard, cold, bare region of clouds, and the soft, warm luxuriance of the vale we had left in the morning, was striking. We had exchanged, in a few hours, the genial glow and beauty of summer for the surliness of winter—the mildness of a temperate, for the rigour of an arctic climate—the cheerful hum of society, for the awful depth of nature's most sacred solitude.

'We descended by the *Corry* (from *correi* in Gaelic, which means a kettle), a large hollow in the side of the mountain, surrounded by a circular range of precipices. In most cases these *corries* have a lake in them, or a bog, where a lake has formerly been. Where the rocks are micaceous, the ravines, the steep water-courses, and shelves of the corry-rocks, are rich in alpine plants, as is the case among the Clova and Breadalbane mountains; but here, the rocks, being of hard, dry granite, are almost destitute of verdure, and, from their vastness and sterility, present a spectacle of singular sublimity and grandeur. At the base of these wild and wintry cliffs vegetation began again to invite attention, and *Thalictrum alpinum* showed its small fragile flowers. *Gnaphalium supinum* was abundant, but in general not very far advanced; and in one sheltered spot, small specimens of *Trollius Europæus* were ornamented with their swelling globular flowers of golden hue. The most interesting acquisition on our descent was *Azalea procumbens* in flower. This humble but pretty shrub usually grows on mountain-summits, and flowering early, is rarely seen in that state by botanical tourists, whose peregrinations are generally made towards the end of July, or in August. Its bright rosy corolla is a perfect gem; and to all who admire the beautiful, its contemplation must afford no small share of delight. The only other plant of interest noticed in our descent was *Betula nana*; some clumps of which were spreading over the heaths, but almost destitute of catkins.

'Crossing Cairn-a-Drochel, we descended to Deeside, were ferried over the river long after twilight had departed, and reached Castleton, tolerably fatigued, late in the evening.'

From these extracts, it will be observed that the various obstacles which impeded the author in his early career have neither prevented him from acquiring a

tasteful and pleasing style of composition, nor stood in the way of pious and poetical communings with nature. Other little works followed 'The Botanical Rambles;' one of which, now before us, entitled 'Twenty Lessons on Mosses,' is a curiosity worth noticing.* Instead of being illustrated by coloured engravings, the work is embellished with real specimens of mosses, dried and gummed on its pages in the manner of a Hortus Siccus. This mode of illustration is not new, but it must be allowed to be more effective than that of giving imitations with the press or the pencil. In the present instance, the delicate and varied tints of the mosses are preserved in a remarkable manner, and insure the recognition of the plants in their growing state. By means of this ingenious and interesting little book, any one, without the assistance of a teacher, may acquire a thorough elementary acquaintanceship with the leading tribes of mosses. We may venture to prognosticate that it will be the precursor of many larger and more valuable works on a similar plan, which Mr Gardiner will be tempted to give to the world.

Our story of William Gardiner's uneventful but not useless life, as far as it has gone, may now be said to be told. Stepping beyond the ordinary usage of maintaining silence respecting persons of genius and modest merit till they are in their grave, we have taken some pains to collect these few particulars of a self-taught man of science, who still, we are happy to say, lives amongst us, battling, it may be, with difficulties, but nevertheless inspired with a genuine Scotch spirit of self-reliance, and drawing no small measure of happiness from his perseveringly-conducted botanical researches. If our notice shall be the means of extending a knowledge of his name into quarters where it has not hitherto happened to penetrate, and, above all, if it serve to stimulate youth to undertake the great task of self-culture, the great duty of self-dependence, it will not have been written in vain.

KOHL'S TRAVELS IN DENMARK.

Mr Kohl, whose travels through different countries are well known, has just added another work to the already long list—'Travels in Denmark'—a country of which little is distinctly known in England.

Generally speaking, Denmark is not a picturesque country. The peninsular portion, comprising two-thirds of the whole, is little better than an immense sand-bank, two hundred miles long, bound together and kept in shape, as it were, by a backbone of limestone hills running along its length from north to south. The high ground keeps throughout close to the eastern shore, where the country is highly pleasing in parts, with the clear, blue, beautiful Baltic heaving deep in-shore down the narrow inlets, and slumbering in lakes as transparent as Windermere, though of the salt sea brine, under the lea of the hills, which are forested with beech down to the water's edge. Kohl speaks with rapture of the beauty of the beechwoods hereabouts, which, he says, are the finest in Europe, though they are hardly equal to some along the Weser. Some of these tideless lakes are of great extent: one of them cuts right across the peninsula, making an island of Northern Jutland: many of them are tolerably deep close in-shore; and some of the small towns upon them are, in consequence, considerable shipping ports. The other side, along the North Sea, facing England, seems to be a waste of peat bogs, clay, and drift sand, where the sea breaks in a perpetual surf upon a line of shoals, without a single port which can be entered by a ship of size. The dry ground bears nothing itself but buckwheat and rabbits, and is a *terra incognita* to all but the natives, and a few German pedlers, who barter rabbit-skins and goose-quills for the luxuries of life—namely, snuff and red-herrings. Starting from Hamburg, the great emporium of the north, now rising, like a phœnix, in renovated beauty from its ashes, our traveller finds his way at first into the marsh district of Holstein, and is presently lost in admiration of its beef and butter. Here it is that are reared those great herds of cattle which are beginning to be brought so largely into England. Scarcely three years have elapsed since the late government first legalised their importation, and now every flood-tide bears with it up the Thames or Humber a black, smoking vessel, loaded from stem to stern with motionless captives, wedged together as if by a hydraulic press, and all staring steadfastly forward out of their melancholy eyes, in mute expectation of being within twenty-four hours converted into beef for the English stomachs. Here, too, the Holstein butter is made, which, under the name of Dutch butter, is imported among us to the extent, Kohl says, of a hundred thousand casks; but this is an exaggeration. The production, however, is great, and increasing; and as more and more capital is being brought into it every year, it may fairly be expected to rival the Dutch and Irish butter in the English market. The dairy-farms are very large, with seven or eight hundred cows a-piece in some of the greatest, so that a smaller proportional profit will remunerate the producers—this, too, in a land where there are very few taxes, and the pastures among the richest in the world.

Nothing can surpass the luxuriance of the Holstein meadows, every inch of which has been created by the sea. The great rivers flowing from Northern Germany, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, bring down a huge mass of rich mud, which, in a tideless sea like the Baltic or Mediterranean, would speedily form a delta; but the furious tides, currents, and winds of the North Sea, keep it in suspension till it is finally deposited at a distance, and forms an alluvial belt along the coast. The soil thus progressively created is so rich, as to quadruple the value of the adjoining land, and every possible contrivance is adopted to accelerate its formation. Jetties, constructed of strong beams, driven from twenty to thirty feet deep into the mud, are carried out to low-water mark, each of these of course creating a backwater, in which there is no motion, and all the earthy matter in suspension is able to settle. After a time, a layer of soil rises to the surface, and divers saline plants creep over it, which grow and fatten upon the slime. Plants of a higher order succeed, and contribute, by their decaying remains, to increase and raise the ground; and this process goes on for years, till at last a fine grass springs up in spots, and the cattle are forthwith driven down at ebb-tide to graze. As the tides are apt to be brought violently forward without warning over grass, and all by the westerly winds, it is only the oxen which are risked in these exposed situations, as they fly at once upon the approach of danger to the higher ground, and there make the best fight for their lives that they can, while the sheep, like the stupid, blundering things they are, stand quietly still to be drowned. If the herbage, such as it is, promises well, a subscription is raised, the government engineers are called in, and a dike is carried out at great cost and labour round the outlying portions, which thus, after descending in the shape of mud from the romantic crags and valleys of Bohemia, ends in becoming a constituent part of the kingdom of Denmark.

The country thus created is very curious. From Hamburg to Ripen it extends round the coasts nearly one hundred and fifty miles in length, but of inconsiderable breadth. The whole is a dead flat, without a shrub on it as big as a gooseberry bush, but a veritable paradise to a grazing farmer, being one uninterrupted stretch of fat alluvium, alternately corn and meadow, every inch of which is in the highest degree productive, and is made to produce accordingly. To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, is a sea of grass, covered far and near with grazing herds—the backs of the cows and oxen in parts just peering above the abundant herbage. Dikes in straight lines to keep

* David Mathers, Drummond Street, Edinburgh. Second edition. 1846.

out the sea, and canals in straight lines for drainage, cutting each other at right angles, run endlessly along the horizon. On the tops of these dikes the roads are carried; for a very few days of rain is sufficient to convert the marsh below into a deep tenacious slime, impassible for wheel-carriages. The cost of keeping them up is immense, in some parts as much as a hundred pounds per mile; but it is cheerfully borne, as the sea would else flood the whole country; and the soil is rich enough to pay for all.

In his second volume, we find our author transported into another peculiar region—the island group along the western coast, about which he tells us more than enough. After wading through his manifold details about seal-hunting and duck-catching, dikes and sand-hills, tides, currents, and north-west gales, a chapter on each, our only wonder is, how people can be found to live by choice in such a dreadful country. Most of these islands, which have no dikes to keep out the sea, are flooded at every spring-tide; and he tells a marvellous story of a ship having sailed right across the flooded land, at one unusually high tide, without knowing it. The houses are perched on mounds from fifteen to twenty feet high, but the tides sometimes rise even higher, turning the scanty stock of rain-water in the tanks into brine, and sweeping everything off but the haystacks, which, to guard against such an emergency, are secured by strong cables, passing over their tops, and brought down on either side to the heaviest stones that can be got, by way of anchors. Then we have a good deal of curious matter (chap. ii. vol. 4) upon a subject of peculiar interest to the student of our early history—namely, the origin and location of the northern tribes who settled among us in the Saxon times. A district of some twenty miles square, on the eastern side, is still called Angelu, and inhabited by Angles, a separate people in face and speech from any of the Danes. The alternation of hill and dale, with green thorn-hedges, the comfortable people and farm-houses of this little district, are all peculiarly English-like, and reminded him, he says, at every step of the county of Kent. The Frisian people, on the other hand, upon the west coast, claim for themselves exclusively the honour of having planted the Anglo-Saxons, and appeal to the identity of their language, which comes nearer to English than any other. Kohl gives us a distich current among them, in which every word is identical, 'Good bread, and good cheese, is good English, and good Friese' (or Frisian). Walking in one of the villages, he abruptly asks a child whom he met, 'Where did Hengist and Horsa sail from?' To which the answer immediately was, 'From Tondern on the Eyder.' It is certainly curious thus to see traditions familiar even to little children on the opposite side of the North Sea, which have so completely passed away from among ourselves.

All the popular tales of dwarfs, giants, and 'good people,' gnomes, nixes, and water-spirits, which are current in Germany and Ireland, and wherever good literature is dear, meet here with full acceptance, together with many a local legend of the true Scandinavian species, in which everything that is not minute is gigantic. Such is that strange fancy of the Danish sailors about the phantom ship, called 'Mannig Fual,' which is so huge, that the captain rides round its deck on a goblin steed to give his orders, and the life of a man is consumed in the time necessary to mount to and furl its sails. The islands of which we have spoken are formed of the ballast thrown overboard when it ran aground, and the chalk cliffs of Dover, according to the legend, owe their whiteness to the paint on its cabin windows, which was rubbed against them once upon a time when the vessel was somewhat squeezed in passing through the Straits. Great Britain forming the western boundary of the North Sea, and stretching the whole way right opposite to Denmark, is a frequent theme in these popular superstitions. Thus the Straits of Dover are attributed to the quarrel of a Danish king with an English queen, who, in revenge, caused a channel to be cut through the isthmus which then united England to the continent, and thus precipitated the sea upon the Jutland coast. A very restless important personage, a kind of Puck on a larger scale, is constantly in the mouths of the people, under the name of 'Peter of Scotland,' supposed to haunt the highest summits of the Grampians, and from thence to breathe across the sea north-west winds, and their accompaniments of famine and disease. Most of these ideas are referable to natural causes. Where acre after acre of the land has been swallowed up by the sea, till the present coast-line is full fifteen miles east of the shore from what it was two hundred years ago, it is not wonderful that the people should fancy that they still see the houses and farm-yards of the sunken continent through the clear water, and hear the church-bells ringing with unearthly sweetness from below. The belief in a malignant water-spirit, who rides upon and propels the inundations, has the same origin. 'No one dares walk at night by a certain bay in Jutland, from the vision of a bleeding arm, which is supposed to be witnessed there, commemorating the fate of a shipwrecked mariner, who, after winning his way to shore, was murdered by the wreckers for the sake of his gold. The murderers were yet quarrelling over the division of their plunder, when the sand was slowly stirred, and the vision of the murdered man arose among them to reclaim his own. They tore from the body the head and right hand, but still the bleeding arm moved with them, and stood where they stood, till the murder was found out.' No doubt this ghostly superstition has had but too real an origin among the many catastrophes which happen every year on this wreck-strewn coast.

Kohl lingers so long among the wild people and scenery of the western coast, that he is obliged to make short work of the more civilised districts extending to Copenhagen. From the 'neat and cleanly' Kiel, as he truly calls the capital of Holstein, he pushes on at once to the passage of the Little Belt, now traversed in two places by steamboats. But Kohl being romantically inclined, prefers to cross it in an open boat by moonlight, and gives us, in consequence, whole pages of Byron at second-hand. The Little Belt, the narrowest and least-used of the three great inlets to the Baltic, is impassable for shipping, through a sand-bank running right across it in the middle from shore to shore. In the early winter months, from November to January, it presents a curious scene when the great herds of porpoises moving in from the North Sea are intercepted in this natural *cul de sac*, and there, unable to escape, with the land on two sides, the sand-bank in front, and the hunters in rear, are slaughtered by hundreds for the sake of their blubber and skins. Besides a lengthened description of this sea-hunt, which he never saw, and some remarks on the duties levied at the Sound, he tells us nothing more of these great inland straits, the arteries of Denmark; but to make amends, there is a great deal about Odin and Thor, and still more about German patriotism and philosophy, remarks on art and architecture, landscape gardening and general education, which have nothing more to do with Denmark than any other corner of the globe. His discursiveness becomes by this time a decided nuisance, and we are not sorry when he takes up his quarters finally at Copenhagen, and there dilates through a volume and a half, to his heart's content, upon everything and everybody.

The Danes are very proud of Copenhagen; and no wonder, for it is the only town they have. It is likewise the only island capital in the world, past or present, of any consequence; for Venice is morally and materially connected with the continent, and some peculiarities of manners and appearance are the consequence. Living as we do in the focus of a network of railways, which knit us inseparably to two hemispheres, we can hardly realise the situation of Copenhagen; sometimes, in the winter time, cut off by the drift-ice for a fortnight together from all communication with the continent,

when not a letter or a newspaper can pass, and the king and the citizen are equally imprisoned, in ignorance of all that is going on in the outer world. The inhabitants, at such times, look dreary enough, but the town is always noble-looking. Its aspect, on emerging from the narrow entrance into the port, is very grand and striking. In summer, the enormous transit of vessels through the Sound causes a peculiar degree of animation; and then one may see the noble panorama of sea, and islands, and gliding sails, and ancestral towers, rising above the dark-green clumps of fir which Southey has painted in his living prose. As to the general street views and interiors, however, Copenhagen is only a kind of representative city—very neat and clean, and all that—where one may see, in the compass of a walk, warehouses and dockyards after the model of London and Woolwich; palaces like Versailles and St Cloud, only a third of the size; granite quays like St Petersburg; and abundance of bridges after the Venetian; all of them well worth seeing for those who cannot see the originals, but altogether lacking that in-born individual character, that embodying in brick and stone, of the peculiar spirit of a peculiar people, which are so wonderful in the old Flemish and Italian cities. The air of the whole is respectable and substantial; and the people, so far, are very like their city.

Such is a glance at the contents of the work before us, which unfortunately we cannot speak of in the terms of laudation often lavished on this writer. The work is doubtless often amusing, whether the author is enlarging on his own or other people's speculations; his own or other people's eating, walking, boating, and suffering from wind and weather; the lakes and inlets he crosses, or would have crossed, if he had been able; and much more to the same purport. His subjects also are frequently good, but unluckily he never knows when to have done with them. He often excites our interest, and then suffers it to die from pure inanition; not that he could not put the matter in a tenth part of the room, but then he could not fill his book. The result is a perfect *olla podrida* of subjects—sometimes interesting, sometimes long and dry—the whole diluted and overlayed with interminable German reflections, moral and philosophical, mostly of that species which no one can deny, and every one can make. He sometimes mingles his sublime pathos with the bathos; and his descriptions of scenery are always as flat as the country he traverses; but then, it must be allowed, there was very little in its aspect to kindle his enthusiasm.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Dutch papers mention the discovery of an extensive bed of coal at Batol Apie, on the south of Borneo. As steam navigation is on the increase in the East, such a deposit will prove of infinite value. This discovery, conjoined with the fact, that coal is also met with in the isle of Labuan, would seem to demonstrate that the Malaysian islands are as rich in mineral as they are already known to be in metallic and vegetable produce.

At a recent meeting of the Geological Society, a fact was stated in reference to the low-conducting power of clay and sand, which may prove of value not only in the prevention of fire, but in the retention of heat for an almost indefinite period. It was, that a thickness of half an inch of clay and sand intercepted the heat of a mass of eleven tons of white-hot melted cast-iron for twenty minutes, without the heat on the outside of the vessel being sufficient to pain the hand!

The loss to the public from *excess* of washing, scrubbing, &c. which a smoky atmosphere renders necessary, is much larger than at first sight might appear. Dr Lyon Playfair has shown, that to this one item Manchester has been expending L.60,000 a-year, and that if the expense of additional painting and whitewashing be added, the actual money loss would be double the amount of the poor-rates every year. The Rev. Mr Clay states, that in Preston only two furnaces consume their smoke, and even that imperfectly; but were all the factories in the town to do as much, the public would save L.10,000 a-year in extra washing.

It was on a Sunday morning, says Mr Gardner the botanist, that I arrived in Liverpool from Brazil, and during the course of that day I saw in the streets a greater number of cases of drunkenness than, I believe, I observed among the Brazilians, whether black or white, during a five years' residence in that country!

In connexion with the above, we may extract the following distressing and discreditable statistics from a recent little work, entitled 'The Poor Man's Four Evils:'—The quantity of spirits entered in 1845 for home consumption in the United Kingdom was 26,672,477 gallons; of wine, 6,838,634; of ale, 430,000,000: the population was 27,000,000. This would give for each person eight pints of spirits, which, at 1s. 6d. a pint, amounts to 12s.; two pints of wine, at 2s. each, comes to 4s; in ale, L.2 a-year for each person—being in all upwards of seventy-five and a half millions sterling spent in the country for preparations in a great degree unnecessary and destructive.

The beneficial effects of sewerage and ventilation could not be more convincingly exhibited than in the following quotation from Mr Liddle's evidence before the Health of Towns Commission:—The London Hospital was badly drained, heated with hot air, and not large enough for the number of inmates. In 1837 and 1838 respectively, the mortality was 14 and 12½ per cent. In 1839 the sewerage was completed, and the mortality fell to 9½ per cent. In 1840 the hot air was discontinued, and a further decrease to 9 per cent. took place. In 1842 the new wing was opened, when the mortality fell to 8 per cent., and in 1843 to 7 per cent.!

Mr Morse, the American electric telegraph inventor, is said to have effected improvements in his apparatus, by which communications are impressed on paper at the rate of fifty letters per minute.

A German journal states that the application of galvanism has been made in Austria for preserving trees and plants from the ravages of insects. The process is very simple; consisting only in placing two rings, one of copper, and the other of zinc, attached together, around the tree or plant. Any insect that touches the copper receives an electric shock, which either kills it, or causes it to fall to the ground.

THE PARIS BAKER.*

You descend, by a tortuous flight of steps, into a subterraneous cavern, which resounds with sharp cries and suppressed murmurings. The reflection from a burning furnace unites, with the pale light of the lamps, to reveal, under a black and smoky vault, the confused forms of meagre and haggard humanity, half-naked and half-roasted, ready to cry out with St Lawrence, 'Turn me on the other side!' What are these mysterious and busy shapes? Are they conspirators, coiners, or something worse? You see before you simply bakers at work. That huge orifice gleaming with flame is the mouth of the oven; those sharp whistling cries are the song of the cricket, the familiar guest of the bakehouse; and that sob-like sound proceeds from the chest of the man who is laboriously kneading the dough in preparation for your morrow's meal. All those instruments which you see about, scattered on the floor, resting against the walls, or in the hands of the workmen, are made use of in the confection of bread: shovels, kneading-troughs, dough-knives, oven-rakes, baskets, hand-mills for grinding compressed flour, and divers other bread-making implements.

At Paris only can you witness this nocturnal travail in all its extent. The provincial baker goes late to rest and rises early, but still he passes the night in bed. From dawn until noon he prepares his mass—bakes his batch of bread, and carefully controls the operations of his oven; after which he has a respite for some hours; but he resumes his functions towards nine in the evening, preluding his night's repose by hours of wearisome labour.

It is a singular thing, that this branch of industry, which one would have supposed as ancient as agricul-

* This article is principally from the French.

ture, was hardly known to the Pagan world. The Roman matron made bread for the family during the hour which preceded the repast; it was baked upon the hearth, by covering it with hot cinders, or sometimes upon a kind of grill over burning coals. The use of the oven was imported to Europe from the East, in the five hundred and eighty-fourth year from the building of Rome. At this period bakers were established in the fourteen departments of the Eternal City, and formed a college, to which they remained attached, with their families; nor were they permitted to quit their occupation, nor even to pass from one locality to another.

The first bakers in France were called *tamisiers*, from the word *tamis*, a sieve, which would seem to indicate that they were the first of their countrymen who sifted the meal; afterwards, in the thirteenth century, they were called *boulangers*, from the spherical or ball-like shape of the loaves they manufactured. Their community was under the protection of the Grand Panetier of France, and its freedom was only to be obtained by a candidate who had been successively winnower, bolter, assistant-kneader, kneader, and head-journeyman for a period of four years. He then appeared before the chief of the community, bearing in his hand a pot full of walnuts. 'Master,' said he, 'I have accomplished my four years, here is my pot full of walnuts.' The chief, having first carefully ascertained the actual duration of the apprenticeship, took the pot, broke it upon the pavement, and received the neophyte.

In the seventeenth century, the community was subjected to the jurisdiction of the provost of Paris, and the lieutenant-general of police. In 1762, the number of bakers in the city proper amounted to two hundred and fifty; in the faubourgs were six hundred and sixty more; and upwards of nine hundred brought bread to the capital twice a-week from St Denis, Gonesse, Corbeil, and other places.

The Revolution did not effect the complete enfranchisement of the bakers, who are still subjected to certain old *ordonnances;* such as that of the provost of Paris of the 22d November 1546. 'The bread,' says this edict, 'must be without mixture, well kneaded, fermented, properly shaped, well baked and dusted, cooled and dressed, by half-past six in the morning. It is forbidden to use any rejected or damaged flour, or injured grain, or bran re-ground.' Two ancient decrees of parliament remain in their pristine vigour—one of the 16th of November 1560, the other of the 20th of March 1670. The first interdicts the employment of any other yeast than that which is produced in Paris and its environs, fresh and unadulterated. The second compels the bakers to provide proper weights and scales, and to keep them publicly suspended in their shops, that the purchaser may have the article weighed if he choose. They have taken as a base for the weight of each loaf, a report of the Academy of Science, confirmed by decree of parliament of the 25th of July 1785, which lays down the principle that a sack of good flour, of the weight of three hundred and twenty-five pounds, yields at least four hundred pounds of bread.

The profession of a baker can neither be commenced nor abandoned without the previous permission of the authorities. The list of bakers of Paris, classed according to the quantity of flour which they consume daily, is published every year. Special decrees and ordinances regulate the state of the profession, both in the capital and in the departments. The minutest details of this important branch of industry have been cared for; and the bakers' apprentices are the only operatives for whom the law prescribes a uniform. 'They are to wear, when at work, a frock which reaches below the calf of the leg, without any slit or opening, and a waistcoat closely buttoned, which may be without sleeves. They are not, in any case, to show themselves in the streets without pantaloons, and a waistcoat with sleeves.' If, therefore, you see a baker in his working-dress tranquilly smoking his pipe at the door of his shop, you are authorised to raise the hue and cry. It is a contravention, and the offender is liable to penalty or imprisonment; though it would appear that this regulation is never enforced in the present day, judging from the universal disregard that is shown in respect of it.

Notwithstanding the heavy shackles which the French government have thought fit to append to this branch of commerce, the art of bread-making has arrived at great perfection in Paris. Under Louis XVI., the labours of Parmentier and Cadet de Vaux had already greatly improved it. Lenoir, the lieutenant-general of police, had established in the Rue de la Grand Truanderie a gratuitous school for bakers, where they might witness the fabrication of the fine white bread of the Royal Military College, and the brown bread of the prisons of Paris. Nevertheless, at that period the Parisians were far behind the rest of Europe in the making of fine bread. At the present moment, however, they have nothing to learn: the bread displayed in the windows of the magnificent *boulangeries* of Paris is of exquisite delicacy; and, in particular, the succulent products of the Boulangerie Viennoise are the subjects of general desire and eulogium.

The trade of a baker is acquired at Paris in a year, or a year and a half, during which the pupil pays a premium of one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs. An accomplished workman is paid partly in coin and partly in kind: his daily wages are two francs seventy-five centimes (about two shillings and threepence), and a loaf weighing one kilogramme (a little more than two pounds). The salary of chief journeyman amounts to five francs a-day. Few of them pursue their labours beyond the age of forty; at which period of life they are thoroughly worn-out and exhausted, and compelled to beat a retreat. The fire of the oven is as fatal to the baker as the fire of the enemy is to the soldier: the man who sustains his race in his old age, ranks in infirmity with the man who destroys it; and after having passed his whole life in making the bread of others, he may find himself at its decline without an asylum and without a crust.

Against such contrary chances of fortune, and against the cares of their laborious existence, the operative bakers have sought a refuge in companionship. They form a part of a certain sect of undevout devotees, who pretend to have for a founder a certain Master 'Jacques,' architect of the Temple of Solomon! This association, composed at first of carvers in wood, joiners, and locksmiths, has successively adopted the bakers, the farriers, the turners, the glaziers, the wheelwrights, the tanners, the curriers, the bleachers, the braziers, the dyers, the founders, the tinmen, the cutlers, the harness-makers, the saddlers, the nailers, the shearers, the basket-makers, the slaters, the hatters, the rope-makers, the weavers, and the shoemakers.

The Bakers' Companionship has in every town a place of rendezvous, where the members reside when out of employment, and whence they are hired. Their sign of recognition is an ear-ring, in the form of a grain-strike; and in their solemnities they carry large ivory-headed canes. On the 15th of May, in every year (the day of Saint Honoré), they walk in procession to hear mass, preceded by musicians, and the syndics of their body, adorned with flowers and tricoloured favours. On the following day they attend the celebration of a service for the dead, to which they bear a consecrated loaf, made of the finest flour; this is carried upon the shoulders of four of their companions, and ornamented with flags and innumerable ribbons.

There is a long-standing and hereditary enmity existing between the Companionship of Bakers, the followers of Master Jacques, and that of the carpenters, who style themselves the followers of Father Soubise. This hostility is of such great antiquity, that it admits only of a legendary explanation. Upwards of two thousand years ago, says the tradition, Master Jacques, who was travelling in France, was persecuted by the disciples of Father Soubise; a party of whom, to the number of ten, attempted to assassinate him,

and obliged him to take refuge in a marsh. Master Jacques, in the retirement of Sainte-Beaume, led an ascetic and contemplative life, when one of his pupils, by some called Jeron, and by others Jamais, betrayed him to his enemies: a kiss which he gave the venerable solitary was the signal to five assassins, who stretched him on the earth with a stab of each of their daggers. Ever since, the sectaries of Father Soubise have been pursued by the adverse faction as accessories to this vile homicide. A spirit of revenge, evidently engendered from the primitive rivalry of two contemporaneous societies, divides the companionships into two armies, and, by a strange aberration, the principle of fraternal association has given rise to hostile and sanguinary encounters. In the month of August 1841, the bakers and the carpenters fought a regular battle in the fields adjoining the city of Toulouse, and it was not until many of the combatants on both sides had fallen grievously wounded, that the inhabitants of the suburbs were able to disperse them. The master baker lives a stranger to both the quarrels and advantages of the Companionship, and he is equally free from all participation in the manual labour of his craft; his functions being confined to the purchase of the farinaceous material, and the general superintendence.

The master's ambition is to be chosen syndic of the boulangerie, and to avoid every and any altercation with the civil functionary, mayor, or commissioner of police, who is continually on the look-out for contraventions of the law. It is a difficult thing for a baker to be never in default; to have always on hand exactly the month's provision required by the decrees; and never to be defective some hundredth of a grain in the weight of a loaf that he sells. Too often, it must be confessed, the default in legal weight is not the result of an error; too often judicial condemnations deliver over to public reprobation the practices of a rapacious knave, who, flattering himself that he shall escape the active surveillance of the authorities, shamelessly plunders the poor by the sale of light bread. Let us leave these unworthy citizens to the scourges of justice and public opinion, and oppose to them the honest baker, him to whom fraud is unknown, who gives long credit to the poor in time of need, and who has even been known, in seasons of distress, to obliterate an unpaid score from his books—preferring the treasure of their gratitude to a hoard of five franc pieces unworthily acquired.

Such was M. Bachelard, the model and archetype of bakers, the honour of the department of Ain, where he was born. At first a domestic servant, his fidelity so won upon the confidence of his master, that the latter, upon his deathbed, calling him to his side, said, 'You have shown me such unlimited devotion, that I have ever considered you rather a friend than a servant; become, I pray you, the guardian of my children, and the manager of their fortune.' The master died, and M. Bachelard fulfilled the office of guardian to the orphans with an integrity beyond comparison, and above all praise.

His pious duty accomplished, he married a respectable girl, and opened a hotel at Coligny, where we might wish him prosperity, and bid him farewell, seeing that we have here to do with bakers, and not with rambling gentlemen in search of 'entertainment for man and horse.' But it was not so to be. The establishment, it is true, prospered at first; but the allied armies burst like a cloud of locusts upon the department of Ain; they plundered the whole stock and provisions of the unfortunate hotel-keeper, who soon found all the fruits of his industry in the possession of his majesty the king of Prussia. Ruined in his first experiment, he turned baker, and when the indemnities were distributed to the victims of invasion, he renounced his own share in favour of the poor. This was the first of the good actions of this noble man which merit an honourable mention in this article. In the scarcity of 1816 and 1817, he manufactured gratuitously the bread which the local authorities distributed daily to the indigent poor. 'It is my wish,' said he, 'to contribute to the solace of the destitute.' In 1828, the price of bread having risen suddenly to a great height, Bachelard sold it to the operatives of his district at twenty-five per cent. below the current rate. At this period he had been charged by the authorities to send weekly a certain quantity of bread to an infirm old woman: at the end of some weeks he received a counter order; he continued, nevertheless, to supply the usual quantity, and never revealed to the object of his charity the fact that she had changed her benefactor. Such a man is an honour to the profession; and if virtue be preferable to intellectual endowment, it ought to be prouder of M. Bachelard than of the baker-poet of Nismes, whose talents and good qualities we wish by no means to call in question.

In England, capital and enterprise have now attained such a height, that extreme scarcity of food is not likely to occur. As soon as there is any appearance of a dearth, merchants, on their own account, despatch orders to foreign countries for grain, and the stores thus accumulated save the nation from famine. France has not yet reached this point, whether from lack of capital, or of enterprise, or both, it is unnecessary here to inquire. The consequence is, the law interferes to perform that which private arrangements should alone effect. It being felt that a dearth in Paris might produce a revolution, as it helped materially to do in 1789, every baker is not only compelled to provide a stock of flour in advance proportioned to the number of sacks which he consumes daily, but he is further obliged to make what is called a guarantee deposit, which, at Paris, is fixed in the following ratio, by an ordinance of the 17th July 1831:—

The baker using 4 sacks a-day, deposits 84 sacks.					
...	...	3	...	66	...
...	...	2	...	48	...
...	using less than 2 sacks,			18	...

Every sack must contain one hundred and fifty-nine kilogrammes of flour of the first quality. The quantity of flour so deposited in a great storehouse is watched with jealous care by the authorities.

What a feebleness in the social system of Paris is revealed by this compulsory arrangement! Left to the care of a single principle in political economy—supply following demand—the two millions of people in London live securely in the belief that, so long as money is in their pockets, the baker never will be without flour, and the breakfast-table never be without a loaf.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

'WHAT do you mean by the old school, papa?' asked little Joseph, looking up from the amusing and instructive occupation of putting together a dissected map. 'I have often heard you say that such a person belongs to the old school, and wondered what it could be. Is it a school for old people?'

The father smiled. 'Not exactly that, my dear, but the school in which old people were taught when they were young.'

'But was that anything different to the schools we have now?' the boy inquired. 'Do tell me, papa, all about it; for I suppose you went to it?' and Joseph left continents, oceans, and islands in one confused heap, to draw his little stool beside his father.

'No, I was not educated in the old school, still I can tell you something about it.'

'Were there desks, and forms, and books, and slates, and maps, papa? and were the boys taught in classes as they are at the school I go to?'

'You wholly mistake my meaning, my love,' Mr Darwin made answer. 'The word school, though literally signifying a place for education, is often used in another sense. Thus we speak of the *school of experience*, and the *school of affliction*, because these circumstances produce a change in the mind similar to that which is accomplished in a child by education. When we say, therefore, that an individual has been brought

up in the old school, we mean that he has imbibed the ideas of the age in which he lived. I will instance Mr Barnaby Prim. You have seen him, Joseph, have you not?'

'Oh yes, papa, many times: you mean that old gentleman who wears such odd coats and waistcoats, and that curious tail to his hair.'

'The same. Mr Prim is so wedded to the costume of his youth, that he still adopts it, notwithstanding that it is now quite obsolete.'

'What a droll figure he cuts, papa! I have often wondered what could make him dress so oddly, and I once had a great mind to ask him.'

'That would have been very rude, Joseph: it is a proof of ill-breeding to take notice of any one's peculiarities, especially in youth towards age. Mr Prim is a kind-hearted, right-thinking man on all subjects where the prejudices of his youth are not concerned; and these we can scarcely expect that he will give up after viewing them as great truths for so many years. One of his theoretical errors—or perhaps I should say the errors he imbibed in the old school—is, that the invention of machinery, and the introduction of steam, are the cause of all the poverty existing among the labouring classes of our country. Another—that beyond the reading of the Bible, and the capability of writing a man's own name, education is positively injurious to them; he also asserts that war is the best thing in the world for making trade brisk. On these, and some other subjects, he is pertinaciously obstinate; but had be been born thirty years ago, instead of fourscore, it is most probable that he would have held very different opinions. Your grandaunt will serve for another instance of tuition in this school. You heard her this morning blame me for giving your sister Laura instruction in astronomy. She deems it quite proper that *you* should have some knowledge of the magnitude, movements, and distances of the heavenly bodies; but she has been taught to think that such studies are not only utterly useless for a young lady, but would necessarily induce her to neglect her domestic duties. She would rather, she said, see her in the kitchen learning to brew and bake. Now, I will allow that, in the present day, young ladies are apt to go to the other extreme, and overlook useful home-duties in their eagerness to acquire a superficial knowledge of the sciences, of which they afterwards make not the slightest use; though,' he added—glancing archly at his daughter, who sat opposite, busily engaged upon a curious piece of web-work, and looking ever and anon very earnestly on a little book which lay on the table—'it appears as if the knitting mania would put the sciences to flight for a season.' Laura smiled.

'I am very glad I was not taught in the old school, papa!' Joseph warmly exclaimed.

'You are quite justified in deeming that circumstance to be a blessing,' Mr Darwin rejoined; 'but you must at the same time bear in mind that, though society has thrown off some of its prejudices, it has not yet arrived at a state of perfection, and we, in our turn, may a century hence be termed the old school. I would likewise caution you never to show disrespect to those whom you may deem to be ignorant, otherwise your superior knowledge will only bring upon you deserved contempt. For be assured, my dear boy, that a pupil of the old school, with all his prejudices, if possessed of the social virtues which tend to make those around him happy, is really more estimable than the individual who has theoretically imbibed the philanthropic and extended views of the present age, if he fails to discharge the minor duties which make the aggregate of life's happiness.'

THE ABATTOIRS OF PARIS.

I have seen the *abattoirs* of Paris, and the difference is beyond all telling: it is exceedingly great indeed. Whitechapel is a scene of blood every day; there are streams of blood always flowing through the streets, from the number of cattle that are slaughtered there; and the terror and nuisance in the streets to the passengers are very great, as the beasts are driven across the paved footpath into a common shop door, and then forced through the shop into the slaughter-house. At the abattoirs of Paris the beasts were driven in great quiet, there was abundance of space, and the poor animals never seemed in one instance to be alarmed, but were pinned down, and killed in a very short time.—*Evidence of Mr Gurney before the Select Committee on Smithfield Market.*

A MATCH OF AFFECTION.

Well, my daughter is married, the popular prints
Are full of her blushes, her blonde, and her beauty,
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
That my poor timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, mammon, and pride,
And the evils attending a worldly connexion;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride!
She always was bent on a match of affection.

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
At the mention of settlements how was she troubled!
Sir Nicholas offered two thousand a-year,
But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled:
Still she clung to her home, still her eyelids were wet,
But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
And she sighed her consent to a match of affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage:
A mansion in London, a seat in the north,
A service of plate, and a separate carriage.
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand;
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection;
A box at the opera waits her command—
What comforts abound in a match of affection!

Some thought Captain Courtley had won her young heart:
He certainly haunted our parties last season:
Encouragement, also, she seemed to impart,
But sober and quiet esteem was the reason.
When wooed to become a rich baronet's wife,
The captain received a decided rejection,
'She should hope as a friend to retain him through life,
But she just had agreed to a match of affection.'

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to threescore,
That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamour;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
That he never hears reason, and never speaks grammar;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction;
And dear Emma, though many her taste may deem odd,
Would have died had we thwarted her match of affection.

—Mrs Abdy.

INTEMPERANCE.

Drunkenness seems to me a stupid, brutal vice. The understanding has a greater share in other vices, and there are some which, if a man may say it, have something generous in them. There are some in which there is a mixture of knowledge, diligence, valour, prudence, dexterity, and cunning; whereas this is altogether corporeal and terrestrial: other vices, indeed, disturb the understanding, but this totally overthrows it, and locks up all the senses; as Lucretius remarks—

'When fumes of wine have filled the swelling veins,
Unusual weight throughout the body reigns;
The legs, so nimble in the race before,
Can now exert their wonted power no more;
Falters the tongue, tears gush into the eyes,
And hiccups, noise, and jarring tumults rise.'

The worst estate of a man is that in which he loses the knowledge and government of himself; and it is said, amongst other things upon the subject, that, as must or wort fermenting in a vessel drives up everything that is at the bottom to the top, so wine makes those who drink it intemperately blab out the greatest secrets of another. So Horace—

'The secret cares and counsels of the wise
Are known, when you to Bacchus sacrifice.'

—*Montaigne.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 173. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847. Price 1½d.

MY RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

After a lapse of a quarter of a century, I find myself once more in Scotland—in my own country. A quarter of a century! How can such a cycle have turned round? I know nothing but that the fact is so; and when I throw backward a glance of inquiry, I see nothing but shadowy appearances, filling up the space between youth and middle age. A quarter of a century works many changes in one who has been buffeted about the world, but so does it also effect revolutions even in the general aspect of affairs. I do not allude to family changes, to vacant places at the hearth, to the thousand gushing thoughts called up in the wanderer's breast at every shrine he revisits, dimming his eyes, and unnerving his limbs, and making him feel as if he were stumbling over old graves. These are the ordinary results of the mere lapse of time; and when their strangeness is over, the added shade they leave upon the heart is scarcely perceptible amidst the gloom of years. But there are changes around me that derive no portion of their effect from individual feelings. Scotland is a different country, the Scots a somewhat different people—much of the old sectarian severity still clinging to them, but in other respects ameliorated, polished, and, should I add, considerably more tasteful in personal and domestic arrangements? Wealth has performed her usual wonders; but there would have been no wealth without industry, and the Scotch, in the midst of all their queer local polemics, have been working at a terrible rate these last thirty years.

Even the external aspect of the country is changed. From being a desert, it is transformed into a garden, variegated with dark-green plantations, hedgerows, trees, and handsomely-built edifices. Look at that magnificent river—my own queenly Clyde! Where are the mystic bays, the lonely shores, the savage dells, that haunted my boyish imagination, when a stolen voyage down the Firth, in a small boat, with a single comrade, was like one of the adventures of Sinbad? It is now as beautiful as ever; but how different! Towns, villages, hamlets, seats, cottages, huts, line its banks; and groves and plantations behind meet the hills of the background. Civilisation has extended a continuous chain of posts down to the Atlantic, and steamers, darting out of every creek, fling bravely their banners of smoke upon the breeze. That river was a passion to me! I could not keep away from it. I ought by rights to have been drowned at least a dozen times; but I was reserved, it seems, for a different fate—to see what it should be like in a quarter of a century.

Perhaps it is only my old-fashioned way of viewing things, but I could not, in the midst of much to admire, refrain from feeling that the new refinements of the people had rubbed away much that was formerly agreeable in their character. They appeared to me more stiff and formal, more reserved, more afraid of 'committing' themselves—more, in short, like vulgar-genteel people. In the Clyde steamers, in which you may have a six hours' trip from Glasgow to Arran, through some of the finest scenery in Europe, for two shillings, you find yourself in the midst of as uninteresting automata as it is possible to imagine: dry, cold, stony images of human nature, which weary you by their dulness, but prevent you from sleeping by their strangeness.

I did not remain long enough in the west, however, to get behind the scenes—to observe the mandarins on their own chimney-pieces. My destination was Edinburgh; and I reached this city high in middle-aged hope, and warm in youthful memories. I had left the southrons behind me; I had bowed myself out of the soirées of London; and it was with long-lost and delightful sensations I prepared to re-enter the hearth-circle of the 'kindly Scots.' The visitings I expected to reciprocate! the socialities I expected to enjoy! Oh, thought I, for a tea-drinking of auld langsyne!—to see the teapot once more in charge of the lady of the house—to draw in my chair, as if to a meal—to hear the urn hissing on the table, or the kettle singing on the hob—to be offered bread and butter twice! Never did common council-man hunger more keenly for a lord mayor's dinner than I did for the privilege of 'going out to tea!'

An old comrade of mine, some years older than myself, had settled and married in Edinburgh about the time when I first turned my vagrant steps towards the south. His income was small, but sufficient to live upon with reasonable economy: he had a wife and two grown-up daughters; and, in short, his was just the family where my social dream might be realised. I found him in a street more imposing in appearance than I had expected; but it was on the first floor of a common stair, and the rent was probably moderate. He received me with much heartiness, and introduced me warmly to his three ladylike womankind; and after rather a long visit for the forenoon, I came away rejoicing. The next day he left his card in my absence; and I determined to break the ice of ceremony once and for ever, by going uninvited on the following evening to tea. But in the meantime there came an engraved ticket, desiring the honour of my company to dinner in ten days.

Honour! Ten days! This chilled me a little at first; but on reflection, I perceived that my friend's yielding to fashion in the matter of a dinner had no necessary connection with his everyday life, and I continued for several days to expect an invitation of quite another kind to fill up the interval. When the fifth day came without result, I saw that I was myself to blame. I had

not even returned his call. They thought me a stiff, Anglified personage, who cared for nothing but a great dinner, and would look with contempt upon an invitation to tea. I determined to prove to them practically that they were wrong—to take them by surprise—to bounce in upon them like a China meteor—and to show them how well I remembered and appreciated old customs by compearing exactly 'on the chap of six.' This great idea I successfully realised, and as the clock struck in a neighbouring church, behold me entering my friend's house on the first floor of the common stair.

I did take them by surprise; and yet they were doing no harm. The father was sitting at one side of the fire, the mother at the other, and the two daughters were lounging on a sofa, all apparently engaged in a social chat. When I entered the room, the tranquillity of the scene was suddenly broken, although they were too polite, or too good-natured, to betray their surprise at the intrusion, otherwise than by a somewhat alarmed stare at each other. My friend received me as cordially as before; the ladies by degrees got rid of their embarrassment; and by and by we were in the full flow of conversation. But this was not brought about all at once. For some time the party continued to exchange looks of inquiry, and to sink into fits of silence, as if expecting to hear what had occasioned the visitation. I could not understand the nature of the excitement I had caused. My friend's round, good-humoured face, after a few minutes, beamed with pleasure as it was turned towards his old crony. There was no appearance of tea; but, on the contrary, it seemed to me, from a heavy and pungent odour in the room, as if the honest man, at no great distance of time, had been solacing himself with a glass of toddy. I sat still, however, waiting for what might betide; and so happy was I in patient, not to say delighted, listeners to my adventures in foreign parts, that when the church bell struck eight I started in surprise.

Still no word of tea—no overture of the kettle. It was now plain that the fragrant meal had been over before I appeared, and that I had mistaken the aroma of tea for that of toddy. Still, I was happily in for a long evening. I should of course pretend to rise, but only to be asked to remain. I should be pressed to stay, and—and—'eat an egg.' Yes, that was the periphrasis. Eat an egg! You do not know what poetry there was to me in these words—words wedded to so many old affections, to so many home sympathies! 'Yes, friend of langsyne!' thought I; 'yes, wife! yes, daughters of my ancient comrade! I will stay with you and eat an egg!' I got up, however, and in the hypocrisy of my heart, amidst the love that was thence welling forth, and blending in one tide the present and the past, there came faintly the conventional words, 'I think it is getting late.' My friend rose and grasped my hand: he shook it. His wife rose also, and a small thin pressure answered to the silent gripe with which I bade a wondering good-night. The daughters smiled and bowed, and muttered something kindly and sweetly without rising; and in another instant I found myself on the outside of the door. As I passed through the hall, I saw a black tray upon the table, with delf cups and saucers, and a Britannia-metal teapot, and on the floor a dirty tin kettle. I had all this time been keeping the family of my old crony from their tea; and it was with a sour and impatient look the servant lass let out the untimely visitor.

I saw nothing more of my friends till the great dinner, and that was so like other great dinners, that it is not worth describing. Indeed, if it were not a bull, I might say that it was more like than the originals. There was more care in the filling out—more elaborate crispness in the corners. If it had less ease than in houses more accustomed to such entertainments, it had more finish. It was wanting, it is true, in wealth and richness, but everything was there of a certain sort; and the affair may be said to have gone off as well as such things usually do.

At this dinner party I had the pleasure of sitting beside an aged gentleman, to whom I partly hinted my feelings of disappointment about the tea-drinkings. 'Ah, my dear sir,' observed my new acquaintance, 'all that kind of thing is quite gone now. Edinburgh is fast getting a modern English town. I often say it is little else than a suburb of London, down the Thames. Perhaps, like all imitators, the people here overdo London fashionable life a little; still, you will allow, they don't do things badly.'

'But I want the old social manners.'

'These you will get only in fourth or fifth-rate country towns; and even there they are dying out. In proportion as carpets, pictures, and silver spoons intrude themselves, the old kindly customs disappear. I fancy it is the same thing all the world over—one of the penalties we pay for civilisation.'

It may be supposed that I was somewhat disconcerted by this outset in my search after sociality. I had been eating dinners, and dawdling through soirées, for many years, and now my heart yearned for something more—something better. Still I clung to my old friend and his family. The father and mother were very tolerable—very tolerable indeed; and the girls were engaging, and almost pretty; and the elder of the two, more especially, was endowed with a certain womanliness of nature which makes even downright ugliness charming. It was this wretched dinner, thought I, that upset them. While it haunted their imaginations, it was impossible for them to think of drinking tea, or eating an egg. Now that it is fairly over, let me give them a few days to subside, and then try another experiment. I think I could get attached, in the fashion of an old man, to that gentle baggage Mary. Let me call again in the forenoon—nay, in the morning—early, before the odious hour of card-dropping, and observe how she looks when as yet she belongs to the family, not to the public.

I was not destined, however, to see her in her morning-gown and slippers; for although hardly mid-day when I called, the two sisters were in full walking costume. There appeared to be an excitement of some sort in the family that morning. The girls had the air of being newly out of a bandbox; and the father and mother were anxiously scrutinising them, and every now and then readjusting some nameless trifle in their dresses. They told me at length, with considerable importance, that they were going several miles out of town to call on Mrs A—— B—— of C——; and this explained the matter, for the lady named is a very great lady, of good family, and lives in a mansion which is a real country-seat. But this was not all. A young English nobleman, a certain Lord Orville, was at the moment a visitor at that country-seat; and here were our Mary and Jessie on the very brink of getting acquainted with a baron. I confess I looked at their dress myself with some critical scrutiny after this announcement, and with my own hands I moved Mary's veil a little way aside to afford a view of her left eyebrow.

Perhaps this delicate attention interested the young women in my favour; for after some remark as to its being so tiresome for papa to have the rheumatism just on that particular occasion, I could see them, as they whispered together, eyeing me from head to foot. Now, although I admit myself to be just at that age when men grow coxcombs out of sheer desperation, still it is not from vanity, but in mere justice to my tailor, I affirm that my coat that morning was perfectly unexceptionable. Such appeared likewise to be the opinion of the young ladies; and after their mother had assisted at the secret council, I was requested to give them my escort. To this I need not say that I delightedly agreed; and after it was arranged that, in order to let the girls have the benefit of the air, we should walk to C——, and return in the omnibus, off we set. The arrangement, I perceived, was likewise convenient from its involving the saving of sixpence, which is a thing of some consequence to persons of stinted income, who give great dinners, and drink tea out of delf and Britannia metal.

The walk was extremely pleasant, and the character of the two young women came out charmingly through the influence of mere contact. The fact is, generally speaking, we poor human beings want only to become well acquainted in order to like one another. The principles of repulsion, as they are called, are only skin-deep; and such external disagreeablenesses are easily forgotten when we come to know the real worth within. I was more than once on the eve of giving Mary a lecture on the subject, and advising her to trust more to nature and her own heart, and think less of the conventionalisms of that small and obscure nook of society her inexperience called the world. But at the time she was happy and amiable (the one, because of the other), and I did not like to break in upon the visions of her fresh and buoyant imagination, which I could see were busy with the young baron. His name was constantly on her heedless lips; his unknown image danced before her sparkling eyes. And all this because he was a lord! Well, the lord—I mean the young lord—of a girl like our Mary, it should be remembered, is not a mere peer of the realm: he is at the least a hero of romance.

But we were not to reach our destination without an adventure. All on a sudden it began to rain; and such rain! It seemed as if a trap-door had been opened in the clouds to let down the torrent bodily. A shed, by good luck, was at hand, but we by no means escaped Scot free; and had it not been for the presence of mind of a male refugee, who brushed the drops from the velvet polka with his handkerchief—is it a polka you call that thing?—Mary would have been in no condition to appear before his lordship. When our equanimity was somewhat restored, I had time to look at our new friend. He was a young fellow of some six or seven-and-twenty, plainly, nay, commonly dressed—in one of those coarse, mean, up-and-down apologies for a great-coat, which are puffed by the cunning tailors — but decidedly a gentleman. I have a theory of my own in physiognomy, and my heart warmed to the young man the moment I saw him, and all the more that I could see *his* heart warmed to our Mary. And no wonder. Flushed with running, fresh and natural from excitement, and warm in womanly gratitude, she was at that moment beautiful. But alas! this did not last long. She remembered, no doubt, that the gentleman had not been introduced to her, and shrinking aside almost rudely, conversed in a low tone with her sister. Still, her natural feelings did not yield to conventionalism without a struggle; and I did not wholly despair of her, till I heard her say aloud, with a thinly-covered consciousness, 'I hope Lord Orville will be at home!' I was ashamed to look openly at our new friend, but a furtive glance showed me that a half smile was upon his haughty lip.

I was by this time, after an old-fashioned custom of mine, trying to make his acquaintance; and not succeeding by ordinary stratagems, I at length told him plump that I wanted to mention to my old friend the name of the gentleman who had been so kind to his daughter's polka.

'My name is Hope,' said he.

'A name of good omen. And——?'

'When I studied the humanities up yonder'—pointing townward—'my comrades called me Sandy; but since then I have been more generally addressed as Alexander.'

'Alexander Hope.'

'The rain has ceased!' cried Mary at that moment; 'let us run between the showers.' And gathering up her skirts, she made a slight, silent, chilling, haughty bend to the gentleman who had not been introduced to her, and followed by her sister, who imitated her exactly, made hastily for the avenue, which was close by. Mr Hope looked for a moment as if he would have stepped after her; but a half smile again curled his lip, and a scarcely perceptible shrug said, as plainly as if it had spoken broad Scots, 'She is going to *that* lord!' He turned to me, therefore, and with a sort of kindly respect bade me 'good-by,' and then 'passed on his way, and I saw him no more.'

I followed the girls in silence up the avenue. The house was large, grave, stately. It stood upon its own dignity, and cared nothing about lords. No one could have told, by the manner of the servant, that a lord lodged there; and when at length we were in the presence of Mrs A—— B—— of C——, I found her a prettyish, youngish, well-bred, but natural woman. The conversation soon turned upon Lord Orville, and she told us he was very amiable, a little eccentric, and wholly romantic.

'I wonder you did not meet him upon the road,' she added.

'Perhaps we did,' said I; 'how was he dressed?'

'Why, in one of those coarse, up-and-down things—I don't know what you call them.' The girls threw a glance of alarm at each other, and flushed violently.

'I am afraid you have walked too far?' said the lady kindly; 'you must let me prescribe a glass of wine and a bit of cake.'

'Oh no!'—'Not for the world!' were the exclamations of the poor things, who were by this time desperately hungry, and at that moment especially in great need of a mouthful of wine.

'And you, sir?'

'Why,' said I, hesitating—for I never like to refuse anything good—'if I thought it was perfectly correct——' The lady gave a merry laugh, which rang through the room.

'Oh,' said she, 'at this distance from Edinburgh, we are out of the pale: we know nothing about the genteel here!' and so I indulged in a glass of capital sherry, and a bit of very plain home-made cake, such as would have really done the poor lassies good. Our kind hostess then opening a book, handed it to Mary, telling her that if she had any interest in learning the young man's age, she would find it there.

It was a Peerage; and with irrepressible curiosity I leaned over the heads of the girls, and read in large letters: ALEXANDER HOPE, BARON ORVILLE.

There was hardly a word exchanged on the way home, even by the sisters with each other; and when we reached the first floor on the common stair, they were but little more communicative to their anxious and curious parents. They were too much absorbed, however, in their own feelings, to remember any longer that they must not satisfy their hunger; and so they kept on eating bread and butter voraciously, and in silence, till I took my leave.

This is a trifle, no doubt; but I fear it is the feather

which shows how the wind blows. It will be seen that my experiments have as yet been failures. If I am more successful at another time, you may be sure I shall not keep the news to myself.

ICE.

'Oh who can take a fire in his hand
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?
Or wallow naked in December's snows
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat?'

We are unable to answer these questions. In point of fact, we are not acquainted with any lady or gentleman who either could or would do such things. But still it *is* pleasant to look forward to the sunshine of summer when crouching over a winter's fire; and in like manner, at this moment, with the breezes of approaching May flinging warmth and perfume before them, we derive a feeling of additional comfort from recalling in imagination the ice of last January.

The solid covering of the ponds and rivers is now carrying freshness and fertility over the surface of the country; and not only developing the germs of vegetable life, but, in its new forms of purling stream and meandering rill, awakening in the mind those poetical ideas that nature has endowed with an immortality of novelty. But there is a balance of ice to be accounted for. Some of it, the poets tell us, is dissolved into liquid silver; a treasure with which Hodge makes no scruple of irrigating his fields. Some has gone to the clouds in vapour, and descended anew to the earth in rain: but another portion, and not a very small one, remains still in its original frozen masses, and will do so throughout the hottest part of the summer. When Fenelon once was walking with some friends, they all stopped to listen eagerly to the remark of the refined sentimentalist, as they saw his attention attracted by a flock of sheep feeding on a hill-side. 'Alas!' said he with a sigh, 'there are a hundred beautiful, innocent creatures, and perhaps not one tender gigot among them!' The balance of ice, say we, after deducting the streams and showers, and the amount of liquid silver, as per account, is lodged in the ice-cellars of the fishmongers and pastry-cooks.

Ice is a great and increasing article of trade throughout a considerable portion of the civilised world. The Calcutta newspapers watch anxiously the supply of the market; and in the West Indies, likewise, it has become as indispensable as any of the other luxuries which habit converts into necessaries. In China, where the refinement, such as it is, dates back to a distance which bewilders the mind, the European visitors of the country found ice in more common use than in London. Near Peking, when the thermometer stood above 80 degrees, Davies saw numbers of people carrying about the refreshment in solid lumps, placed in a basket at each end of a pole carried across the shoulders. At every fruit stall it was sold in similar pieces, or used to cool the goods; and the embassy was liberally supplied with it for their wine. During the summer, it is deposited, as is customary elsewhere, at a certain depth in the ground, and surrounded with straw and appliances for draining off the portion dissolved.

In Lima, according to Von Tschudi, ice is considered so essential, that a scarcity of it for a few days would have the same effect as the deprivation of bread elsewhere, and excite popular tumults. For this reason the mules used in its transport are held sacred even in the heart of a revolution, for neither party would risk the popular odium that would attach to any interference with their services. This ice is obtained on the Cordilleras, at a distance of twenty-eight leagues from the city; and on being broken from the glaciers by the Indians, in great blocks, is lowered down the side of the mountain with ropes. It is then covered with a kind of grass, and packed on the backs of mules, each mule carrying two blocks, and is then transported to Lima by means of relays of mules stationed at intervals of two or three miles. Here it is used to the extent of between fifty and fifty-five hundredweight daily; about two-thirds of which are applied to the preparation of ices, chiefly of milk or pine-apple juice. The rest is hawked about the streets for sale by Indians, who carry it in pails on their heads, and whose cry of 'helado' is constantly heard in all quarters of the town.

In the great cities of Europe the ice market is of considerable importance. In London, the foreign trade in this article is confined to a few individuals, and is usually conjoined with that of a fishmonger, although the latter is said to be the less profitable of the two. A thousand tons is not an uncommon stock to be stored in a metropolitan well, and the quantity actually sold by a single individual averages in some cases seven hundred tons in the year. The sinking of such wells is attended with great expense, and in general they are situated in the outskirts of the town, so as to be nearer the ponds and rivers from which their home supply is obtained.

The price of ice, when obtained from these sources, is about 8s. a ton, but this rises in proportion to the mildness of the season. During such winters as that of 1845 and 1846, when there is little or no ice to be obtained in England, the proprietors of ice wells are put to great trouble and expense in order to keep up their stocks, the demand being as constant for this as for any other luxury of the summer season. At such times it is usual for the traders to freight vessels to Norway or other places, where ice is to be procured at all times; and it is not uncommon likewise for speculators to import cargoes on speculation during a mild winter. The price, under such circumstances, is of course materially increased; and by the time it reaches the well, the cost is frequently as much as L.3, 10s. or L.4 per ton. When this is the case, we believe it seldom affords a profit to the dealer. But the price of ice is not regulated merely by the supply, but likewise by the quality of the article —by its *coldness*. Persons unacquainted with the subject will be surprised to learn that there is a difference in this respect, and to such an extent, that their common expression, 'as cold as ice,' is quite vague and meaningless, unless they specify the *kind* of ice they mean!

'Now, for want of half a moment's reflection,' says Sir Francis Head on this subject, 'people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than ice; and accordingly, if a good-humoured man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in anybody attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of 32 degrees of Fahrenheit—that at which water freezes—is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for, after its congelation, water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not, therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other; but, on the contrary, the extra cold is added to and retained by the mass, and thus the temperature of ice falls with the temperature of the air, until, in Lower Canada, it occasionally sinks to 40 degrees below zero, or to 72 degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice-houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investigation of an assayer: that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or, in other words, it contains infinitely more cold, than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice;* which, again, contains more cold than a

* 'Continue to receive cold,' 'contains more cold,' &c.; these expressions are incorrect. Cold is a mere negation of heat. The correct phraseology should have been, 'continue parting with heat,' 'contains less heat;' and so on.—Ed.

cubic foot of Wenham ice; which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value—that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold, until, long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water. The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their "crops of ice" just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat.'

But Sir Francis is mistaken in supposing that any general degree of ignorance prevails in England upon this subject; for the fact is, the price of the Wenham Lake ice is much greater than that of the ice obtained either at home or in the northern seas, and yet the company has now an establishment in almost every town of importance in Great Britain.

Towards the poles, the natural state of water is ice; and beyond the 60th degree of latitude, its thickness is several hundred feet—although mariners have assigned to masses that have been found floating at sea an elevation of fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet! In the north of Russia, the temperature of the atmosphere is sometimes 50 degrees below the freezing point; and even in St Petersburg, the famous ice palace constructed at the marriage of Prince Gallitzin attests the extraordinary hardness to which water may attain.

'No forest fell,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stones
T' enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed on the panels which were once a stream,
And soon to glide into a stream again.'

This elegant description of Cowper applies to a palace of ice fifty-two feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twenty feet high. The blocks of water-stone were hewn from the Neva from two to three feet thick, and sculptured with various ornaments; an operation which must have been attended with no small difficulty, as even in this country, in very cold winters, iron instruments that are used in cutting ice require to be frequently sharpened. The furniture of the palace, however—the tables, chairs, &c.—was of ice, as well as the walls; and it was defended by six pieces of ice cannon, one of which sent a hempen bullet through a two-inch board at the distance of sixty paces.

LAGOMA.

A TALE OF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

The great river Gambia, after running a course of six hundred miles through the tropical regions of Western Africa, disembogues into the Atlantic at about 12 degrees of north latitude. At its mouth lies the small island of St Mary, now occupied by the British colony of Bathurst. This settlement, originally of a mercantile character, has since become a station for recaptured slaves, auxiliary to Sierra Leone, which is situated a few degrees farther south. In the principal town reside thirty or forty English merchants, who exchange the manufactures of their own country for the gum, bees'-wax, hides, ivory, and gold of Africa. Besides these, there are the governor of the colony and his assistants, together with a small guard of soldiers for the defence of the place.

On a pleasant day in June, some six or seven years ago, a small party of Europeans rode out of the town of Wellington towards the villages of the recaptured Africans. It consisted of two naval officers from a frigate then lying in the river, the colonial secretary, and the chaplain of the station. Their course led them across a level country covered with long loose grass. A few trees were scattered over the plain, among which were conspicuous the tall, graceful palm, with its feathery coronal of leaves, and the huge, swollen trunk of the baobab (known there by the singular name of *monkey-bread*), which sometimes attains to the monstrous girth of sixty feet, although not remarkable for either height or foliage. At length they came in sight of some fields of maize, sweet potatoes, bananas, and ocras, among which appeared the conical roofs of the native huts.

'Yonder, gentlemen,' said the secretary, 'is the village to which we have given the name of Melville. You will observe that the people are allowed to live according to their own ideas of comfort, receiving from us such assistance and instruction as they are willing to accept.'

'Do you find them amenable to instruction?' inquired one of the officers, a middle-aged man with a weather-beaten countenance, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant.

'Why, yes,' replied the colonial functionary. 'But the parson is best qualified to speak on that subject. He devotes a great deal of time and labour to his black sheep, as I call them.'

'The character of the native Africans,' said the chaplain, 'varies with the tribe to which they belong. Those of the interior are more civilised and tractable than those of the coast. The Ashantees are warlike and bloodthirsty; the Foulahs, haughty, bold, and enterprising; the Mandingoes are shrewd, given to traffic, and with strong religious feelings. But, speaking in general, I consider the negroes a tractable, good-humoured race, easily led by appeals to their affections. That mild, gentle, flexible character which renders them so valuable as slaves, makes them also good free citizens, provided the government under which they live be not so managed as to excite their evil passions, and particularly to mortify their vanity, which is a ruling principle with them. Occasionally, however, we find among them men of a different stamp—obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable. Such a man—a very remarkable personage, by the way—you will probably see in the village which we are approaching.'

'You mean Lagoma?' observed the secretary.

'What is his history?' asked the younger officer.

'He is a native of the Eboe country, near the mouth of the Quorra, or Niger,' replied the secretary. 'He was liberated about four years ago from the slaver Africana, which, you will recollect, was captured by the Bronté off the Cape Verde Islands. From his story, it appears that he was the chief, or I suppose we might call him the king, of a sept or subdivision of the Eboe tribe not far from the great river. An older relative, a cousin or uncle, governed a larger district, situated on the western bank of the Quorra. This kinsman of his managed to involve himself in debt with some of the rascally Portuguese slave-traders, who kept him in constant annoyance by their demands for payment. As this was to be made in slaves, and he was at that moment too weak to undertake a war with any of his neighbours, the hereditary enemies of the Eboes, he could hit upon no other scheme for discharging his obligations than that of raking up an old quarrel with his cousin, and falling upon him so suddenly, as to give him no opportunity for resistance. Poor Lagoma was taken prisoner with all his family and half his subjects. His younger brother was killed in the conflict. His wife and their two children, along with more than a hundred of his people, died of fever, and the effects of ill-usage, on board the Africana before she was taken. These sufferings and injuries have sunk into his mind, and produced a powerful effect. He never smiles, and never joins with the other blacks in their amusements or conversation. His whole mind is absorbed with the idea of vengeance. From the time that he landed, and was

made to understand his position here, he has devoted himself to a single object—that of procuring, by his labour, sufficient funds to hire a passage in a trading vessel to his native country, with a supply of arms, which will enable him, by joining some of the tribes opposed to his cousin, to take condign vengeance on the treacherous scoundrel. He is assisted by about twenty of his people, who were liberated with him, and whom he has inspired with the same feelings. They have really made wonderful progress towards the execution of their design, and have already accumulated a considerable amount of money by the sale of their crops. They are exemplary for their industry and sobriety, and could they but be disabused of this extravagant idea of revenge, would be a most valuable acquisition to our colony.'

'Here you see him,' observed the chaplain, pointing with his whip to a man engaged in weeding a field of maize in the vicinity of a hut. He did not even look up until the secretary called him by name, when he slowly raised himself, and moved towards the party. Both the officers were struck with the air of composed dignity with which he returned their salutations, and led the way to his hut. He was tall and well-proportioned, with the appearance of great strength. Although perfectly black, with thick woolly hair, his features had not otherwise what is commonly considered the negro cast. His eyes were small, and set deep beneath his overhanging brow; his nose was not flat, but rather of an aquiline shape; his lips were not very thick; nor did the lower part of the face protrude, as is common with the race to which he belonged. He wore the ordinary garb of the African colonists—loose white cotton trousers, turned up to the knee while working, and a straw-hat. His house, to which he led them, was, like all the rest, of a circular shape, with walls composed of a wattling of bamboo, and a conical roof thatched with straw, the whole bearing a great external resemblance to a round hay-stack. The furniture was extremely simple, more so than is usual with the negroes; for all Lagoma's earnings had been carefully reserved for the purchase of arms: a cooking-pot, and a few baskets, with a raised bedstead covered with mats, were all. He pointed his visitors to the bedstead by way of a seat, and placed before them a bunch of plantains and a calabash full of palm wine; then seating himself on a mat by the door, he calmly waited till they should address him.

'Always hard at work, Lagoma,' said the secretary.

'Yes; work hard; large crop; plenty money,' replied the negro chief laconically.

'Then you still hold to your scheme of revenge, my friend?' inquired the chaplain.

'What you call revenge?' retorted Lagoma sullenly, as if annoyed at the prospect of renewed expostulation. 'I no call it revenge; call it punish.'

'But consider,' urged the chaplain, 'is not your feeling a bad one? Revenge or punishment is the same thing if undertaken in a savage, unchristian spirit. Think how much happiness, how many comforts, you might enjoy with your crops and money, if you would but renounce this vindictive enterprise.'

'Misser Officer, you a lieutenant, hey?' asked Lagoma, turning suddenly to the oldest of the two naval officers, who answered in the affirmative.

'You got wife and children?'

'Yes.'

'Ha! suppose somebody come in the night, set fire to the house, kill wife, children, brother, sister, all—what you do to him, Misser Lieutenant, hey?'

'I would shoot the villain,' answered the lieutenant hastily; 'that is,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'if I caught him on the spot.'

'Yes, yes! Suppose you catch him on the spot. But suppose you no catch him till five, six year; what then?'

'Then I would hand him over to the government, to be dealt with according to law.'

'What the governor do to him?' inquired the chief.

'He would be tried before a judge, and if found guilty, would be hanged.'

'Good!' replied Lagoma, rising to his feet, and drawing himself up with great dignity. 'In my country, I, Lagoma, the governor; I the judge; I speak the law. Toklah come in the night, like a thief, give no sign, burn my house, kill my brother, sell me, my wife, my children, my people, to the slaver. All die. Nobody left to live with Lagoma. You say forget!—no punish!' he continued, turning quickly to the clergyman, and speaking with much earnestness. 'You are very good man. But when I die, I forget—not before.' So saying, he walked hastily out of the hut, and was soon lost among the rows of lofty maize stalks that surrounded it. It was evident that he did not wish his agitation to be seen.

'This is the invariable result of every attempt I have made to soften his vindictive passion,' observed the chaplain; 'yet he is not without good feelings. In fact his very desire of vengeance springs, as you may have observed, from the strength of his affections, and is kept alive by his constant sense of loneliness.'

This observation met with general assent, the younger seaman, who was a midshipman, evidently inclining to the opinion that Lagoma's determination was not so very objectionable as the chaplain seemed to consider it. As there was no likelihood of his reappearance, the party mounted their horses, and returned to the port to dine. Here they found that a slaver had just come in, with a prize crew, under the charge of a lieutenant of the Althea, by whose boats the slaver had been captured after a desperate resistance. She was a vessel of about two hundred tons, polacca rigged, and had on board nearly three hundred slaves. The space between decks was so low, that it was impossible to stand upright in it, and so crowded, that there was no room to lie down. The sufferings of the miserable wretches, crammed into this suffocating hole under a vertical sun, amid filth and noxious effluvia, heavily shackled, with deficient food, surpass the power of the imagination to conceive.

After dinner, the party, increased by the addition of the governor, and of Lieutenant W——, the prize-master of the slaver, walked down to the slave-yard to view the recaptured Africans. They had been supplied with food and clothing on board the vessel after her capture; and those who were suffering under serious illness had been removed to the hospital immediately on landing. But notwithstanding these alleviations, the sight was wretched enough. Their emaciated figures, the eagerness with which many of them still devoured their rations, never appearing satisfied, the weakness in their limbs caused by the shackles, and by the constrained postures which they had been compelled to maintain, the listless attitudes, the vacant, dreary stare, all spoke so plainly of the misery to which they had been subjected, that it was impossible to view them without pain. The governor, however, observed, 'These poor creatures seem wretched enough. They have evidently been treated worse than usual. Yet in a week, one-half of them will be singing and dancing; and in a month, all but one or two will be as merry as crickets. Now, that's a singularity in the negro character which I should like to hear explained. It cannot proceed from insensibility, for no people have more feeling.'

'It is a natural cheerfulness and sprightliness of temperament,' replied the chaplain. 'It is curious to reflect that if these poor people had been of a harsh, morose disposition, like the Malays, or the American Indians, they never could have been made slaves. Their very virtues have been turned against them.'

'True enough,' replied the governor. 'Mr W——, from what part of the coast did you say these people came?'

'From the Quorra, sir; a little above its mouth. Most of them are Eboes.'

'A bad set those Eboes,' observed the governor. 'Crafty and ferocious. Always fighting among themselves.'

'I think,' replied the lieutenant, 'that that proceeds more from the machinations of the slavers than from any other cause. Now, that old man whom you see there, and who is the principal person among them, was conquered, taken prisoner, and sold by his own son.'

'His own son!' exclaimed the hearers.

'Yes. It appears that the old fellow had governed his subjects after a rather tyrannical fashion, and made a number of malcontents. The traders, who are constantly among them, and are acquainted with all that is going on, took advantage of this state of feeling, and persuaded them to rebel. The revolted party, after the fashion of our own ancestors in the middle ages, got hold of a son of the old chief, and in a manner compelled him to be their leader. They were victorious. The old man and most of his adherents were taken prisoners, and of course sold to the traders.'

This information drew the attention of all the party towards the old chief, who presented a pitiable sight. His meagre, attenuated figure was wrapped in a thick blanket, and yet, though the day was very warm, he shivered as though in the cold stage of a fever. A deep gash, yet unhealed, extended from his temple to his chin, and disfigured still more a naturally unprepossessing countenance. His low projecting forehead was partially bald, and his hair was slightly grizzled. He lay reclining on the bosom of a young woman, who appeared to watch over him with great care. His small eyes roved with a lustreless gaze around the yard.

'What consummate knaves those traders must be, to be able thus to stifle the feelings of natural affection in a people in whom they are so strong!' observed the governor.

'True, sir,' replied Lieutenant W——; 'and there is an evidence of their strength. That young girl, who supports the old man so tenderly, is his daughter. Her name is Nandee. She accompanied him voluntarily, in spite of all the efforts of her brother to dissuade her. She became a slave in order to attend her father in his old age and illness.'

It will easily be conceived that this information excited a great interest in favour of the young negress. She was a mere girl, of apparently not more than sixteen. Her slender, graceful form was clothed from the waist in a wrapper of blue cotton. Her face was not handsome, but it had that pleasing expression of patient, loving meekness so often seen in the females of her unhappy race. She shrunk with such evident confusion when she found their eyes fixed upon her, that the spectators, with a common feeling of delicacy, withdrew to another part of the yard, where the lieutenant pointed out an old negro, who, he said, was a Mohammedan Moollah, and able to read Arabic with facility. While they were examining him, a loud cry was heard, which recalled their attention to those whom they had just left. It proceeded from the old man, who was sitting upright, and staring with a look of affright at a figure just then entering the yard. This was none other than our friend Lagoma, who had come from Melville on hearing the report of the arrival of a slaver from the Quorra, in the hopes of receiving some intelligence of the friends or the enemies whom he had left there. His wishes were more than gratified. No sooner had he beheld the old man, than, with a shout of 'Toklah!' he darted towards him like a lion rushing on his prey.

The looks of all present, negroes and English, were rivetted on the scene that followed, which was a very striking one. The tall form of Lagoma, with every feature convulsed by passion, towered over his prostrate enemy, who, falling back into the arms of his daughter, fixed his gaze, as if fascinated, on the terrible countenance of his injured kinsman. Nandee, with one arm around her father, stretched the other imploringly towards her cousin. After a brief pause, Lagoma spoke. His words were unintelligible to the English, but it was evident that they were expressive of rage and violent denunciation. At one time his excitement became so great, that the chaplain was on the point of interrupting him, but was prevented by the governor. 'Let him alone,' said the latter. 'I think I know Lagoma. We shall see a different termination to this scene from what you anticipate.'

At length the negro chief paused for a moment, as if expecting a reply. The old man, however, was so overcome by the shock, acting upon his enfeebled frame, as to be incapable of utterance. Nandee, therefore, answered in his stead; and though her words, like those of Lagoma, were unintelligible, yet their general import was readily perceived. Her piteous, appealing tone, the tears that slowly gathered and rolled down her dusky cheeks, the manner in which she pointed to the attenuated form and gray hair of her father, made it evident that she was endeavouring to move the compassion of her angry kinsman. At first he listened in sullen silence. Then, in answer to a few brief questions, she seemed to enter into a long narrative relating to the fortunes of their family—at least so the lieutenant judged from a few words of their language which he had picked up. As she proceeded, the cloud gradually passed from the brow of the listener. He gazed at her with looks of interest, which at length seemed to become admiration. Then looking again at her father, he shook his head. For a minute he stood irresolute, with knitted brows, and eyes fixed on the ground. He seemed to be undergoing a powerful struggle between contending emotions. At length he turned, and slowly approached the group of officers who had been watching his proceedings.

'Well, Lagoma,' said the governor, 'if I understand the case rightly, your desire for revenge ought to be fully satisfied. Your old enemy has met with a heavy retribution. His fate seems to be worse than your own.'

'No, no,' replied Lagoma quickly; 'he no lose *all*.'

'You mean his daughter, I suppose?' said the governor. 'Very true. She seems to be a jewel—a real treasure. As you say, the old rascal is fortunate in having such a child—more so than he deserves. Well, Lagoma, what do you mean to do with your relations?'

'Suppose you like, governor,' replied the negro in a hesitating manner, 'I take them home with me.'

'What! and wreak your vengeance on the poor old man at your leisure?' returned the governor with great gravity. 'For shame, Lagoma! Certainly I shall not allow any such thing.'

'No, no,' replied the chief; 'no more revenge—no more bad feeling. Toklah plenty punish. Ah, only think, his own son fight him, catch him, sell him to the trader! His own child! Oh, plenty punish. I no more angry. Take him home to Melville—give him good house—plenty to eat—make him well. He very sick now.'

'So, Lagoma, you are turning Christian at last, after all,' said the kind chaplain with a good-natured laugh.

A smile, the first for many years, lighted up for a moment the dark features of the chief as he replied—'Yes, now I like to get religion. I feel good here (laying his hand on his heart). Suppose you come to Melville now—I like to hear you talk.'

'Oh ho!' said the governor; 'I begin to understand the mystery. Lagoma is tired of living alone. He has been talking to his pretty cousin there, and begins to look after the parson directly. Why, Lagoma, you get on famously.'

The chief bore this attack with much good-humour, and answered, 'Me no go courting now. What for I want a wife? Governor no got any.'

This retort courteous created a laugh at the expense of that dignitary, in which he joined very heartily. 'Well, Lagoma,' said he, 'if I am unfortunate, that is no reason why you should be miserable too. So you have my permission to take your relations to your residence, on condition that you are responsible for their good treatment; and mind, I advise you to secure your wife before any of these young Mandingo gallants about Melville, with their white jackets and figured waistcoats, hear of the prize, and cut you out.'

'Very well, me see,' replied the chief coolly, as he turned to rejoin his relations. With the assistance of some of the other Eboes, old Toklah and his daughter were quickly removed to the habitation of their kinsman. There the chaplain visited them on the following day, and found that Lagoma had kept his word, by making them as comfortable as his means would admit. Part of his treasured store of money had been expended in buying clothing for them, and furniture for the hut: this he had given up to them entirely, and was now engaged in building another for himself. The dark cloud which had covered his countenance for so long a time was dispelled by the new feelings of forgiveness, goodwill, and affection which occupied his heart. He was courteous, cheerful, and earnestly desirous of conversing on the doctrines of Christianity; a subject which before he had always shunned, as if aware how much its precepts were at variance with his vindictive resolutions.

The governor was right in his anticipations. Not many months had passed before Lagoma and Nandee were married. This event, however, did not take place till after the death of the old man, who had been already reduced to extreme weakness by fever and the effects of his wound, as well as by his sufferings on board the slave ship. In this condition, the shock which he experienced on suddenly meeting the man whom he had so fearfully injured, was too much for him. He lingered for a few months, and expired in the arms of his daughter and Lagoma, but not till he had repeatedly implored, and as often been assured of, the forgiveness of the latter.

Of the Europeans mentioned in this narrative, nearly all are dead, victims to the insalubrity of these noxious climates. Lagoma and Nandee, however, are still living, and in the enjoyment of as much happiness as can reasonably be expected in this world. The patch of ground has been enlarged to a considerable farm, with fields of maize, coffee, and sugar-canes. The little cabin has become a roomy house, made vocal by the cries and mirth of several children; and Lagoma, the vindictive Eboe chief, is now not only the head man of the Melville settlement, and a useful assistant to the governor in the management of the colony, but he is also, and above all, a consistent Christian, and a catechist in the school which has been established in his village. The same energy and singleness of purpose which he displayed in the prosecution of his projects of revenge are still apparent, though directed to far different ends.

THE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON'S SOIRÉE.

For several years past, it has been customary for the president of the Royal Society to invite the most distinguished Fellows of that noble institution to a series of *conversazioni*, or evening parties, which are also usually attended by a number of other distinguished men of science and letters. The president of the Royal Society, if we remember rightly, was the first to set this social example, which was promised to be followed by the Earl of Aberdeen, as president of the Society of Antiquaries, though, for some reason, that pleasure was all anticipation. Such parties, however, are given by the presidents of the Institution of Civil Engineers, of the Institute of British Architects, and of other leading societies of the metropolis. But the Royal Society unquestionably takes the lead. The superior rank and attainments of the Fellows, and the distinguished position of the president, besides his official importance, invests these parties with extreme interest; for, in addition to the certainty of meeting there the *élite* of the scientific circles of the metropolis, you may calculate also on the presence of foreign and native distinguished personages, royal and noble. The Duke of Sussex, during his presidency, received the Fellows with great brilliancy at Kensington Palace, and never perhaps were the stately saloons of that abode of our sovereigns devoted to a purpose productive of higher social advantages.

The Marquis of Northampton, as the successor of the Duke of Sussex in the chair of the Royal Society, gave the first of his four receptions for the season at his own mansion on the Terrace, Piccadilly, on the evening of Saturday the 13th February. We had the good fortune to be honoured with a card of invitation, and rarely do we remember to have passed three more gratifying hours.

We reached Piccadilly about nine o'clock, and found carriages rapidly setting down company. The mansion is in every respect well appointed, although not so full of old pictures and other articles of vertú as when the late Dowager Countess of Poulett, whose property it was, entertained here the Duke of Clarence and other royal and noble visitors. The company, on reaching the hall, mostly presented their cards to a person who officiated as 'court circular,' to furnish the list of guests for the reports of the evening's proceedings. There is a fine large painting high upon the staircase wall, while a picture of Judith, with the head of Holofernes, hangs at a better height for us to estimate its excellence.

On entering the drawing-room, a master of the ceremonies quietly announced our name to the marquis, who received each visitor with a cordial shake of the hand. The suite of saloons is four in number; the first, facing Piccadilly, being the reception-room. The several apartments are decorated in that quiet, elegant style by which the older London mansions of our nobility are so happily distinguished. The architectural finishings of the ceilings, sculptured in panels and mouldings; the marble chimney-pieces in the old Italian style; in short, all the embellishments, speak of the early part of the reign of George III. The draperies, &c. and the tone of the walls, are between light-blue and French gray, best calculated for evening effect. There was no ostentatious preparation, as if for a grand 'reception' or a 'fashionable route.' On the other hand, much of the furniture and appointments had been removed, the better to accommodate large numbers; and each room was well lighted with candles, in large and brilliant lustres, with here and there lamps of classic design.

It is customary, at *réunions* like the present, to assemble models of new inventions, rare works of art, and other productions of genius, for the gratification of the company. There were few such objects at the soirée we are describing: it was the first of the four given each season, which might possibly account for the paucity. Upon the centre table, in the first room, we were much interested with some electro-metallurgic copies from antique sculpture by Mr Cox's process: the casts from a bust, and from a colossal vase, were remarkably fine: they were in copper; and the vase especially had the very *æruge* of a classic age. Around these articles were placed some delicate specimens of improved photographic processes, developing some new properties of the rays of light, by M. Claudet. Upon a chair in this room was also a cabinet picture, assumed to be a Corregio, and certainly bearing the gracefulness and harmonious colouring of that master. In the next room there was little to be noticed, if we except a pair of twisted columns, the shafts of delicate mosaic, and the bases and capitals of spotless Italian marble, beautifully sculptured. These elegant archæological rarities, if we mistake not, were brought from Italy by the marquis a few years since.

We next entered the principal saloon, the most elegant as well as spacious of the suite. It was most judi-

ciously lighted by a superb central lustre, and a pair of finely-sculptured marble figures, which formed a portion of the design of the chimney-piece, of life-size, and bearing handsome branches filled with wax-lights. The general company either promenaded or collected about the tables upon which were placed the models, &c. for inspection. In the left-hand corner were some illustrative calculations, explaining why the inhabitants of our earth invariably see one face of the moon; this contribution was by Mr Perigal, but it was scarcely adapted for the occasion. Upon the next table was a copy of an exquisitely-chiselled bust of Lord Compton (son of the Marquis of Northampton), wrought out by Mr Cheverton's ingenious bust-turning machine; and facing the chimney-piece was set up one of Hutchinson's epirometers, an instrument for measuring the capacity of the lungs. It consists of a certain tubular arrangement, communicating with an index dial: the person whose lungs are to be measured blows through a caoutchouc tube; the expiration is measured by the tubes and index. This machine is much used in hospitals in testing pulmonic diseases. Its simply practical character proved as attractive on Saturday as did the first-constructed weighing-machine many years since. The company appeared especially anxious for examination; and the index, and the gentleman who attended to explain the working of the instrument, had a busy time of it. In short, there was a *personal* interest about the matter, which accounted for its attractiveness.

Opposite the epirometer was a table upon which was a beautiful specimen of the *clavagella*, a boring testaceous animal, brought from the seas washing the Philippine Islands. It was exquisitely preserved by the new process of Mr Goadby, who lucidly explained to the visitors how the little creature lodges itself in coral, and by means of its mechanical attrition, and a solvent secretion, perforates rocks or stones at great depths in the ocean. This little submarine worker has been known to naturalists but a few years.

Upon the same table with the above was a contribution by Mr Reinagle, the Royal Academician; namely, the model of a contrivance for preventing collision on railways. And here, too, was one of the newly-invented graduated dose inhalers for the administration of ether in surgical operations. In this new kind of practice, it becomes of course important to graduate the doses, as a breath too much might in its effects be not unlike a drop too much. Now, this object is accomplished by the above instrument, which continued throughout the evening to be beset by crowds of visitors. As in the epirometer, too, the personal experiment proved very popular.

We have, however, yet to notice the chief *lion* of the evening. This was a large working model of Mr Little's newly-invented and patented double-action printing machine, for working from ten thousand to twelve thousand impressions within an hour. The model (three inches to a foot) was placed within the bow of the room, and was worked incessantly by seven attendants: in the machine, the motive power will be steam; still there will be requisite a number of persons to lay on and take off the sheets. Presuming the reader to have some idea of the printing machine in general use, he will understand the vast importance of Mr Little's invention when we state that his 'double action' machine works seven out of eight cylinders, whereas the 'fast machine' works only two cylinders out of four. Here were feeding-drums, cylinders, and tapes at full speed; the sheets laid on and taken off; and nothing wanting but the inking apparatus, a settled mechanical arrangement entirely apart from the great principle of the improvement. All the principal visitors examined this working model, and must have been struck with one 'great fact' in its history—that the principle of the inventor did not undergo the least alteration from the commencement. In the construction of the model *no* experiment was necessary, and not a single wheel or motion was wasted; *the very first trial was successful.* Many thousands of sheets were passed through the model on Saturday evening, and proved satisfactory evidence of its perfection in principle and construction. The ingenious inventor and engineer of the machine were both present, and explained to the visitors its construction. Mr Hume, M.P., was one of the most active inquirers; the honourable gentleman is a Fellow of the Royal Society, but one of his remarks was strongly indicative of his legislatorial character; for, after acknowledging the soundness of the invention, he went to its social results in the rapid production of cheapened newspapers—a demand to be created by the further reduction of the stamp duty.

The fourth room is small and cosy, if that be not too homely a phrase for an elegant drawing-room. In the Countess of Poulett's lifetime, the walls of this apartment were covered with splendid etchings by the old masters of their own pictures. We missed these 'pearls of great price,' which were bequeathed by her ladyship to a distant branch of the family.

After our inspection of the models, we took a glance at the company. The principal rooms were at this moment studded with conversational groups of the visitors; the space between being filled up with what might be called the floating members of the assembly —those streaming through the suite of rooms in quest of new recognitions.

The meeting was graced by some four hundred visitors throughout the evening, only a portion of whom were Fellows of the Royal Society. The newspapers have reported the lists of the company by name, so that we shall merely enumerate them by classes. Thus there was a sprinkling of foreign ambassadors, and a few of our nobility, distinguished by their culture of science and patronage of its great objects. Then there were professors of natural philosophy, our leading geologists, and professors of 'natural knowledge;' several officers of the Royal Corps of Engineers, and not a few of those truly great minds—civil engineers—who are developing their genius in our gigantic railway system. Next were architects, painters, and sculptors, many of them of an inventive turn of mind, as a relief to the routine of their own professions; a few representatives of divinity, the law, and medicine; members of the legislature; some half-dozen intelligent travellers, and among them Mr Holman, the blind traveller. This last person has a very extraordinary appearance, in consequence of his allowing his beard to grow in the course of his wanderings. A tall, slender man, in black clothes, with long grayish tresses, and a streaming beard, he looks more like a native of some outlandish country than an Englishman. Wherever men of literature and science are assembled in London, there we are sure to see Mr Holman led slowly into the room. On the present occasion, though science determined the character of the meeting, literature was not forgotten. The poet, the historian, the journalist, mingled in the throng. We were also much pleased to recognise in the rooms several inventors, or 'practical men'—the working contributors to our social improvements, though rarely the full participators in their profits. It is no affectation to say, that in contemplating this great assemblage of genius and talent, we felt the geniality of an atmosphere of intellect. It was a strangely delightful thing to consider that in these rooms were collected no small proportion of those who are giving character and direction to the present age, and to whom the future must look back for a large share of such blessings as it enjoys.

Towards eleven o'clock, the arrival of Prince Albert was announced to the Marquis of Northampton, who welcomed the royal visitor in the vestibule, and thence conducted him to the principal saloon. The prince, it will be recollected, joined the Royal Society soon after his arrival in this country, and has uniformly honoured one of the presidents' annual *réunions* with his company. His Royal Highness was accompanied through the rooms by the noble host: the prince inspected the several models, and paid marked attention to that of the printing machine, the perfection of the great invention of his countryman, Koenig. There was an evident desire on the part of his Royal Highness to become acquainted with the details of the improvement. The prince is well known to be animated by a love of science, and to possess considerable knowledge of some of its branches. Although thrown into a sphere which does not seem favourable for the cultivation of such tastes, he still maintains a correspondence on scientific matters with his former preceptor, M. Quetelet of Brussels. We may therefore believe that his visit to the Royal Society soirée was not one of mere compliment or ceremony, but a gratification to himself.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the prince left the saloon, and took leave; and soon after, the general company separated.

On leaving the hospitable mansion, we could not but reflect how delightfully such pleasures as we had participated in must alternate with the severe studies of science and its kindred pursuits. The certainty of its beneficial reaction upon a well-regulated mind invests the meeting, we conceive, with much beyond conventional importance. At the same time it was a scene of elegant recreation. The liberality of the Marquis of Northampton, in extending his invitations far beyond an official circle, cannot be too highly commended as the emanation of a refined and courteous nature.

BURTON'S LIVES OF LORD LOVAT AND PRESIDENT FORBES.

THE last volume of Messrs Chapman and Hall's 'Series' is a very agreeable biographical volume, by Mr J. H. Burton, whose memoir of David Hume has already taken a respectable rank in this class of compositions. The association of heroes or subjects has been suggested by their actual association in time, place, and many transactions of life; and the accident is not an unhappy one for literary effect, for assuredly a greater contrast than that between the cunning Highland chief Lovat, and the personation of the humanity and integrity of modern statesmanship which we possess in Forbes, could not exist: it is as if the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries were brought into juxtaposition. It is rather vexing, however, to have to remark that the life of the worse man is by far the more entertaining of the two.

Lovat was a strange problem, a really able man, with immense worldly wisdom, yet wanting the power to see that there is no safety in this world without some tolerable degree of consistency and honesty. Perhaps the true key to the mystery is, that he was somewhat mad; and the fact that a son of his, who lived to our own time, was so, lends great probability to the surmise. The wonder remains, how one who had in his youth been an outlaw for the grossest crimes, who had plotted for the Stuarts, and then betrayed the plot to Queen Anne's ministry, who took arms for George I. in 1715, and sent out his clan with Prince Charles in 1745, should have ever been a receivable or presentable person in society, as he was for many years. It can only be in small part accounted for by the ready wit and glozing discourse which pertained to the chief of the Frasers.

It will sound strange that this man, whose widow died in 1796, lived in a time when the law was unable to get its behests against him fulfilled. It was in the latter years of the seventeenth century—the time when Dryden was publishing his last works—that young Simon Fraser, professing to be Master of Lovat, lived in Inverness-shire, a proscribed outlaw, in defiance of the executive. Warrants could not be executed by common officers against one who had perhaps five hundred armed Highlanders at his command in the natural fastnesses of the north. The Scottish privy council had to muster troops, garrison places of strength, and call out Lowland militia, in the effort to apprehend this audacious man. 'On the whole,' says Mr Burton, 'the force brought against him cannot have been very large; but in Simon's own history of his conflicts and escapes, the whole affair assumes the aspect of a very considerable campaign, in which his enemies, spoken of as "the several regiments of cavalry, infantry, and dragoons," are always defeated and baffled in an unaccountable manner by some handful of Frasers. He had individuals among his followers, who, like David's mighty men, performed signal acts of valour against great odds; and conspicuous among these was Alister More, a name which, being translated, means "Alexander the Great" —a name characteristic of his gigantic stature. His master says he was "the tallest man in Scotland, and not less celebrated for his brave exploits than for his prodigious height." After one of the exploits of his band, Simon luxuriates in the following grandiloquent language. "The Frasers, after this enterprise, had some respite from the encounter of large armies; but they were daily harassed with flying parties from Inverness and Inverlochy, *alias* Fort-William. These were in small numbers, and the master had always timely notice of their approach, so that he gave himself little trouble about them. He might, if he pleased, have cut them in pieces wherever they appeared. But as the regular troops had always displayed a clemency for his country, and a regard for his person, he treated them with as much mildness as was consistent with the safety of his clan." He gave one of his conflicts a name to adapt it to history—the battle of Altnigoir. According to his own account, it was a complete victory; and the enemy, not only routed, but surrounded, had to sue for mercy in the most abject terms. Strangely enough, he admits that he was not inclined to grant it; that he had resolved to put to death those people who had invaded his territory and sought his life, having "no other complaint against him, than that he was born the true and legitimate heir to the estate of Lovat;" and that it was by the advice of the seniors of the clan that they were spared. But he had resolved to gratify a classic fancy on the occasion; and, "in conformity to an example he had read in the Roman history," he drew up his men on either side, and made the captives pass beneath the yoke. He did not, at the same time, neglect a ceremony more purely Celtic. Every people have their own peculiar ceremony of ratification, sometimes characteristic of their habits and temper. The Chinaman's ceremonial of an oath is the breaking of a china saucer: a practice savouring of a brittle, puny race, with little that is formidable in their nature. The Sikh is pledged on a cow's tail. The Highlander's most solemn and abiding oath was that which he took on the point of his drawn dirk. On this occasion, Simon caused the vanquished to take an oath in terms we would rather avoid repeating: they engaged never to do him the smallest mischief, directly or indirectly.'

It was, in reality, a war which Fraser conducted against the state, the object being to obtain land and titles, which the law had awarded to an heiress in preference. After all, he contrived to turn politics to account in his favour. 'We now come,' says Mr Burton, 'to some events showing the staggering and uneven pace of justice in that age, and its liability to be tugged from side to side by faction and private influence. Lovat, like a sagacious statesman, suggested

to a great western power—that of Argyle—that the House of Athole was aggrandising itself to a formidable extent; that it was necessary, for the preservation of the old sway of the House of Argyle, that this rival should be checked and humbled; and finally, that if the Marquis of Tullibardine were to mediatise the secondary power of the Frasers, and bring them under his own subjugation, as he intended to do, the balance of power in the Highlands would be seriously shaken. On this Argyle exerted himself to procure a pardon, a circumstance which is attested by other evidence than Lovat's own. At Argyle's recommendation he took a journey to London, with the secrecy necessary to one who had sentence of death hanging over his head. King William was then on the continent, whither Lovat passed over, and had address enough to pay two visits, with equal encouragement—the one to the exiled court at St Germains, the other to King William at Loo. He says he got the latter to append the sign-manual to an ample and complete pardon for "every imaginable crime."'

It is but a proper pendant to these sketches of Scotland a century and a half in the rearward, to give Mr Burton's account of the convivialities in which the gentlemen of that age indulged. He is telling us of Forbes's position, as brother of the Laird of Culloden in Inverness-shire, and a rising young lawyer. 'Let us now take a general glance at the social habits of Duncan Forbes in early life. Among them conviviality occupied a far more prominent place than social moralists of the present day would consider compatible with the decorum of a high official person, professing serious religious opinions. Not few are the indications throughout his correspondence of the influence of wine: indeed he seems, in his novitiate, before he became a crown lawyer, to have been a prime ringleader among jolly fellows.

'The demands, indeed, which society then made on a man who had a head capable both of standing claret and entertaining company, were very formidable; and if he was rising in the world, gaining golden opinions among men, and showing his aptitude for high stations, he had to drink all the larger draughts of wine, to show that he was not deficient in that main element of public greatness. Drinking through a session with his lawyer brethren in Edinburgh would be no light task. When he went north, he would have to recommence conviviality, to keep up the family influence among the Highland chiefs and the barons of Moray; and as the northern air has the reputation of counteracting the effects of intoxicating draughts, the potations of Edinburgh would have to be balanced by wider and deeper libations at Inverness. That his constitution sometimes felt the pressure of these laborious enjoyments, we find from such occasional passages as the following, from a letter dated Inverness, 26th of September 1716, and addressed apparently to one of his jovial friends in Edinburgh:—"For my own part I am almost wearied of this wicked world; one wish, and but one, I had when I left you concerning myself—that I might enjoy eight days free of company and claret. How I have succeeded, you may guess by this, that though to-day it be just a month since I saw you, I have not yet buckled a shoe; that is, I have not been one day out of my boots."

'When in the north, he would have to do duty side by side with his brother the laird, whose feats in this department of human exertion were so distinguished even in that age, that he was honoured with the name of Bumper John, to distinguish him from all other lairds of Culloden. Of the method of life at the Old Castle, we shall let Burt, brought up under the somewhat milder conviviality of English military life, speak: "There lives in our neighbourhood, at a house (or castle) called Culloden, a gentleman whose hospitality is almost without bounds. It is the custom of that house, at the first visit or introduction, to take up your freedom by cracking his nut (as he terms it); that is, a cocoa-shell, which holds a pint, filled with champagne, or such other sort of wine as you shall choose: you may guess by the introduction at the contents of the volume. Few go away sober at any time; and for the greatest part of his guests, in the conclusion they cannot go at all.

"This he partly brings about by artfully proposing, after the public healths (which always imply bumpers), such private ones as he knows will pique the interest or inclinations of each particular person in the company, whose turn it is to take the lead, to begin it in a brimmer; and he himself being always cheerful, and sometimes saying good things, his guests soon lose their guard, and then——I need say no more.

"For my own part, I stipulated with him, upon the first acquaintance, for the liberty of retiring when I thought convenient; and, as perseverance was made a point of honour, that I might do it without reproach.

"As the company are disabled one after another, two servants, who are all the while in waiting, take up the invalids with short poles in their chairs, as they sit (if not fallen down), and carry them to their beds, and still the hero holds out.

"I remember one evening an English officer, who has a good deal of humour, feigned himself drunk, and acted his part so naturally, that it was difficult to distinguish it from reality; upon which the servants were preparing to take him up and carry him off. He let them alone till they had fixed the machine, and then raising himself up on his feet, made them a sneering bow, and told them he believed there was no occasion for their assistance; whereupon one of them, with a *sang-froid* and a serious air, said, 'No matter, sir; we shall have you by and by.' This laird keeps a plentiful table, and excellent wines of various sorts, and in great quantities; as indeed he ought, for I have often said I thought there was as much wine spilt in his hall as would content a moderate family."

'The types of true hospitality in a Scottish farmer's house of old, were said to be an anker of whisky always on the spigot, a boiler with perpetual hot water, and a cask of sugar with a spade in it. Culloden's hospitalities were of a more aristocratic order, and the custom of the house was to prize off the top of each successive cask of claret, and place it in the corner of the hall, to be emptied in pailfuls. The massive hall table which bore so many carouses is still preserved as a venerated relic, and the deep saturation it has received from old libations of claret, prevents one from distinguishing the description of wood of which it was constructed. When Duncan was in the north, he appears generally to have lived at Bunchrew, and besides his participation in the jovialities of Culloden, he had occasional hospitalities to distribute in a peculiar circle of his own. Examining an old account, one of many which lie among more valuable papers, the items of several charges for claret bought in individual dozens, some at 16s., and some at 18s., show a sum of L.40 spent in this manner in the course of a month.*

'In estimating the character of any man, we must measure it by the habits of his age. Temperance was not one of the virtues of that period. It was not associated with particular moral or religious opinions; and the younger John Forbes, who inherited the serious principles of his family, we find not ashamed, in writing to Sir Andrew Mitchell, to make in all seriousness such an association of ideas as the following:—"God Almighty bless the king of Prussia, and you. We pray for you, and drink for you both every day!" A man who eschewed claret was looked upon as merely exceptional; the victim of some peculiarity, mental or physical; and the idea of investing his conduct with any merit would have been considered transcendently ludicrous. Temperance was not a quality to which Forbes aspired, and in this respect he was neither before nor

* We beg to draw attention to these memorials of intemperance in a past age. We are continually hearing lamentations on the *vast increase* of drunkenness; whereas nothing is more historically true than that this, like some other odious vices, has greatly decreased within the recollection of persons now living.—Ed.

behind the principles of his age. From the Scottish convivialities of the last century even the female sex was not entirely exempt; and though perhaps there is no part of the world where women of the educated classes are now more completely exempt from a practice which modern ideas have stamped as degrading, there are not wanting reasons for believing that ladies of good birth and rearing, in the earlier part of last century, quaffed potations which would make their fair descendants shudder, without either losing caste or character, or exposing themselves to the contumely that overtook poor Lady Grange. It was particularly remembered, not many years ago, by old people in Edinburgh, that a band of damsels connected with a great northern house, walking clamorously up the High Street in a beautiful moonlight night, stopped suddenly where the shadow of the Tron Church steeple crossed the street, and, under the hallucination that they had reached the edge of one of their mountain streams, were observed to divest themselves of their shoes and stockings to wade across.

'The many traditions we have of the joviality of our forefathers are accompanied by statements of the wonderful feats of intellect performed by public men, lay and clerical, when to all ordinary observation the faculties were irretrievably steeped in claret; and these lead to the remark, that we will not get a right appreciation of the character of previous generations by passing a sweeping condemnation on them for practices so much at variance with those of the same class at this day. In some way or other, nature, ever wonderful in the adjustment of things apparently incompatible, seems to have adapted the men and their hereditary constitutions to the life they led. They performed their part on the world's stage, and left vestiges in which the unsteady pace of intoxication is seldom to be traced. Without the fruit of their labours, the present generation would not be such as it is; and in the statesman or lawyer of a century ago, who, after his deep potations, carried a frame and intellect as fresh and vigorous as ever to his important labours, we find no prototype of the attenuated and trembling dram-drinker of the present day, whose unstrung nerves require a violent forestalment of their wasting stamina for each act of ordinary exertion, and for every occasion on which he has to hold intercourse with his fellow-men as a member of society.

'Yet however it may have stood with country gentlemen, breathing the fresh air all day, with no anxieties except about their mortgages, the system was sometimes considered oppressive even by these herculean men of business. "I haven't yet seen Culloden; but he and I will mind your honour in a glass, deep proportioned to your wealth, and sprightly as your wisdom," is the convivial wish that in a moment of easy gaiety arises in Duncan's official superior, the lord advocate; but after a toilsome convivial journey, we find the great law officer of the crown thus hazily giving utterance to his oppressive reminiscences:—

"The good people of Inverness and Moray were so exceedingly kind (if it can be called kindness to make a man run the gauntlet), that neither shame nor remorse had any effect upon me; and seriously, though I thought myself happy that neither your brother John nor the squire were in the country, yet everybody, I don't know how, took upon them to be Johns and squires to me; and for ought I know, I might have been cracking nuts till now, if I had been able. The fire about Aberdeen was not so intense; but, comparatively speaking, it was pretty smart. The Perth people are good enough for a brush, and away; but the pleasures of the enchanted island, the ball, the Lucy Barbers, and the strange and surprising adventures of Emperor Gausy, must be left to another tune."

'Duncan himself, in the full tide of his onerous labours, feeling his health precarious, sacrificed his conviviality to his duties; no small stake of character in that age.'

In collecting his facts, Mr Burton has shown an industry considerably superior to what is generally found in publications of this kind. He states them lucidly, and his remarks are invariably of an enlightened character. On the whole, we can recommend the book very confidently to the public.

AMERICAN WHALERS.

In the year 1841, Mr J. Ross Browne, a young Kentuckian, left his home to push his fortune in the world. After passing some time at Washington, the seat of the United States government, in an attempt to obtain a situation as reporter in the Houses of Congress, he started for New York with an acquaintance as thoughtless and enterprising as himself, where they signed articles for a whaling voyage, and sailed from New Bedford, the principal port for vessels engaged in the whale-fishery. The hardships of a sea-life, and the reckless cruelty of the captain, soon dissipated all the feeling of romance under which the adventurers had embarked: one of them was attacked by madness while in the warm latitudes, in consequence of a sun-stroke. The tyranny, suffering, and privation endured in these tedious cruises, extending sometimes to two or three years, have found a chronicler in Mr Browne, who, with that ready talent which seems to be a characteristic of his countrymen, has written a volume comprising the principal events and proceedings on a whaling voyage.*

The active and enterprising commercial spirit of the Americans has led them to compete successfully with the parent country in the whale-fishery. It is but little more than half a century ago that the first expedition to the South Seas was fitted out by an Englishman; the result was so satisfactory, that from that period the various latitudes of the broad Pacific have gradually become the scenes of a valuable and increasing trade, for which an active competition was carried on between America and England during a number of years. The government of this country, with a view of promoting this branch of commercial enterprise, paid bounties to the most successful ships, varying from L.300 to L.700. In the year 1820, when 210 vessels were employed in the whale-fishery, L.53,850 were paid as bounties. Notwithstanding these inducements, the British trade has declined, while that of the United States has proportionately increased. According to a writer in the 'Democratic Review,' the fleet of the latter country now numbers '650 ships of 200,000 tons, and manned by some 17,000 to 18,000 American seamen. The value of the vessels and outfit is estimated at 25,000,000 dollars, and they produce annually 5,000,000† dollars' worth of oil and bone.' All history proves the utter uselessness of attempts to force a trade; and as our government has recently abandoned all duties on foreign oil, it will doubtless be cheaper for England to purchase the article from the Americans than to go and fetch it from the Pacific Ocean.

The work under notice contains some spirited narrative of life in the whaling latitudes, and of the operations by which the oil is extracted from the carcases of the captured whales. The duties appear, for the most part, to be dangerous and disagreeable; yet a certain spirit of adventure seems to reconcile the crews to their mode of life. When a vessel arrives at her station, a sharp look-out is kept up for the fish, which are seen from a great distance by their 'spouting,' or throwing up a column of water from their nostrils. On such occasions something like the following colloquy ensues:—'There she blows!' was sung out from the mast-head.

'Where away?' demanded the captain.

* Etchings of a Whaling Cruise; with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar. To which is appended a brief History of the Whale-Fishery, &c. &c. By J. Ross Browne. New York. 1846.

† One-fifth of the above sums represents their value in pounds sterling.

'Three points off the lee-bow, sir.'

'Raise up your wheel. Steady!'

'Steady, sir!'

'Mast-head, ahoy! Do you see that whale now?'

'Ay, ay, sir! a school of sperm whales! There she blows! there she breaches!'

'How far off?'

'Two miles and a half.'

'Thunder and lightning! So near! Call all hands! Clew up the fore-t'-gallant-sail. There! Belay! Hard down your wheel! Haul aback the mainyard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready?'

After this multiplicity of queries and orders, three boats were lowered and manned by their crews, who bent every muscle in the rivalry of the chase. Just, however, as the headmost boat had reached the whale, the animal suddenly plunged, and rose again at the distance of a mile. A black cloud, brewing a heavy squall, was fast rising to windward; but the boat kept on, and had made a prize of the fish, when, writes Mr Browne, 'suddenly a white streak of foam appeared within a hundred yards. Scarcely had we unshipped our oars, than the squall burst upon us with stunning violence. It is utterly impossible to conceive the violence of the wind. Small as the surface exposed to the squall was, we flew through the foaming seas, dragging the dead body of the whale after us, with incredible velocity. Thus situated, entirely at the mercy of the wind and sea, we continued every moment to increase our distance from the bark. When the squall abated, we came to under the lee of the whale, and looked to leeward for the bark. Not a speck could be seen on the horizon! Night was rapidly approaching, and we were alone upon the broad, angry ocean!' However, after a weary pull for two or three hours, the ship was seen, and at nightfall the tired boat's crew found themselves once more on board, with the whale securely lashed to the vessel's side.

This latter operation affords scope for the exercise of a little seaman-like dexterity:—'When the whale has been towed alongside by the boats, it is firmly secured by a large rope, attached to the "small" by a running noose. There is not a little ingenuity in the manner in which the fluke-rope is first passed under the body of the whale. A small line, to which a lead is fastened, with a block of wood at the extremity, several fathoms from the lead, is thrown over between the whale and the ship's side. From the impetus given to the lead, it sinks in a diagonal direction, drawing the block down after it. One end of the lead-line is fastened to the fluke-rope on board, and the block attached to the other rises at the off-side of the whale. It is then hauled on board by means of a wire-hook fastened to a long pole.' This, it will be understood, at once gives the means for lashing the carcase to the side of the vessel, which is always done with the head towards the latter's stern; and the operation of cutting up is then commenced.

'The cutting-tackle,' continues Mr Browne, 'is attached to a powerful strap, or pendant, passing round the mast, in the maintop, by two large blocks. There are, in fact, two tackles, the falls of which pass round the windlass. To each of these tackles is attached a large blubber-hook, which, upon being made fast to the blubber, are hauled up by the windlass, one only being in operation at a time. . . . The blanket-pieces (as the strips of blubber are called) are stripped off in a spiral direction, running down towards the flukes: the whale turning at every heave of the windlass, till the whole covering of blubber is stripped off to the flukes, which are hoisted on board, and those parts containing oil cut away, and the remainder thrown overboard. The head having in the first place been cut off and secured to the stern, is now hauled up, with the nose down, if too large to be taken on board, and hoisted so far out of the water as may be found convenient, and the oil, or liquid spermaceti, baled out with a vessel attached to a long pole, and thus taken in and saved. As there is no little risk attending this mode of getting the spermaceti, and a great deal of waste, the head is always taken on board, when not too large or heavy.

'The "case," which is the name given by whalers to the head, sometimes contains from ten to fifteen barrels of oil and spermaceti. A single "blanket-piece" not unfrequently weighs a ton, or upward. In hauling it up by the tackles, it careens the vessel over frequently to an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees, owing to its own great weight, combined with that of the whale, the upper surface of which it raises several feet out of the water. . . . It is afterwards dropped down into the hold or blubber-room, where it is cut up into blocks of a foot and a half or two feet in length, and eight or ten inches in width. These blocks are called "horse-pieces." The white, hard blocks, containing but little oil, and which are found near the "small," and at the flukes, are called "white-horse." The carcase of the whale, when stripped of its blubber, is cast loose, and soon sinks from the want of its buoyant covering.'

When the blubber is lowered into the hold, it is cut up into smaller pieces with sharp spades, in readiness for the 'mincers,' who cut it into thin slices for the try-pot or copper. After the first cask of oil has been obtained, the fire is kept up with the dried pieces of blubber. According to Mr Browne, this is the most disagreeable part of the business. 'The try-works,' he writes, 'are usually situated between the foremast and the main-hatch. In small vessels, they contain two or three large pots, imbedded in brick. A few barrels of oil from the whale's case, or head, are baled into the pots before commencing upon the blubber. Two men are standing by the mincing-horse, one slicing up the blubber, and the other passing horse-pieces from a tub, into which they are thrown by a third hand, who receives them from the hold. One of the boat-steerers stands in front of the lee-pot, pitching the minced blubber into the pots with a fork. Another is stirring up the oil, and throwing the scraps into a wooden strainer. We will now imagine the works in full operation at night. Dense clouds of lurid smoke are curling up to the tops, shrouding the rigging from the view. The oil is hissing in the try-pots. Half-a-dozen of the crew are sitting on the windlass, their rough, weather-beaten faces shining in the red glare of the fires, all clothed in greasy duck, and forming about as savage a looking group as ever was sketched by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The cooper and one of the mates are raking up the fires with long bars of wood or iron. The decks, bulwark, railing, try-works, and windlass, are covered with oil and slime of black skin, glistening with the red glare from the fires. Slowly and doggedly the vessel is pitching her way through the rough seas, looking as if enveloped in flame.

"More horse-pieces!" cries the mincer's attendant.

"Horse-pieces!" echoes the man in the waist.

"Scraps!" growls a boat-steerer.

'By and by the captain comes up from the cabin to see how things are progressing. He peeps into the pots, and observes in a discontented tone, "Why don't you keep that 'ere oil stirred? It's all getting black." Then he takes a look into the mincer's tub. "That wont do. Make bible leaves of 'em!" Then he looks at the men on the windlass. "Hey! all idle! Give these fellows something to do. We can't have idlers about now."'

The captain, however, soon disappears, and the men enjoy themselves in the usual sailor manner, by singing songs or telling stories. 'About the middle of the watch they get up the bread-kid, and after dipping a few biscuits in salt-water, heave them into a strainer, and boil them in the oil. It is difficult to form any idea of the luxury of this delicious mode of cooking on a long night-watch. Sometimes, when on friendly terms with the steward, they make fritters of the brains of the whale, mixed with flour, and cook them in the oil. These are considered a most sumptuous delicacy. Certain portions of the whale's flesh are also eaten with

relish, though, to my thinking, not a very great luxury, being coarse and strong. Mixed with potatoes, however, like "porpoise balls," they answer very well for variety. A good appetite makes almost any kind of food palatable. I have eaten whale-flesh at sea with as much relish as I ever ate roast-beef ashore. A trying-out scene has something peculiarly wild and savage in it—a kind of indescribable uncouthness, which renders it difficult to describe with anything like accuracy. There is a murderous appearance about the blood-stained decks, and the huge masses of flesh and blubber lying here and there, and a ferocity in the looks of the men, heightened by the red, fierce glare of the fires, which inspire in the mind of the novice feelings of mingled disgust and awe. But one soon becomes accustomed to such scenes, and regards them with the indifference of a veteran in the field of battle. I know of nothing to which this part of the whaling business can be more appropriately compared than to Dante's pictures of the infernal regions. It requires but little stretch of the imagination to suppose the smoke, the hissing boilers, the savage-looking crew, and the waves of flame that burst now and then from the flues of the furnace, part of the paraphernalia of a scene in the lower regions.'

The book from which the foregoing passages are taken, affords another instance of the adventurous spirit prevalent among the inhabitants of the United States. Such instances are not rare in American literature. Mr Browne's work will not be the least valuable if he should succeed in causing some restraint to be placed on the unbridled tyranny of the whaling captains, of which his volume contains several examples. Many lives are annually sacrificed, and many a brave fellow's spirit crushed for ever, from this cause alone. There is no class of whale-men, as in this country; and many young men are inveigled into the service under delusive promises, who, at the expiry of their three years' cruise, find themselves penniless from the rapacious knavery which has beset them at their outfit, and during the whole voyage. It is to be hoped that the American authorities, for their own sakes, will no longer neglect a class on whose industry so great a portion of their commerce depends.

PUTTING OUT THE AURORA.

Any one who has lived long in London, and who has paid ordinary attention to the passing occurrences of the hour, must have been startled more than once by the cry of 'Fire!' and the almost simultaneous rattle and rumble of the engines consequent upon it. We have often, during our residence in the great capital, left our books and our comfortable chimney corner to observe not merely the fire, and the sublime spectacle which a large one invariably offers, but the behaviour of the crowd, and to listen to the conversation of those whose curiosity was excited. Upon one occasion, in particular, we felt more than ordinary interest in the cry. We heard 'Fire!—fire!' shouted by numerous voices; and turning out into the street in a cold night of December, saw the people gathering at their doors, or looking out of their windows, and the ragged urchins, that always swarm in great cities, rushing towards the supposed scene of the conflagration. The sky was red as with fire. Each man asked his neighbour where the mischief was. 'It is at Blackheath,' said one: 'it must be there, or at Lee, or Lenisham, or Bromles—the glow is clearly in that direction.' 'Perhaps it is at Greenwich,' said a second. 'It is undoubtedly in the vicinity of Greenwich,' chimed in a third. 'It is very awful,' said a fourth. 'There go a lot of boys after the engines,' said a fifth; 'they can tell us where the fire is.' A boy being seized hold of by the last speaker, he was asked where the engines were going to. 'Down the Kent road somewhere,' said he; 'the flames are in that direction.' And all the crowd looked, and so they were. Engine rattled after engine, followed at short intervals by rapid pedestrians of all ages, but chiefly by young men and women, eager to see the sight. Hundreds and thousands of people were astir in every quarter of the metropolis, many of them expressing the regret so common to the Londoners, that the conflagration was not in the immediate vicinity, that they might enjoy the excitement and the luxury of looking at it; and, to do them justice, the still greater luxury and excitement of aiding to put it out. All the night long the firemen were on the alert, buckling on their helmets, preparing their 'hose,' and driving, as on an errand of life or death, through the stony highways of the capital. All the night long, however, there was a most provoking indistinctness of intelligence as to the precise locality of the enemy which they were to combat. Meantime the sky grew redder and redder, as if suffused with the hazy glow of a burning city forty miles off, and not with the reflection of any smaller conflagration at a nearer distance. Spiral shoots, as of immense volumes of sparks, were projected on the azure forehead of the sky; and at each deepening of the colour a shudder ran through the multitude, and women whispered to women their earnest hopes that no human creatures, no mothers and young children, were at these moments perishing in the flames. Sometimes the reflection grew fainter, and then a hope spread through the multitude that the worst was over, that the danger was past, that the fire had burned itself out, or that the engines had successfully battled with the destroyer. Ultimately the reflection grew paler and paler still, and flickered away to nothing. The people retired to their beds, and consoled themselves with the idea that they should know all the particulars of the fearful damage, and slake their 'burning' curiosity, in the newspapers of the next morning.

The newspapers of the next morning did not, however, afford the information desired. They had no accounts in large letters, or any letters, of the conflagration; and either those ready purveyors of intelligence were for once in arrear with a matter of public notoriety, or would announce it in the course of the morning, and give it all the importance desirable from a second or third edition; or there had been a mistake altogether, and the supposed fire was no fire at all. The latter supposition ultimately proved to be the correct one. The people had been deceived. The reflection in the sky proceeded from a brilliant aurora borealis. The firemen had had their labour in vain, and had returned home long ere morning with the full conviction of the delusion of which they had been the victims.

The incident reminded us that men in all ages had made similar mistakes in the moral world, and that this street occurrence might stand as a type and symbol of the oft-repeated efforts of ignorant men to destroy a glory which they did not understand—to quench the light of heaven upon the apprehension that it proceeded from a fire of the earth, and was of the earth, earthy; and to wage a finite war with the splendours of the Infinity. A great fireman of this class was 'Melitus, the son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos.' He declared upon oath to the people of Athens that 'Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece, was guilty of not believing in the gods which the state believed in, and of introducing other new divinities; that he was guilty, moreover, of corrupting the young, and demanded against him the penalty of death.' The people of Athens believed that this fire of heaven in the soul of Socrates was a mortal and earthly fire that would damage their city. They listened, therefore, to the cry of 'Melitus, the son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos;' they extinguished the life-light in the frail tenement of an old man's body, and found, when they had done so, that there was an aurora still shining—an aurora of truth, which their puny efforts could not extinguish from heaven or from earth. They, like the Londoners, had attempted 'to put out the aurora.'

When the Jews and the Romans, in the early ages

of Christianity, and the Inquisition at a later period, sought by the cross, the rack, the stake, the boiling caldron, the thumb-screw, and the gibbet, to destroy Christianity in the persons of its most illustrious teachers, they made the same mistake. They imagined the light of heaven to be an incendiary fire; they strove to direct their powers of extinction against it: they brought out their terrible engines, they traversed the earth in search of the spreading flames, that they might annihilate them. All in vain. The glow was a glow in the Infinitude; the glory was from above, and all their efforts were unable to obscure it. *They could not quench the aurora.*

One more instance will suffice. Friar Bacon, the greatest scholar of his age and nation, was too wise for his time. His light shone too brilliantly before men. It was thought to be the light of hell, and not of heaven—a fire to be extinguished with as much promptitude as possible, for the safety of the people. He was put into prison for being wise. He was cut off from his friends, his studies, his books, and subjected to such cruel privations, that he was often on the point of perishing with hunger. He procured his liberty by chance, enjoyed it for a few years, and was again, at the age of sixty-four, put into a dungeon, where he remained for ten years. They could not extinguish his light, however. It shines even yet. *They could not put out the aurora.*

There is no necessity for citing the stories of Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, and scores of others equally appropriate. In all these cases the light was an alien light to the people. They saw it shining; but not understanding it, they thought it could not be good; and not being good, that they were called upon to aid in the work of its extinction. But in each case it was too heavenly for them—it was beyond the reach of their water-pipes; and the ignorant 'brigades' bestowed their trouble in vain, in consequence of not being able to distinguish the difference between a chimney on fire and the splendours of the aurora.

The same causes are still in operation. Let us take care that by no fault of ours we run on any such foolish errands. If we see a great light upon the horizon, do not let us hastily conclude that because it has recently appeared—because it was not there when we last looked—because we do not understand it—that it must of necessity be a light of mischief—the reflection of a conflagration—the result of incendiarism—a thing born of evil, and spreading evil—or that we are called upon, as good citizens, to aid in its extinction. Let us be convinced, before we move in the matter, that it is not an aurora, and thereby save our zeal for the more profitable occasion when there may be a real fire in our own street; and when our own house, or that of our neighbour, may be in danger of destruction.

THE RATS OF THE CHÂTELET.

Till the period of the Revolution, Paris possessed an ancient prison, more like a fortress than a jail, called the Grand Châtelet. This old structure was situated on one of the quays facing the Rue St Denis, and was of imposing height and appearance. In the course of the terrible doings of 1792, the Châtelet ceased to be used as a prison, and was partly demolished. The remainder, as national property, was sold to a private individual, in whose hands it remained till 1813, when the whole was cleared away to enlarge the adjoining square.

On taking possession of the edifice, the private proprietor just mentioned found that he was by no means to be the sole tenant of the building. The dungeons, vaults, and many passages above and below the ground were discovered to be in possession of rats, to an extent beyond all power of calculation. In vain had the accesses to the lower caverns been built up, and other means adopted to free the upper apartments from the intrusion of these visitors: the family, on taking possession, beheld, to their dismay, whole legions of rats pouring in upon them. Regardless of everything, and impelled by hunger, they filled the rooms, overran the beds and other furniture, and scampered about with unconcern along the passages, and up and down the stairs.

M. Dulaure, the new proprietor, did not suffer this invasion without attempting a repulse. His first plan was to buy a great number of cats, and these were let loose on the foe. A short experience proved the futility of the effort. The cats devoured what they killed, and therefore destroyed no more rats than they could eat. Besides, after a few days, the cats became disgusted with the occupation. They had eaten so many rats, that all relish for them was gone. Occasionally they would still attack a few stragglers, but the rats defended themselves so vigorously, that the cats were almost always vanquished.

As the war of attack ceased, the rats assumed their wonted confidence. Discovering, by experience, that the best times for visiting the family were during meals, they made their appearance regularly every day at breakfast and dinner, when, sitting down quietly near the table, they would wait patiently for some crumbs, seemingly expecting them as a right, which they took the trouble to pick up. Unable to repel these disagreeable guests, both masters and servants, tired of the continual warfare, came to the determination of setting apart the rats' share. Thus a quantity of scraps was abandoned to them each day, and, strange to say, their depredations became less frequent; but, doubtless wishing to thank their entertainers for this kind proceeding, they appeared in greater numbers than ever at the usual hours: some of the more youthful led the old gray-headed rats with all the assurance of intimate acquaintances introducing their friends.

One of their number, nearly white with age, always walked slowly and heavily, taking care to pass as near as it could to a large cat, which was obliged to be content with raising its back and sputtering, without daring to attack the offender. This rat was of an extraordinary size: the poor cat was, however, no coward, as was easily perceived from its being minus an ear, and having a dreadfully scarred face; but poor Tom recognised such a dreadful adversary in this old patriarch, that he was willing enough to abuse him, but ventured no further.

The inhabitants of the Châtelet gave this rat the name of Gaspard, and he soon became familiar with this appellation, always turning to look in the direction from whence he was called. M. Dulaure, having seen Gaspard several times, gave him the name of the 'Nestor of the Tribe.'

Whenever one attempted to chase these strange visitors, it was always remarked that Gaspard retreated as slowly as ever—though he could have trotted much faster, if he had chosen so to do—and that his companions never lost sight of him, appearing always ready to defend and protect him if necessary.

It was soon found to be perfectly useless to wage war against the rats, the vast numbers setting all available powers of destruction at defiance: their agility, as well as the danger of their bites, had completely discouraged the servants. Poison and traps obtained no better success than cats; and so great was their instinct, that they learned to detect poison, and turned away from the traps. The cats having learned wisdom by experience, attempted nought but a war of ambuscade, that was neither frequent nor successful enough to be of great service, and in which they often proved themselves less knowing than their adversaries. To an Englishman, it will appear somewhat remarkable that a few terrier dogs were not tried as an engine of extirpation. Such a dog as the famed *Billy*, for example, would probably have cleared the house in a week; but the French do not appear to possess this useful variety of the canine species, or at all events it was not thought of on the present occasion.

It would be amusing to detail all the plans abortively attempted to quell the rats. At one time the inhabitants of the Châtelet succeeded in enticing a number of them into a room where several trains of sulphur and powder had been previously laid: this met with some success; but those who escaped having retained the memory of the smell, it was quite impossible to allure them a second time. They, however, had dreadful battles in the vaults amongst themselves, and when a victory was won, or a suspension of arms took place, the survivors regaled themselves on the dead and dying, by which means the nation was no doubt relieved in times of scarcity. Truly, if a method could have been found of breathing discord amongst them, in order to raise civil war, it would have been the most efficacious means of destroying them.

It was long ere the poor servant-maids could get over the terror they felt at the constant apparition of these animals: they were to be seen everywhere, even creeping up on the skirts of the women and children, but running off at the slightest scream, never attempting to bite, if not retained, of which there was little danger. They evidently liked warmth, as they would lie down quietly under the blankets, on the beds, and even beside the sleepers; but as they were not famished, the only harm they did was to cause alarm and disgust.

The final demolition of the Grand Châtelet at once dispersed this extraordinary colony of rats. Turned out of their ancient homes, they fled to the surrounding streets, and endeavoured to find a lodgment in the houses. The inhabitants, however, were on their guard, and many were killed. There was something almost melancholy in the fate of these poor creatures. Shut out from human habitations, great bands of them wandered about like emigrants seeking a settlement, and were fain to take refuge on the banks of the Seine, and in the common sewers of the city. Little by little they disappeared; and it is believed that many found refuge and food in some large grocery stores at the corner of the Rue St Denis; with what satisfaction to the owners, we are unable to say.

THE JEWISH CHARACTER.

It is the fashion in this country to decry the Jews—to represent them as invariably sordid, mercenary, avaricious, and griping—indeed to carry the charges laid against them to such a length, as to associate with their names a spirit of usury amounting to the most flagrant and dishonourable extortion. And these charges have been repeated so often, and echoed seriously by so many persons deemed a respectable authority, that the prejudice against the Jews has become interwoven with the Englishman's creed. But the exceptions have been mistaken for the rule; and, strange as the assertion may sound to many ears, we boldly proclaim that there is not a more honest, intelligent, humane, and hospitable class of persons on the face of the earth than the Jews. The fact is, when an Englishman is broken down in fortune, and can no longer raise funds by mortgage on his estate, nor by the credit of his name, he flies to the money-lender. Now, Jews are essentially a financial nation; and money-broking, in all its details, is their special avocation. The class of Israelite money-lenders is, therefore, numerous; and it is ten to one that the broken-down individual who requires a loan addresses himself to a Jew, even if he take the money-lender living nearest to him, or to whom he is first recommended. Well, he transacts his business with this Jew; and as he can give no security beyond his bond or his bill, and as his spendthrift habits are notorious, he cannot of course obtain the loan he seeks, save on terms proportionate to the risk incurred by the lender. Yet he goes away, and denounces the Jew as a usurer. But does this person reflect that, had he applied to a Christian money-broker, the terms would have been equally high, seeing that he had no real security to offer, and that his name was already tarnished? Talk of the usury of the Jews—look at the usury practised by Christians! Look at the rapacity of Christian attorneys!—look at the greediness of Christian bill-discounters!—look, in a word, at the money-making spirit of the Christian, and then call the Jew the usurer *par excellence!* It is a detestable calumny, a vile prejudice, as dishonourable to the English character, as it is unjust towards a generous-hearted race! — *Mysteries of London.* [We cordially agree in this manly defence of a cruelly-misrepresented people.]

HOPE.

The future is man's immemorial hymn:
In vain runs the present a-wasting;
To a golden goal in the distance dim
In life, in death, he is hasting.
The world grows old, and young, and old,
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the boy from the hour of his birth;
To the youth it gives bliss without limit;
It gleams for old age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of death cannot dim it.
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,
When the pilgrim of life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,
Never call it the dream of a rhymer;
The instinct of nature proclaims it aloud—
WE ARE DESTINED FOR SOMETHING SUBLIMER.
This truth, which the witness within reveals,
The purest worshipper deepliest feels.

—*Schiller.* J. C. MANGAN.

NOVEL USE OF EGGS.

In some parts—for example, in the province of Jauja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coins, forty-eight or fifty being counted for a dollar. In the market-places and in the shops, the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle sort of money: one will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo, and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers, and sent to Lima. From Jauja alone several thousand loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital.—*Tschudi's Travels in Peru.*

THE BANE OF THE TOWN THE BOON OF THE COUNTRY.

The very refuse of the materials which have served as food and clothing to the inhabitants of the crowded city, and which, if allowed to accumulate there, invariably and inevitably taint the air, and render it pestilential, promptly removed and spread out on the surface of the surrounding country, not only give it healthfulness, but clothe it with verdure, and endue it with inexhaustible fertility.—*Dr Southwood Smith's Evidence before the Health of Towns' Commission.*

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 174. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1847. Price 1½d.

YOU WOULD LIKE HIM, IF YOU KNEW HIM.

Persons who only hear of each other, are found in many instances to entertain a mutual prejudice. Opposition in politics, variety of creed, rivalry in profession, and many such matters, give rise to this repugnance. Or it may spring from some of those mysterious caprices which sometimes lurk at the bottom of our minds. As, for instance, we may dislike a man because we hear him often spoken of, or his sayings quoted, or because we think he wears some part of his attire in a provoking manner. One great source of hatred, is a suspicion that the other party sets himself above us. We assume that he is proud, and then condemn him for the imaginary offence. Sometimes we suspect he hates us, and think it only right that we should hate him in return. Misunderstandings, frequently from the most trifling causes, also lead to estrangements which perhaps endure for life, while a short explanation, and possibly a mere show of concession, would remove every feeling of hostility, and render men of congenial feelings the best of friends. Endless, alas! are even the fictitious causes of mutual wrath and jealousy.

It is not uncommon, accordingly, to hear one well-enough meaning person railing at some other, of whom he has no certain knowledge. On such occasions, a bystander will quietly remark, 'You would like him, if you knew him.' This is often the truth. Did we know the man, we should find that we had dressed up, in imaginary peculiarities of a detestable nature, one who is, to say the least, a very passable kind of man, if not one of somewhat extraordinary good qualities. And many a time does it happen that we do, in time, become acquainted with the object of our aversion, and learn to look upon him with both esteem and affection. It is not, however, necessary for a change in our feelings towards the formerly hated stranger, that we should discover in him either very brilliant or very lovcable qualities, or find that we have many points of common taste or opinion. It is enough, in most cases, for the desired revolution, that we have met, and conversed, and found each other human. Sweet are the words of courtesy between man and man: those who have exchanged the simplest greetings, find them like the eating of salt among the Arabs—a controlling bond of the most sacred kind. Hence, after a brief communion, the prejudice will vanish almost as mysteriously as it arose; and we part, acknowledging each other to be very tolerable persons, although not one word beyond commonplace may have passed between us.

There are some professions and courses of life more apt than others to raise ignorant hatreds. Literary men are said to be liable to such feelings in an unusual degree. So are artists. Perhaps the musicians are the most discordant of all. It seems to be owing, in no small degree, to the reserved and solitary lives which these men almost necessarily lead. Some time ago, an economical kind of club was formed in London by the men engaged in the refined arts, and I am assured that it has already been the means of dispelling many groundless antipathies. The men come into social contact. Little favours and kindnesses are exchanged. They mutually find they are better than they had supposed. And the result is, that the exercise of high intellect becomes attended by those genial sentiments which are alone worthy of it.

Imperfect knowledge may be said to be the real foundation of pretty nearly all mutual repulsions. Reasoning from a single fact, or what is assumed to be a fact, and ignorant of a variety of redeeming circumstances, we suddenly rush to conclusions which are altogether unwarrantable on grounds of truth or reason. In this erroneous evolution of mind, there may, indeed, be a perverse disinclination to search for truth. Having formed a theory of cause and effect, seemingly complete in structure, there is an unwillingness to do anything likely to overturn the fabric, for it would amount to a confession of error, and damage self-esteem. Thus the man who, from a sudden, but, as he conceives, proper impulse, insults another, rarely makes any overture at reparation. He considers his judgment to be at stake, and will rather endure a life of painful resentment, it may be of remorse, than acknowledge that he could by any possibility be in error.

Nations, like men, hate because they know each other imperfectly. Were the French and English to make a point of spending a twelvemonth in youth in each other's countries, not as strangers in the hotels, but as members of each other's families, there would never again be war between them, for then would ignorant antipathies give place to mutual respect and kindly regard. The English pass in great numbers to France; but instead of uniting domestically with the people, they keep apart, and maintain all their own national habits; consequently little is done towards conciliation. Doubtless, however, it will not be so always. The facilities afforded to travelling will by and by produce a much greater interfusion of the people of the two countries; assimilations in manners and ideas will take place; and then capricious hatreds of all kinds must die a natural death. It is in this way that the material and mechanical doings of our age are yet to tell in great moral effects. Iron will, in time, be an instrument of love and union, as it has heretofore been one of captivity and oppression.

In the meanwhile, why should not both individuals and nations exercise some control over those emotions which lead to the antipathies of ignorance? Suppose we hate a man whom we never met or conversed with,

merely because he is of a different political or religious denomination from us, or because we think he must be a haughty man, or because we suspect he has no good feeling towards ourselves: let us reflect on what he might be, if we knew him—what pleasantnesses, what virtues we might find in him—what kindly feelings he might prove to be entertaining for us, all the time we thought him haughty and contemptuous—what community of design and aspiration there might be discovered beneath the various external profession—and we shall see cause for at least moderating or suspending our jealous notions, if not for substituting amicable sentiments in their place. Let nations in like manner imagine themselves acquainted with each other, so as to see with their eyes, what all travellers tell, that everywhere the charities of life are in some shape developed, everywhere is there much to love and admire; and then it could only appear absurd to cherish groundless jealousies, fears, and hatreds against the other families of our race.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

COPERNICUS AND ASTRONOMY.

The history of astronomy, in common with that of almost every other science, presents numerous instances of arbitrary opposition to the development of thought and progression of truth. Dating from the infancy of our race, and originating where so many other mental phenomena took their source in the East, the young science developed itself in strange and uncertain forms, a gradual accumulation of extravagant opinions and wild hypotheses, until, by the labours of Hipparchus, Pythagoras, and the early Greek and Arabian philosophers, it was transmitted to Ptolemy, with some show of mathematical demonstration. Ptolemy was the first to unite the various phenomena, and form something like a complete treatise; but, leaving totally out of view the beautiful simplicity of nature, he based his system on impossible laws. He imagined the heaven to be an immense vault, revolving round the earth, which was stationary in the centre, in twenty-four hours, and interlined by innumerable circles—the orbits of the sun and planets. To account for the apparent contradictions in their motion, he contrived his famous cycles and epicycles, making the centre of some to roll round the circumference of others. Still, as a means of representing celestial appearances, the system of Ptolemy, with all its imperfections, was useful to science; and glimpses of the truth occasionally presented themselves to his successors. In the year 1252 appeared the famous Alphonsine tables, under the auspices of Alphonso, king of Castile, who distinguished himself by his devotion to the cause of astronomical science. The superstition of the day, however, opposed a formidable barrier to anything like progress. At length, in the fifteenth century, distinguished by so many great events, the genius appeared destined to change the whole face of astronomical science.

Nicholas Copernicus was born at Thorn, a city of Polish Prussia, in February 1473. He acquired the elements of Greek and Latin under the paternal roof, and afterwards studied philosophy and medicine in the university of Cracow, where he gained the title of doctor. His attention was, however, principally attracted by the study of mathematics; this he pursued with extraordinary zeal, and at the same time he obtained some knowledge of astronomy and the use of instruments. The fame of Regiomontanus inspired him with a desire to visit Italy; and at the age of twenty-three he set out for that country, where he first attended the lectures of the astronomer Dominic Maria, at Bologna. On his arrival at Rome, he was appointed to a professorship of mathematics; and after a residence in that city of several years, during which he pursued his astronomical observations, he returned to his native country. Through the influence of his uncle, the bishop of Warmia, he obtained a canonicate at Frauenburg, where he took up his residence, and continued his scientific studies. The openings which he made in the walls of his chamber, in order to observe the passage of stars across the meridian, are yet to be seen in the house in which he lived. In the quiet and leisure afforded by his new position, Copernicus reflected on the doctrines taught by the astronomers he had visited, and comparing them with the ancient theories, was struck by the want of harmony in their arrangement of the universe. With a view to attempt the reduction of the discordant elements to some simple proposition, he read over a second time the existing works on astronomy. He found that Nicebas, and some other Pythagoreans, had made the sun the centre of all the planetary motions; while Apollonius of Perga, retaining the same general arrangement, made the sun in turn revolve round the earth—a system afterwards adopted by Tycho Brahe. Copernicus saw that the cycles and epicycles of Ptolemy were a confused attempt to explain the alternations in the movements of the planets, which he was led to believe might be accounted for by a much more simple process. The true relations of the parts to each other gradually unfolded themselves to his mind, until he became convinced of the immobility of the sun in the centre of the planetary system; while its apparent motion, and the alternations of day and night, were to be attributed to the annual and diurnal movements of the earth.

Something more than the mere possession of a great idea is required to constitute a great genius: there must be the faculty for looking at it in all its phases, and for testing it by the evidence of nature and of the senses. Copernicus had extensive astronomical knowledge, and a good geometrical genius, and the elaboration of his theory presents a memorable example of the power of patient and earnest thought in the investigation of a complicated subject, and acuteness of discrimination between the true and the fallacious. In his day, it must be remembered, the want of telescopes rendered all appearances in the sky much more difficult of explanation than they would have been a century later. To appreciate his services in the cause of science at their full value, we must place ourselves back in the times and circumstances that saw their birth. The accumulated errors and superstitions of fourteen centuries were not to be easily shaken or removed; neither were the prejudices and dogmas of the learned to be disturbed with impunity. What might have been astronomical science, was, even in the writings of the fathers, little better than a mass of absurd and subtle disquisitions on the substance of the heavens and planets. The latter were supposed to be hollow, and to be placed immediately under the waters, which were above the firmament, in order to keep it cool; while the earth floated in the waters which were under the firmament. The moon, too, came in for a due share of notice in the controversies: some asserted that her spots were the body of Endymion; others declared them to be a lion with his tail to the east; and a third party contended that she was made of pumicestone, and showed a human face. The doctrine of the earth's immobility was everywhere taught by the learned, and universally believed by the multitude. Of course any attempt to substitute a new theory could not fail to provoke much clamour.

Nevertheless, with the resolute perseverance that frequently accompanies true genius, Copernicus commenced a series of observations by which to verify his calculations; and having constructed the necessary instruments, he paused not in his investigations until the tables required for the prediction of the phenomena were completed. About the year 1507 he began to commit his thoughts to writing; and in 1530, at the age of fifty-seven, he had the satisfaction of seeing his manuscript labours brought to a close, in a work divided into six books, entitled 'De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium,' in which the whole theory is reduced to one simple idea, exhibited with clearness and precision, constituting what is now known as the Copernican System; that is, that the sun is the centre of a system of planets which revolve round it, and that, consequently, the earth moves. The real distances of the planets, and the declination of the pole of the earth, were also explained.

However firm the conviction of Copernicus as to the

truth of his theory, he yet hesitated to make it public, dreading the opposition it would have to encounter, seeing that it opposed the inveterate prejudices of the learned, and the illusory testimony of the senses. It is one of the hereditary superstitions of human nature to contend pertinaciously for the canons we have once admitted, although only on the ground of custom. The less to offend the spirit of the age, Copernicus made scarcely any announcement of discoveries, and sought rather to disguise their novelty and importance under an assemblage of opinions derived from ancient writers. The fame of the new theory, however, found its way to the popular ear; and the first sign of opposition was manifested in a comedy, in which, like Socrates, the great astronomer was made the subject of ridicule. Yet such was the influence of his dignified and unobtrusive character, that the play never went to a public representation.

Moved at length by the urgent intreaties of some of his friends, and considering that delay only strengthened the cause of ignorance, Copernicus intrusted his manuscript to his friend and disciple Rheticus, under whose care it was eventually published at Nuremberg in 1543, with a long explanatory title, commencing 'Nicolai Copernici Torinensis, De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium Libri vi.,' and ending 'Igitur Erne, Lege, Fruere.' The book opens with a prefatory dedication to Pope Paul III., who is informed that the author had kept it by him for nearly four times the nine years recommended by Horace. Remembering that Lactantius had ridiculed those who asserted the globular form of the earth, he awaits similar criticism on his own researches, and doubts whether he would not do wisely to imitate the Pythagoreans and some other philosophers, who communicated their doctrines to their disciples only, not from jealousy, but fearing the contempt of the ignorant. He concludes with a reason for the publication—'It is,' he says, 'that I may not be charged with shunning the judgment of enlightened persons, and that the authority of your holiness may protect me from the teeth of slander.'

In May 1543, at the age of seventy, Copernicus died: the first copy of his book, forwarded by Rheticus, was placed in his hands only a few hours before he breathed his last. He appeared to be scarcely conscious of the object to which so many years of his life had been devoted. But his mission was accomplished: committed to the perpetuating operations of the infant printing-press, all danger was over of losing the germ of those great and fertile truths which, in our days, render astronomy the most perfect of sciences. The opposition to the new truth, anticipated by its illustrious author, was not slow to manifest itself—the intolerant spirit of the church, and of the Aristotelian philosophy, which rendered it almost as dangerous to offend the one as the other. Those were the days when the fagot and stake made short work with those who presumed to strike out a course of thinking for themselves. In the very year that Copernicus died, the celebrated Ramus, then a teacher at Paris, was censured by an edict of Francis I., as having manifested his ignorance by rash, arrogant, and impudent animadversions on Aristotle. The learned party, as was truly observed of them, were 'determined to punish as heresy what they could not refute as false philosophy.' Half a century later, they burned Giordano Bruno at Rome, for making himself conspicuous as a teacher of the Copernican doctrine, and an unsparing opponent of the Aristotelians. He has left us, in one of his writings, an instructive sketch of their character:—'They harden themselves,' he says, 'and heat themselves, and embroil themselves for Aristotle; they call themselves his champions; they hate all but Aristotle's friends; they are ready to live and die for Aristotle; and yet they do not understand so much as the titles of Aristotle's chapters.'

Among bigots so unscrupulous, the Copernican theory was little likely to meet with a favourable reception. Foremost in active opposition we find the Jesuits, who attacked it with all the virulence and learning for which their order has so long been celebrated. According to them, the new opinion was 'true in art, but false in nature;' and they were not sparing of denunciations on the genius that had refused to be guided by their dogmas. Fienus, physician to the emperor of Bavaria, followed on the same side; and the celebrated Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, rejected the theory of his Polish predecessor, urging against it many, at that time, incontrovertible objections, supported by reasons drawn chiefly from Scripture. His principal argument against the motion of the earth was, that with an orbit of nearly 190,000,000 of miles in diameter, some change in the position of the fixed stars would be detected during its annual revolution. Copernicus, however, had proved that the fixed stars are too remote to be affected by the passage of the earth from one extremity of its orbit to the other; but the belief which placed the earth as the centre of the planetary motions, and made man the object for which all moved around him, was too flattering to the human mind to be easily abandoned. Tycho's opinions found many supporters; among whom the astrologers played no unimportant part. The casters of nativities were vehemently opposed to the opinion which added a planet to the recognised number, and disturbed all their calculations of starry influences. Their interest lay in fostering the popular prejudices. Seven, they contended, was a mysterious number: man, in his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils, has seven entrances to his head; a sufficient reason why there should be no more than seven planets in the heavens. That such absurdities were ever seriously entertained, might well be doubted, were it not for the ignorance which, in our own day, demands an edition of 200,000 of that notorious juggle, Moore's Almanac.

In proportion as the Copernican theory became known, did its opponents increase. Maestlin, who was afterwards Kepler's preceptor, gave to each planet seven principal spheres, which he denominated eccentrics, epicycles, and concentrepicycles. Frascatoro ridiculed the notion that the stars moved in space: 'Not only reason,' he writes, 'but the very senses inform us that all the stars are carried round fastened to solid spheres.' In 1620, Copernicus's work, 'De Revolutionibus,' was condemned by the heads of the church at Rome, and inserted in their 'Index' of forbidden books, where it still remains. A few years later, Melchior Inchoffer, another Jesuit, wrote a treatise, in which he believed the question was finally disposed of. He quotes numerous texts of Scripture, and contends that the first verse of Genesis proves the earth is in the centre, since, in the formation of a sphere, the circumference must first come into existence. Many others of lesser note were equally ready with their contributions to the general error; and the epithet applied to one, a Veronese capuchin, by Micanazio of Venice, whom he had consulted on the printing of his book, will characterise them all—'He is,' said the latter, 'an ignorant beast, and is so enamoured of his absurdities, that he believes them more firmly than his Bible.'

The spirit with which the new doctrine was received in Italy is strikingly illustrated by many passages in the life of Galileo. This great man relates that the discourses of the German, Christianus Urstitius, on the Copernican system at Padua, were listened to as 'a piece of solemn folly.' Writing to Kepler of some of his own observations, he says, 'I have not yet dared to publish them, fearing the fate of our master Copernicus, who, although he has earned immortal fame among a few, yet by an infinite number (for so only can the number of fools be measured) is exploded and derided;' and it was not without many subterfuges, to which the author was compelled to resort, that the publication was finally accomplished. Galileo's advocacy of the Copernican theory exposed him to ecclesiastical censure. 'The proposition,' so ran the sentence which condemned him to punishment, and his book to the flames, 'that the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical; because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scripture.' Controversies on the new system sprang up over the whole of Europe: in 1643, Morin, a Frenchman, published his 'Alæ Terræ Fractæ'—['The Wings of the Earth Broken'], fully satisfied that he had completely demolished the theory of the

earth's motion. The doctors of the Sorbonne were about to pronounce against the innovating opinions, but were restrained by an appeal from one of their body, whose name has not been preserved. The famous Descartes said, entertaining the same mistaken views, 'I see nothing in Galileo's books to envy him, and hardly anything which I would own as mine.'

The frontispiece to Riccioli's 'Almagestum Novum,' published in 1651, contains a curious illustration of the prevalent feeling—a figure with a pair of balances is seen weighing the Tychonian against the Copernican system: the truth of the former is shown by its overwhelming preponderance. This writer gives the names of fourteen authors who, up to his day, had written in favour of the Copernican theory, and thirty-seven against it; he brings forward seventy-seven arguments in support of the latter, and finds only forty-nine for the former: consequently, the mere force of numbers proved the impossibility. He urges a very general objection of the time—that if the earth did really turn on its own axis, things thrown up would not fall on the place from which they had been cast, and all loose objects would fly off like water from a wheel. A bird leaving her nest would never be able to find it again; and if a man leaped up but for one second, the earth in that time would have turned away from him a quarter of a mile. In vain had Copernicus declared that the atmosphere and everything on the earth partook of its motion—the evidence of the senses was against him. On Riccioli's own showing, the new system had not been left entirely without defenders. Among these the most able were Kepler and Galileo, both equally ardent and indefatigable in their search after truth. Referring to the subject in one of his letters, the learned Pascal wrote—'If we have unerring observations proving that it (the earth) turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it.' Even Riccioli himself, notwithstanding his two folio volumes of adverse theories, was constrained to say—'Never can we sufficiently admire the genius and sagacity of Copernicus, who, by the motions of a globule like the earth, has explained what astronomers have never been able to represent without an absurd complication of machinery; and who, disengaging the fixed stars from their rapid diurnal motion, so difficult to reconcile with their general motion round the poles of the ecliptic, has happily explained the stations and retrogradations of the planets, and the precession of the equinoxes; who has destroyed three enormous spheres; who lastly, like Hercules, has been able to sustain alone a weight that has so often crushed an Atlas.'

Turning to our own country, we find Bacon, with all his genius, disinclined to admit the motion of the earth. Milton too, although struck with the want of harmony in the heavens, which he describes as

> 'With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,'

seems also to have doubted the truth of the new theory. But the most active opponent was Alexander Rosse, a voluminous Scottish writer, alluded to in Hudibras. If, however, churchmen had signalised themselves by opposing the Copernican system, let it not be forgotten that it is to a bishop we owe the first recognition of that system in England. Bishop Wilkins—all honour to him for his intrepidity!—clearly demonstrated, in reply to Rosse, that the earth is one of the planets; and that it performs revolutions round the sun. The writings of Wilkins did great service to the cause of truth; still the truth was slowly received, because it was at variance with a firmly-planted prejudice. The appearance of the 'Principia' of Newton, and the advancing spirit of intelligence, it might be thought, would have shown the utter uselessness of any further discussion on the subject. But in 1705 a work by the Hon. E. Howard was published at London, entitled 'Copernicans of All Sorts Convicted.' So lately as 1806, Mercier, a Frenchman, wrote to prove 'L'Impossibilité des Systêmes de Copernic et de Newton;' and again, even so recently as 1829, an individual was found silly enough to publish a book called 'The Universe as It Is: wherein the Hypothesis of the Earth's Motion is Refuted, &c. &c. By W. Woodley.' This writer quotes the works of the deluded Richard Brothers as of more authority than all scientific treatises whatsoever. 'The world looks back with surprise,' observes an eminent writer,* 'at the error of those who thought that the essence of revelation was involved in their own arbitrary version of some collateral circumstance. At the present day, we can hardly conceive how reasonable men should have imagined that religious reflections on the stability of the earth, and the beauty and use of the luminaries which revolve around it, would be interfered with by its being acknowledged that this rest and motion are apparent only.'

Such were some of the arguments opposed to the truth of a system whose very irregularities are now proved to be confirmatory of its harmony. 'What a sublime and instructive picture is thus presented to man! While he and everything around him bear the impress of his fleeting nature—while even the solid globe on which he treads is rent by convulsions, and agitated in the conflict of its elements—yet does the general system stand unshaken amid the oscillations of its parts, and thus testify to each generation, as it comes, the wisdom and the power with which its great Architect has provided for the stability of his material throne.'

THE ONLY SON.

The Rev. Cyril Danvers was about to ascend his village pulpit to preach his first sermon. A formidable effort was this to the young curate, for he was hardly six-and-twenty, and of a studious and retiring disposition. He stood in the little vestry, while the old man who fulfilled the combined lay and clerical duties of gardener to the rector, verger, and sexton, arranged his gown with ceremonious care. The tiny cracked looking-glass over the fireplace reflected the young clergyman's face—fair, and pleasant to look upon, but now changing from red to pale, like that of a timid girl. The last verse of the simple, but sweet and solemn hymn, resounded from within, warning the curate that he must muster up all his courage. A respectful 'God be with you, sir!' from the old man, turned his thoughts from his own natural timidity to the high and holy duty he had to perform; and the young curate walked from the vestry to the pulpit, with a pale face, indeed, and a beating heart, but with a quiet and religious feeling that befitted the time and place.

As Cyril Danvers began, his voice trembled, for he thought how much depended on this his first sermon; for on his talents and success hung the hopes, almost the means of subsistence, of a widowed mother and two young sisters; but as he proceeded, the sacredness of his task drove away all worldly thoughts, and he spoke with an earnest enthusiasm that went to the hearts of his simple hearers. Perhaps Cyril felt relieved that they were chiefly of the humbler class, and that his own good, but somewhat cold and stern superior, was absent from his pew, whose only occupant was the rector's daughter, Lucy Morton. We fancy all *Lucies* must be fair, and gentle, and good; and Lucy Morton did not belie her name, so that the young curate need have feared no harsh criticism from her. He was too lately arrived in the village even to know her by sight; but a passing glance at the rector's pew showed him a sweet face, lifted up with such pious and earnest attention, that it gave him courage; and Cyril Danvers ended his first sermon, feeling that the great effort of his life was over, and over well.

He walked to his lonely home through the quiet meadows, that lay sleeping in the Sabbath sunshine of June, with feelings of calm and thankful gladness, and thought of his future life with less doubt and hopelessness than he had done since the day when the young collegian had been called home to his dying father, to

* Whewell: History of Inductive Philosophy.

have intrusted to his loving care the three helpless women, whose sole stay and succour in this world was the only brother and only son. What a charm there is often in the words 'only son!' Sometimes it conjures up visions of petted childhood, unrestrained youth, heirship to broad lands, and everything that undivided love and fortune can bestow. But Cyril Danvers had to prove the darkness of the other side of the subject, when family cares, heavy enough for ripe manhood, overwhelm the youth of an only son, who has so many dependent on him alone, until nothing but love can make the burden lighter.

However, the young man had borne and triumphed over many cares; and when at last, a few weeks after the Sunday with which our tale begins, he brought his mother and sisters to a small but pretty cottage within a short walk of his new curacy, Cyril felt the quiet content of a man who has done his duty so far, and has reason to look forward to a season of tranquillity and happiness. Most joyful was he in having secured a home for his aged mother, and the two young and beautiful creatures who called him brother. But for him, these would have been thrown on the bitter world in utter helplessness; for, a hundred years ago—the date of our tale—women were but imperfectly educated, nor held the same position in society which they now justly sustain, and it was almost impossible for a young female, plunged from affluence into poverty, to gain a livelihood by any of the many ways through which unmarried and unprotected women may in our days honourably and successfully struggle against hard fortune. For this reason, the high-principled and affectionate brother murmured not for a moment at his burden, but was thankful that his own hardly-earned salary, and the poor remnant of his mother's dowry, would suffice to keep Frances and Jessie from suffering the bitterness of want.

The summer passed lightly and pleasantly over the curate's little family. There had been time enough to remove the shadow of death which had overwhelmed them when their father was taken away. The sisters and brother were all young, and in youth life is so easily made pleasant! even the void which death leaves is not eternal; and now the sole token of him who was gone, remained in the mourning garb of the widowed mother, which she would never lay aside, save for the garments of eternal rest. Light-hearted Jessie sang like a bird once more; was wild with joy at living in the beautiful country; and enticed Cyril from his books, and Frances from her charities in the village, where she and the rector's daughter were the good angels of the poor and needy. Lucy Morton had at first sight liked the curate's eldest sister, and the liking soon became love. Not that they were similar in disposition, for that friendship does not always require. Lucy's nature was joyous as a sunny summer's day, while Frances was like the same day—calm, serene, but sunless. Hers was the temperament over which sorrow never passes lightly, and she had one bitterness which her brother and sister were spared: Frances had loved, deeply and truly, and her change of fortune had for ever parted her from that love. She did not sink under the loss; but her smiles were less frequent, and more sad; and many of her companions used to say that Frances Danvers, at four-and-twenty, looked like one certain to be an old maid.

Nevertheless, every one loved Miss Danvers, from the village children, whom she taught to sing—to the wonder and annoyance of the rural Orpheus, a blacksmith, who was wont to lead the church-music, showing forth his six-feet height and stentorian lungs in front of the gallery—even to the grave rector himself, who invariably seemed pleased to see the gentle and ladylike Frances as his daughter's companion. Together they visited the poor and sick, often meeting, in their rounds, with the curate himself, on whom devolved much of the pastoral duties of the parish, and whose gentle manners, and earnest but unobtrusive zeal, endeared him every month more and more to the simple people among whom his lot was cast. In this primitive region there were few above the rank of farmers, so that the rector's daughter, while too gentle to despise her more uncultured neighbours, felt and expressed herself very happy in having found associates of her own age, similar in station, education, and pursuits to herself.

The frank-hearted and unsophisticated Lucy did not disguise her love for Frances, nor the sincere pleasure she felt in the society of Cyril. Her laugh was gayest, her sweet face brightest, when he was by; until the student ceased to shut himself up with his books, and his countenance wore a look of continual happiness, which gladdened his mother's heart. All the winter, the four young people met almost every day; and it was only when the spring brought to the rectory a visitor, who took away a slight share of Lucy's society from them, that the curate and his sisters began to think how dull their little parlour was without the bright smile and cheerful voice of the rector's daughter.

Miss Hester Dimsdale, Lucy's guest, was one of those plain but attractive girls who make tact, good sense, and good nature atone for the want of beauty. She was very lively and open-hearted: too much so, perhaps, for she had a way of telling unpleasant truths, and of making cutting remarks, which she called 'speaking her mind,' but which was often anything but agreeable to the feelings of others. Her penetration discovered at once the state of things between her friend Lucy and the Danverses, and a few pointed words at once tore the veil from Cyril's eyes: he beheld his own heart, and while he saw, he trembled.

'Why are you so thoughtful, Cyril?' asked Frances one evening after she had for some minutes watched her brother, who sat with a book on his knee, though evidently not reading.

Jessie started up and looked over his shoulder. 'Why, he has been sitting here an hour, and has not even turned over the second page! A pretty student is my clever brother becoming!' said the laughing girl, shaking her curls in his face.

Cyril looked confused. 'I fear I am getting lazy, Jessie; but I have so many things to think about and to do.'

'And is that the reason you have been so grave lately? Why, Cyril, I have hardly seen a smile on your face since—yes, ever since Hester Dimsdale came.'

'Is that the grand era, then?' said her brother, forcing the long-absent smile to his lips.

Jessie looked very wise. 'Ah, I see how it is!' she answered in a sedate whisper. 'I know what has come over the grave Cyril Danvers—he loves some one!'

'Yes, I love my mother, and you, little torment!' interrupted the young man quickly, as he stooped over his kneeling sister and kissed her cheek, so that his face was hidden from her view.

'What! and not Frances too?' archly said the merry Jessie.

Cyril turned towards the elder sister a look which needed no words: it was evident he loved her even more than he did the gay damsel of eighteen, who was ever the pet of the family. Then he took up his book, and went silently into his own room.

The gay girl had touched a chord that vibrated fearfully in her brother's heart. Cyril did love, and love passionately; and he knew it was all in vain; for how could he hope to marry? Even had Lucy loved him—he never thought she did; but even had it been so, how could he tear from his heart and home those dear ties, without which cruel severance he could not hope to take a wife? The strife was very bitter in the young man's bosom. He had been so happy with his mother and sisters; and now it seemed that they stood between him and the girl he loved, so that, without sacrificing them, he could never hope to marry her. Sometimes he felt thankful that Lucy seemed not to love him, or the struggle would have been harder still. But then she regarded him kindly—he might soon have gained her love, had he dared; and her father was a kind,

good man, who would not oppose his child's happiness. Then poor Cyril fell at once from his pictured dream: he thought of his deserted sisters, alone and unprotected by the shelter of a brother's love, knowing that his income and his home were now the right of another, and they were desolate. He could not be the cause of this—not even to win Lucy.

No wonder was it that such an agonizing strife in his heart made Cyril's face mournful, much as he strove to hide his feelings from every eye. But it was terrible to have at times to struggle with the bitter thoughts that would rise up against the innocent ones who knew not how much he sacrificed for their sakes; and to be in the presence of her who had awakened this passionate and fatal love, was almost more than the young man could bear. He would have sunk under the conflict, but that it did not last long.

One day Hester Dimsdale came to announce her sudden departure, and Lucy was to return with her for a twelvemonth's visit to London; and the two girls had come to bid an abrupt adieu at the cottage. Frances was rather pained to see that her sweet friend Lucy so little regretted the parting. She might have been more sad; but then she was so young and gay, and was going to so many anticipated pleasures! When Lucy kissed Mrs Danvers with a tearful adieu, Frances forgave her at once for looking so happy. Cyril saw nothing, felt nothing, except that Lucy was going, that his heart was riven with despairing love, and that he must conceal it.

Frances and her brother walked home with them, in the twilight, across the still meadows. Cyril felt as if dreaming. He only knew that Lucy's hand trembled on his arm, and that her downcast face was sad as she spoke of her departure.

'Are you sorry to leave us?' asked Cyril in earnest tones, that mocked his attempts to conceal his feelings.

Lucy did not speak, but one large tear fell on the handful of bright flowers which Mrs Danvers had, for the last time, gathered for her favourite.

Another moment, and Cyril would have forgotten all his resolves, and poured forth his impassioned love; but Frances unconsciously turned round. He saw her pale, languid, though beautiful face, and the weakness was gone. The son and brother would not forsake his duty even for love.

When, after a passing silence, Lucy's voice beside him sounded cheerful as ever, Cyril thought with a stern joy that his love was unreturned, and became calm once more. As they parted, he looked with one fixed gaze of intense affection in her face, half raised her hand to his lips, then relinquished it without the kiss, drew his sister's arm within his own, and turned homeward.

For many weeks after Lucy had departed, the village seemed desolate indeed. So the curate's sisters felt and said; and Frances, with a quick-sighted earnestness, given by her own olden love, watched her brother's every look. But he seemed calmer than usual, spoke of Lucy in his usual tone, read her frequent letters, and even sent some few kind messages in answer to hers. The anxious sister was deceived. Concealment was impossible to her own womanly nature; she felt satisfied that she had been mistaken, for Cyril never could thus have hidden his love. She knew not the extent to which love can give strength of purpose.

It happened, too, that before very long another subject engrossed the thoughts of the tender sister. The gay and beautiful Jessie gained a lover; one who had seen her at the village church, wooed, and won her; for he was comparatively rich, handsome, and good withal, and worthy to be trusted with the youngest darling of the family. So in a few months Jessie Danvers became a bride.

There is always a vague sadness attendant on the first wedding in a family. It is the first tie broken, the first bird that leaves the nest to venture, on half-fledged wings, in a world untried. Mrs Danvers wept almost as much at her daughter's wedding as at her husband's death. Frances, too, was sad: it brought back her own love-sorrows—unspoken, but still unhealed. Cyril only seemed cheerful: he was sorry to part with his sister, his pretty plaything from boyhood. But then Jessie was so happy; she loved, and was beloved; and the brother acknowledged to himself, without feeling it to be a sinful thought, that thus one bar had been removed from between himself and Lucy Morton. Cyril knew that she was still free, for she wrote unreservedly to Frances; and the delicious hope would come oftener and oftener to his heart, that sweet Lucy might be his wife after all. The young curate was always delicate in health; but now renewed hope lent a colour to his cheek, and a firmness to his step, so that when Frances left the village to pay a visit to the bride, she only quitted one happy home for another. As the affectionate sister looked upon Jessie's beaming face, and remembered Cyril's cheerful adieu, she felt glad that there was still happiness in the world; though, in her own bitter loneliness, she thought of the past, and wept.

The time did not pass wearily with Cyril and his mother, even though the visit of Frances extended from weeks to months. Her letters, too, had a cheerful, hopeful tone, which cheered them both; and Cyril, who knew not how deeply that sad first-love had entwined itself with every fibre of his sister's heart, thought with pleasure—in which it surely was hardly wrong if one selfish idea combined—that there might come a time when Frances too would be a happy wife, and his own reward for all he had sacrificed might be Lucy Morton's love. Thus Cyril would dream, as he sat by his winter fireside, and thought how that fireside would look with his aged mother in her arm-chair, and a young wife in the other, who wore the sweet face of Lucy Morton, until his countenance seemed radiant with joy, and Mrs Danvers would rouse her son from his reverie, to ask him what he was thinking about to make him look so happy.

When winter was stealing into spring, Frances suddenly returned. They had not known of her coming, and both mother and brother gazed with wondering delight on her face. She was still pale, but there was a soft light in her blue eyes, and a tremulous smile playing about her mouth, that told of some happy secret. After a few hours, Frances said, with a deep blush, that made the transparent cheek glow, until the once sedate Frances looked as beautiful as Jessie, 'Dear mamma! shall you be glad to see an old friend? Charles—that is, Mr Wilmington—said he should be passing Elmdale to-morrow; and—and——'

Frances could say no more; her arms were thrown round her mother's neck, and the blush and the smile ended in tears more delicious still. The secret was told: she had again met him, so long remembered; death had claimed the harsh father on whom he was dependent; and Charles Wilmington was free to woo and wed his early love. So the gentle Frances was not destined to be an old maid, but a happy wife, and that ere long.

'Why did you not write to us of this, my most mysterious sister?' asked Cyril, when he had given his warm brotherly congratulations.

'Because—because I thought I would rather tell you; and you know good news will bear delay,' said Frances, laughing and blushing.

'Then I had better delay mine. But no; I must tell you: old Mr Calvert died last month, and I was this morning greeted as rector of Charlewood.'

'What! the pretty village close by? I am so glad! My dear, dear Cyril, how happy you will be!' cried Frances joyfully.

'How happy I am!' answered her brother; and no one who looked on his radiant face could doubt it.

The brother and sister took their old twilight walk together through the green meadows that led to Elmdale. They were too happy to talk much; but they breathed the soft evening air, and looked at the tinted clouds, and thought—as hundreds of young hearts have

done, are doing, and ever will do—how pleasant is the evening of spring, and how sweet it is to love! Suddenly, from the old church of Elmdale, came the cheerful sound of marriage-bells; Cyril and Frances glanced at one another with that beaming half-conscious smile, the free-masonry of love.

'Who are those bells ringing for?' asked Cyril of the old sexton, who was hastily crossing the field.

'Don't you know, sir? But master went away, and told nobody, I think. It is Miss Lucy: she was married to a grand London gentleman yesterday morning.'

'Then that is the reason she has not written to me for so long,' said Frances, as the old man walked quickly away. 'But Cyril—oh, Cyril!' the sister almost shrieked, as she turned and saw the fearful expression of her brother's face. In a moment Frances read there the tale of hidden, self-denying, and now hopeless love. Without a word she led him to a bank, for he could not stand; and there, with his sister's hand in his, and her face bending over him in fearful sympathy, Cyril gave way to all his love—all his despair. Merrily the wedding-bells rang on: they sounded now like a funeral knell to the two, who went home through the gathering darkness. The gloom without was nothing to that within the hearts of both. How all things had changed in one little hour!

Charles Wilmington came, but his affianced bride met him with a welcome in which there was more of sadness than joy. Frances wished to defer her marriage; but Cyril would not suffer it. He gave his sister away to her long faithful lover, and tried to congratulate them, and to smile cheerfully; but it was a mournful wedding. Frances felt that her presence gave Cyril an additional pang; her own happy love was too strong a contrast to his desolate sorrow. The sister saw that it was best she should go; yet, as the carriage whirled her away, ever and anon that pale, agonized face floated between her and the husband so dearly loved; and amidst her bridal happiness, Frances mourned for her brother.

Cyril and his mother were now left alone together. He had exacted a promise from Frances, that neither this fond mother, nor Jessie, should ever be pained by the knowledge of his fatal secret; and so Mrs Danvers came to live at Charlewood Rectory with a feeling of unmixed pleasure and hope. Sometimes she thought her son looked sadder and paler than he had done for some months; but then Cyril was always grave, and never very strong. His new duties also took him so much away from her; for he was none of those idle shepherds, who think one day's tending in the week enough for the flock. And Cyril, however weary he came in, had always a smile and a cheerful word for his mother. He was too gentle and good to make her suffer for the deadly gloom which had fallen over his whole life: it was not her fault, nor that of his innocent sisters, that he had lost sweet Lucy Morton.

That name now was never breathed, save by Cyril himself, in the lonely hours of suffering, of which no one knew. She did not revisit Elmdale, but went abroad with her husband. Change of abode happily removed Cyril from many haunting memories of his lost love; and to every one else it seemed as though she had never been. After some years, many began to wonder why the young rector of Charlewood never married; but then he was so devoted to his aged mother, it might be that there was no room in his heart for any other love. Jessie's troop of children sported round their quiet, pale-faced uncle; and Mrs Wilmington, too, came with her little Cyril, so like his namesake, even in childhood. Frances saw that her brother was calm and content, engrossed with his high and holy calling. He never mentioned Lucy; and the sister returned to her beloved home, satisfied that Cyril was at peace, if not happy.

And she was right. Sorrow that brings with it no self-reproach can be borne in time with patience. Cyril had in great measure learned to look on life with less bitterness; he no longer suffered the uncontrollable anguish which had at first prostrated him in the dust; but he never again recovered the cheerful spirit of old. It has been said that men never love like women—that they soon recover from a loss such as Cyril had felt: but this is not true. Rarely does a man love with his whole soul, as a woman does; but when he does, the passion lasts for a lifetime, with an intensity unknown to most women. Cyril's love had engrossed every feeling of a sensitive nature, united to a delicate frame, and neither ever completely rallied from the shock.

Every year that passed over Cyril's head, his slight form became more bent, and his face more colourless and thin. When little past thirty, he looked like a man whose prime of life had gone by. Winter ever brought with it pain and failing health, so that he was obliged to relinquish many of his duties to his curate. For months he seldom went beyond the rectory and the church, where his voice was still heard, but fainter and more unearthly each Sabbath that came. He rarely visited Elmdale, for Mr Morton had died not long after Lucy's marriage.

One Sunday, however, the then vicar requested Mr Danvers to supply his place at Elmdale church, and Cyril assented. It might be that he had a vague presentiment that it would be the last time he should lift his voice from the spot so hallowed by many old recollections. As he stood in the little vestry, all looked the same as ten years before, when he was about to mount the pulpit for the first time. It was the same season too, and the June sun lighted up the old walls as it did then. As Cyril passed up the stairs, he almost expected to see Lucy Morton's face again in the rectory pew.

In that pew, which was generally vacant, sat a lady and two blooming children. She raised her bowed head when the prayer was over, and Cyril beheld his first, his only, and lost love. Lucy sat in matronly grace, with her babes by her side, happiness and peace shining in every feature of her still beautiful face. A mournful shade passed over it when she looked at him whose love she never knew. What a contrast was there between the two now!

Cyril preached with a voice that was hardly more tremulous than usual. He shut out all earthly love from his eyes and his heart. But as he descended the pulpit, his very lips had an ashen hue, and the retiring congregation heard with pity and regret that he had fainted on reaching the vestry. The old sexton—he was living still—said that the long walk had been too much for poor Mr Danvers; and the farmers' wives shook their heads, and said that he was always too good for this world. Meanwhile Cyril went home, and never recrossed his own threshold more.

But though, in a few days, he lay down on his bed to rise no more, it was some weeks before the dread shadow folded his still arms round his prey. Frances came to her brother, and Cyril talked with that calmness and peace which the near approach of death often gives of all the past. His mind was clear and joyful. He spoke of Lucy; and with the quick ear of sickness, distinguished her voice and footstep in the room below, where she came almost daily to inquire about him, and to see her former friend. At first Frances could hardly bear to look upon her; but then she thought how wrong such feelings were, and listened to Lucy as she spoke of her beloved and kind husband, and her beautiful children, though it gave her many a pang when she remembered him who was now fast departing.

One morning Lucy came earlier than usual. She sat many minutes alone, and then Frances's footsteps sounded slow and heavily on the stairs, and she entered.

Lucy's eyes asked the question her tongue could not utter.

'All is well with him now,' said Frances, and her voice was strangely calm. 'My brother is at rest.'

Cyril had died that morning.

A few days after, Lucy and Frances sat together in

the darkened house. It was the night before all that was mortal of poor Cyril was given to earth. They could now speak of him without tears; and they talked of old times, and old pleasures shared with him who was no more.

Frances took the hand of her former companion. 'All is changed with us now, Lucy; we are no longer young, and our feelings are different from what they once were. It can do no wrong, either to the living or the dead, if I tell you, now that you are a cherished and devoted wife, that he who is gone loved you with a passionate love which ceased but with life.'

Lucy's face grew pale, and she burst into tears. 'Why —oh why did I never know this?'

'Because he could not hope to marry; and he was too honourable to drive his sisters from his home, or to bind the girl he loved by a doubtful engagement. He saw you did not love him.'

'Because he never said one word of love to me, or I should soon have learned to love him, and then he might not have died!' said Lucy, still weeping.

'Hush, Lucy! All is best now. You are happy—you love your husband.'

'I do love him; and he is worthy to be loved,' answered the wife earnestly. 'But poor, poor Cyril!' and again she wept.

'Do not mourn for him,' said Frances; 'he might never have had a long life; and who shall say that he did not feel the sweet peace of duties fulfilled, and of knowing that his self-sacrifice was not in vain? Lucy, I, Cyril's sister, amidst all my grief, shall love you, and feel that you have done no wrong. Yet it is very bitter!' cried Frances as her composure forsook her, and she bowed herself in agony. 'Oh, would that I had died for thee, my brother—my only brother!'

FORTUNES OF PHILIP YORKE.

There was once a little lad called Philip Yorke, who was born in the year 1690. His paternal ancestors had been of some consideration in the county of Wilts, but that was an old story now; and his father, who practised as an attorney, was very well contented to marry his two daughters, one to a dissenting minister, and the other to a tradesman in a country town. As for his mother, she was of the family of Gibbon—a rather famous name, having been borne by the historian of the latter days of Rome—who boasts of some alliance with a certain Lord Say and Seale, who was brought into notice by Jack Cade. Indeed his lordship, if we are to believe the historian, distinguished himself by his own misdeeds—inasmuch as he had 'most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school, causing printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, building a paper-mill—talking of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no one can endure to hear.' But all this was gone by; and the little lad, whose family could look back so far, was fain to get any education that was going at a school kept by a dissenter in Bethnal Green. At fourteen, his father desired to bring him up to the law; but his mother, who was in the way of knowing what the law was, insisted upon 'some honester trade' being found for the boy. Still, when a desk was offered him in the office of a respectable attorney in London, she did not persist in her scruples; and accordingly Philip Yorke mounted his desk seat in Brooke Street, Holborn.

Here, young as he was, he set himself to business in downright earnest, and very speedily attracted the attention of his master by his uncommon assiduity. But he did not confine his labours to office hours. The great obstacle in his way was a defective education, and this he set himself to remedy with zeal and perseverance. He was not contented with acquiring the necessary knowledge of law Latin: he would likewise read the classics. It is true he was never quite *au fait* of the prosody, and to his dying day was very shy of quotations; but it was a great thing to be able to construe Virgil and Cicero. As for Greek, he did not pretend to be so far learned as that. His master was at length so well satisfied with his conduct, and so convinced that talents and industry like his only wanted encouragement to be followed by brilliant results, that he entered him as a student in the Temple. Here was a chance for young Philip Yorke! But even this dignity had its attendant indignities; for the attorney's wife considered it only fair and proper to make the 'gratis clerk' useful, and therefore never scrupled to despatch him on family errands, highly derogatory to the honour of a Templar. When this had gone on for some time, the master, in settling his periodical accounts with Philip, was surprised to find such entries as these: 'Coach hire for roots of celery and turnips from Covent Garden market' —'Ditto for a barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's;' whereupon a consultation took place between the husband and wife, in which it was decided that the practice of the latter was clearly against the rules of good housewifery.

It must not be supposed, however, that Philip's professional business was very dignified. Attending captions, and serving processes, are not very gentlemanly employments; but they were necessary to a young lad who could contemplate nothing but the necessity, when his studies were over, of going upon the roll of attorneys, with perhaps a misty prospect of the office of clerk to the magistrates at petty sessions. All on a sudden, however, the attorney was asked by Lord Chief-Justice Parker if he knew of any decent and intelligent person fit to be employed as a sort of law tutor for his sons; and Philip Yorke receiving his master's strong recommendation, removed at once from Brooke Street to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here he studied something of more consequence than Latin or Greek—namely, English; a study, says Lord Campbell, 'generally so much neglected by English lawyers, that many of the most eminent of them will be found in their written "opinions" violating the rules of grammar, and without the least remorse constructing their sentences in a slovenly manner, for which a schoolboy would be whipped.' At that time Addison's Spectator was coming out in numbers; and Philip was so well satisfied with his progress in English, that he would needs try a paper. And, what is more, that paper actually appeared, and proved distinctly — although it proved nothing more — that the author had learned to write his mother tongue.

But Philip Yorke was not cut out for an author: and he knew it. He attended the courts closely, revising and digesting his notes in the evening; and with actual practice in prospect, he took care to study elocution and oratory. He was at length called to the bar in his twenty-third year; and enjoying, as he did, the good opinion of his former master the attorney, and of his present patron Chief-Justice Parker, and recommended to all who knew him by uniform good conduct, it is not very surprising that he should have met with immediate success. Still, many people *were* surprised; and on one occasion at a circuit dinner, 'Mr Justice Powis, addressing the flourishing junior, who was sitting nearly opposite to him, said, "Mr Yorke, I cannot well account for your having so much business, considering how short a time you have been at the bar; I humbly conceive you must have published something; for, look you, do you see, there is scarcely a cause before the court but you are employed in it, on one side or other. I should therefore be glad to know, Mr Yorke, do you see, whether this is the case?" *Yorke.* "Please ye, my lord, I have some thoughts of publishing a book, but as yet I have made no progress in it." The judge, smiling to think that his conjecture was not quite without foundation, became importunate to know the subject of the book; and Yorke, not being able to evade his inquiries, at last said, "I have had thoughts, my lord, of doing Coke upon Littleton into verse; but I have gone a very little way into it." *Powis.* "This is something new, and must be very entertaining; and I beg you will

oblige us with a recital of a few of the verses." Mr Yorke long resisted; but finding that the judge would not drop the subject, bethought himself that he could not get rid of it better than by compounding a specimen of such a translation, and accordingly recited the following verses, as the opening of his proposed work:—

"He that holdeth his lands in fee,
Need neither to quake nor to quiver,
I humbly conceive; for look, do you see,
They are his and his heirs for ever."

'The learned judge took this for a serious attempt to impress upon the youthful mind the great truths of tenures, and meeting Mr Yorke a few months afterwards in Westminster Hall, he inquired "how he was getting on with the translation of Littleton?"'

Philip Yorke now determined to marry, and in his choice of a wife he exhibited his usual prudence. He married a widow, with a good temper and a good jointure, and never had reason to regret it, though they both lived to a good old age.

In 1718, Chief-Justice Parker (afterwards Lord Macclesfield) became the lord chancellor, and Mr Yorke transferred himself to the Court of Chancery, where his patron distinguished him by a partiality, which some suppose was the cause of the enmity that eventually precipitated his own downfall. Yorke, however, proceeded on his usual plan—that is to say, he studied hard. He did not take things as he found them, but made it his business to understand the origin, history, and nature of the jurisdiction he had now to deal with. All this had its usual effect. Lord Macclesfield prevailed upon the Duke of Newcastle to send his protégé into parliament. Yorke may have felt elated, but he did not show it. He entered the House of Commons; and no special occasion offering for a speech, he sat there for several months, and then went on the Spring Circuit, without having opened his lips. At this time some personal squabbles that had been going on between the two great law officers of the crown, the solicitor-general and attorney-general, became so odious, that one of them was turned about his business. What was this to Yorke? The following letter, which he received upon attending the assizes at Dorchester, will show:—

'Sir—The king having declared it to be his pleasure that you be his solicitor-general in the room of Sir William Thompson, who is already removed from the office, I with great pleasure obey his majesty's commands, to require you to hasten to town immediately upon receipt hereof, in order to take that office upon you. I heartily congratulate you upon this first instance of his majesty's favour, and am with great sincerity, sir, your faithful and obedient servant, Parker, C.'

When presented to the king on his taking office, he received the honour of knighthood.

This happened when he was only twenty-nine years of age, and when he had been practising at the bar only four years; and the consequence of course was abundance of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. But he disarmed enmity by the gentleness of his manner, and commanded confidence by his solid talents and unwearied industry.

In three years Sir Philip Yorke was promoted to be attorney-general; and in two years more came the impeachment of his patron, Lord Macclesfield, who was denounced as 'a trafficker in judicial affairs, and a robber of widows and orphans.' On this occasion the *parvenu* begged to be left out of the conduct of the prosecution, and obtained his request with difficulty; but that appears to be the utmost extent to which his prudence permitted his gratitude to go. On the fall of Lord Macclesfield, he attached himself devoutly to the Duke of Newcastle, 'who was hardly gifted with common understanding, and did not possess the knowledge of geography and history now acquired at a parish school.' In 1733, Sir Philip Yorke was made Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Hardwicke; and in five years after, Lord Talbot dying suddenly, the attorney's *gratis clerk* became the Lord High Chancellor of England.

This wonderful fortune was not the result of natural genius and occasional exertion, but of steady, well-directed, and persevering industry, assisted by gentle, not to say insinuating manners, and a propriety of conduct and moral bearing, on which it has never been attempted to throw the slightest stigma. As chancellor, 'he in a few years raised a reputation which no one presiding in the Court of Chancery has ever enjoyed, and which was not exceeded by that of the great Lord Mansfield as a common law judge. The wisdom of his decrees was the theme of universal eulogy. Such confidence was there in his administration of justice, that the business of the court was greatly increased; and it is said that more bills were filed under him than at any subsequent time, although the property administered by the Court of Chancery has since been increased sevenfold. There were still rare complaints of delays in Chancery, from the intricate nature of the inquiries, the death of parties, and other inevitable obstructions to the final winding up of a suit, but by great exertion, arrears were kept down, "and this is fondly looked back upon as the golden age of equity."'

In 1754 he was created Earl of Hardwicke and Viscount Royston. This honour was desired by himself, but delayed as long as possible by his wife, from a fear of the effect it might have on the mind and manners of their two daughters. Two years after this he resigned the great seal into the king's hands, who received it from him with many expressions of regret and respect; and in 1764, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, after having accumulated an immense fortune, and magnificently provided for all his relations and dependants, he submitted to the common lot of mortality with the forethought and deliberation which distinguished his character.

The materials for the above sketch are collected from the recently-published fifth volume of Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors.' We look upon this memoir to be one of the most usefully suggestive in the series; and we throw it into the present form, in order to fix the reader's attention upon the facts of the 'strange eventful history,' undisturbed by the episodes and reflections of biography.

EFFORTS AT SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

Scarcely a day elapses in which we do not receive one or more documents connected with social progress. It would appear that, all over the country, in small as well as in large towns, efforts are making to establish and sustain institutions calculated to improve the mental condition of the people. In very many instances, these efforts make little or no newspaper appearance. Plans are matured quietly, and carried into execution unobtrusively. So far as we can observe, a number of the institutions thus originating are professedly for mutual improvement. The principle of employing hired lecturers succeeds only in connection with large establishments: where only a handful of persons are concerned, with little money to spare, the members are necessarily driven on their own capabilities—those who have a little more knowledge than the others volunteering to act as instructors. We are hopeful that plans of this kind will answer every reasonable purpose. In every locality there are persons who possess sufficient ability to become the advisers and teachers of others.

A library is the point round which the members of such institutions rally. An improvement society without a library of some kind, would be like a system without a sun. Fortunately, a library is not difficult to commence; and when once begun, it is surprising how soon a collection of books swells into importance. A mutual improvement society lately begun by a few ploughmen in Aberdeenshire, has already, we are told, a pretty fair collection of books, and is otherwise doing

well. And it could scarcely fail to do so. All that is wanted is a little energy, in union with a little common sense, and any dozen of rural labourers may instruct themselves in a manner which would not discredit much higher circles. The value of a small library of miscellaneous literature in a country district—say no more than a hundred volumes, mostly of a cheap class—cannot be too highly estimated. Vacant hours in the evening, formerly spent in listless idleness, or degrading amusements, are devoted to reading, and by and by a sensible improvement in the morals of the neighbourhood is effected. A few days ago, when visiting the house of a parish clergyman in a mountainous, though agricultural district of Scotland, he mentioned that a remarkable change for the better had taken place in the morals of the neighbourhood within the last twelve months, in consequence of a small library which he had set on foot. Among the population, young and old, there was already created an eager thirst for reading, which unconsciously banished tastes and habits of a meaner kind.

On our way to the above district, we had occasion to pass through a small county town, where a reading-room on a peculiar plan had been established about a year ago, and was now in a flourishing condition. The way in which this useful engine of instruction had been brought into, and kept in existence, deserves notice. A small committee of management, who assumed the institution and direction of the establishment, procured the use of a public hall gratis; and this apartment was already furnished with a table and forms. Newspapers were supplied from divers individuals, also gratis. Gentlemen at a distance, who take an interest in the undertaking, send London and other papers daily; many papers have come even from America and India, the gift of natives of the town; in short, the quantity of papers which are contributed is immense. On the day of our visit to the room, from forty to fifty different papers—English, Scotch, Irish, Isle of Man, Jersey, British American, United States, Bombay, and Australian—lay on the table; the whole forming quite a feast to the various readers. We were told that the average attendance daily is about fifty persons, most of whom, however, make two or more visits. The only expenses incurred are for one or two newspapers, which it is considered necessary to have regularly and promptly, along with two magazines and a review, at half price. The providing of attendance, and fire in winter, with lights, forms also an unavoidable cause of outlay; but it is confidently expected that the voluntary contributions dropped into a box in the room, and money from the sale of papers, will leave only a trifle to be raised by subscription. Admission is free to all. The whole population are invited to come and read for nothing; and this is a boon of so much value, that one could reasonably have expected to hear of a greater attendance than that above alluded to. The pleasures and advantages of literary recreation, however, are everywhere slowly appreciated. Men accustomed to stand thirty years in the street with their hands in their pockets, do not all at once fall in with the fashion of reading newspapers or monthly periodicals. Everything in the way of mental improvement requires time; and perhaps, after all, little is to be expected from the old or middle-aged. The great thing is to prevent the young from forming bad habits; and this, to all appearance, is done by the reading-room which we speak of. As one means of improvement usually leads to another, a library has just been added, which will greatly promote the objects of the institution.

The account of the above reading-room will suggest what may be accomplished in thousands of situations where no place of resort exists, at least for popular improvement. There must be an incalculable number of newspapers, of one kind or other, wasted after being read. Why should a single paper be destroyed, while there are millions of people mentally famishing for want of any accessible literature? Every newspaper bears a stamp, and this gives it wings to fly over the whole country. Without expense, and with no other trouble than the tying of a piece of string, and the writing of a name, off it will go to any part of the United Kingdom, even to the obscurest hamlet. Hacknied and useless though it seem to the sender, with what delight is it received at its destination! A 'Times,' read and tossed aside in a London counting-room, is new to the inhabitants of a village hundreds of miles distant, and is read with an avidity greater than that with which it was received wet from the press. We would, then, endeavour to press on all persons who have used newspapers at disposal, the propriety and benevolence of despatching them to parties who are not in the way of seeing them. Little recommendation, however, will be necessary. Most people would be glad to find an outlet for what becomes a nuisance in their parlours. What we must incite people to do, is to get up reading-rooms in various parts of large towns, and also in small towns and villages, to which used papers could be gratuitously sent. Let the directors of these institutions make known their wants to all who are likely to assist them—natives of small towns living in cities or abroad not to be forgotten—and there can be little doubt of their success.

We have seldom heard of a body of artisans doing anything more likely to be useful to themselves than that which has just been undertaken by the operative printers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. These individuals have organised themselves into a society, to be called the Newcastle and Gateshead Typographical Mutual Improvement Society; the object being the improvement of the profession generally, but more particularly in reference to the training of youth in a knowledge of the rise and progress of the art of printing, as well as to imbue them with a spirit of emulation to become more proficient workmen, to promote a better general knowledge of all matters appertaining to the trade, and to cultivate the moral, intellectual, and social well-being of all parties connected with it. The ordinary members of the institution are to consist of journeymen printers and apprentices; honorary members are to be employers, and others connected with the press, and donors of books or money. Besides addresses on the history and peculiarities of the art of printing, likely to improve the professional taste, lectures are to be delivered on generally scientific subjects. A library is formed for reference and instruction.

Every one must wish well to a scheme fraught with so much benefit to the parties interested. As soon as the prospectus of the society came under our notice, we felt that such an association was needed, and we should be glad to hear that it was imitated in Edinburgh and other cities. According to existing arrangements, apprentices receive only technical instruction in the particular department to which they are put. They never hear a word of general principles; they may grow up in ignorance of every interesting fact connected with their profession; and even as journeymen, they may be deficient in a knowledge of nice peculiarities in the art, which an improvement of taste would suggest. The scheming of handsome titles, of neatly-shaped pages in reference to size of type, and similar matters, form exceedingly suitable themes for general and mutual instruction among compositors. As to pressmen, how few are able to distinguish niceties in colour! In printing a book, one sheet will be made pale and another dark, by which general uniformity in the volume is destroyed. Among the high-skilled pressmen of London a better knowledge prevails; but rarely have we seen proficiency in this respect in any provincial printing. It is this defect alone—a defect arising entirely from want of care and taste—that keeps provincial typography inferior to that of London. To this imperfection, and also to a general ignorance in the art of printing wood-engravings, we beg to direct the attention of the Newcastle Society. We cannot conclude our notice without expressing a hope that other operatives

besides printers may see the importance of associating for professional improvement.

Of the value of, and necessity for, mechanics' institutions, as respects general elementary instruction, we have a striking testimony in the report just published of the Mechanics' Institution of Huddersfield. This useful establishment is attended by 778 students, pretty nearly all of whom are operatives, or lads belonging to factories. The great business of the institution seems to be the conducting of classes; but there are, besides, a library, to which 500 members resort, a reading-room, weekly lectures, and an annual soirée; the members generally enjoy likewise an annual cheap trip by railway, on which occasion there are some festivities. The main thing, however, as we have said, are the classes, which are held in the evening; nor, from the account before us, are these means of improvement unnecessary. What a revelation of the illiterate condition of a busy manufacturing town in England, is afforded in the following candid statement:—

'The education of the working-classes in the town and neighbourhood has always been kept steadily in view by the committee, as the first and most important object of their high trust; and the large extent to which their exertions and appeals in this direction have been responded to by the working-classes, is regarded as an augury of much practical good, and of true success for the future. Whilst the committee, however, are rejoiced at the regular and frequent attendance of a large portion of the members, they cannot but regret that so many uneducated young men who enter the classes are deterred from continuing in them on account of the difficulties which beset them at the commencement, and who leave them in utter despair of achieving the mastery of the commonest rudiments of learning. There are the names of a large number of such men on the books, who, after paying for the first fortnight in advance, never appear again in the financial columns. These persons, in passing through the probationary class, where they are examined by the secretary, are for the most part totally deficient even in elementary knowledge, and many of them are unable either to read or write. Their average age is from eighteen to twenty-five. The committee, fully alive to the necessities of this class, have long ago provided separate teachers in the reading department to meet the emergency, and apportioned a separate room for their exclusive use during the hours of their meeting; and there are other elementary classes, from simple addition to the compound rules in arithmetic, and like elementary classes for writing. Notwithstanding all this, however, there are some men who, conscious of their deficiency, and of the insurmountable hindrance which ignorance presents to all the advancements and noble immunities of life, cannot be persuaded to devote themselves to a necessary culture. And whilst the committee would sympathise with their unhappy condition, and regret the hard circumstances which may have operated against their education in early life, yet still they feel that they should scarcely be discharging their duty, if they did not offer them a word of friendly and faithful admonition. They would say—You have never given a fair trial of your own strength against the armed power of knowledge. You have given up the contest the moment you entered the lists, without so much as meeting your antagonist, and defying him to the hazard of a battle. This is neither brave nor manly. Who gave knowledge the immense power she possesses, and armed her with those swords of flaming fire which terrify you so much? It was the mind and industry of man. And are not you also a man—having the same average faculties of all other men? What one man can do, another man—and, generally speaking, all men—can accomplish. It is the *will*, and not the capacity, which is so frequently wanting in the fight for learning; and the experience of the committee in connexion with the working-classes will justify them in saying, that few amongst them who have the will lack the power to learn, and that numbers of them, even in our own institution, are capable of advancing to the regions of the higher culture. Let no man, therefore, be abashed by difficulties. If he once stir himself under them, they will, as they have ever done, vanish away, and leave him free to advance onward. "Who art thou that saith there is a lion in the way? Rise, sluggard, and slay the lion! The road has to be travelled."'

The classes for arithmetic, writing, grammar, and logic, design, ornamental and mechanical drawing, elocution, music, French, German, geography, and history, are reported to be all doing useful service. An institution performing so much good has our best wishes.

An attempt at another species of improvement in the condition of operative bodies is now making in different parts of England. This consists in clubbing means to purchase articles at wholesale prices, with a view to distribution among members. Thus we see proposals to establish a co-operative corn-mill, a co-operative baking establishment, the co-operative purchase of groceries, and so on. No one can find any fault with these arrangements. The higher classes club for various purposes, why should not mechanics? Considering the immense sum in the aggregate paid as wages to the operative classes—as, for example, the large sum which is distributed weekly in Glasgow or Manchester—it has always appeared to us a remarkable thing that there was so little clubbing of means for economic objects. We fear that a too common cause of the phenomenon is the want of a general knowledge of business among the working-classes, also a want of settled purpose or steadiness, and perhaps a want of confidence in each other. Having often experienced the deceitfulness of persons who pushed themselves forward to act as managers and treasurers, they may well dread a recurrence of financial disaster.

In 'The Herald of Co-operation,' a paper which appears to be the organ of co-operative principles, allusion is made to a plan for bettering the condition of the working-classes, described by us a year or two ago in connexion with the proceedings of a Parisian house-painter. This plan consists in workmen having a pecuniary interest in the establishment to which they are attached. Instead of depending altogether on wages, they receive a share of the profits, much on the principle pursued in the pastoral regions of Scotland, where the shepherds are paid partly by the profits derived from sheep, their own property, which mingle with the flocks of their employer. We can conceive that plans of this kind might answer every desirable purpose in various professions, though, according to the existing laws of partnership in England, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to carry them into execution. We are less sanguine of the success of schemes of co-operation in trade, where the partners are all to be manual labourers with a portion of capital. In a ready-money business, as in selling bread, the obstacles to success are insignificant; but when we come to extensive concerns, where capital must be expended and returns waited for, in some cases for years, the chances are greatly against the project turning out satisfactorily. In the article treating on this subject in the above paper, no allowance is made for possible losses or delays in paying debts. This is a matter, however, which requires serious consideration. In the conducting of most businesses, profits are slowly *realised*, quickly as they may appear to be effected. A tradesman, on making up a balance-sheet at the end of a year, perhaps finds that he has made L.500 of profit during the past twelve months; but that, strangely enough, he cannot take more than L.10 or L.20 of cash from the concern. The profits are all in figures—so much for debts owing to him, and so much for accumulated stock. Debts, if not bad, come in of course in time; but the tendency to an increase of stock is a terrible drawback on money returns. The stock may be in goods, or mechanism wherewith to carry on the trade; but in any form, it is equally obstructive of the principle of taking and dividing money

profits periodically. It is from this cause that so many persons in trade are ruined by *paying out* partners. The bulk of the assets being in stock, the proportion belonging to a retiring partner needs to be paid in cash; and the struggle to carry on business after paying this cash, which is effected by entering into serious obligations, often leads to bankruptcy. It is quite possible to become insolvent, and yet possess assets nominally worth more than would pay every one twenty shillings a-pound.

All this we mention in a friendly way to bodies of working-men who feel inclined to attempt co-operative trading. The subject is one of great difficulty, not only in consequence of its novelty, but the state of the law, and other circumstances. Our belief, on the whole, is, that operatives, as a class, are not prepared to enter on projects involving a considerable amount of capital, enterprise, and risk. But there is no reason why they should not prepare themselves for taking advantage of any reasonable scheme of this nature which may by and by offer. With this end, it is desirable in the meanwhile that three things should be steadily kept in view, and upon this there can be no mistake. Every man proposing to rise out of his sphere requires, first, to possess the general instruction and intelligence which would adapt him for performing the function of a partner; second, he requires to save and accumulate a certain amount of capital, the whole of which he must be prepared to peril or lie out of for a time; and third, he requires to train himself in those habits of self-denial which would insure his conservation of whatever advantages fell to his share. All working-men who possess these three requisites are ready to become partners in a co-operative trading system; and if their plans be well matured, we wish them speed. Those who do not—and we fear the bulk of the operative body are in this condition—must wait. Self-culture, economy, steadiness—how much is kept back in the social world in consequence of your lingering delays!

A TRIP ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

I was attached to a ten-gun brig, on the West India station, when we were ordered to Chagre with despatches for Panama. Chagre was a miserable, dirty village, which, however, derived some importance from being at that time the starting-place from the Atlantic to Panama, and also the port at which specie and goods from Panama, destined for England *viâ* the West Indies, were embarked.

The despatches with which we were charged were not only important, but urgent; and being out of the regular course of the mail, we could find no courier at Chagre to convey them to Panama; and as I had a great desire to cross the isthmus, I volunteered my services as courier, and made arrangements for starting on the following morning. Fortunately I found at Chagre a merchant who was also desirous to cross. He was an exceedingly pleasant Scotchman, who had been to Panama several times, and spoke the 'Columbian Spanish' like a native.

We engaged a large canoe, the after-part of which was covered by a caravan-roof, composed of wicker-work and stout grass mats. This formed an excellent defence from the sun by day and the heavy dew by night; and had it not been for the mosquitoes, which invaded our snuggery like an army of trumpeters, singing in our ears, and stinging us right and left, we should have been comfortable enough. As it was, we smoked, to endeavour to choke them; and by laughing at our troubles, we made them lighter. In truth we had great need of all our philosophy, for the current ran so strong, that the four stout Indians who composed our boat's crew were obliged to abandon the paddle, and pole up the river the whole distance of sixty miles; consequently it was not until the afternoon of the third day that we landed to refresh ourselves on the bank, a few miles below the point where the part of the journey by water terminates. Thus far the journey had been exceedingly monotonous and tedious; the only amusement being an occasional shot either at birds—which, if they fell, were lost in the woods, growing in wild luxuriance to the water's edge—or at a lazy alligator basking in the sun on a bank of mud, and which, if the ball struck his impervious hide, rolled over and over like a log, till he sunk beneath the stream and disappeared. The heat by day was intense; for although the river is very deep, it is very narrow, and so choked with foliage on both sides, that a breath of agitated air is an unknown luxury. Then, although the heights were cooler, it was impossible to meet with a vacant spot to take exercise; and it may be imagined that three days and two nights of such purgatory was irksome in the extreme.

The spot where our canoe was now hauled up on the muddy bank commanded a beautiful view, considering it was in a wilderness, and flat. On the opposite side of the river nature had formed for herself a perfect park; the velvet lawns sloped and undulated as if they had been laid out by elaborate art, whilst the majestic trees, centuries old, 'now singly stood, and now in groups,' and it only required a stretch of fancy to picture an old baronial hall in the distance, to transport one in imagination from a wilderness where possibly the foot of man had never trodden, to a country-seat in dear old England; so true is it that all the beautiful designs of art may be traced to nature for their model.

It was during our rest at this place that I nearly lost 'the number of my mess:' the Indians were busied making a fire of dried sticks to roast a guana I had shot, and I determined to take advantage of their absence from the canoe to make my toilette. I was leaning over the side of the boat, bathing my head in the rapid stream, when the canoe suddenly tilted with my weight upon her gunwale, and losing my equilibrium, I plunged headlong into the river. How wonderful is the flight of thought! I could not have been more than a few seconds under water, and yet in that brief space I recollected not only that alligators were abundant, but that, about a fortnight before, a brave officer had lost his life by falling into this same river, and getting, as was supposed, into a strong under-current, was hurried away by it, and unable to rise to the surface. What an age it seemed before I shook my head above the water; and when I did so, I found the stream had already swept me a considerable distance from the canoe, and more into the middle of the current. 'Courage!' shouted the captain of the boat's crew.

'Are there any alligators?' I cried.

'Oh no,' said he, laughing encouragingly; and in a few minutes I reached the bank, and, by a desperate effort, threw myself on a bed of mud, from which I emerged darker in hue than our sable boatmen.

At about nine in the evening we arrived at Cruses, the place where the water-carriage ceases; and proceeding to the 'head inn,' I pleased myself with visions of a good dinner, and a refreshing night's rest, preparatory to the ride of thirty miles onward to Panama on the day following. Alas that our waking visions should so often prove no less illusory than our dreams of the night!

The head inn was not a dwelling for either feasting or repose: the room into which I was shown to rest for the night was furnished with two grass hammocks, suspended from the rafters, and exactly resembled a large net made from the tough variegated grasses of South America, the meshes being about the size, and the network about the strength and substance, of an ordinary cabbage-net. I stretched myself in one of these, and had just begun to enter the realms of Somnus, when I was startled by the shrill crowing of a cock within a yard of my ear. This was followed by another, and another crow, and anon half-a-dozen throats were screaming defiance at one and the same moment. The noise in so confined a place was absolutely painful, and jumping out of the hammock, I discovered that there were eight fighting cocks, each tied by the leg,

in the four corners, and in the centre of the four sides of the room. We cannot afford to be very particular on board ship as to noise, and by long habit, we sleep through the scrubbing decks, or the tramp of a hundred men immediately overhead; indeed I have known a man sleep undisturbed by a salute of cannon fired on the deck above him: but the screaming of eight fighting cocks, with the accompaniment of flapping of wings, and struggling to free themselves, was beyond even a sailor's powers of somnolency, and I rushed into the open air in despair.

I may remark that the love of cock-fighting amongst the Creole Spaniards amounts to a passion. At Santa Martha, and Carthagena, and other places, I have seen heavy sums change hands at cock-fights; and judging from the living ornaments of my sleeping apartment, the passion for this species of amusement must have been equally strong at Cruses.

As soon as I found my friend the merchant, he very kindly acceded to my desire to proceed to Panama that night. It having become known that we intended to cross, four or five Spanish travellers requested to join us; and after some delay in procuring mules and a guide, our cavalcade left the head inn, and took the road to Panama.

It was a lovely night; the full moon literally flooded the landscape with her splendour; but after riding about a mile from Cruses, we entered upon the actual road, and there the trees, and banks, and excavated rocks on either side so perfectly excluded the moon's rays, that it was impossible to see the road, which was in a most ruinous state, never having been repaired since it was first made by the Spaniards some fifty years before. At one moment the mule was stumbling over a heap of stones, which the torrent of the rainy season had piled together; and the next, he plunged into the hole from which they had been dislodged. Of course our progress was very slow, and at seven o'clock in the morning we were still ten miles from Panama, having been eight hours travelling the twenty miles from Cruses.

As the road up to this time had been almost one continued lane, running between banks more or less steep, I considered there could be no danger of missing the party if I dismounted to refresh myself, by bathing my face in a clear brook which rippled across the road. I was rather behind the rest, and my stopping was not observed by any one, for all were jaded and silent with the tedious and laborious journey of the night. Having finished my ablutions, I endeavoured to push on to overtake the cavalcade; and although I could not see any of them, I concluded that it was simply some turn of the road which concealed them from my sight. The beast I rode, however, was either knocked up, or had never been accustomed to any pace faster than a walk. In vain I coaxed or flogged him; flagellation seemed rather to retard than accelerate his movements: in vain I struck the spurs, with rowels the size of penny-pieces, into his ribs; I might as well have spurred a rhinoceros, for out of a deliberate walk he would not move. After travelling about a mile in this way, I came to a large open plain nearly surrounded by a wood. I looked in all directions, but could discover no trace, not even the print of a hoof, from which I might judge which way my companions had gone. But as the sagacity of the mule is by some wise man said to be equal to his obstinacy, I threw the reins upon the neck of mine, and suffered him to 'go his own way;' and he, crossing the plain in a straight line, entered the wood. At first the trees were so thick, and the branches so interwoven, that it was difficult to force a passage; but after a while the wood became more open, and having proceeded so far as to have lost all chance of finding the way out again, the mule suddenly stopped on the brink of a very extensive marsh, muddy and overgrown with rushes. The spot upon which he stood was clear, and the grass excellently good, to judge by the avidity with which my quadruped attacked it. I dismounted, and paused for some time, revolving in my mind what was to be done. I was hemmed in by the wood, except where it was bounded by the marsh, and to return to the forest again, would be only to get into a labyrinth from which I might never be able to extricate myself. Therefore I resolved to cross the marsh if possible, and to climb to the top of a mountain I saw in the distance, and from the summit of which I calculated I must see the city of Panama. In execution of this purpose, I loosed from the mule's neck a rope, which is used as a tether when those animals halt to graze on a journey; and fastening one end of it to his neck, and the other round my arm, I *drove* him into the marsh, which no effort of mine could make him enter whilst I remained on his back. The first plunge into the stagnant morass was as deep as my waist, and I had not gone twenty yards, when my feet became so fettered by the rushes, that I lost my balance, and fell at full length. Before I could recover my footing, the mule had turned to the place we had left; and being a large, powerful brute, he dragged me after him like a well-hooked salmon; and in his final bound to regain the bank, the rope broke, and he trotted out of reach, and resumed his breakfast, casting a sly glance at me, as much as to say, 'I hope you are refreshed by your cold bath.'

I now felt in a perfect dilemma; for the valise containing the despatches was strapped behind the saddle, and all my efforts to catch the mule were ineffectual. Whenever I approached, his heels were ready to launch out; and if in desperation I rushed at him, he bounded off with an inconceivable agility and force, until at length I was fairly exhausted; and spreading my cloak upon the grass, I endeavoured to collect my thoughts, and to realise if possible the true nature of my position. In the course of my experience I have been often struck with the difference of the state of mind under the prospect of immediate, and apparently inevitable death, and when the prospect of death is not so immediate, and apparently inevitable. I recollect, for example, being once wrecked; and when, in half an hour after, the vessel struck, she began to fill, and death appeared unavoidable—the boats being either washed away, or destroyed by the falling masts; the water increasing more and more in the hold; and there appearing not a doubt but all hands must perish. On that occasion I found it impracticable to fix my mind for three minutes together—my imagination was so busy catching at straws, that it was impossible to collect my thoughts and meditate soberly; but now, as I lay on the grass in the wild forest, I could deliberately plan, reject, and replan, with the thoughts perfectly under control. Not but the possibility of death crossed my mind; for the want of rest in the canoe, the tedious journey of the night, and lack of any refreshment since the afternoon of the preceding day, made me doubt whether I should be equal to crossing the marsh, climbing the distant mountain, and then walking some ten or a dozen miles to Panama; if even I could contemplate the idea of leaving the valise containing the despatches, on the chance of its being recovered afterwards. This, however, I felt I could never have done. We admire the heroism of the soldier who, when he was picked up dead upon the field, was found to have the colours he had borne stuffed into his bosom; but I believe that the same spirit is very general amongst men accustomed to military life, and subjected to military discipline. '*L'esprit de corps*' is the ruling principle, before which life and all other considerations become secondary. Hence it was that I felt I could not abandon the despatches intrusted to me, whatever else I might do.

I suppose I had lain thus for half an hour, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by an exclamation of surprise, and a man's voice demanding who I was, and what had brought me there? I started to my feet, and before me sat, on a stout Spanish pony, a muleteer. I soon made him understand my position, when, in an incredibly short time, he secured my mule, shifted my saddle on to his own pony, being, as he

politely said, the more pleasant animal of the two for me to ride, and mounting the mule himself—which, by the way, appeared perfectly to comprehend the difference between his present and his late rider—he led the way through the mazy intricacies of the wood, and brought me out on the Panama road, at the distance of about three leagues from the city.

The honest muleteer explained to me, as we rode along, that the situation in which he had found me was one of great peril; for, independently of there being no habitation but his own, which was several miles distant, near to the wood, he said I might have remained in the forest for ever, and no one would ever have thought of seeking for me there; and indeed this was confirmed, for as we approached the city, we met several persons on horseback, who had been sent out in search of me; but they declared that they would not have ventured to enter the wood, for fear of the hanging snakes with which it was said to be infested. My deliverer, it appeared, was a breeder of mules; one of which animals having strayed the night before, he thought it was just possible it might have entered the wood, and in seeking for his lost mule he fortunately discovered me.

There is nothing particularly imposing or striking in the appearance of Panama, as approached by the Cruses road. The country is flat, and uncultivated, and the city resembles most other cities built by the Spaniards in those countries—large, heavy-looking houses, built of stone, without any attempt at architectural ornament; but there is an esplanade, upon which the beautiful brunettes promenade, the head uncovered, and the jetty hair, floating in rich, unconfined luxuriance, save where the wearer prefers the braid; and then it hangs in three or more pendants, which often nearly brush the tiny feet, clothed in their satin shoes.

The city of Panama is a comparative wreck of what it must once have been, but the magnificent bay is alone worth travelling across the isthmus to see. The sea almost always maintains its name of 'Pacific,' and looks like a gigantic parterre; whilst the numerous islands with which the bay is studded resembles so many flower-beds—ever blooming, ever lovely. I will not take the reader with me to visit some of these gems of the ocean, nor will I detain him to inspect with me the process of making the curious gold chains for which Panama is celebrated, and many other curious things I saw; but merely add, that after ten days' residence, I left the city at peep of day, and the following afternoon was on board my ship, having bathed in the two seas within forty-eight hours.

THE POOR RELATIONS OF KINGS.

One morning during the last severe winter in Paris, a bier, on which was laid a wretched coffin, emerged from one of the poorest streets of the faubourg St Marceau, followed by two assistants, and a female, whose sole protection against the heavy snow that fell was a woollen shawl, partially concealing features once beautiful, though now changed by suffering and privation, yet still beaming with resignation.

The young man whose remains were thus borne to the common cemetery was one whose forefathers slept in the vaults of St Denis, and who, by birth, was entitled to wear the arms of the Bourbon family. In speaking of Henry II., or any other of the kings of France, there was no fiction in this unfortunate being, while living, calling them 'my ancestors.' According to the etiquette of courts, he had a right to be called by the king 'my cousin;' and equally so, by right of consanguinity, by the Bourbons of Spain, and the imperial House of Austria.

Charles de Valois de St Remy was, however, but a poor journeyman bookbinder, employed by one of the many of that trade who struggle for an existence in the neighbourhood of the College of France. Even with the assistance of his aunt, Marguerite de Valois, he scarcely earned enough to subsist on. Like many others, when placed in situations little in accordance with their birth, Charles de Valois had acquired notions respecting the greatness of his ancestors which unfitted him for steadily pursuing his avocations. Devoid of that energy which is the basis of all self-advancement, he would remain for hours pondering on his ignoble fate. 'One path lies open to me!' he would sometimes exclaim; 'I shall become a soldier, and face the enemies of France!' In these reveries he was no longer the humble artisan, but in imagination one of the noble of his race, regaining all the territory his ancestors had lost. To put these dreams into execution, however, one thing was wanting—Charles de Valois had not the heart of a Bothwell.

Henry II., of whom he was a lineal descendant, had a son, to whom he bequeathed large territories—the most considerable being that of St Remy; but his descendants gradually decreased in power and wealth, and at length they sunk into such obscurity, that their existence was almost doubted. A ray of sunshine would at times gleam on some member of their family, but, as if a fatality hung over their race, it was succeeded by darker shadows.

During the reign of Louis XV., the Marchioness Boulanvilliers, wife of the Prevôt of Merchants, one day passing between Rheims and Fontette, remarked a little girl by the road-side tending a cow, and, pleased with the pretty countenance and figure of the child, called her to the door of the carriage, and offered her a piece of money. The young Jeanne de Valois spurned the proffered coin with the pride of a Spanish hidalgo; and erecting her little person, she recounted to the marchioness her full genealogy—the only thing, besides her paternoster, she had ever learned. On being questioned, she gave sufficient proof of the truth of what she stated; and her listener, estimating nothing more than high birth, though she herself was but the daughter of a revenue officer, made the little cowherd get into the carriage, which rolled off to Paris.

After having had her educated by the first masters, her protectress introduced her to the fashionable world, and even at court, where she was looked on as a sort of curiosity. She was pensioned by the king, and afterwards married the Count de la Motte. The queen, Marie Antoinette, took her into favour, and employed her near her person; but she repaid the royal kindness by the deepest ingratitude. By forging her majesty's signature, she procured large sums of money; and by the same means prevailed on Cardinal Rohan (who was at the time in disgrace at court, and glad of the opportunity of regaining favour) to purchase a necklace, as if for the queen, worth nearly two million francs, for the payment of which the countess alleged that her majesty would give a note in her own handwriting, to be defrayed from the private purse. The necklace was given into the hands of the countess, who immediately sent her husband to London with it. But the period for payment being allowed to pass, the jeweller made his complaint to the queen: Cardinal Rohan, and many others arrested on suspicion, were thrown into the Bastile, but were ultimately released on the real culprit being discovered. The countess was publicly whipped, and branded on the shoulders; a sentence of imprisonment for life was recorded against her; but after ten months' confinement, she effected her escape, and died in London in 1791.

Residing at Troyes, in Champagne, was an uncle of Jeanne de Valois, and looked on as the head of her branch of the family. In a thoroughfare of that town might be heard, from morning until night, the noise of his hammer, accompanied by merry songs, issuing from a frail wooden edifice, erected against the walls of the bishop's garden, and under the shadow of the cathedral clock. Though aware of his genealogy, learned from his father, who died in the Hôtel Dieu at Paris in 1759, it had inspired him neither with pride nor regret—looking on human grandeur, as he did, with the most philosophic indifference. Having never bestowed a thought on claiming the rights of his birth, he worked,

slept, and sang, and appeared so really contented and happy, that one would have been inclined to believe, according to the old adage, 'that the king was not his cousin.' This gaiety was not without merit, if it is recollected that Henry de Valois, issuing from the reigning family of France, was a cobbler.

In 1778, while the countess was in favour at court, a detachment of the guards, after accompanying the queen to Chateau Vilain, received directions to return through Troyes, and pay their respects to the illustrious artisan, who had been already spoken of at Versailles as one of the remaining representatives of the branch of Francis I., along with the little cowherd of Fontette. As the guards approached the shed, over which a board was fixed, with a boot painted in black, and the words, '*Henri, reparateur de la chaussure humaine!*' ('Henry, shoe-mender to the human race!') they heard a manly voice singing a provincial ditty, while a hammer beat time to the measure. The soldiers, dressed in splendid uniform, advanced respectfully, their hats off, preceded by their lieutenant, the Marquis de Nantouillet. The cobbler, little accustomed to such visitors, regarded them with surprise; but his looks being mechanically directed to the officer's feet, and perceiving his splendid boots, laced with brilliants, he remarked—'You are in error, monsieur; I mend only shoes. Ask for Christophe, the first street on the right.'

The marquis, with many forced compliments, having explained the cause of his presence, the cobbler, lifting his cotton cap from his head, cleared a cumbrous bench of three or four pair of old boots, and made a sign to the officer to be seated: the other soldiers not being able to find room, had the felicity of contemplating his august visage through some tattered sheets of paper, substituted in the window for glass.

'The king has learned, monsieur,' said the marquis, as he accepted the seat, 'that you are in a position little beseeming your illustrious origin, and his wish is to change this state of things. Your niece is already a convincing proof of the royal solicitude.'

'And I have many doubts,' replied the old cobbler, 'whether this royal solicitude will much benefit the girl. As for me, monsieur, I am aware that if Henry II. had wished, he could have converted this bench that I sit on into a throne, this hammer into a sceptre, and that instead of this cotton cap, I might wear a brilliant headgear of gold and diamonds, though much more weighty.'

The marquis was somewhat startled at this liberty of language, but concealing his astonishment under a courtly smile, the cobbler continued—'Eh, well, monsieur, I have no regret at seeing our cousin of Bourbon arrive at the crown of France. Think you that I envy Louis XV.? Not I. I am my own master; no person has an interest in deceiving me; all the world are contented with me, and I with them. Can the king say so much? This reminds me that my work presses—will you permit me?' And the old man, who seemed to take delight in treating without ceremony the king of France and his envoy, busily resumed his employment.

'You had better reflect,' remarked the officer.

'I have no need of reflection; I require nothing.'

'But you have children, monsieur; accept for them what you refuse for yourself, and allow your sons to fill that rank to which they are entitled.'

The old man scratched his ear, as if undecided how to act; at length, pulling his cap over his gray locks, he replied, 'It is my frank opinion, monsieur, that the boys will not reflect very much honour on the family; but that is their affair; so, in their name, I shall accept the king's generosity. The old proverb says that "it is needless to upset good sauce with the foot." But perhaps you could not guess what are my thoughts?' continued Henry de Valois in a tone of raillery. 'I think the king is about doing what I do daily—to patch an old boot, which never lasts long!'

'Very good! very good!' exclaimed the courtier, laughing boisterously. 'Permit me, however, to finish the simile,' added he: 'I am sure the king's work will be solid. I shall now retire, and inform his majesty of your intentions.'

The visitors had scarcely disappeared, when the old man resumed his song, a proof that the perspective of grandeur did not much trouble the mind of the cobbler, who has been so well described in the songs of Beranger.

A short time afterwards, heedless of the sarcasms and repartees which it occasioned, the king pensioned Henry de Valois from the privy purse, and made him a count. His sons entered the service. One of them was created Baron St Remy, and became captain of a corvette; but, as had been predicted by the old cobbler, none of them added much to the honour of the family. The affair of the necklace threw a sinister *eclât* upon the name of Valois, and their relationship to the Countess de la Motte hastened their downfall. Abject misery succeeded the perpetration of the crime. The Revolution arrived, and the descendants of Henry II. sank into greater obscurity than that from which they had been taken a few years previously.

The St Remy de Valois had their origin in a royal castle. The splendour of a throne was reflected on their cradle. In three centuries afterwards what is their fate? The last male of their line, struggling with poverty during his lifetime, has his ashes finally consigned to the common city burying place—unknown and forgotten. She who followed his remains was the great-granddaughter of the old cobbler, and the only known survivor of her race.

Our advancement in life depends mainly on our own exertions and energy. Whatever assistance we may derive from others, if without corresponding exertions of our own, is too limited to be of permanent advantage; and the prospects of those on whom kings lavish their favours, like the sun preceding a storm, are never more uncertain than when they appear most dazzling.

Amongst many who stand pre-eminent for self-advancement, may be mentioned Amyot, Vincent de Paul, and Sextus V. The one, picked up dying on the public road, became archbishop of Sens, and preceptor to the king of France; the other, the son of poor parents, uncertain from day to day of the bread they ate, shows a career of virtue and good actions, and was enabled in his old age to retire in affluence; the third, from being a swineherd, became pope. Colbert, Chevert, Catinat, all owed to themselves the dignities to which they were raised.

Our elevation is but the result and the recompense of persevering industry, and a steady adherence to the path of rectitude and justice. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstance; and fortunes made by honourable pursuits are ever the most durable.

HANGING BRIDGES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

There are two kinds of suspension-bridge common in the mountainous districts of South America—namely, the *puente de soga* and the *huaro*, which are thus described by Dr Von Tschudi the Peruvian traveller:—The soga bridges are composed of four ropes, made of twisted cow-hide, and about the thickness of a man's arm. The four ropes are connected together by thinner ones of the same material, fastened over them transversely. The whole is covered with branches, straw, and roots of the agave tree. On either side a rope, rather more than two feet above the bridge, serves as a balustrade. The sogas are fastened on each bank of the river by piles, or rivetted into the rock. During long-continued rains, these bridges become loose, and require to be tightened; but they are always lower in the middle than at the ends, and when passengers are crossing them, they swing like hammocks. It requires some practice, and a very steady head, to go over the soga bridges unaccompanied by a puentero or bridge-guide. However strongly made, they are not durable; for the changeableness of the climate quickly rots the ropes, which are made of untanned leather. They frequently require repairing, and travellers have sometimes no alternative but to wait several days until a bridge is passable, or to make a circuit of twenty or thirty leagues. The puente de soga of Oroya

is fifty yards long and one and a half broad. It is one of the largest in Peru; but the bridge across the Apurimac, in the province of Ayacucho, is nearly twice as long, and it is carried over a much deeper gulf.

The huaro bridge consists of a thick rope, extending over a river or across a rocky chasm. To this rope are affixed a roller and a strong piece of wood formed like a yoke, and by means of two smaller ropes, this yoke is drawn along the thick rope which forms the bridge. The passenger who has to cross the huaro is tied to the yoke, and grasps it firmly with both hands. His feet, which are crossed one over the other, rest on the thick rope, and the head is held as erect as possible. All these preliminaries being completed, an Indian, stationed on the opposite side of the river or chasm, draws the passenger across the huaro. This is altogether the most disagreeable and dangerous mode of conveyance that can possibly be conceived. If the rope breaks, an accident of no unfrequent occurrence, the hapless traveller has no chance of escaping with life, for, being fastened, he can make no effort to save himself. Horses and mules are driven by the Indians into the river, and are made to swim across it, in doing which they frequently perish, especially when, being exhausted by a long journey, they have not strength to contend against the force of the current.

MR ADAMS, THE ASTRONOMER.

The 'West Briton' newspaper gives the following interesting snatch respecting the early days of Mr Adams, the co-discoverer of the new planet Neptune:—The traveller who has come into Cornwall by the north road must remember a long moorland tract between Launceston and Bodmin. If his journey was performed on the roof of the coach against a sleety, biting south-wester, his memory will not need any refresher. The recollections of such an excursion are not to be effaced even by the consolations of the Jamaica Inn. A more desolate spot can scarcely be found. Yet nature sometimes grows *men* where she grows nothing else; and on this bleak moor she has produced at least *one* such man as, with all her tropical magnificence, she never produced within ten degrees of the equator. A few years ago a small farmer named Adams, resident on the moor, had a boy who, if we are correctly informed, disappointed his father's hopes of making a good agriculturist of him. His fits of abstraction and dreamy reverie were held to be very unpropitious. He had somehow got a taste for mathematics; and the highest happiness of his life was to pore over

> 'Books that explain
> The purer elements of truth, involved
> In lines and numbers.'

And this passion so grew upon him, that he was at length abandoned to its impulses, and allowed to take his own way, in despair of a better. It was clear that *he* would never pick up prizes at a ploughing-match or a cattle-show; that the lord of the manor, or squire of the parish, would never have to stand up and make a solemn oration over him, showing him to wondering spectators as the man who had improved the breed of rams, or fattened bullocks to a distressing obesity. Yet, as the path to such fame was closed, there were still some small honours awaiting him. After a school training, he entered at St John's College, Cambridge, where, at the end of his under-graduateship, he became senior wrangler. He is now one of the mathematical tutors at that college, and one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune.

A STRANGE ANOMALY.

People will perhaps urge, as an objection to our plans for the improvement of the condition of the houses of the poor, the necessary interference with the rights of property. But is our respect for the rights of property to be carried so far as to endanger the public health and security? The rights of the proprietor are necessarily limited by the rights of society. That limit is inscribed upon nearly every page of our law. Why does it not also exist for the speculator who lets his houses to the workman and indigent? We impose rigorous conditions on the sale of commodities; we confiscate, without hesitation, meat of bad quality, putrid fish, adulterated liquors, and bread below the legal weight; and we not only confiscate these things, but we punish their owners. By what strange contradiction do the proprietors of these hideous dens, these infectious holes—to inhabit which is at least as dangerous as the use of the most unwholesome food—not only remain unpunished, but continue to enjoy a peculiar protection, and a sort of privilege, inasmuch as they are exempt from the greater part of the conditions imposed upon other proprietors? If we forbid the sale of arsenic, &c. why do we allow a host of wretched beings to famish by slow poison in the unwholesome habitations in which they are necessarily confined?—*Ducpétiaux on the Mortality of Brussels.*

SERENADE.

[FOR MUSIC.]

'Tis now the hour when blushing Day,
Like youthful bride, to rest is stealing;
But coy to go, and loath to stay,
One doubtful smile is yet revealing.
But go, sweet day! I would not woo
Thy stay with one poor verse of mine—
Go, and thy veil of deepening hue
Will hide a brighter blush than thine!

And hark! the twilight minstrel now
Sings to the lonely star of even:
So falls the music, faint and slow,
To youthful fancy's dreaming given!
But hush, sweet bird! I would not buy
Thy lay with one poor verse of mine—
Hush! lest thy murmured minstrelsy
Drown a far sweeter note than thine!

L. R.

PROGRESS.

In the flow of a century the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilisation of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character—it has raised itself from *beneath* governments to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.—*Daniel Webster.*

PHOSPHORESCENT FUNGI.

One dark night, about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividade, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large fire-fly; but on making inquiry, I found it to be a beautiful phosphorescent fungus, belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, and was told that it grew abundantly in the neighbourhood on the decaying leaves of a dwarf palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two and a-half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright phosphorescent light, of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious soft-bodied marine animals, the *Pyrosomæ*. From this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants 'Flor do Coco.' The light given out by a few of these fungi, in a dark room, was sufficient to read by. I was not aware at the time I discovered this fungus that any other species of the same genus exhibited a similar phenomenon; such, however, is the case in the *A. olearius* of De Candolle; and Mr Drummond of Swan River Colony, in Australia, has given an account of a very large phosphorescent species occasionally found there.—*Gardner's Travels in Brazil.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 93 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 175. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1847. Price 1½d.

CONSTANCY AND CONSISTENCY.

No one affects to misapprehend the distinction between firmness and obstinacy. The former is recognised as the virtue of a great mind; the latter as the vice of a little one. The former proceeds from Resolve, that 'column of true majesty,' as Young finely says, which is founded upon reason; while the latter is a dogged adherence to a particular course, entered upon without conviction, and persisted in without reflection.

But the distinction between Constancy and Consistency, though really as well-marked, has attracted considerably less attention. A man may be constant, yet inconsistent; and consistent, yet inconstant. He may advocate, for instance, a particular measure which he supposes to be conducive to the interests of society; yet if he continue that advocacy after circumstances have changed, so as to render the line of conduct unadvisable, though true to the measure, he is false to his principles. Nothing can be more obvious than this fact when enunciated; and yet nothing is less likely to suggest itself spontaneously. When a statesman changes his opinion of a public measure, he is straightway complimented with the name of apostate. No one thinks of inquiring *why* he has changed his opinion, or whether the circumstance involves a change of principles. He has deserted *the* cause; he has betrayed his friends; he has gone over to the enemy. What is *the* cause? A certain political question, or the good of the country for which that question was originally agitated? Who are his friends and enemies? Certain noble and honourable individuals, or those who entertain right and wrong views of the national affairs? It may be that the charge is correct, that the deserter is really a traitor and a coward; or it may be quite the reverse, that he is a hero and a martyr—the outcry is the same.

What we would wish to see in such a case as the above, is a little impartial investigation of circumstances. When a statesman startles the country with a new confession of faith, let him be judged by the circumstances and the motive by which he is likely to be influenced. For example, when a man of education and experience of the world stands up in his place in parliament, and tells us that, till within the last three weeks, he never recognised the truth of Adam Smith's theory of trade, there is the greatest reason to doubt his veracity. And when we find that he proclaims this new opinion with the view of supporting, or of being supported by a party, the doubt assumes almost the character of certainty, all his representations to the contrary notwithstanding. When, however, the announcement is made under no prospect of individual or party gain, but apparently in all singleness of heart, honour instead of disgrace ought to be his portion. The acknowledgment of error is noble, even though it lower a reputation for judgment. Better confess to having been a fool, than, from a sham consistency, live the life of a knave.

The real matter, then, for the moralist to complain of, is an invariable condemnation of change in sentiment. It should be remembered that movement is the natural state of the human mind, and that this, beyond all others, is the age of progress. In every new stage of life we abjure the sentiments of the previous one as illusions. The boy is as different in his ideas from the child, and the youth from the boy, and the man from the youth, as the wrinkles of age are different from the smooth skin of infancy. But in the midst of all this change, this metamorphosis of the very stuff of which the mind is made, we expect a man to be constant to some political or social dogma which he once entertained. Nay, the oddity is, we expect him to be constant to *hereditary* dogmas. It is a bitter reproach to say of his sentiments that they are different from those entertained by his family and ancestors. Even in matters of taste and custom, he is expected to be 'consistent.' 'I have seen the day,' mutters one shaking his head at a parvenu, 'when he was glad enough to eat out of a wooden spoon!' It is criminal, it appears, for the man, now that he is rich, to prefer a silver one. It may be that, since the family opinions were formed, a new condition of things has arisen which renders them—wise and proper though they might have been in their day and generation—unwise and improper now: but this is no excuse for the deserter of his family dogmas. It may be that the parvenu had been accustomed to the comparative luxuries of his new fortunes till they became necessaries to him. But this is no excuse for the contemner of wooden spoons. If we hint that the opinions of the one and the tastes of the other are both consistent in principle, that they are both the result of existing circumstances, and both consonant with reason and nature, the insensate clamour only becomes the louder.

We may be told, however, that all this is soon at an end; that a single generation is enough to establish the new tastes and sentiments as securely as the ancestral ones. This is the very thing of which we complain. We desire no liberty for ourselves that we would not transmit to our posterity. We demand that men's words and actions should be measured by principles, not prejudices; that the inquiry should be, not whether they adhere to any particular dogma, but whether they exercise their judgment to the best of their ability. When we adhere to old sentiments, it should not be because they are old, but because they are conducive to the interests of the present race of mankind. And there are plenty of such ancient novelties, such new antiquities. There are sentiments that never grow old, that are never inapplicable. There are rules, both of public and private virtue, which are instinctive in all noble natures:

and as regards them, and them alone, is constancy a duty and a grace.

In order to know whether constancy merits the praise of consistency, it is necessary to examine the foundation on which it rests. We hear much, for instance, both in history and romance, of the fidelity of dependents to their chiefs. This sentiment rests upon reciprocity of services. The lord protects, and the vassal defends. The one leans upon the other; and a change in their relative positions can only take place through tyranny on the one hand, or treachery on the other. Let us suppose that the master is kind, and the servant grateful; that the attachment of the latter is bravely manifested through good and evil fortune, and that at length he seals his fidelity with his blood. Let us again suppose that the moral compact is broken by the lord; that he is cruel and tyrannical to his people, and ready on all occasions to sacrifice them to his selfishness; but that the vassal still loves on, still prides himself on his hereditary fidelity, and still gives up his life for his master. In these two cases the constancy is very different. In the one, it is the virtue of a man; in the other, the instinct of a cur. But neither history nor romance makes any distinction. It is constancy—therefore it is consistency. Such is the tyranny of names; so true it is that words are esteemed as things!

Another great quality of romance, and occasionally touched upon by history, is constancy in love. Devotion, or devotedness, which is the name it receives in fiction, is more especially attributed to women; and it is impossible to read without a smile the absurdities that are gravely put forth with this title as the very sublime of feminine virtue. A woman must be faithful in her affection even when the qualities that awakened it have disappeared. When she has discovered that it is no living and breathing man she has loved, but a phantom of her own imagination, she must still love on. She must be constant to the physical being after his identity with the ideal one has disappeared; and she must testify her faith in this kind of materialism by the sacrifice of wealth, station, life itself. Even indifference on the part of her hero must work no change in this marvellous constancy; and she must be reconciled to die, by the hope that the catastrophe may induce him to think of her when dead whom he had neglected when living.

> 'Remember me—oh! pass not thou my grave
> Without one thought whose relics there recline;
> The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
> Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.
>
> My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear:
> Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove;
> Then give me all I ever asked—a tear;
> The first—last—sole reward of so much love!'

One would think that romances of this kind were the exclusive production of the male sex, who concocted the absurdities for their own special benefit: but it is not so. Women, still more frequently than men, desecrate in their writings a passion which, unless founded on reason, can only rank with the grosser instincts of our nature. Such devotion is called sentimental; but it is really material. Such constancy is called consistency; but it is entirely the opposite.

In thus distinguishing constancy from consistency, we must not be supposed to forget that there are both natural and conventional laws which control—and ought to control—the dictates of abstract reason. To the former belong the parental and filial instincts, and to the latter the tie of marriage. The devotion of children to their parents, and of parents to their children, is not reflective, but involuntary. It makes no calculations; it has no regard to expediency; it enters into no bargain of love for love. It pants indeed for a return of its own feelings, but this is not necessary to its nourishment. And wisely is it so ordered; for on family love are based all the noblest virtues of social life. As for marriage, it is one of those natural ordinances which society, for its own sake, respects. Even when affection does not consolidate the bond, this is effected by a community of interest; and the parties bear with each other's faults as much from a spirit of selfishness as of generosity.

If we look back only a score of years, what mad 'inconsistency,' in the popular sense of the term, do we find imbuing the whole mass of society! How many old dogmas have become obsolete! and how many new ones have taken their place! The most sacred theories of government, the most universally recognised laws of political economy, the most ancient customs of social life—all have been broken in pieces, and cast anew in a mould which would have amazed the best intellects of the last generation. Yet the age is consistent, for all its inconstancy. It is pressing forward, however unconsciously, to a determinate goal, and its changes are but so many relays on the road, to expedite the journey. Let us all help on the movement, but calmly and wisely. Let us not be satisfied with words, without inquiring into their meaning. Let us bethink ourselves that, as no sane man will judge of a sentence in a book without comparing it with the context, so no earnest searcher after truth will be satisfied with insulated facts without examining their general bearing and coherency. We shall thus be able to assist, each in his own sphere, in all desirable progress, and at the same time avoid lending ourselves to that idle clamour which, in a few years hence, will be looked back upon with the surprise and pity we now bestow upon the delusions of the past.

NATURAL SANITARY AGENCIES.

At this period, when the sanitary question is by slow degrees assuming the station of importance to which it has a just title, and from which nothing but the most obstinate unbelief has kept it back, the above subject claims for itself no small degree of interest. The truth, impressed by man's great preceptress in her handiwork, is, that all organised material, after accomplishing the object of its existence, and perishing, must be immediately removed, or so disposed of as to render the inevitable consequences of its putridity innocuous to the surviving races of animated beings. Such is the simple truth, to which only man, in his indolent indifference, has offered so long and so stout a resistance; a truth which nature has in vain endeavoured, from the beginning of creation to the present hour, by a series of the most interesting illustrations, to impress upon him. It is the design of the present paper to trace the methods by which she has endeavoured to enforce the lesson.

There are two classes of agencies engaged upon the work of removing effete material. The first is a corps of natural scavengers; and a very efficient body it constitutes: and, in the second, the chemical affinities of bodies are called into operation, more particularly those of the atmosphere. We shall deal with the zoological scavengers in the first instance. It is a subject of familiar remark, that rarely, if ever—the shrew-mouse is, we believe, the only exception—do we meet with the dead carcase of a wild animal. Animals are endowed with a peculiar instinct upon the approach of dissolution, which,

thus regarded, has an especial interest. Into the dens and caves of the earth, or into the deep recesses of the forest, or into some artificial retreat, far shut out from the busy world, the dying brute retires, and there breathes its last in solitude. Here the tissues which composed its body can rot, and putrefy, and become gaseous, and liquid, with injury to none, until, by the combined influence of time and weather, nothing remains but a mass of inodorous bones, which are soon themselves to crumble, and to form a portion of the soil upon which they rest. The large heaps of animal remains often found in caverns, have no doubt in a great measure their origin in the impulse of concealment antecedent to death. Where this law fails to act, it gives place to another, and a more rapidly effective one; or there may often be a combination of the two, the destruction of the elements being united to the labours of the true natural scavengers. These are the carrion-feeders.

The *Vulturidæ*, among birds, have long enjoyed a high celebrity for the vigorous manner in which they apply themselves to this important task. Unless pressed by hunger, the vulture is stated by some naturalists to refuse to partake of untainted food; but when the putrefactive process has once commenced, it flies upon it with the utmost avidity, and gorges itself almost to suffocation. The assistance of these birds in the removal of noxious matter very naturally increases in importance with the nature of the climate in which they abound. The vulture, and its kin, would be in imminent risk of entire starvation in the gelid north, while almost daily dainties lie ready for them in the southern regions. Mr Swainson writes of them, that they are 'the great scavengers of nature in hot latitudes, where putrefaction is rapid, and most injurious to health; and the disposition of numbers is regulated by an All-wise Creator according to their needfulness. They are sparingly scattered in Europe; in Egypt they are more numerous; but in tropical America, although the species are fewer, the individuals are much more plentiful.' Travellers have on many occasions commemorated the activity of the operations of these birds in Egypt, more particularly in the large cities of that country, where they remove decomposing material of every sort, the carcases of animals, and the débris of all kinds which the inhabitants, with a stupid confidence in their filth-consuming allies, cast forth into their streets. They have even come under the protection of the legislature, and laws are in force at the present hour which impose penalties upon any who shall be guilty of molesting or destroying the regular filth-contractors of the East. These birds, in order to adapt them more effectually to the task which nature has appointed for them, possess an astonishing faculty of receiving and conveying to one another the tidings of a far-off feast. Mr Darwin believes that their rapid congregation around their prey is to be accounted for by their possession of the senses both of sight and of smell in an extraordinary degree. All naturalists are not agreed upon the question, but none deny that it is little less than miraculous to observe the apparently instantaneous communication of the intelligence to the scattered members of this carrion family. Condors and vultures before altogether invisible seem to pounce down almost by magic upon their banquet. Mr Darwin conjectures, and the solution appears simple and natural, that it is to be attributed to their high-soaring habits; that thus out of the field of vision ordinarily swept by the eye of the spectator when walking or on horseback, aloft in the air the vulture may be floating, looking down with keen interest upon the earth beneath, and instantly dropping upon its quarry when it is perceived. This rapid stoop, he adds, is the signal to the rest, which then hasten to the field from the remotest points of the horizon. When engaged actually upon the work, the vulture executes it in a very workmanlike style, not leaving the carcase for some days together, until it is completely stripped of its integuments, and nothing left but the skeleton with its connecting ligaments. On the plains of Africa, where the huge carcases of the giant herbivora would lie to poison the surrounding atmosphere to an enormous extent, the scavenger is an immense bird of the vulture family, known as the *sociable vulture*, whose ferocity, activity, and appetite are commensurate with the arduousness of the labour which devolves upon it. Le Vaillant, the celebrated French traveller and naturalist, writes that he found upwards of six pounds of the flesh of a hippopotamus in the stomach of one, which, after a long and obstinate contest, he succeeded in killing.

That which the winged scavengers leave unconsumed, falls commonly to the share of the four-footed ones—the jackal and the wild dog. From time immemorial, these loathsome creatures have been regarded by the eastern nations, who neglected the lesson their example inculcated, as the benefactors of their communities. Mr Bell, in the 'History of British Quadrupeds,' is inclined to believe that the wild or half-wild dogs were the common scavengers of the camp of the Israelites—an office which their successors still hold among the cities of the East. 'Him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat,' but 'him that dieth in the city shall the dogs eat,' was the awful curse which hung over some of the royal houses of the Israelites; and it seems to afford an indication of the respective functions of these two classes of labourers. Not less efficient is the shrieking jackal. It follows in the rear of the weary caravan, being certain of success when thirst, weariness, and disease have begun their work among the travellers.

The waters of the ocean, just as the wide extent of the air and earth, must likewise be preserved from contamination. A striking provision exists in a considerable number of instances for this end: it is the luminosity of dead fish. It is a mistake to believe this to be the result of putrefaction; on the contrary, a dead fish is only luminous until the putrefactive process commences, when the light disappears. It would seem probable that, very shortly after death, the gas known as phosphuretted hydrogen was produced on the surface of the body of the fish; but when, as a further step in decomposition, ammonia is evolved, the latter substance combines with the luminous gas, and the phosphorescence ceases. This appears to us the simplest solution of a phenomenon which has perplexed many philosophers. The light is the guide to the prey so long as it is most proper for consumption; after that it disappears. The scavengers of the great deep are its multitudinous inhabitants, which, from the voracious shark and his relatives downwards, to the smallest thing which traverses the waves, are all banded together in this common cause.

Nature has, however, an agent at hand, before which these sink into a comparative unimportance: it is the race of insects. Every one is familiar with the startling observation of Linnæus, that three flies (*Musca vomitaria*) would devour a dead horse as quickly as would a lion! It is not beyond the truth. The whole tribe of flesh flies, from which our feelings turn with disgust, are, nevertheless, among the most eminent benefactors of mankind, more serviceable far than the gaudy flutterer or tinctured butterfly in whose behalf our admiration is more generally and naturally enlisted. Wilcke, a Swedish naturalist, states, that so great is the productive capacity of a single species, that each insect can commit more ravages than could an elephant. A single female of the fly called the *Sarcophaga carnaria* will give birth to about twenty thousand young; and others are not wanting, the green flesh-fly particularly, to add their thousands in countless numbers to the mass of labourers. To these busy myriads is the work committed. In a few days the larvæ of the flesh-fly attain their full growth, and before this time it has been proved, by weighing them, that they will devour so much food, and grow so rapidly in twenty-four hours, as to increase their weight nearly

two hundredfold! Thus an approximative estimate can be conceived of their value as sanitary agents. The carrion beetles rank next in consequence, and take the place of the flies in the consumption of the remainder. The great rove beetle does an incredible amount of work in this way, and will commit ravages upon meat left within its reach, which are not likely to pass from the memory of the housekeeper. Kirby and Spence inform us that there is a small cockroach which gets into the hut of the unfortunate Laplander, and will in one day annihilate all his stock of dried fish. It is a remarkable fact, that many kinds of perishable animal matter have a peculiar insect appropriated to them. Each to its own—a law which has a broader range in nature than that under which it is here contemplated—seems to be the commission by which these winged powers go forth to their labour. Next to these come the *termites*, the ant tribe; and their importance swells with the fervid nature of the climate. In tropical countries they almost supersede the other creatures in the work of destruction: they are consequently of a large size, are produced in vast multitudes, and possess a prodigious voracity. They will attack, in whole armies, the dead body of an animal, and in a surprisingly short space of time will denude it of every particle of muscular and adipose material, leaving behind only the ligaments and bones. There is in these labours an amusing succession of workmen, which is exceedingly curious. First come the skin-removers, then the sarcophagous insects, then the carrion beetles and ants, and these are followed finally by the smaller carrion insects—the *corynates* and *nitidulæ:* when they have left off work, nothing remains to pollute the atmosphere. The *trogidæ* consume the cartilage. They were found by Ballas removing the last perishable substance from the dry carcase on the skeletons of animals which had perished in the arid deserts of Tartary. The desert, indeed, with its heaps of bones of men and animals bleaching in a burning sun, while it is a melancholy scene, yet exhibits to us, in a striking degree, the wonderful efficiency of the instruments which are in the hands of the Creator for the expurgation and wholesomeness of his creation. 'The shard-borne beetle, with its drowsy hum,' is the type of another class of insects which consume these excrementitious materials that might otherwise contaminate the air. In a moment a thousand shining insects will be seen busily devouring such matters, and depositing eggs for the future production of larvæ which are likewise to feed upon them.

The strangest feature of our subject remains behind. It will be a surprise to most who peruse this paper, to be informed that there are *natural grave-diggers*—creatures which perform this remarkable office in obedience to a wonderful instinct which animates them. There are few of the marvels of nature that come upon us so unexpectedly as this. There are some tribes of beetles (the *Necrophori*, or burying beetles) which perform this task, the most familiar example of which is the *N. Vespillo*. Two or more commonly engage in the work. They select a proper spot for the sepulture of the body, generally as near to it as possible. The cavity is then dug, and the dead animal is, by dint of unwearied labour, laid in its tomb, and covered with soil; the beetles previously depositing their ova in the carcase. But the experiments of Gladitsch, who seems first to have commemorated them, are so enchanting, and exhibit the insects to us in such an amusing light, that we make no apology for quoting the results from a popular work on entomology, in which they are translated. His attention was first drawn by the discovery, that the dead bodies of moles which he had observed lying in the garden beds disappeared in a very mysterious and unaccountable manner. He determined to watch the corpse-stealers, and he found they were none other than the burying beetles we have mentioned. Having obtained four of them, he put some earth in a box, and covering it with a hand-glass, he laid two dead frogs upon it, and left the industrious beetles to their task. Two out of the four set themselves to the interment of one of the frogs, while the others occupied themselves, undertaker-like, with first running round and round the dead body of the other, as if to get correct ideas of its dimensions. In the space of twelve hours one frog had altogether disappeared, and the soil was laid smoothly over him. A linnet was then laid upon the earth, and this was a severer duty by far; only two undertook it, a male and a female. After a little time, they quarrelled over their work, and the male drove the female away, and set to by himself. For five long hours the poor labourer continued his operations, digging a cavity close to the body of the bird. He then got out of it, and for a whole hour lay down by the bird, as if to rest. In a little time afterwards the linnet was dragged into the grave, and its body, which would only lie half in, was covered with a layer of soil, somewhat like a newly-made grave. In short, at the end of fifty days, the four beetles succeeded in burying twelve carcases: of these, four were frogs, three birds, two fish, one mole, two grasshoppers, and part of the entrails of a fish, and of the lungs of an ox.

The débris of the vegetable world, which is often as pestiferous, if not more so, than that of the animal creation, must likewise be removed; and this is the appointed task of insects. It was to be expected that these agents should exist in greatest vigour where the circumstance of climate produces most work; and this is what we find to be the case. No sooner does a giant tree lie prostrate on the earth, than it is at once the object of attack to myriads of insects. Ants, and the boring-beetles, begin the work, and are rapidly assisted from other quarters, until the mighty mass is reduced to a small heap of crumbling material, whose final destruction is accomplished by rain and weather. Travellers inform us that it is not uncommon to meet with whole villages which have been deserted by their inhabitants, having been almost swept from the face of the earth by the sole instrumentality of these insects, nothing remaining of the tenements which once formed the village. In two or three years' time there will be a thick wood grown up in its place; nor will a vestige of any structure, unless of stone, remain to indicate its former position. While, then, we can sympathise with the dolorous tales we hear about the destructive effects of the boring insects of the tropics, we should not forget that these are only minor evils compared with what would result were no such agency in operation.

Though the remainder of our subject deserves a better place than the end of a paper, it must be introduced here. The atmosphere being the hourly recipient of impurities of every kind, from a thousand ceaseless sources, it is necessary that means should be taken to guard against its too great contamination: and such means exist. From the accumulated population of our great cities, from the tens of thousands of our furnaces, from the vast masses of rotting, putrefying material our wasteful negligence allows to collect, and from innumerable other sources, there is a mass of noxious matter cast into the air which it is completely staggering to think of. This has all to be disposed of, to be rendered innocuous, and to be returned to the earth again. The principal impurities to be dealt with are sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid, carbonaceous particles, and a medley of substances known as organic matters. Atmospheric oxygen is the grand remedy for most of them. This wonderful gas, possessed of a range of affinities equalled by few other chemical elements, attacks such impurities, and shortly reduces them to the not only innoxious, but directly beneficial compounds—ammonia and water. The decomposition is strangely progressive: it proceeds from complex to simpler combinations, until the simplest has been attained, and at this point it ceases altogether. To rain and wind is assigned the task of disposing of the heavier particles, such as soot, and some of the minute molecules of animal matter above alluded to. Ammonia, the product of putrefaction, is also brought down by rain, and placed at the disposal of the vegetable world. Lastly, upon the entire vegetable world itself is devolved the greatest of all nature's sanitary operations—the restitution of the oxygen to the atmosphere by the deoxidation of its carbonic acid.

Such is the impressive lesson before us; and such are some of the illustrations which enforce it. Nature has appeared to us as an instructress teaching by example: it must not be forgotten that she wields the rod as well. Man may despise her instruction; but he pays the penalty in a retributive entailment of disease and suffering.

THE SCHOOL FOR LIARS.

Love, they say, 'dwindles down with the meal-poke;' but this was not the case with the love of Jacob's master and mistress. They were a young, careless, and, notwithstanding their perplexities, as yet happy pair. They had married without thought, confident that Uncle John would come round as soon as the thing was done, and could not be helped; and even now, although somehow or other their resources were becoming scantier and scantier, and the prospects of the world looking colder and drearier, they neither could nor would believe in the old man's obduracy. How was it possible for them to do so? They were his nephew and niece, and had been brought up in the idea that his large fortune was one day to be divided between them. They had never yet set their hearts upon anything in vain, if it was in Uncle John's power to get at it; and now, was it to be thought that, because they had merely helped themselves to one another without his sanction, he would seriously turn his back upon them?

But Uncle John had good cause to be vexed, though perhaps little cause for irritation. Under his mischievous indulgence they had grown up wild, thoughtless, and extravagant; and his only consolation had been, that it was still in his power to neutralise his error, by providing them each with a proper helpmate. Their marriage, therefore, came upon him like a thunder-clap; and their very unconsciousness of its being possible for them to have sinned beyond his forgiveness, and the evident incredulity with which they listened to his determination to leave them to their fate, made matters, if possible, still worse. But affairs at length became so serious, as to stagger even the young couple, and they determined to grow prudent forthwith, and look warily about them. Since they had no fortune at all—not a shilling—but what belonged to Uncle John, it was necessary to cut down their establishment. They parted, therefore, with the cook; Jemima expanded into the maid-of-all-work; and the man shrunk down into Jacob.

Jacob was a raw country lad of seventeen, who, at the invitation of his cousin Jemima, had manfully left his mother, and come up to London to push his fortune. As for Jemima herself, she had been in the family from infancy in one capacity or another, and although a year or two older than Jacob, she was still young enough to find amusement in the vicissitudes of her lot. The marriage of her young mistress was a great event in Jemima's life; so was her taking upon herself the entire ministerial duties of the household; and so was her introducing into the family a relation and protégé of her own. She was now full of the cares of the world; she talked of her trials, and occasionally sighed deeply. But to do her justice, she worked hard for all that, and indeed was rarely idle for a moment in the day.

Some moments, however, she did lose in gazing proudly at Jacob, when he had squeezed himself into his new livery, and stood before her with his arms sticking out from his sides like a couple of radishes. His face, no longer dirty with tear-channels, was polished as brightly as soap and water could do it; and the expression of alarm with which he had looked round him at every unaccustomed sight and sound, was now to some extent controlled by the feeling of youthful confidence inspired by new clothes.

'What would mother think?' said he, with a bashful look towards the glass.

'She would think it a good thing,' replied Jemima loftily, 'to have somebody to take her son by the hand.'

'But I say, cousin——'

'Don't call me cousin: call me Jemima.'

'Well, Jemima; mother do say this is a desperate wicked place. She says I am not to believe a word that comes out of a human mouth.'

'No more you are,' said Jemima. 'You will hear the truth from nobody but me; and if I hear anything *but* the truth from your lips, I will send you back to your mother by the fly-wagon that moment. But hark! there is a double knock, and your service begins. Away, and open the door boldly; throw it back to the very wall, and don't sneak out your head, like country servants, as if you were afraid of a bailiff. Remember, master is not at home.'

'Not at home?'

'Not at home—remember that for your life.' When Jacob, after a nervous glance at the glass, had disappeared up the staircase, Jemima remained for some time in an attitude of listening; but at length, anxious to know how her protégé would acquit himself, she ascended a few steps, and heard him, to her unspeakable alarm, let in the forbidden visitor.

'What is this you have done?' cried she, half dragging him down the stair by the arm. 'Did I not tell you master was not at home?'

'All's right!' replied Jacob smiling; 'don't you be uneasy.'

'Oh you little wretch!' cried she, flinging away the arm of the youth, who was at least a foot taller than herself. 'What ever is to be done?' and she wrung her hands in real dismay. This made Jacob chuckle outright.

'I tell you,' said he, 'it's all right. Master was in, after all! I heard him cough in the parlour; and opening the door quietly, saw him peeping through the blinds. But don't take on, Jemima: it was not a lie you told me: bless you, you didn't know it!' Jemima had no time to storm, for they now heard the street-door shut; and presently the parlour bell rang violently.

'Now I shall catch it!' said she. 'Master would not have seen Uncle John this morning for a thousand pounds. Stand out of my way, you country lout!' and she swept past the astonished Jacob like a whirlwind.

Jemima did 'catch it,' and to some purpose; and she was warned that the very next instance of disobedience on the part of her cousin would close this chapter in his metropolitan adventures.

'But after all, dearest,' said the young wife, when she was alone with her husband, 'why were you so anxious to avoid Uncle John this morning, and how is it that he made his visit so short?'

'The why is, that I am a fool; and the how, that he is another. The truth is, I was so elated by his appearing to come round yesterday, and so confident that matters would subside forthwith into their usual channel, that—that—I gave way to temptation.'

'Mercy on us! You did not play?'

'No; worse than that: for if I had played, I might have won. I bought the Piccolini vase.'

'You?—without a shilling! and to involve yourself in a debt, such as Uncle John would never forgive in this world, for a piece of mere trumpery! Oh what insanity!'

'That is all owing to your want of taste: if it had been a set of jewels, you could understand it. But what was I to do? I must have bought it yesterday, or lost it for ever; and you know how long I have hungered and thirsted after it, and how completely it was understood among all our acquaintances that it was to be mine. I felt as if I should not have enjoyed Uncle John's fortune without it!'

'But how is Uncle John a fool as well as you?'

'Because—and I am ashamed to tell it—he believes me to be now incapable of such extravagance; and I am to meet him presently at his solicitor's office, to enter into an arrangement which will end all our troubles.'

'Oh how delightful! And you were terrified to let

Uncle John in, lest he might stumble over that unlucky vase? The catastrophe would have been awkward certainly.'

'Only by being premature. I hate myself for such mean concealment, and am determined to act at least in some degree the part of a man of honour. As soon as all is settled between us, I shall confess this last lapse of virtue; and, to prove the sincerity of my repentance, make him a present of the vase.—But how now, sir? What do you want?' This question was addressed to Jacob, who had been standing within the room for some minutes, turning his staring eyes and open mouth from one interlocutor to the other.

'I only wanted to hear what you were saying, sir,' said he, abashed; 'you spoke so loud.'

'Oh you did, did you? And was that all that brought you up stairs?'

'Oh dear no. But there is a man at the door with a piece of crockery on his head, and Jemima said I was to ask whether he was to bring it in.'

'These wretches will drive me distracted!' cried the husband. 'Standing on the steps, in view of the whole street!' and he rushed out of the room, and opened the door with his own hands—Jacob vanishing in alarm at the same moment down the kitchen stairs.

When the magnificent vase was safely placed upon the parlour table, the difficulties of the thoughtless pair seemed at an end.

'But we must get it out of the way,' said the gentleman, 'at least for this day. The china closet will be the safest place; for there it will be under lock and key. But I shall have barely time to dress, and get to the solicitor's by the appointed time. May I trust to you, my dear? Will you move it with your own hands? for I should faint at the bare idea of a careless servant touching it.'

'Yes, yes; you may trust to me: but do now go, like a dear; for you know you are always too late.'

'But will you move it with your own hands? Do you promise me?'

'I will—I do. Now go;' and, paying the carriage in advance upon her lips, the young husband ran away to dress.

The vase was not too heavy for a lady to carry; and when Jemima in another minute made a hasty entrance into the room, her mistress had actually raised it from the table.

'Goodness gracious! put down that great thing, mem,' said Jemima; 'put it down without thinking twice!'

'What is the matter?' asked the lady hastily, doing as she was bidden.

'The matter is, mem, that the milliner is here at last! Such a gown! such flounces! such thingumbobs! Oh my! But she has not an instant to wait; and unless she can try it on this moment, you will not be able to set eyes on her again for a week.' The mistress had half bounded towards the door, when, stopping suddenly, she turned back a glance of irresolution at the vase.

'I was going to take that vase,' said she, 'to the china closet.'

'You take it, mem?—you! Oh, excuse me—that belongs to my department.'

'So it does,' said the mistress; 'though I promised——' But here a shrill impatient cough from the hall decided the question. 'You will carry it more safely than I,' added she; 'but it must be with your own hands. Promise that, Jemima;' and as Jemima promised, off the lady flew to the milliner.

When the waiting-maid was left alone, she examined the vase with a look of sovereign contempt.

'What fancies some people have!' muttered she. 'How irrational to lay out money on a piece of useless trumpery like this! And I must carry it with my own hands forsooth, as if it was made of gold! Well, a maid-of-all-work, I suppose, has no choice; and I must take this with the other hardships of my lot.—Ah! what are you doing there, you great oaf, appearing as suddenly and silently as a ghost? What do you want?'

'I only wanted,' said Jacob, 'to see if I could hear what you were saying, you spoke so low.'

'Indeed! And was that all?'

'No. There's a young woman at the area door with caps, and she calls you Miss Jemima—he! he!—and says you must go down to her, please, as quick as ever you can.'

'Jacob,' said Jemima authoritatively; 'remove this *wause*.'

'This what?'

'This *wause*—this here thing on the table—to the china closet; and if you break, or chip, or injure it in anyway, my advice to you is, just to take two cords, and hang yourself with one, and send the other to your mother. Do you hear?'

'To be sure I do; but there is no occasion for the cords, for I could carry half-a-dozen crocks like that any day, without letting one of them fall.' When Jemima had gone down to the area, Jacob took the opportunity of examining not only the vase, but the other articles in the room, and more especially the pictures. He in fact, though this was only his first day, felt himself growing well up into a domestic, and flattered himself that his awkwardness was fast polishing away by the friction of experience. At length, however, when he was just about to execute the orders he had received, a double knock called him to the door.

'Have you moved the *wause?*' cried Jemima from below, just as his hand was upon the latch of the door. Jacob was flurried. He *ought* to have done it long ago; and *would* do it the moment this new customer was gone. It would be the same thing in the end. The London people, it appeared, said anything that was most convenient.

'Yes, Jemima,' he replied steadily; and then opened the door to Uncle John.

'Is your master at home?' said Uncle John. Jacob was puzzled; for this time he had received no instructions on the subject.

'I'm a new boy, sir,' said he at length, prudently resolving not to commit himself; 'but if you will step into the parlour, I'll speak to Jemima.'

When Uncle John saw the vase staring him in the face from the table, he seemed thunderstruck; he stared at it in turn for more than a minute, silent and motionless; but soon began to stride rapidly up and down, looking every now and then as if he was about to demolish it with his cane.

'Here, you!' said he suddenly to Jacob, who stood eyeing him and the vase alternately with open mouth; 'put it down behind that screen. There. Now take care you don't tell any human being that I know anything about it. Will you be silent?'

'If they ask me whether you have seen it?'

'Say no! There is a crown for you. Will you say no?'

'I suppose I must,' said Jacob, pocketing the crown, and feeling as if he was the virtuous victim of an inscrutable fatality. When about to descend the kitchen stairs, he saw his mistress steal on tiptoe across the hall.

'Send up Jemima,' said she pantingly. 'Oh, Jemima,' she continued, in an agitated whisper, as the girl appeared, 'there is Uncle John! Did you do what you promised? Have you removed the vase to the china closet?'

'Sure*ly*, mem!' said Jemima, indignant at the doubt. 'I of course did as I said. Do you take me for a——?'

'Oh, you are a dear, good, trustworthy girl! And with your own hands, Jemima?'

'I rather think so, mem! For my part I don't know that there are any other hands in the house than the maid-of-all-work's. But I hope I know my duty, and do it. I trust not to sink till you are provided with somebody stronger. That I do, mem.'

'My life!' cried the husband softly from the other

end of the hall, 'a word with you—come here. I need not ask if you have kept your promise? You have put that detestable vase out of the way?'

'Think it done!' replied the wife gaily.

'And with your own hands? for I would not have any accident happen to it after all. Eh?'

'Can you doubt it?' demanded the wife reproachfully.

'Forgive me, dear love; you are truth itself!' and the blush that rose into the cheek he kissed made him think that even truth is capable of being embellished by beauty. The young couple now ventured into the presence of Uncle John.

There was something so calm and stern in the old man's appearance, that both nephew and niece felt a sudden chill.

'I called,' said he, 'in order to walk with you to my solicitor's; but since my niece is here, I shall take the opportunity of letting her know the position in which we stand. I opposed your marriage on principle, because I saw that, having precisely the same defects of character, you were quite unqualified to go through the world together. Your headstrong folly, however, was partly my own fault, and I determined to make the best of matters as they stood, provided I was well assured that the serious warning you had received had at least cured you of your habits of extravagance. All this, however, I have been obliged to take merely upon your own word; proceeding upon the supposition that falsehood is not one of your vices. Nephew, what do you say?'

'I hope I bear the character of a man of honour!'

'Niece?'

'I would not deceive my dearest uncle for the world.' Uncle John removed the screen from before the vase.

'What is this?' said he. 'Have you any explanation to make? You—I say you, nephew?' But the nephew was gazing at his wife, with expressions of scorn, rage, and pity chasing each other across his face. He whispered something in her ear. It was a smooth, yet vulgar, frightful word of two syllables; and staggering away from him, she appeared about to fall, as if she had received a blow. Jemima, who was at the door, flew in, and caught her mistress in her arms; but the latter reviving at the touch, thrust her away with abhorrence.

'Base, ungrateful, detested ——!' said she, and the short smooth word came forth like a pistol-shot. It was instantaneously echoed by Jemima herself, who bestowed it upon Jacob, together with a sound cuff on the side of the head. Jacob, resplendent no more in livery, was now in the garb of a ploughboy, with a stick and his bonnet in one hand, and a small dirty bundle in the other. He had entered the room with his usual want of ceremony, and the salute of Jemima went nigh to make him vanish in the same fashion.

'Oh, I don't mind it,' said he; 'not a bit. I wish you would give me one a-piece, for I deserve them all! Mother will give me worse than that—and what can such a desperate liar expect?'

'Why, what have *you* been doing, boy?' demanded Uncle John sternly.

'Oh, don't you talk to me!' said Jacob; 'for bad as I am, it's not all my fault. By telling a lie to Jemima, *I* did the mischief; but if it had not been for you, you wicked old man! it would have come out right in the end. I heard master tell mistress that he repented buying that ugly crock; that he never would do so again; that he would confess all to you; and that he would make you a present of it to-morrow—much good might it do you! Now, if I had told him in time what I ought, does it not stand to reason that he would have made all right before it came to calling names and slapping people's faces? But you, you wicked old man! to put a second lie in my mouth—to bribe a poor boy with a crown to go on from bad to worse; to—to—you ought to be ashamed of yourself! But I will give you back your money: no I wont; it would only encourage you. I will—I will'—and he mopped his eyes with the end of his bundle—'I will go home directly, and tell mother!' and Jacob lifted up his voice and wept aloud, groping his way to the door through his tears.

'Stay, boy,' said Uncle John, after a moment's pause; 'you have given us all a lesson, and I trust we shall be the better for it. It seems I am as bad as any of you! Well, I cannot deny it. None of us, I believe, meant any mischief. We persuaded ourselves that we were telling only a harmless lie! There is no such thing. The effect of falsehood depends upon circumstances of which we are ignorant, and which we cannot control. The moment the lie has left our lips, it is beyond our reach, and we have put a missile of destruction into the hands of the demons. Let us forgive one another, and forget the "crock." Get you into your livery again, Jacob; and do you, nephew, give me your arm to the solicitor's.'

THE FOREIGN COMMERCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The comparative advantages of home and foreign trade have been frequently, and, we think, needlessly discussed. Both are in reality one thing—a result of the necessities and demands of society; and one cannot be favoured in preference to the other, without inflicting a general injury. Nevertheless, from the beginning of the world, foreign trade has been looked upon with jealousy by politicians, as if it was something that did not come into the ordinary stream of events at all. It is as natural, however, as the currents of the ocean or the course of the storm. Winds, waters, birds, and men, are alike the ministers of nature in carrying her productions from one country to another, and planting new seeds in every soil adapted for their reception; and that nation which refuses the treasures proffered by commerce, or accepts them under invidious restrictions, is not more wise than if it drew a cordon round its coasts to prevent the material agents of the bounty of Heaven from bestowing a new fruit or flower upon the soil.

Few countries owe so much as Great Britain to the agency of man in this kind of distribution; or, in other words, few possess less indigenous wealth, with the exception of that of the mineral kingdom. The inhabitants lived on roots, berries, flesh, and milk, till agriculture was introduced upon the coasts by colonies from Belgium, and extended subsequently by the fortunate tyranny of the Romans, who exacted a tribute of corn. At this time our fruits were nearly confined to blackberries, raspberries, sloes, crab-apples, wild strawberries, cranberries, and hazel-nuts. In all Europe, according to Humboldt, the vine followed the Greeks, and wheat the Romans. We had hardly any culinary vegetables of our own; and one of the queens of Henry VIII. was obliged to send to Flanders on purpose when she wanted a salad. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that edible roots began to be produced in England. The bean is from Egypt; the cauliflower from Cyprus; the leek from Switzerland; the onion from Spain; spinach and garlic from France; beet from Sicily; lettuce from Turkey; parsley from Sardinia; mustard from Egypt; artichoke from Africa; rhubarb, radish, and endive from China; and the potato from America. Our present fruits, with the exception of the few we have mentioned, are all exotic; and in the animal kingdom, our horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c. have been so much crossed and re-crossed by foreign breeds, that our ancestors, if permitted to revisit the earth, would hardly recognise the species.

The growth of the foreign trade of England is both a curious and an important subject. Before the Conquest, it was carried on by means of strangers; the English receiving passively silk, Oriental luxuries, books, precious stones, and relics, in return for metals, slaves, trinkets in gold and silver, and silk embroidery. Athelstan had tried in vain to tempt his own subjects into

commerce, by ordaining that a merchant who had made three long sea voyages on his own account, should be admitted to the rank of a gentleman. But in two centuries after this, we find English writers boasting that all the world is clothed with their wool. The wool was manufactured into cloth in Flanders. In 1354, the exports, consisting chiefly of wool, amounted to L.212,338, without including tin and lead; and the imports, of fine cloth, wine, wax, linens, merceries, &c. to L.38,383. The balance, therefore, must have been considerably in our favour. Trade now seems to have been looked upon with some interest, and our princes would needs have the kindness to *encourage* it; in pursuance of which good intention the parliament, in 1402, ordered all importers to invest the whole proceeds of their cargoes in English merchandise for exportation. At this time the chief revenue of the country was drawn from such sources; but political economy had not yet taught that the best way for governments to encourage trade is to let it alone.

The kings, however, were not satisfied with drawing customs from the industry of their subjects; they took to trade on their own account. The kings of Sweden, Naples, and Scotland, were merchants on a small scale; while King Edward of England was an extensive shipowner, and, as an old author tells us, 'like a man whose living depended upon his merchandise, exported the finest wool, cloth, tin, and the other commodities of the kingdom, to Italy and Greece, and imported their produce in return, by the agency of factors and supercargoes.' In 1615, an anonymous writer enumerates 454 English ships employed in foreign commerce, besides those trading to India; but he gives us no idea of the amount of tonnage. In 1622, however, the total amount of exports had increased to L.2,320,436, and that of imports to L.2,619,315; and in 1648, we are told by a pamphleteer that 'England alone enjoyed almost the whole manufacture, and the best part of the trade of Europe.' In 1662, the imports were L.4,016,019, and the exports only L.2,022,812, showing a balance against us of nearly L.2,000,000. In 1720, the imports were upwards of L.6,000,000, and the exports nearly L.7,000,000. In 1750, the imports were nearly L.8,000,000, and the exports between L.12,000,000 and L.13,000,000. In 1800, the exports were upwards of L.45,000,000, and the imports upwards of L.24,000,000.

This fortune is the more brilliant, from the calamities our merchants had to endure; who lost, in the American war of independence, L.2,600,000, in ships and cargoes taken by the enemy. But the loss of the enemy themselves, they had the comfort of knowing—including the deprivation of their fisheries—was still greater; which 'puts one in mind,' says Macpherson, 'of the story of the attorney who, when his client complained that he was reduced to his last guinea by his lawsuit, comforted him with the assurance that his adversary was reduced to his last farthing.' In 1780, the commerce of the country received another tremendous blow from the French and Spaniards, in the capture of five East Indian and forty-seven West Indian ships at one fell swoop; and before the end of the century, it is calculated that we had lost in this contest at least three thousand vessels.

In 1820, the exports, including foreign and colonial goods reshipped, were, in round numbers, L.44,000,000, and the exports L.30,000,000; in 1830, the exports L.46,000,000, and the imports L.42,000,000; in 1840, the exports L.65,500,000, and the imports L.60,500,000; and in 1846, the exports L.76,000,000, and the imports L.83,000,000.

The figures of this last paragraph are taken from M'Culloch's 'Account of the British Empire;' and the same authority is followed (although without adherence to his plan) in the following view of the actual foreign trade of Great Britain.

From Russia we receive tallow, wheat, flax and hemp, rapeseed and linseed, tar, timber, bristles, ashes, hides, and wax; in payment of which we send her cotton-twist, and, in smaller quantities, woollen manufacture, salt, coal, hardware, lead and shot, tin, &c.; together with coffee, indigo, spices, and other articles of foreign and colonial produce. This trade employs much shipping, almost wholly the property of English merchants. The total average amount of our own produce and manufactures exported is about L.1,816,000.

Our trade with Sweden and Norway consists of imports of timber, iron, and bark, and exports of cottons and cotton-twist, woollens, earthenware, hardware, and colonial produce. The amount exchanged is about L.250,000 each way.

From Denmark we receive about L.213,000 worth of corn—rapeseed and other articles in smaller quantity; sending her in return coal, salt, iron, earthenware, machinery, and colonial produce.

Our exports to Germany, including Prussia, amount to upwards of L.6,000,000, and consist of cotton-stuffs and twist, woollens, refined sugar, hardware, earthenware, iron and steel, coal, salt, &c. and a very large quantity of colonial produce. The imports are chiefly wool, corn, flax, timber, zinc, &c.

Holland and Belgium supply us with butter, cheese, corn, madder, geneva, flax, hides, &c. to the amount of L.4,500,000; receiving, in return, cotton-stuffs and twist, woollens, hardware, earthenware, salt, coal, &c. and colonial produce.

The average exports to France consist of linens and linen-yarn, brass and copper manufactures, machinery, coal, horses, &c.; and the imports are brandy, wine, silk (raw and manufactured), gloves, madder, eggs, skins, and fruit. The amount is as yet under L.3,000,000, but will doubtless increase, as the insane jealousy of the two governments, which so long distracted the world, is now disappearing—at least from the tariff—like other venerable follies.

From Portugal and Spain we have wine, wool, fruits, olive oil, quicksilver, barilla, cork, &c. to the amount of nearly L.1,500,000; paying for these articles in cottons, woollens, linens, hardware and cutlery, iron and steel, soap and candles, leather, &c. Spain is our largest customer for cinnamon.

Italy furnishes us with thrown silk of the finest quality; olive oil; straw-plait, and straw for hats, which we now mostly manufacture ourselves; wheat (chiefly at second hand from the Black Sea), fruit, wine, barilla, marble, and other articles. We give in return a considerable quantity of cotton-stuffs and twist, woollen manufactures, refined sugar, hardware and cutlery, iron and steel, &c.; besides large supplies of colonial produce. This trade exchanges upwards of L.2,500,000.

Our exports to Turkey, Greece, &c. are of the same kind, but to the amount of little more than L.1,500,000; while we receive from these countries opium, madder, fruits, oil, cotton, drugs, and dye-stuffs, &c.

The amount of the trade to the whole of Africa, including Egypt and our own provinces, is considerably under L.2,000,000. It supplies us with cotton-wool, flax, and some drugs, and other raw produce from Egypt, for which we make the usual returns, with the addition of glass and machinery.

In the markets of the United States our business maintains the same ascendancy as when the country was a colony of our own; only exhibiting an increase proportioned to the waxing greatness of the two nations. Cotton and tobacco are the staple imports, with wheat-flour and wheat, rice, skins and furs, hides, staves, &c.; and the staple exports cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures, with hardware and cutlery, earthenware, salt, brass, copper, apparel, books, &c. The amount exchanged is considerably upwards of L.6,000,000.

Our trade with the whole of the rest of the American continent, with the exception of our own colonies, is not so great by nearly L.1,000,000. We import bullion and precious stones, dye-stuffs, cabinet-woods, cotton-wool, sugar, coffee, cocoa, &c.; and remit chiefly in cottons, linens, and woollens.

Tea and silk are the principal imports from China,

and indigo and sugar from India, together with smaller quantities of cotton, silk, coffee, saltpetre, piece goods, spices, drugs, rice, &c. To the former country we export goods to the amount of little more than L.1,000,000; and to the latter about L.6,000,000, chiefly in cotton-stuffs and twist.

The colonial trade supplies us with wool, wine, hides, ivory, &c. from the Cape of Good Hope, to the amount of L.500,000, paid for in the usual exports; and with palm-oil, ivory, teak, hides, wax, &c. from Western Africa, to about the same amount, paid for in cottons, guns and pistols, hardware, &c. The principal import from Mauritius is sugar. Exports as usual, to the amount of more than L.250,000.

Our North American colonies take from us about L.2,750,000 worth of woollens, cottons, linens, &c. paying in timber, wheat, furs, fish, ashes, turpentine, &c. The West Indies supply us with sugar, coffee, rum, cotton, pimento, molasses, mahogany, logwood, fustic, cocoa, cochineal, ginger, hides, &c. Here we are tempted to enter upon an investigation of the value of the colonial trade generally, deducting fiscal expenditure; but this we shall leave to a subsequent paper, and in the meanwhile adhere to what properly constitutes British foreign commerce; drawing our statistics from miscellaneous but trustworthy sources.

No view of the commerce of a country can approach to completeness without some distinct idea being given of the customs charged by the government. In England, the origin of these duties is hidden in the dark ages: but at the close of the tenth century, we know that every boat arriving at Billingsgate paid for custom one halfpenny; a large boat with sails, one penny; a keel or hulk, fourpence; a vessel with wood, one piece of wood, &c. At that time vessels from the continent 'showed their goods, and cleared the duties.' The nature of these duties may be collected from the fact, that German merchants paid at Christmas and Easter two gray cloths and one brown one, ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of men's gloves, and two vessels of vinegar.

In 1266, we find a regular export duty on wool, payable, like the above, twice a-year; and in 1282, the total amount of customs is stated at L.8411, 19s. 11½d. The king's claim to the duties was not established by statute till the reign of Edward I.; but they seem to have been all along tacitly considered his private property. They were frequently assigned to foreign merchants in payment of a debt of the king; and in Scotland, Alexander I. turned to this account the customs received at Berwick.

In 1303, we find a charter of commerce granting certain facilities to foreign merchants, in return for which they came under covenant to pay certain duties. In this charter the 'earnest penny' is mentioned as a seemingly indispensable part of a wholesale bargain. In 1329, the whole customs of England were farmed by a Florentine company for L.20 a-day. In 1354, the customs on exports (consisting almost wholly of wool) amounted to L.81,846, 12s. 2d., and those on imports to L.586, 6s. 8d. Twenty-eight years after this, the first attempt was made to anticipate the revenue, by granting a handsome discount to those merchants who paid duties in advance. So late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the customs were farmed for L.14,000; but that princess increased the sum to L.42,000, and afterwards to L.50,000. In 1613, they were estimated, including imports and exports, at L.148,075; in 1641, at L.500,000; in 1657, at L.700,000; and in 1709, at L.1,353,483. In every tenth year, from 1760 to 1800, the movement is as follows:—L.2,000,000; L.2,500,000; L.2,800,000; L.3,750,000; and L.6,800,000. In 1815, the customs' revenues amounted to L.11,360,000; and in 1845, to L.21,706,197.

These are the heads of the strangest of all the strange chapters in the world's history. But in reviewing it, we are apt to forget the effect of the industry of this island upon the fortunes of the other nations. If we look back to the twelfth century, when we are told all the world was clothed with our wool, we find that the whole quantity exported could not have amounted in value to nearly L.250,000. In what relative condition must our customers be now, when they buy from us L.24,000,000 worth of manufactured wool? In the seventeenth century, again, we hear that England was the greatest trading country, and almost the only manufacturing country, in Europe. At that time we imported L.4,000,000, and exported L.2,000,000; whereas at present, when we enjoy only a portion (although the largest portion) of trade and manufactures, the mere *duties* on our imports alone amount to L.22,000,000. What, then, must be the relative position of Europe in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries? Commerce, in fact, is twice blessed—to the nation which gives, and to that which receives; and in reflecting on the wonderful destinies of our country, we should never forget her influence on the destinies of mankind.

GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.

We have on divers occasions shown the necessity for a national system of education; the subject has indeed been so often spoken of in these pages, that we are almost ashamed to return to it. And yet perhaps the friends of a general system, conducted under the authority, and at the expense, of the state, never required to speak out with greater vigour. What we want may be told in a single sentence. We desire to see a system of national secular education, projected and maintained by the public, for the benefit of the whole people. We detest everything like sectarianism: it is the blight of every national improvement, and is keeping the people in ignorance. In order that government may, with propriety and justice to all, interfere on behalf of the public in this momentous question, it is our opinion that nothing beyond secular instruction on a broad principle should be given in the national schools; and that the religious portion of the instruction which is desirable, should be given separately by the clergy of the different denominations. Such we believe to be the form of educational belief entertained by every one who is governed by motives of impartiality, and really desires to see the people instructed. As for the proposal to educate the bulk of the poor by charitable subscriptions, or the voluntary principle, as it is called, we consider it to be worse than a fallacy.

But we are told that government has not the power to institute so broad a system as we desiderate. Perhaps such is the case, though we are inclined to think that a lack of courage to announce the principle is more conspicuous than a want of ability to carry it into execution. In the meantime, therefore, as nothing else seems possible, the country will make up its mind to see either an endowed system of sectarian instruction, or see nothing. What is doing at present to educate the lower classes, is a perfect farce. Thousands on thousands get no education at all. England continues the laughing-stock of Europe—a country in which great principles are sacrificed, in order to please the fancies of time-servers and demagogues.

That education is desirable on a far more effective scale than that which now exists, is evident from the lately published minutes of the Committee of Council on Education. The two volumes of which these consist are composed from the reports of the various inspectors of schools, and it is from these that we gather information as to what is doing in the great work of educating the people.

The council have received applications during the year for aid from 518 places in England, Wales, and Scotland. Most of these are for the enlargement of school-houses, and the building of residences for the master or mistress, for 'repairs and fittings,' and in some instances for ventilation. Some of the memorials pray for the foundation of 'exhibitions' of L.10 and upwards, to stimulate the industry of the older scholars; and we learn by a circular that it is proposed to pay those

selected to qualify themselves as 'pupil teachers,' L.10 in the first year, L.13 in the second, and L.16 in the third. This is, however, in connection only with the London diocesan schools. Notwithstanding the general poverty of the population of Wales, we are informed that urgent demands are made for efficient schoolmasters and schoolmistresses; but as the salary is not more than L.25 per annum, 'there is no inducement for young persons possessing the requisite qualifications to offer themselves for the work.' According to the evidence, the only means of preventing the present schools from becoming 'worse than useless,' will be by the establishment of a model school, and a general increase of the salaries paid to the teachers.

The southern district comprehended in the counties of Berks, Bucks, Hants, Herts, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Wilts, contains three hundred and forty schools, visited by the inspector at an expense of L.2, 6s. 4d. for each school. At Upton, we read that the floor of the schools being of asphalte, the children suffer from chilblains in the winter. In others, the master is described as 'overtaxed,' or 'trusting too much to his monitors, instead of working himself,' or 'unnecessarily severe.' But by far the greater number of teachers are described as zealous and painstaking, and the schools generally as greatly improved since the visit of the previous year. Singing appears frequently as part of the course of instruction; and being pronounced 'good' in the majority of cases, shows the great value of this delightful accomplishment in the training of youth. Want of funds and of properly-trained teachers are, however, everywhere urged as the chief impediments in the way of diffusing a better and more comprehensive education among the people at large. 'The necessities of past times,' writes Mr Allan, 'familiarised the people to the notion that a few weeks' attendance at an organised school, where what was called "the National System" might be learned, was sufficient to transmute a decayed tradesman, with some knowledge of writing and accounts, into a national schoolmaster. But, happily, the conviction is daily gaining ground, that for a supply of well-qualified teachers, we must look to our training establishments, where they may remain long enough to have their characters moulded, and to receive that education in other respects which may fit them for their work.'

Another passage of this gentleman's report amply confirms the often-expressed opinion of the high value of music as a moral agent. 'Scarcely any school,' he observes, 'visited in my district, in which music is taught successfully, fails to rise to considerable eminence in other respects. The schools at Longparish and Farton, where great attention is paid to this art, and where it proves a powerful means of attaching the scholars to the church, are excellent specimens of a strong moral influence being exercised thereby. Our forefathers reckoned music among the seven liberal sciences; and I hope that we are making a considerable advance in the right direction, in bringing back into our schools an art which, under proper management, cultivates a certain delicacy of feeling and gentleness greatly needed by the children of the poor, making their tempers plastic, and contributing in various ways to harmony and order.'

In five counties in South Wales, the schoolmasters are described as 'imperfectly acquainted with English, and who have received little mental training of any kind. Some are discarded excisemen; some are broken-down tradesmen or beer-sellers; some have been soldiers or sailors, who, with a little skill in writing and figures, have picked up in their travels a little knowledge of English.' Many of them are habitually addicted to liquor, and frequently appear in public in a state of intoxication. What, however, can be expected, where the first question asked when a schoolmaster's post becomes vacant, is not 'Who is likely to fill the place best?' but 'Whose circumstances most need the emolument?' This low moral character shows itself in other respects—'Of 15 schools visited in Radnorshire, only 3 were found to be provided with the outbuildings necessary for decency. As a portion of the church is, in Radnorshire, the most common place for school-keeping, the evils of such a deficiency appear in their most repulsive form.' Where so little regard prevails for decency, it is not surprising there should be a want of morality. While the proportion of illegitimate births throughout England is estimated at 1 in 16, in Radnorshire it is 1 in 7 of the whole.

Mr Cook states, in his report of schools in the eastern district, that 'we not only lose our children at a very early age, without any systematic means, or indeed, for the most part, without any kind of means of keeping up an intercourse with them after leaving school, but that a fearfully large proportion of poor children either do not enter our schools at all, or remain in them so short a time, that any expectation of their receiving real benefit from the instruction therein given must be a mere illusion. It is true that so many schools have been established in which instruction, if not entirely gratuitous, is attainable at a trifling cost, that every parent who desires to secure the advantages of education for his child may find one in most quarters of London within a moderate distance; but it is equally true that thousands are either too indifferent, or too ignorant, or too vicious, or too little able to command their children, ever to avail themselves of the opportunity. One consequence of this want of elementary education, whether we consider it as a want of knowledge or of training, is admitted to be a frightful increase of depravity among pauper children. At the late Middlesex sessions, it was stated by Mr Sergeant Adams that no fewer than 500 children, between seven and twelve years of age, had been summarily convicted by the magistrates, within a comparatively short period, as reputed thieves. All that the magistrates could do, was to send these children to prison for six weeks, or two months; and when the poor creatures came out again, they were compelled to follow their former pursuits, because they were without any other means of obtaining subsistence.' We have on several occasions pointed out the remedies for this state of things in articles on schools in different parts of Scotland. It is to be hoped that by the establishment of Ragged Schools, and the measures contemplated by government, this juvenile substratum of society will be converted into moral and intelligent beings.

The Midland district includes the counties of Chester, Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, Warwick, and Northampton. The number of schools visited by the inspector, Mr Moseley, was 247; and the aggregate number of children 13·381; of these 1 in 6 can read 'with tolerable ease and correctness,' 1 in 3 read easy narratives, and the remainder read letters and monosyllables. One in 4 were learning to write on paper, 4 in 15 were in the first four rules of arithmetic, 1 in 15 in the compound rules, while not more than 1 in 53 was acquainted with the rule of three, and 1 in 9 with geography. Mr Moseley objects strongly to the delegation of the master's authority to monitors. 'The whole time,' he observes, 'allowed out of the life of a poor child for its school-days is all too short, and it is daily decreasing. Nothing can be expected to be done unless the most powerful of the resources which the schoolmaster has at his command be brought to bear upon every moment of it. If his work be not taken in hand forthwith, not only will he have lost the most favourable season for it—that when the mind is most readily imbued—but *the whole opportunity*. I claim, therefore, as a privilege of the child, and as a paramount duty of the master, that his own individual culture of the child's mind, his own direct and personal labour upon it, should begin from the moment when the child first enters the school, and never be interrupted until it leaves it.'

We pass over the other reports, to come to those of Mr Gordon on education in the counties of Stirling, Clackmannan, Linlithgow, and Renfrew. Of the 166 schools under the parochial act, 13 are described as

insufficient in size, 12 insufficiently furnished, 6 wanting repair, and 15 imperfectly ventilated. Besides these, there are 102 non-parochial schools, 90 of which come under the above classification of imperfection. Of the school accommodation generally, it is observed, 'that the dimensions of the apartments in length and breadth, but more especially in height, are too often insufficient; and that, both in situation and structure, the means of securing proper ventilation are often wholly neglected. That the parochial schools are for the most part better provided in this respect than the act is understood to have required; and at the same time, that the school-houses which have originated in free gift are somewhat more numerous than those which have been produced at the command of the statute; still leaving, however, more than a third part of the whole number to be provided by the teachers themselves at their own expense.' Of the parochial schoolmasters, 10 receive an income of L.50 annually; 14 from L.50 to L.60; 8 from L.60 to L.70; 8 from L.70 to L.90; and 9 from L.90 to L.120. The population of the four counties is 283·156; and of the number of children frequenting the schools, 10·150 are taught reading, 3270 writing, 1200 grammar, and 1515 geography. 'In seventy of the schools, no instruction has been given or attempted in geography, solely for want of maps.... In the better schools, the large maps published by Messrs Johnstone and by Messrs Chambers are common. In some a small hand atlas is employed, which the teacher finds to have its advantages, as the pupils can be taught to point out places upon it without any direction from the sight of names—a mode of the same principle which has produced maps without names at all, or with only their initial letters. In a few instances the pupils have been well exercised in the construction of maps. But it scarcely ever happens that they are taught to trace an outline of countries on the board.' The general bearing of education in the four counties is said to be towards improvement. 'On the one hand, it receives a tendency to advance from ministers and presbyteries, and from many of the heritors and schoolmasters; but this is too often checked by increasing indifference to it among the people, especially those of the mining and manufacturing classes.'

Wherever we look, the same conclusion appears to be inevitable. To be really beneficial, the scope and aim of education must expand in proportion to the increasing wants of the age. It is now conceded on all hands that the only remedy for the evils of ignorance consists in education. Let it, then, be applied to the circumstances of the case in a broad and liberal spirit, and, although not over-sanguine as to immediate effects, we have no doubt whatever as to the ultimate result.

FORTUNE'S WANDERINGS IN CHINA.*

Some few years ago, it was predicated that the 'Wanderings' now before the public would not only conduce greatly to the advancement of botanical science, but open new views of the Chinese character, and point out new fields for commercial intercourse. This of course heightened the interest with which we took up a volume on a subject so interesting in itself; and the introductory chapter was well calculated to raise expectation to a pitch of excitement.

The author begins by informing us that he is to be no common author; that he is to eschew the errors and absurdities of former writers; and that in his book will be found a picture of the Chinese as they are. This he does in such general and ambiguous terms, as to give one the idea either that his censure included the recent productions of Davis, Gutzlaff, and Medhurst, or that these contributions to our knowledge of China were too trifling to require mention. The promise of this introduction, however, we are bound to say, is by no means fulfilled. The reader will here look in vain for new views of the Chinese character, or new materials for forming such views; and before closing the book, he will come to the conclusion that a man may be an excellent practical botanist (as Mr Fortune doubtless is), without possessing any extraordinary talent for observation on other subjects. The 'Wanderings,' in fact—always excepting the information they communicate in agriculture, gardening, and botany—are mere illustrations, though sufficiently agreeable illustrations, of what was already familiar to us from other sources; but they can lay no claim whatever to originality, or even to that vividness of description which sometimes compensates for the want of it.

In the discussion that has been carried on respecting the extent to which the soil of China is cultivated, Mr Fortune takes a part against the hypothesis which assumes that little more is left to be done—that any further increase of the population must depend for subsistence upon foreign supplies. This is perhaps one of the most important of all the subjects that relate to the destinies of the further East; for China has, for some time past, taken a part which attracts far less attention than it deserves in the history of these regions. This people, amounting in number to between three and four hundred millions, have long reached the point of starvation at which emigration becomes *necessary*. In vain were all things made to give way before agriculture. The flocks and herds, which formed the wealth of their ancestors, vanished, and the lands on which they had fed were turned into fields of grain. The profession of the husbandman was reckoned the most honourable, next to that of the literati; and the emperors set the example to their subjects, by holding the plough. But all would not do: and then rice was eagerly sought for in the neighbouring countries, and a large premium offered upon its importation in the shape of exemption from duties. Home production, however, and foreign imports, even in their union, were insufficient; and the masses of the people had recourse to anything and everything that could sustain animal life, however disgusting, however horrible to the appetite in other regions. Nay, the common substances which elsewhere form the food of human beings, were devoured by them in a state of decomposition, till the odour of putridity became a national taste. Thus the Chinese would seem to have arrived at the utmost edge of the circle within which nature confines the movement of population; and the fact is proved by the result. Emigration is not merely discouraged by the government—it is forbidden; but although it is treason to go, it is starvation to stay behind, and every year the excess of population from this vast country bursts in resistless surges over the neighbouring regions. Throughout Siam, Burmah, British Malacca, the Indian Archipelago, flows the ceaseless tide of a race whose fecundity is elsewhere without example in the human kind; and it is no wild speculation to suppose that the new empires of which the English have laid some faint foundations in Australia, will be mainly peopled by Chinese. Already they form one-half of the inhabitants in the great and thriving British settlement of Singapore.

Mr Fortune bestows no attention upon any such facts connected with the position of the people. He supposes, from the natural sterility of the hills, that a certain portion of the country is uncultivated; and this is true, since no cultivation in such places could be of any use. But he adds likewise the vague assertion (for his opportunities of observation in so vast a country were limited), that even in the most fertile mountain districts in Central China the greater part of the soil 'lies in a state of nature, and has never been disturbed by the hand of man.' This would appear to be quite incredible of any part of China, excepting perhaps the range of mountains which separate the provinces on the southern coast from those in the centre, and where, among the other

* Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries: with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c. By Robert Fortune. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1847.

wonderful anomalies presented by the empire, we find a people still unsubdued by the government! The Chinese, taking them generally, are a hard-working race; and the happy insensibility—or rather vitiation—of their olfactory nerves, has rendered them very learned in manures of all kinds. Stubble, fish, burnt earth and weeds, oil-cake, bones, shells, old lime, soot, ashes, and, above all, night-soil, are eagerly collected; and the horrible *manure tanks* of the cities are looked upon by all classes, rich and poor alike, with perfect complacency. Mr Fortune does not mention what is, in reality, a very important element in the fecundity of the fields—the shaving of about a hundred million beards and polls. In short, the state of the manure business alone among this singular people would seem to render it very improbable that they leave any considerable portion of fertile soil in a state of nature.

In general, the personal adventures with which Mr Fortune's narration is varied, are almost precisely similar to those that befell Mr Medhurst, when the pious missionary was traversing the coast, for the purpose of distributing religious books, in spite of the opposition of the authorities, and with or without the consent of the people. In both cases the two gentlemen pursued their several avocations (that of Mr Fortune being the search after new plants) in the face of a sometimes hostile population, and with a coolness which, taken with all the adjuncts of the picture, is not a little amusing. They went where they liked, they traversed towns and villages with equal impunity, they browbeat the mandarins, kept the people in order, and seldom came away without attaining their object. Mr Fortune, however, was on two occasions somewhat roughly handled; although this is not by any means so surprising as the fact of his escaping at all.

The Chinese are not only industrious, but highly teachable. At Chusan 'it was astonishing how quickly they got accustomed to our habits, and were able to supply all our wants. Bread baked in the English mode was soon exposed for sale in the shops, and even ready-made clothes were to be had in any quantity. The tailors flocked from all quarters: a large proportion of the shops near the beach were occupied by them; and they doubtless reaped a rich harvest, although they made and sold every article of dress on the most reasonable terms. Then there were curiosity-shops without number, containing josses or gods carved in bamboo or stone, incense burners, old bronzes, animals of strange forms, which only exist in the brains of the Chinese, and countless specimens of porcelain and pictures. Silk shops, too, were not wanting; and here were to be had beautiful pieces of manufactured silk, much cheaper and better than could be purchased in Canton. The embroidery in these shops was of the most elaborate and beautiful description, which must be seen before it can be appreciated: this the Chinese were making into articles, such as scarfs and aprons, for English ladies.

'The shopkeepers in Tinghae supposed an English name indispensable to the respectability of their shops and the success of their trade; and it was quite amusing to walk up the streets and read the different names which they had adopted under the advice and instruction of the soldiers and sailors to whom they had applied on the subject. There were "Stultz, tailor, from London;" "Buckmaster, tailor to the army and navy;" "Dominie Dobbs, the grocer;" "Squire Sam, porcelain merchant;" and the number of tradesmen "to Her Majesty" was very great, among whom one was "Tailor to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment," and below the name was a single word, which I could not make out for some few seconds — *Uniformsofalldescriptions.* Certificates from their customers were also in great request, and many of these were most laughable performances. The poor Chinese were never quite at their ease about these certificates, as they were so often hoaxed by the donors, and consequently were continually showing them to other customers, and asking "*What thing that paper talkie; can do, eh?*" The answer was probably in this strain—"Oh yes, *Fokei*, this can do; only a little alteration more better." Poor Fokei runs and brings a pen, the little alteration is made, and it is needless to add that the thing is ten times more ridiculous than it was before.'

The following is a canal adventure:—'In China, the canal is the traveller's highway, and the boat is his carriage, and hence the absence of good roads and carriages in this country. Such a mode of conveyance is not without its advantages, however little we may think of it in England; for as the tide ebbs and flows through the interior for many miles, the boats proceed with considerable rapidity; the traveller, too, can sleep comfortably in his little cabin, which is, in fact, his house for the time being.

'The canal, after leaving Shanghae, leads in a northerly direction, inclining sometimes a little to the west; branches leading off in all directions over the country. Some very large towns and walled cities were passed on our route, at one of which, named *Cading*, we halted for the night just under the ramparts. I spread out my bed in my little cabin, and went to sleep rather early, intending to start betimes with the tide next morning, and get as far as possible during the ensuing day. But, as my countryman says,

"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglie,"

and I awoke during the night by the cool air blowing in upon my head through one of the windows of the boat, which I had shut before I went to rest. I jumped up immediately and looked out, and through the darkness I could discern that we were drifting down the canal with the tide, now coming in contact with some other boat, which had been fastened up like ourselves for the night, and now rubbing against the branches of trees which hung over the sides of the canal. I lost no time in awaking my servant and the boatmen, who rubbed their eyes with astonishment, and exclaimed that some robber must have boarded us. This had never struck me before; but when I called for a light, I found that all my clothes, English and Chinese, were gone. Our visitor, whoever he had been, after taking possession of all that the cabin contained, cut the rope by which we were fastened, and shoved us off into the centre of the canal, along which we had drifted a considerable way before I awoke. Fortunately for me, the few dollars I had with me were in my Chinese purse beneath my pillow.'

The winter habits of the people are worth noticing. 'As the winter approached, the weather became extremely cold, and in December and January the ice on the ponds and canals was of considerable thickness. The most attractive shops in the city now were the different clothing establishments, where all articles of wearing apparel were lined with skins of various kinds, many of them of the most costly description. The very poorest Chinese have always a warm jacket or cloak lined with sheep-skin, or padded with cotton, for the winter; and they cannot imagine how the Europeans can exist with the thin clothing they generally go about in. When the weather was cold, I used always to wear a stout warm greatcoat above my other dress, and yet the Chinese were continually feeling the thickness of my clothes, and telling me that surely I must feel cold. Their mode of keeping themselves comfortable in winter differs entirely from ours: they rarely or never think of using fires in their rooms for this purpose, but as the cold increases, they just put on another jacket or two, until they feel that the warmth of their bodies is not carried off faster than it is generated. As the raw, damp cold of morning gives way to the genial rays of noon, the upper coats are one by one thrown off, until evening, when they are again put on. In the spring months the upper garments are cast off by degrees; and when the summer arrives, the Chinese are found clad in thin dresses of cotton, or in the grass-cloth manufactured in the country. In the northern towns the ladies some-

times use a small brass stove, like a little oval basket, having the lid grated, to allow the charcoal to burn and the heat to escape; this they place upon their tables, or on the floor, for the purpose of warming the hands and feet. Nurses also carry these little stoves in their hands under the feet of the children. Such, however, is the thickness and warmth of their dresses, that it is only in the coldest weather they require them. Little children in winter are so covered up, that they look like bundles of clothes, nearly as broad as they are long; and when the padding is removed in warm weather, it is difficult to imagine that you see before you the same individuals.'

We must conclude with what Mr Fortune calls 'offerings to the gods.' 'The periodical offerings to the gods are very striking exhibitions to the stranger who looks upon them for the first time. When staying at Shanghae, in November 1844, I witnessed a most curious spectacle in the house where I was residing. It was a family offering to the gods. Early in the morning the principal hall in the house was set in order, a large table was placed in the centre, and shortly afterwards covered with small dishes filled with the various articles commonly used as food by the Chinese. All these were of the very best description that could be procured. After a certain time had elapsed, a number of candles were lighted, and columns of smoke and fragrant odours began to rise from the incense which was burning on the table. All the inmates of the house and their friends were clad in their best attire, and in turn came to *ko-tou*, or bow lowly and repeatedly in front of the table and the altar. The scene, although it was an idolatrous one, seemed to me to have something very impressive about it; and whilst I pitied the delusion of our host and his friends, I could not but admire their devotion. In a short time after this ceremony was completed, a large quantity of tinsel paper, made up in the form and shape of the ingots of Sycee silver common in China, was heaped on the floor in front of the tables; the burning incense was then taken from the table and placed in the midst of it, and the whole consumed together. By and by, when the gods were supposed to have finished their repast, all the articles of food were removed from the tables, cut up, and consumed by people connected with the family.

'On another occasion, when at Ning-po, having been out some distance in the country, it was night, and dark before I reached the east gate of the city, near which I was lodged in the house of a Chinese merchant. The city gates were closed, but two or three loud knocks soon brought the warder, who instantly admitted me. I was now in the widest and finest street in the city, which seemed in a blaze of light, and unusually lively for any part of a Chinese town after nightfall. The sounds of music fell upon my ear—the gong, the drum, and the more plaintive and pleasing tones of several wind instruments. I was soon near enough to observe what was going on, and saw, at a glance, that it was a public offering to the gods, but far grander and more striking than I had before witnessed. The table was spread in the open street, and everything was on a large and expensive scale. Instead of small dishes, whole animals were sacrificed on the occasion. A pig was placed on one side of the table, and a sheep on the other; the former scraped clean in the usual way, and the latter skinned. The entrails of both were removed, and on each were placed some flowers, an onion, and a knife. The other parts of the table groaned with all the delicacies in common use amongst the respectable portion of the Chinese—such as fowls, ducks, numerous compound dishes, fruits, vegetables, and rice. Chairs were placed at one end of the table, on which the gods were supposed to sit during the meal, and chop-sticks were regularly laid at the sides of the different dishes. A blaze of light illuminated the whole place, and the smoke of the fragrant incense rose up into the air in wreaths. At intervals, the band struck up their favourite plaintive national airs; and altogether, the whole scene was one of the strangest and most curious which it has ever been my lot to witness.'

We have a strong notion that these are not offerings to the gods, but to the *ghosts*. The Chinese are very attentive to their defunct friends, sending them liberal supplies of money, furniture, &c. (manufactured of gilt paper), and occasionally giving them grand entertainments similar to the above. There is one feast of the dead, in particular, to which all those destitute ghosts are invited who have no living relatives to take care of them. It occurs once a-year, by lamplight, and presents, as may be supposed, a most extraordinary scene.

Mr Fortune's error, if it be one, is caused by his habit of generalising. The above is a superstition of Buddhism, the least considerable of the three Chinese sects, but the only one which appears to have come in our traveller's way. His remarks on religion, therefore, must be understood to apply only to a small portion of the people. In like manner, his account of the warm clothing, and cheap and comfortable living, of the 'very poorest Chinese,' is so utterly at variance not only with the statements of former writers, but with the context of the recent history of the country, that it must be taken as referring to some special localities. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to such points to mention, that in three years spent among one of the most universally educated nations on the face of the earth—where the whole country is thrown into a periodical tumult, resembling a general election in England, by the public examination of the schools—Mr Fortune never once happened to detect a single Chinese in the act of reading!

DAVIE CAMPBELL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR.

A NUMBER of years ago, there lived in the small village of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, a family named Campbell, consisting of a man and his wife, who were considerably beyond middle life, and their only son, a boy of fourteen years of age. The Campbells had retired on a trifle realised in trade, and their only care now centered in their child, David. Davie, as they called him, was not an ill lad, but he was a little flighty and wilful, as most only sons are, from over-indulgence. In particular, it was somewhat grievous that he manifested a poor taste for learning, and greatly preferred playing with mimic boats on Duddingston Loch to attending the parish school. The truth was, Davie's young imagination had been fired with the ambition of being a sailor, in consequence of listening to tales of sea-life related by old Sandy M'Taggart, now a jobbing gardener in the village, but in former days a mariner on board the British fleet.

Of course, like all boys who go crazy about a sea-life, Davie Campbell knew nothing of the hardships of the profession, and only looked to the supposed pleasures of sailing about the ocean, and seeing strange and distant parts of the globe. Accident effected what his parents never would have permitted. In company with old Sandy, he went on a little pleasure voyage on the Firth of Forth, and on landing at night at Leith, they were seized by a pressgang, and taken on board a war vessel lying in the roads. In the morning, when the age of Sandy was ascertained, he was dismissed; but Davie, it can scarcely be said against his will, was entered on the ship's books.

What a dreadful blow was this to the Campbells! Their only hope in life vanished. As soon as they came to their senses, they set off to Leith to make inquiries as to the ship, and, if possible, to bring home their son. Their excursion was useless. The ship was gone, and no one could tell whither. What a melancholy evening was that in the once happy cottage! The demon War had carried off its victim. But a long succession of melancholy days followed: three years elapsed, and yet not one word was received from the lost son. Had the unhappy pair possessed a reasonable knowledge of the

world, they might have found means to discover whether Davie was in the land of the living, and in what vessel he was rated. But they were simple in manners, and had little knowledge of business. Oppressed with their feelings of bereavement, they seem to have considered that no other means of discovering their lost son was open to them but that of personal inquiry. Confirmed in this idea, they actually at length set off on a pilgrimage in quest of their boy.

We are writing of an incident which occurred when the process of travelling was considerably different from what it is at present. The notion of the Campbells was, that they would somehow get intelligence of their son in London, and to the metropolis, therefore, they bent their way; taking places in a wagon, which was to perform the journey in little more than a fortnight. The way was long and dreary; but love and hope imparted a ray of cheerfulness to the travellers, and at last, with unabated determination, they arrived in the vast metropolis. Fortunately, the wagoner was an honest man, and before he left them, he saw them comfortably housed in a respectable though humble inn in the city, where they might recover from their fatigue before they commenced their search on the morrow. Scarcely had the itinerant venders of milk, watercresses, and other necessaries and luxuries commenced their daily cries, than the old couple sallied forth, supporting each other's steps; and, by making numerous inquiries, at last found their way down to the river's side. Here, to their inexpressible disappointment, they discovered only a crowd of small schooners, brigs, and cutters, for it was in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate; and even they could discern that such were not the craft they could hope to find their son on board. They were told, however, that larger ships were moored lower down the river; so, after returning to their inn to breakfast, they once more set out in their search.

This time they reached a part of the river below the Tower of London, where the docks are now to be found. Here they saw a number of large ships; but when they asked if any of them were king's ships, some people laughed at them, others thought them silly, and scarcely deigned an answer; nor for a long time could they obtain any information to guide their proceedings. At last a seaman, who was standing on the quay chewing his quid, turned round as they were making inquiries of some other persons, and in good honest Scotch asked them what they wanted, telling them that the chances were that those they spoke to did not comprehend a word they said. The old people, highly delighted at finding a countryman, and one who appeared willing to assist them, were not long in explaining their wishes.

'If your son has gone on board a man-of-war, you will not find him here,' replied the honest sailor. 'You must seek for him at Portsmouth or Plymouth; but to tell you the truth, I don't see that you have much chance of finding him. A hundred to one that you may have to travel half round the world before you fall in with him. However, if you are determined to look after him, go down to one of those ports, and make inquiries on board all the ships there, and perhaps you may find some one who knows him.' So good did this advice appear to Campbell and his wife, that they determined to follow it, and thanking the Scotch sailor for his kindness, they immediately returned to their inn.

On making inquiries, they found that the Portsmouth van, which was to start the next morning, was full, but that there was one about to set off for Southampton—a town, they were told, on the sea close to Portsmouth; and as their geographical knowledge was not very extensive, they fancied that they were as likely to find their son at the one place as at the other. So eager were they to proceed, that on the same evening they commenced their journey.

In those times coaches occupied the best part of twenty-four hours in performing the journey between London and Southampton, and light vans, as they were called, upwards of two days; so that the patience of the old couple was tried considerably before they reached the latter town. Eagerly they hurried down to the water's edge to look for a king's ship; but not one was to be seen in the harbour. Mournfully they stood gazing on the lovely expanse of the Southampton water; for they were strangers in a strange land, and there was no one to help them. Those were stirring times: there were few idlers on the quay to answer their questions; so they once more turned their steps to the inn where the van had deposited them. Here they found the driver, who, having a friend just about to start with his wagon for Poole, recommended them to go by it, as he affirmed that they were there more likely to find ships than at any other port.

'But we are wishing to go to a place called Portsmouth or Plymouth, where the big ships come,' said old Campbell.

'And Poole is on the way there,' answered the rascally wagoner, who, provided he got his fare, cared little for the inconvenience to which the old couple might be put. The result, at all events, was, that to Poole they went. Poole is a town in Dorsetshire, on the coast, close to Hampshire, and from it the high cliffs of the Isle of Wight at the entrance of the Solent are clearly seen. A river with low mud banks flows past it, but is not navigable for vessels of any size; so that when the anxious parents hurried down to the quay, they were again doomed to suffer the bitter pangs of disappointment.

Thinking that the nearer they got to the sea, the nearer they should be to him whom they sought, they walked on to the very end of the wharf extending along the side of the river, their eyes wandering over the blue shining waters of the Channel, now rippled over only by a gentle summer breeze from the north. While standing there, they were accosted by a fisherman whose boat was made fast to the quay.

'What are you looking after, master and mistress?' he asked.

'We want to find our son, sir—our only son—who is in some king's ship; but though we have already wandered many a weary mile, we have not yet met with any one who can tell us where he is to be found,' answered the dame.

'Well, it's no easy job you will have to find him among the hundreds of ships in the navy,' said the fisherman. 'But if you want to go on board a king's ship, there's one now just coming out by the Needle Passage, and mayhap you will find your son on board of her. Now, if you will give me ten shillings, I will run you alongside of her with this breeze in no time.'

'And is that truly a king's ship?' exclaimed the old people together, looking towards the spot to which the fisherman pointed. 'Heaven be praised if we should find our son on board of her!'

'There's no doubt about her being a king's ship, and a fine frigate to boot,' answered the fisherman; and in that respect he spoke the truth, though his only object in inducing them to embark was to get their money. Without for a moment considering the expense, and forgetting all their fears of the water, they eagerly took their seats in the boat, which was only just large enough to bear them safely; and the fisherman, loosening his sails, ran down the river, and shaped his course so as to cut off the frigate, which was standing close-hauled along the coast.

The frigate seen by our old friends was the San Fiorenzo, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, and was now on her way from Portsmouth to Weymouth to receive on board his Majesty King George III., of whom Sir Harry was most deservedly an especial favourite. The king was at that time residing at Weymouth, to enjoy the benefit of sea-air, when he constantly made short excursions on the water on board the San Fiorenzo. As Sir Harry was pacing the quarter-deck, conversing kindly with some of his officers, he observed,

some time after they had cleared the Needles, a small boat standing out to sea.

'Where can that fellow be running to?' he asked of his first lieutenant. 'Is he not making signals to us? Take your glass and see.'

'Yes, sir; there are two people in her waving to us,' answered the officer after glancing through his telescope.

'It will not delay us long,' observed Sir Harry partly to himself; 'so heave the ship to, Mr ——, and we will see what it is they want.'

The main-topsail was accordingly thrown aback, and in two minutes more the boat with the old Campbells was alongside. A midshipman then hailed them, and asked them what they wanted.

Speaking both together, they endeavoured to explain themselves.

'What is it the people in the boat want?' asked Sir Harry.

'They are a man and a woman, and as far as I can make out, sir, they are asking for their son,' replied the midshipman.

'Let them come on board, and we will hear what they have to say,' said the kind-hearted captain; and with some little difficulty old Campbell and his wife were at length got on deck, and conducted aft to Sir Harry.

'For whom are you inquiring, my good people?' asked the captain.

'Our bairn, sir; our bairn!' answered the mother. 'For many a weary day have we been looking for him, and never have our eyes rested on his face since the fatal morning when he was carried off from Leith.'

'What is his name?' inquired Sir Harry.

'David, sir; David Campbell. He was called so after his father,' answered the old dame.

'We have a man of that name on board,' observed the first lieutenant to the captain. 'He is in the watch below.'

'Let him be called on deck,' said Sir Harry; 'and we will see if these good people acknowledge him as their son.'

The name was passed along the deck below, and in a minute a fine active youth was seen springing up the main-hatchway. A mother's eye was not to be deceived. It was her own Davie. 'It is—it is my ain bairn!' she cried, rushing forward to meet him; and regardless of the bystanders, before the youth had recognised her, to his utter astonishment she clasped him in her arms, and covered his cheek with kisses.

Little more need be said. The Poole fisherman was dismissed, and old Campbell and his wife were allowed to remain with their son till the ship again sailed from Weymouth. Satisfied that their son was well and happy, they returned with contented hearts to their cottage at Duddingston, where young David some time after paid them a visit, and employed his time so well, before he again went to sea, in learning to write, that they never again had to remain long in suspense as to his welfare.

Sir Harry Burrard Neale used frequently to narrate the extraordinary circumstance of the old couple, without the slightest clue to guide them, discovering their long-lost son on board his ship. Indeed the incident is so strange, that unless vouched for by some such authority, it could not possibly be believed.

BÉRANGER.

The title of 'The Burns of France' has been given to Béranger, and delightedly accepted by him; but, with all due respect for the French poet, we must protest against it as inappropriate. Burns and Béranger are distinctly dissimilar in their works, and also in their genius. The one is a peasant-poet, the other a mechanic-poet; the one belongs to the country, the other to the town; the one appertains to the world and to time, the other to a nation and an epoch. Burns wooed his Egeria in glens and groves; Béranger in streets and cafés. The pabulum of Burns's youthful genius was ballads and heroic stories; that of Béranger the French classics. Burns was disturbed only by the small polemics of rural society; while Béranger, from his very boyhood, was jostled by the stupendous events of the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration. Notwithstanding this difference, however, they both drew their inspiration from nature; they are both 'men of the people;' and they are both regarded with almost idolatrous affection by their countrymen.

Burns appeared at a time when he was required by the human mind. The cycle had gone round, and another great poet came to civilise and refine the spirits of men, by giving new forms and fresh energy to ideas of the beautiful and the true. Béranger was called forth by the requirements of his class and nation. The time had come when the whole social system was to be stirred up from the bottom, in order that the PEOPLE, for the first time in France, might struggle into their natural and appointed place. But the people had as yet no poetry. There was no music in the national literature which could awaken the echoes of the heart. Hence Béranger was necessary. He was the bard of the republic, whose province in the Revolution was to cast down 'the lofty rhyme,' and open Parnassus to the vulgar.

Béranger has always been found difficult to translate; and as years flow on, the difficulty will increase. To understand him, we must understand the epoch, the manners, the men; and when these become matters of history, their poet, too, will belong to the past. This, however, is a great destiny. It is only a master-mind which can identify itself with the age it belongs to, and enshrine itself for ever in its annals. But let us not be understood to say that there are none of the songs of Béranger which will live, and which deserve to live, independently of their epoch. There are many in this category, although they do not amount to any considerable proportion of his works; and it should be recollected that their eventual influence upon French literature will be still more important than the personal achievements of the individual.

We have pleasure in noticing a new translation of the songs of Béranger by Mr Anderson of Glasgow,* who has happily approached the spirit of the original, and, as respects previous versions, effected some improvements in point of taste. The only specimen we can afford room for gives a good idea of the style and spirit of the poet; but we copy it likewise for another object.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

Well, in this ditch I reach at last,
Old, weak, and tired, my closing day;
Folks say I've drunk, then hurry past;
Good! there's no pity thrown away.
Yet some across their shoulders glance;
Others a mite or two have thrown:
Nay, hasten on, you'll miss the dance;
Old vagrant, I can die alone!

Yes; here, of age, they'll say I'll die;
For hunger never kills of course.
How often for the workhouse I
Have sighed as for a last resource!
But filled each hospital I found,
So poor the people now are grown.
Ne'er nurse had I but the cold ground;
Old vagrant, there I'll die alone!

In youth, the artisans I prayed
For leave a useful craft to learn.
'We are but half employed,' they said;
'With us thy bread thou canst not earn.'
Ye rich, who still 'Go, work,' repeat,
Scraps from your board you gave, I own;
Stretched on your straw my sleep was sweet:
I curse not, but I die alone.

* Lyrical Poems by Pierre-Jean de Béranger; Selected and Translated by William Anderson. With a Biographical Notice by the Translator, revised by the Poet. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1847.

I might have stolen, poor soul, 'tis true;
But no: I'll beg, and trust in God.
At most, the fruit I plucked, that grew
Over the hedges on my road.
Yet twenty times, by statute-book,
They barred me in their prisons lone;
I owned but sunlight—*that* they took.
Poor vagrant, I can die alone!

Oh, can the poor a country have?
What are to me your corn and wine;
Your industry; your armies brave;
Your parliaments, where statesmen shine!
When in your fields, seized by his power,
The stranger reaped what you had sown,
Like a true fool my eyes did shower.
Old vagrant, I shall die alone!

Why, as mere noxious reptiles viewed,
Men, do you crush us 'neath your heel?
Instruct our minds in what is good;
We'll labour for the public weal.
Saved from the storm 'neath leafy screen,
The worm, in time, an ant has grown;
I, too, your brother might have been;
Your enemy, I die alone!

If the above touching stanzas wanted the last one, they would resemble too closely the complaints of English philanthrophists touching the oppression of classes: but Béranger goes more deeply into the real wrongs of the vagrant, and the real neglect of his 'superiors.' The unfortunate is a burden to himself, and a disgrace to his country, not because he has been left by the rich in a state of poverty, but in a state of ignorance. Ignorance is the mother of idleness, whose progeny is want and vice.

SEARCH FOR WIVES.

Where do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to is worth mentioning to our young-lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other places of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq. of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort: they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles: they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home except to attend him, either to take the air, or drink the waters: in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverley, another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is justice to them to say that they reflected honour on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

THE OLD CHURCH.

I stood within those ancient walls: time's ruthless sway I felt—
The curtained niche was still unchanged wherein my childhood knelt;
Where girlhood's thoughts of vanity roamed from the sacred shrine—
Oh memories how full and deep throng this changed heart of mine!

Before that solemn altar my young sister knelt a bride;
I viewed the gallant company with childish glee and pride:
With wreaths of fairy roses, and tears so strangely springing,
I sported down the sombre aisles while marriage peals were ringing.

And again at that old altar, in the spring-time of my youth,
Robed in the mystic veil, I heard confirmed my vows of truth:
'Mid bands of young companions, and hand in hand with one,
Whose sweetness even then was doomed—whose death-call forth had gone.

Within those sacred walls I knelt a newly-wedded wife,
With girlhood's smiles yet lingering, and hope still charming life:
The old familiar faces! that looked good-by with pain,
May never gaze on my changed brow, nor I on theirs again!

And now within this noble pile, once, once again I kneel—
Father! 'tis thou alone canst know the pangs thy creatures feel:
Fond memories are clinging fast, dark shadows claim their sway;
Long years have passed—one vivid dream—since childhood's careless day!

All is unchanged within these walls, all as in days of yore;
And so 'twill be in future years, when I shall be no more:
And plaints as mournful as my own, from living lips that come,
Will sound, old church, along thy aisles, like voices from the tomb!

C. A. M. W.

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE IN MANCHESTER.

Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns of England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture—where Percival wrote, and Dalton lived—*thirteen thousand three hundred and sixty-two* children perish in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind! These little children, brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers to breathe subtile, sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more cursed distillation than hellebore—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid, which, like hope, should 'come to all'—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral.—*Report of the Registrar-General for the quarter ending Sept.* 30, 1846.

WHAT A MERCHANT SHOULD BE.

A merchant should be an honourable man. Although a man cannot be an honourable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honourable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs; honour refers to the principles and feelings. You may pay your debts punctually, you may defraud no man, and yet you may act dishonourably. You act dishonourably when you give your correspondents a worse opinion of your rivals in trade than you know they deserve. You act dishonourably when you sell your commodities at less than their real value, in order to get away your neighbours' customers. You act dishonourably when you purchase at higher than the market price, in order that you may raise the market upon another buyer. You act dishonourably when you draw accommodation bills, and pass them to your banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. You act dishonourably in every case wherein your external conduct is at variance with your real opinions. You act dishonourably if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, you do not allow your servants and assistants, through whose exertions you obtain your success, to participate in your prosperity. You act dishonourably if, after you have become rich, you are unmindful of the favours you received when poor. In all these cases there may be no intentional fraud. It may not be dishonest, but it is dishonourable, conduct.—*Gilbart—Lectures on Ancient Commerce.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 176. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1847. Price 1½d.

GREAT CALAMITIES.

When a small calamity occurs, there is seldom, amongst the well-informed, any inclination to regard it as otherwise than an event in the natural procedure of the world—something which possibly human intelligence and foresight may prevent from recurring. For instance, if a ship sinks through faulty construction, we usually look to that bad construction as the cause, and think that such incidents may be made less frequent if we resort to better modes of building. Or if one has caught a severe disease from the malaria of stagnant water, we generally attack the malaria as the cause, and seek to avoid such evils in future by promoting drainage. When, however, a calamity on an extensive scale takes place, such as the failure of a great department of human food, or a pestilence (too often these are essentially one calamity), the general inclination seems to be to regard it as an immediate demonstration of Divine wrath, designed as a chastisement for some particular moral errors. There is no reason for this, beyond the comparative wonderment which a grand event excites. It is merely that, in the one case, we calmly proceed upon the common philosophy which experience and observation have given us; in the other, we are carried by the excitement of our feelings into the region of an inferior and more childish judgment. Usually, a very little consideration would serve to show the great and insuperable objections there are to the latter idea: as, the non-relation of the event to the occurrence of any unusual acts of turpitude; the falling of the calamity upon the classes perhaps the most innocent; and so forth. But wonderment stops not to think: it is content to dream, and to let calamities pass, as without a true reading, so also without a true improvement.

There is, in reality, except in the matter of magnitude, not the least difference between a great and a small calamity. In all of them alike there is a divine meaning and purpose; but it is strictly one meaning and purpose. That God conducts the affairs of the world by fixed arrangements, needs not in our day to be insisted on. Calamities are events incidental to, and inseparable from, the plan; they all occur, to use common language, in the course of nature. How a benevolent Deity should have permitted a feature which we feel to be so grievous, surpasses our power to find out; but there is no mystery in the philosophy of human conduct with regard to evils of all kinds. After a humble contemplation of the authority which has—no doubt for wise purposes—permitted them, it is no more than obeying one of the simplest natural impulses to study them, to do what in us lies to remedy them, and to seek to reduce and avert them for the future. Often we may view in them the natural result of errors we have committed through ignorance, or selfishness, or perverseness. In such cases, the regard we pay to them should of course be accompanied by moral emotions of a suitable character. Beyond this, passive submission is mere ignorance or supineness—either a want of knowledge to discern the nature of the chastisement inflicted, or a want of moral courage to perform the duties necessary to its future prevention.

An extensive failure of crops—the very kind of calamity which has given us the word—is perhaps the worst which we know. It is one which has inflicted tremendous sufferings upon the human race, and which has not yet taken its place amongst extinct things. But such calamities are, after all, of a limited nature, and liable to correction by expedients within our power.

All herbage is subject to injuries from causes open to scrutiny, and remediable to an indefinite extent. It belongs to human ingenuity and industry to search out and limit the operation of these causes. And man is actually at all times advancing in the attainment of means for so trimming and arranging nature, as to make the results he desires in the vegetable creation the more certain. It is common to indulge in a despondent tone regarding blights and mildews, as if they were beyond all human remeed. It is a false tone, tending, like all false things, to bad conclusions. In reality, the progress which has been made in penetrating the secrets of nature, gives the strongest reason to expect that we shall in time discover all the influences affecting vegetation; and it seems but fair to conclude, that to be hopeful on this subject, is favourable to the end in view.

Vegetation seldom fails over several great regions of the earth at once. Its failure in one would obviously be of little consequence, if nations were on such terms with each other as to make mutual supply easy. Why they are not on such terms with each other, is because of the prevalence of jealous, selfish, and illiberal feelings. While we acknowledge, then, that such feelings exist, is it not equally evident that the dependence on each other for succour in case of light harvests, is an indication, as it were, by the finger of God himself, that such feelings ought *not* to exist, but be replaced by those of a kindly and social nature? Here is a reading of the Divinity in calamity—a reading of the true kind. Let the war of weapons, and the perhaps more mischievous war of 'duties,' cease; let peace and tolerance take the place of irritation and religious and social prejudices; and we take precautions against everything like local famines.

It might happen that an almost universal crop-failure took place, though we know of no instance in past times. In anticipation of such a calamity, there is no reason why a more extensive reserving of grain should not take place. The world is perhaps at all times too slen-

derly provided with food. It might be well to keep in store greater quantities, and thus equalise at least the pressure of bad seasons, if not secure us against anything like universal famine. Every provident man lays aside some portion of his present earnings as a resource against future contingencies; and why should not the principle which we applaud in *one*, be extended to communities and nations?

Thus it appears that the calamity referred to as above all others the greatest, might be averted by means within the scope of human power. What, then, is the just view to be taken of any actual occurrence of famine from the failure of crops? Simply, that we have suffered in consequence of defective knowledge—that endless cause of inconvenience and trouble to man—in consequence of our social arrangements being imperfect, or through a want of precaution and providence. Let the causes be removed, and the effect will of course be known no more.

The penal character of calamities is perhaps their most striking and important aspect. Nature's correctives they are, all of them, for the neglect or transgression of her appointments. It is particularly interesting to observe such as come as the punishment of moral errors on the part of great societies. The pestilence usually arises among the masses of the wretched, and spreads to the affluent. It may be said many then perish who have not failed to any signal extent in observing the rules of health; but while health has been attended to, social mischiefs have been left unremedied; hence the evil has arisen. The meaning of such pronunciations from the Divine Conductor of the world, is nothing more or less than this—Ye rich have failed in your duty to your humble brethren, and behold for this ye die. What ought the rich to have done? It is a nice and difficult question; but it is easy to see that something is wanting in our social arrangements with regard to the less fortunate parts of communities. The system of individual interests is so far well; it seems to be the means of eliciting many of the brightest features of human character; and no doubt independence is a noble word. But it is a system by which many are, as it were, thrown out. It seems to give advantages to some, to the overpowering and thrusting aside of the rest. God seems to have designed that we should go along more hand in hand together; at the least, it is evident that great relaxations and interdiffusions of means are called for, that all may be tolerably well. Even where moral power fails, those who possess it in good store are bound to use it to awaken, persuade, support, and stimulate the infirm brother. The laws of true society appear, in short, to demand great mutual care and helpfulness, as a supplementary force to self-helpfulness—not in anyway to supersede it. If so, then are all great concentrations of misery evils for which society is chargeable, and for which pestilence, as well as crime, and every other resultant evil, is only the appointed punishment. Here, too, it may be said, let the causes be removed, and the effect will cease.

There is an essentially religious character in the whole of these considerations. The humble and attentive man sees the Divine will and power in calamity, as in every other part of the universal plan. He watches it as a pupil watches for the meaning of a teacher, or a servant for the command of a master—with the design of profiting by, and obeying it. Regarded as a chastisement for error, he yields to it as no more than just, and then he turns contritely to the work which he sees before him for the improvement of the future. Let us so contemplate the public calamities of our time. Let us so resign ourselves to the penalties they impose; and so betake ourselves to the duty which they place before us.

A COMEDY IN A COURTYARD.

In an ancient and gloomy court which existed a few years ago in the heart of Paris, there formerly resided an old public scrivener, known under the name of Monsieur Gant. He inhabited a narrow wooden mansion of great antiquity, which stood in a shady corner of the court, near a stone fountain, half-way between a washerwoman's tubs and an applewoman's stall. A faded curtain interposed its dusty texture betwixt M. Gant's window and the vulgar gaze, whilst, by a neatly-written bill, fixed with wafers to a pane of glass, the scrivener modestly informed the public of his readiness to indite or copy out epistles in the French language, at a very moderate price.

The personal appearance of M. Gant was by no means remarkable. He was a thin, withered little man, who looked as though he had formerly been much larger, but had since shrunk through some unaccountable process. His character was a strange compound of simplicity and punctilio. He had a great opinion of his own sagacity and depth, was vain of his little learning, and, by a whimsical contradiction, loved to think himself haughty and implacable, whilst he was in reality the most simple and easy of good-natured beings. During the daytime, M. Gant was to be found in his wooden box, waiting with exemplary patience for the arrival of customers, who seldom made their appearance, and perusing a favourite copy of his favourite Cornelius Nepos; 'a work,' he often observed, gravely shaking his head, 'of thrilling interest.' In the evenings, when his box was locked up, he repaired to the house of Sergeant Huron, an old friend of his, whose formidable stature, gray mustache, and blustering ways, offered the greatest contrast to M. Gant's studied solemnity of manner. They had been brought up together, and this was the cause of their friendship; otherwise they had few sympathies in common: the scrivener was pedantic in his speech, whilst the old soldier's conversation and ideas never seemed to extend beyond Napoleon and his own exploits. Still they agreed very well upon the whole; and they were not only friends, but very sincere ones.

But if the scrivener had a friend, he also had that bane of life—an enemy. His foe was no other than the applewoman whose stall stood in close proximity to his box, most impertinently obstructing the passage to his door, and sometimes actually shutting him in. The mistress of the stall was a stout fiery-faced little woman, with a thick, hoarse voice, which became startlingly shrill when she was at all excited, and bead-like eyes, beneath whose fixity of stare it was averred that M. Gant himself had quailed; although the truth is, that, being a dauntless little man, he cared not a pin for her. Why they were foes, it would be hard to tell; yet they both felt that they were so; at least M. Gant, though incapable of the feeling, thought he hated the applewoman, who most cordially hated him. It would be tedious to relate by how many methods she sought to annoy the scrivener. But all her attacks proved unavailing: he did not even condescend to answer her most bitter taunts; he literally crushed her with the weight of his contempt.

The fact was, that owing to a certain philosophy, either constitutional or acquired, M. Gant could not be long teased by anything, and somehow or other the applewoman's most artful contrivances to vex him generally added to his comfort or pleasure in the end. One sore blow, however, she contrived to inflict, and this was by persuading a cobbler of her acquaintance to come and fix his abode in the court, exactly opposite the scrivener's box. Though he apparently remained indifferent to this attack, M. Gant was really an-

noyed at what he sententiously termed 'the audacious encroachments of the vulgar;' 'and what so thoroughly vulgar as the smell of leather?' he observed, when relating the event to his friend. Sergeant Huron, who was always for carrying matters in a kind of military way, volunteered to go and make a few gentle remonstrances to the cobbler; but this offer the scrivener prudently declined, couching the motives of his refusal in a Latin quotation on the violence of warlike Mars. The cobbler's shed—which, as M. Gant indignantly declared, consisted of mud, wood, and plaster—was erected in the space of a few days, and pronounced ready to receive its new tenants, who accordingly hastened to remove to it. This important event took place on a fine summer's morning, when M. Gant, who had just seated himself before his desk, could look on the whole proceedings. A small wheelbarrow or handcart, drawn by a man with a very black face, and followed by a woman blacker still, first made its appearance. A cradle, which was to be swung from the roof of the shed, a dirty board, destined to act as table, a couple of bottomless chairs, a saucepan, and a washing-tub, were successively taken out of the truck and placed in the shed; the care of the whole, besides that of the truck, at the bottom of which still remained some crockery, being confided to the cobbler's eldest son, a boy of seven or eight, whose parents, having more things to bring to their new abode, now left alone, with strong recommendations not to touch a certain pot of dripping, which it seems was also in the cart. It is well known what wonderful uses the French of the poorer classes make of dripping: in fact they live upon it. They take it in the morning, diluted with warm water, under the name of soup; spread it, for lunch, on their bread instead of butter; eat it again as soup in the evening; and apply it to various other purposes with most praiseworthy ingenuity.

How it happened we will not venture to say; but when the cobbler and his wife came back, they found their eldest son in a singularly awkward position. The dripping-pot was a very deep narrow one—an earthen *marmite*, that did not look much unlike a helmet. Whether this resemblance struck the fancy of young Louis, or whether he was impelled by a natural taste for dripping, would be difficult to determine; but certain it is that his parents found him sitting in the truck, and, to their unutterable dismay, with his head snugly ensconced in the dripping-pot. To see how it had got in, was easy enough; but to say how it was likely to get out again, was a more difficult task. The cobbler flew into a terrible passion: he bade Louis take his head out that very instant, and prepare for a sound whipping the next. The unfortunate Louis endeavoured to obey the first part of this injunction. His mother pulled at the pot, and he pulled, and all pulled; but it was of no use—off it would not come. The cobbler had promised his son a thrashing when the pot should be off; he now determined to give it him first, and wrathfully advanced to seize upon him; but hoodwinked as he was, Louis guessed his intention. He rapidly darted towards the top of the truck, which as suddenly flew to the ground: Louis lost his balance, and in a second down he rolled with the dripping-pot, and over him the truck with all its contents.

The scene that ensued—for the cobbler's other two children, who were now arrived, joined in the cry—no pen can describe: suffice it to say, that there was not a saucepan but was considerably damaged, nor a plate that was not broken. When picked up by his alarmed mother, Louis was found completely unshelled, very little injured, but somewhat scratched and bedaubed with dripping to an extraordinary degree. Such were the incidents which marked the cobbler's removal to the court, and on which M. Gant looked with high indignation, anticipating the most unpleasant consequences from such a neighbourhood. Yet strange to say, this impression soon wore off. The cobbler was a merry industrious man, who sang and worked all the day long; whilst his wife, as industriously engaged, sewed, washed, and cooked—all in the shed—and accompanied her husband's strains by scolding her three unruly children. Still they were, upon the whole, a happy, good-humoured, and simple family, who won so much upon M. Gant's affections by the unbounded deference they paid him, that he began in time to like the cobbler's merry songs, the noise and romping of his children, and even the scolding of their mother. It was, besides, very pleasant for a philosopher like him to watch daily the household concerns of the simple people of the shed, who with the greatest candour and *naïveté* laid open to his view every incident of joy or wo in their humble existence. He thus, unconsciously to them, and without ever having addressed them, became the partner of their little trials, and the unknown sharer of their mirth. He watched the children growing up, and the parents growing gray. A certain screaming baby, called Marianne, who had long annoyed him, became in time a pretty laughing child, and then a blushing maiden, on whom he loved to gaze; Louis of the dripping-pot assumed quite a manly air, and, owing to his cheerfulness and good-temper, was M. Gant's especial favourite; and thus the most formidable attempt which the applewoman had yet made against the scrivener's peace of mind, turned out like all the rest, and literally added to his pleasure and happiness. Seeing that he was really invulnerable, his enemy at last gave him a short respite, and, intrenched behind her stall, silently brooded over her defeat.

When Louis, who was now a journeyman carpenter, was somewhere in his twenty-second year, M. Gant began to observe what had been visible to all the inhabitants of the court for several years; namely, that the young man carried on a kind of sentimental flirtation with the washerwoman's daughter, Angélique, a girl of eighteen, very pretty, and very capricious, but withal very charming. It was a great source of pleasure to M. Gant to observe the progress of their simple courtship. At first Louis, when coming home from his work in the evening, would loiter at the fountain; and whilst the good housewives of the court, Angélique's mother among the rest, were filling their buckets with water, and chatting together, he would address a few insignificant phrases to the young girl, and retire quite satisfied with her coy and monosyllabic answers. Gradually, however, he grew more bold and confident. Angélique had a pretty voice and a good ear, the result of which was, that she sang all the day long, to the scrivener's infinite gratification, and the applewoman's consequent annoyance. With the view of indulging her taste, Louis brought her home all the songs he could procure; then he taught her the tunes; and at last he sang them with her in the cool summer evenings, until the whole court gathered around them; for, to say the truth, Louis never saw Angélique but on the threshold of her mother's door. Several months had thus elapsed, when, as the conclusion of the whole affair was evidently drawing near, M. Gant uneasily noticed certain symptoms of change in the demeanour of the lovers. One evening Louis, contrary to his usual custom, came not to the meeting: the next day Angélique received him with such evident coldness, that he retired earlier than usual. On the following evening Louis came home from his work somewhat later, and, without going near Angélique, paused for a few seconds at the fountain: on seeing him, she hastily entered her mother's house, and closed the door. The next day the young carpenter did not even approach the washerwoman's abode, though the scrivener caught a glimpse of him in the court. Several days elapsed, and yet there was no change on either side: the lovers only became cooler and cooler, until, at the end of a week, they seemed totally estranged.

M. Gant saw this, and grew sad: he had been cheered a while by the sight of their simple courtship; he had loved to watch its progress evening after evening, and be the unseen witness of many little circum-

stances which had escaped the vulgar gaze; and now those in whom he had felt such a deep interest grew, like the world, indifferent and cold, depriving him of one of his few remaining pleasures. The scrivener's only comfort was, as usual, to pour his sorrows into Sergeant Huron's friendly bosom. The old soldier, who was somewhat hasty, immediately offered to go and speak to Louis and Angélique, averring he could make everything right in a few minutes; but M. Gant, reminding him that lovers' quarrels were best let alone, with some difficulty induced him to give up the idea.

One evening, when M. Gant, who had grown quite misanthropic, was bitterly ruminating in the solitude of his wooden mansion, he was startled by a knock at his door. He opened, and Louis entered. The scrivener eyed him with silent surprise, whilst the young man, unconscious of the feeling he excited, laid on his desk a small slip of paper, which he briefly requested him to correct and copy out. Merely signing him to be seated, M. Gant put on his spectacles, and read the paper attentively. It was a rude scrawl, in which the young carpenter had somewhat imperfectly expressed his feelings. Its incoherence did not, however, much astonish M. Gant; for he was accustomed to love-letters—we need scarcely say this was one—but he paid more attention to its general purport. Louis, strong in conscious innocence, appealed to Angélique's heart, cautiously avoiding to mention her name, however—a needless piece of discretion, which made M. Gant smile inwardly—demanded to know his error, if indeed he had committed any; and after beginning by asserting that he was ready to forget her for ever if she wished, he ended with a most passionate protestation of eternal love.

M. Gant was a judge of the human heart. He saw that the letter, with all its incoherence, was a good one: for it was true. He therefore merely corrected the spelling, and copied it out; and when it was finished, he handed it to Louis, who, placing a franc on his desk, thanked him and retired. The scrivener saw him depart with a melancholy glance; for one of the two beings whose fate had of late been his chief concern looked upon him as on a stranger. Still his interest in Louis and Angélique was not diminished; and it was with the utmost impatience that he waited for the next evening, in order to see the effect the letter had produced. The lovers met, seemingly by chance, as usual, near the stone fountain. Louis timidly approached the young girl, and whispered something in her ear; but she scornfully drew back, and with a toss of her head, retired to her mother's shop. Louis looked sadly after her, still standing rooted to the same spot, until the stifled giggling of some mischievous girls near the fountain aroused him from his trance. Suddenly starting, he cast an indignant glance around him, and hastened to depart, apparently much mortified by Angélique's contemptuous treatment.

'What could all this mean?' Such was the scrivener's thought, when the unexpected entrance into his lodge of a woman, wrapped up in a coarse dark shawl, awakened him from his reverie. He turned with surprise towards the new-comer; but notwithstanding her disguise, a glance was enough to let him know that Angélique stood before him. As soon as the door was closed upon her, she sat down, and without attempting to conceal her person any longer, she said in a proud and firm tone, 'Monsieur Gant, I am come to ask you to render me a service. I received yesterday this letter'—and she laid Louis's epistle on the desk—'from a person with whom I wish to hold no further correspondence. Will you please to tell him so in my name?'

M. Gant took up his pen; a sheet of letter-paper was before him; he placed his hand upon it, as though to write; but laid it down again, and calmly said, 'Why not tell him as much yourself, mademoiselle? You see him every day.'

'Because I do not wish to speak to him any more, sir,' she indignantly answered.

'Or perhaps you are unable to write yourself?' hinted the scrivener.

Angélique frowned, and looked displeased. 'I know how to write, sir,' she stiffly replied; 'but since he has chosen to apply to *you* to write to me, I shall answer him in the same manner.'

'And who told you that it was I who wrote this letter?' asked M. Gant, turning inquiringly towards her; 'for if you know that, *I* know that you were out yesterday.'

Angélique coloured, but evasively answered, 'Monsieur Gant, if you do not wish to write this letter, pray say so at once?'

'Nay,' said the scrivener, as she rose to depart, 'since you are determined to be miserable, I shall no longer seek to prevent you.'

And so saying, he once more took hold of his pen, and in a few brief words, as severe as Angélique could wish them to be, he intimated to poor Louis that the capricious beauty cared for neither his repentance nor for his most passionate protestations. When he had finished his task, M. Gant handed the letter to the young girl, watching her features, in the hope of seeing them betray some compunction for the severity of his expressions. But far from it: she seemed highly delighted with the epistle, thanked him very warmly, liberally remunerated him for his trouble, and left him sadder than ever, and in a bitter mood of invective against girls, their lovers, and human nature in general. 'For,' he observed, when he was left alone with his own thoughts, 'it is easy to see how thoroughly bad human nature is, since those young people, who have known each other from their childhood, who have been lovers for years, now part for ever, not only without a pang, but even with joy; and, in all probability, owing to some mere trifle that has come between them.'

Now, although he could not possibly imagine what this important trifle was, M. Gant had his own private suspicions concerning his spiteful little neighbour the applewoman, to whom he was indeed in the habit of referring every evil that occurred. It was evident that some mischievous person had informed Angélique of Louis's visit to him, a step not unlikely to prejudice him in her eyes; but then there existed no proof that this fact had been revealed to the young girl by the applewoman; and though he narrowly scanned her features more than once, M. Gant could discover in them none of the malicious triumph which generally betrayed her when she had been engaged on some work of mischief. She was apparently calm, and wholly unconscious of what was going on. The next day passed, and nothing occurred, save that in the evening Louis came home from his work seemingly much disheartened, so that the scrivener, who was very fidgetty, and constantly on the look-out, concluded that he had received Angélique's letter. On the following morning, as he sat at an early hour in his box, he noticed Louis in a remote corner of the court engaged in a mysterious conference with his pretty sister Marianne. M. Gant easily guessed the subject of their conversation; and as Marianne was not only cheerful and good-tempered, but also possessed of much intuitive tact, and stood, moreover, on friendly terms with Angélique, he augured success from her interposition, and impatiently waited for its result. But Marianne was a real diplomatist; and instead of injudiciously hurrying to perform her delicate errand, she loitered about the court, now entering, now leaving her father's shed with a most unconcerned air. It was not until the afternoon was far advanced, that the scrivener saw her at length proceeding towards the washerwoman's shop. She could not have chosen a more unlucky moment; for Angélique, who was ironing in a little back parlour, was also there, entertaining a sentimental young tailor, laughing and chatting with him very merrily. Now this young man, who lived in the court, had formerly paid no little attention to Marianne, who, when teased on the subject, very seriously averred that 'she did not

care for him; indeed she did not!' Nevertheless, when she entered the parlour, and saw how thoroughly poor Louis was slighted, and for whom, all her sisterly feelings were aroused, and she felt so indignant at Angélique's coquetry, that she could scarcely contain herself. In short, she threw out such hints, that ere long the young tailor prudently departed; whilst Angélique, who was not very patient, retorted in so high a strain, that Marianne fairly lost her temper, and flounced out of the room in a state of great indignation. Though M. Gant saw nothing of this, he conjectured, by the young tailor's retreat, and Marianne's agitation, that the ambassadress had failed, a surmise which was confirmed by Louis's behaviour on the next morning; for as he was entering his wooden box, the young man followed him in, and requested him to transcribe the following laconic epistle:—'Mademoiselle—You tell me to forget you. I will obey you as soon as I can. Farewell. LOUIS.'

On the evening of the same day, the following answer was dictated by Angélique to the scrivener:—'The sooner you forget me, the better. ANGELIQUE.'

'And now,' pettishly observed M. Gant when she had retired, 'I suppose that fine correspondence of theirs, by means of which they contrived to keep me in hot water for the last week, is over at length.' But the scrivener evidently did not understand such matters; for although there was a kind of two days' truce, during which Louis went early to his work, and came home late, never once approaching the old stone fountain—near which Angélique openly flirted with the young tailor—it was evident, by the attitude of both parties, that things could not last long as they were. On the evening of the third day, Louis entered M. Gant's box in a state of great agitation. 'Monsieur Gant,' he exclaimed, 'this is more than human flesh and blood can endure, and you must tell her so!'

'Oh, you have not forgotten her yet?' ironically observed the scrivener. But Louis cared not for irony: he was desperate; he had just caught a glimpse of Angélique seated in her mother's shop with his rival, and his overcharged heart poured itself forth in a torrent of eloquent reproaches, which he charged M. Gant to commit to paper, never once reflecting that the scrivener could not possibly recollect as much as the one-tenth of what he was saying. M. Gant did not make the attempt; he let the young man speak away, conjecturing it would relieve him, and do him good; and in the meanwhile he cast a stern and angry glance towards the spot where Angélique was sitting with the tailor. To the scrivener's satisfaction, the young man rose to depart. Angélique tried to detain him; but he persisted in his resolution, and went away. Although she hummed a tune, and tried to look indifferent, Angélique could not conceal her vexation; and on hearing some remark made by one of the washerwomen, she left the shop in a pet, and walked out into the court. It was at this moment that Louis, who had seen nothing of all this by-play, reached the most pathetic part of his imaginary epistle, and eloquently reminded Angélique of their former attachment, once more begging to know how he had erred. 'Nay,' here interrupted the scrivener, who had been anxiously watching his opportunity for the last two or three seconds, 'you can best tell her all this yourself.' And before Louis could make any reply, he had partly opened his door, and calling on Angélique, who was just then passing before it, made her enter. It was not until she was in, and the door had been securely closed upon her by the considerate M. Gant, that the young girl became aware of Louis's presence. On seeing her lover, she started back and grew pale; but soon rallying, and casting a wrathful glance on the scrivener, she addressed Louis in an offended tone.

'Pray, sir, what is it so very particular you have to say to me here?'

'I assure you, mademoiselle,' stammered forth Louis, 'I only came for a letter which Monsieur Gant——' He looked for the letter on the desk, but there was none.

'Yes,' observed the scrivener in a tone of studied irony, 'I was waiting till you should have done. As mademoiselle is now here, you can tell her all you have to say. I have no doubt,' he superciliously added, 'it will spare me the trouble of writing down a good deal of nonsense;' and with a look of thorough contempt for all love-letters and love affairs, he took down Cornelius Nepos, and became to all appearance deeply absorbed by its contents.

There was a long and awkward silence: Louis at length began speaking in an embarrassed tone; his words were incoherent and low; but warming with his subject, he gradually grew so eloquent and pathetic, that M. Gant thought it was not in the heart of mortal maiden to resist him. Angélique, however, not only appeared to hear Louis without emotion, but when he had concluded, inquired, with freezing politeness, what else he had to say?

'Nothing,' faintly answered Louis. Angélique turned towards the door: the scrivener saw it was time for him to interfere.

'Children, children!' he reproachfully exclaimed; 'what is all this about? Who has come between your hearts and the love of so many years?' Angélique hung down her head, but remained silent.

'Nay,' observed Louis, now fairly exasperated, 'let her alone, Monsieur Gant, since she will not be softened.'

'And pray, sir,' cried Angélique angrily, 'who asks you to think of me at all?' Thus the scrivener's kind effort to effect a reconciliation between the lovers was on the point of embittering the quarrel; but by dint of coaxing, intreaties, and soothing words, he at last induced them to give him a patient hearing. This discourse, though somewhat long, was not very varied: he only spoke of their childhood and youth so happily spent in the court, of the pleasant evenings by the fountain, when Angélique sang, and Louis listened; yet he touched so many tender chords, and managed the matter so skilfully, that ere long Angélique drew forth a little white pocket handkerchief, which she applied to her eyes, whilst Louis turned his head away, and pretended to look into the court. M. Gant immediately followed up his advantage, and in less than five minutes had effected an entire reconciliation between the two lovers, who, to say the truth, were not sorry for it.

'And now,' said he, 'that it is all over, you must tell me what you quarrelled about.' This was, however, seemingly no easy matter to determine. Louis looked at Angélique, and Angélique at Louis; both were evidently in doubt on the subject. But M. Gant was a shrewd cross-questioner, and he soon elicited from Louis that he had long been secretly jealous of the young tailor, and that one evening when Angélique had provoked him by some unusual attention bestowed on his rival, he had spitefully declared a new purchase of hers odiously vulgar; an expression which, being uttered in the presence of several persons, the tailor included, had so mortally offended Angélique, that she had instantly resolved to discard him for ever.

'And this,' observed M. Gant in a tone of great contempt, after hearing them out—'this was the cause of your quarrel?' Though somewhat abashed, they confessed it was. But the scrivener was not satisfied; he had his own ideas on the subject; and indeed it soon came out that the applewoman was at the bottom of it all. With her usual malice she had first diverted the young tailor's attention from Marianne to Angélique; then by dark hints excited poor Louis's jealousy; and at last persuaded Angélique that no woman of spirit ought to forgive the affront she had endured. In short, she had, like all mischievous persons, been so very industrious in her evil task, that M. Gant no longer wondered at the trouble the quarrel of the two lovers had given him.

After some further conversation, Louis and Angélique rose to depart, not, however, without hearing M. Gant, who addressed them in a little set speech, rather formal and pedantic, but nevertheless kind and sensible,

showing them that the real cause of their quarrel had been the want of mutual trust and confidence. 'And now, children,' said he, as he concluded, 'take an old man's advice—quarrel no more, and be ever more ready to believe good of one another than evil.'

Promising to follow this advice, and once more warmly thanking him for his kindness, the lovers now left the scrivener to his own reflections. Scarcely were they gone, when M. Gant, who felt in a very undignified hurry to impart the news to Sergeant Huron, locked up his box before the usual time, and hastened to the abode of his trusty friend, who, listening to his prolix narrative with profound gravity, declared it was an admirable bit of campaigning, and that the scrivener had displayed the tactics of a general.

Although she was not at her stall when Louis and Angélique had their interview in the scrivener's abode, the applewoman had somehow or other obtained a knowledge of the fact. The next day she saw, as usual, M. Gant enter his box in the morning, but with the addition of a large parcel, which he carried under his arm; and a strange rumbling noise, as though M. Gant felt restless, and was walking to and fro in his mansion, followed his entrance; it, however, gradually subsided; and before long, he issued forth completely transformed, clad in a suit of rusty black, with a new hat and a white cravat. The applewoman's heart failed her: she had forebodings of a defeat. After carefully locking his door, M. Gant walked at a stately pace towards the washerwoman's shop. Whether by chance, or because she was aware of his visit, Angélique was out of the way. The scrivener gravely asked for her mother, and found the good lady up to her eyes in soap-water. She looked upon him with some surprise, opened her eyes when he spoke of a private interview, inwardly wondered if he wanted to give her his custom, and wiping her hands and arms in a very wet apron, led the way into the small back parlour. Here M. Gant gravely expounded to her the nature of his errand, relating all concerning the attachment of Louis and Angélique, and, in the name of his young friend, asking for her sanction to their attachment. The washerwoman heard him, and was astonished. What could make Angélique wish to marry? She had always thought that if a woman washed, and ironed, and worked hard, she had little time to think of marriage: so she had found since her husband's death. Nevertheless, she was not unreasonable, and declared that as Louis was a very honest, industrious young man, she should raise no objection to the match, if her daughter was bent upon it.

On the same evening the whole matter was settled. In the presence of her mother, of Louis's parents, whom the young man had consulted long ago, and of M. Gant, Angélique was *accordée*, or granted to Louis, who presented her with a gold ring and a handsome pair of earrings. The marriage was fixed to take place at the end of a month. The young couple were to reside in the court; and, to her mother's satisfaction, it was agreed that Angélique should continue to work with her.

The applewoman was now fairly vanquished. Truth and M. Gant had triumphed: Louis and Angélique were reconciled: and even the young tailor proved penitent, and humbled himself to Marianne, who graciously received him once more into her favour. The scrivener's spiteful little enemy could bear this no longer; her heart was stung every day by some fresh insult; she declared that the court was in a league against her; and in order to be revenged on them all at once, she went off one morning with her stall and her apples, and doubtless settled in some very remote quarter, for she has never since been heard of. Some old cronies of hers, with whom she constantly quarrelled while in the court, soon missed her very much, for she was the great newsmonger of the place; and they threw out dark hints against the scrivener, even averring that he had caused her to be spirited away.

M. Gant, who knew nothing of these vague rumours, bore his triumph with great moderation. Indeed, with his usual simplicity, he rather missed the applewoman, and certainly thought more of the happiness enjoyed by Louis and Angélique than of her defeat. When the wedding took place, he was the spirit of the whole party: he acted as Louis's witness at the civil contract, gave the bride away in the church, settled every doubtful point of etiquette, and with Sergeant Huron, who had been invited out of compliment to him, sang such witty songs after dinner, that everybody was charmed. The scrivener himself was astonished, and somewhat ashamed; he was even heard by his old friend wondering what had induced a philosopher like him to meddle in a silly love affair; but, to say the truth, he was quite delighted.

The married life of Louis and Angélique proved more happy than their courtship. They treasured up the words of their old friend, and acted towards each other with confidence and truth. M. Gant, whose infirmities increase with age, has been induced, not to abandon his box—nothing earthly could make him do that—but to take his meals with them, in return for which he most zealously teaches their children how to read and write, so that they will most probably be able in time to indite their own love-letters. Sergeant Huron is still alive, but, as the scrivener observes in a melancholy tone, growing rather weak-minded—a remark which the worthy sergeant sometimes applies in turn to his old friend. The cobbler has retired from business; the shed has been demolished, and a shop, occupied by Louis's brother, erected where it once stood. Marianne is married to the young tailor. The washerwoman is as industrious as ever. We forgot mentioning that, as an instance of the diminished faculties of his friend, Sergeant Huron has informed Angélique that M. Gant is convinced the applewoman will soon make her reappearance in the court. This he believes on philosophical grounds, averring that he has been too long happy and undisturbed. Of course Sergeant Huron is above this learned nonsense; but he has also informed Angélique, from whom he can conceal nothing, that, after all, he should not wonder if it were to turn out true; for since his friend mentioned the subject, he has three times beheld in a dream the applewoman seated at her stall. But as six months have already passed away since then, it is somewhat doubtful if she will ever make her appearance.

THE SILVER-MINERS OF PERU.

The number of Indian lives sacrificed in the mines of Peru, during the last three centuries, is estimated by some writers at nine millions! At the close of the second century of slavery, an attempt was made by the natives to shake off the brutal yoke of the Spaniards; and in 1780 an Inca was actually elected, in whose person, it was fondly hoped, those glories of the old emperors were to revive which had been quenched in blood by Pizarro. The attempt was unfortunate, and the patriot king and his family were executed with circumstances of terrific barbarity. Another effort cost a hundred thousand lives, including the slaughter of the whole inhabitants of a town—twenty-two thousand men, women, and children—by the insurgents. Then came the rising of the Creoles themselves (the descendants of Europeans), and the war of independence; in which the Indians took, generally, the popular side, although, when an opportunity occurred, they massacred indiscriminately all white men—vowing not to leave a white dog or a white fowl alive, and in their fantastic hatred, even scraping the whitewash from their walls! The war of independence overthrew the Spanish dominion, and established a republic; but although the Indians still remained the Pariahs of the country where they were once masters, their condition and prospects were, and are, greatly changed by the results of the contest. They learned the art of war, and the use of gunpowder and its manufacture; and every man who

was armed by the belligerents, preserves his musket, and keeps it religiously in some secret recess, biding his time. The Creoles have not been taught wisdom by the fate of the Spaniards. The republicans are as tyrannical as the monarchists; and the day will assuredly come when the trampled Indians will writhe up in their frantic despair, and deluge the country with blood anew.

In that day their chances of success will be considerable. With arms, military habits, and, strange as it may seem, *treasure*, their still overwhelming numbers will tell upon their tyrants; and it would be hazardous to say that Peru will not, at some early period, be once more, for however short a period, under the government of the Incas. Under such circumstances, the character of the people presents a subject of the deepest interest; and our readers will perhaps thank us for directing them to the best recent authority, the travels of Dr Tschudi in Peru.* Three hundred years of oppression, we are informed by this author, have impressed their melancholy stamp upon the feelings and manners of the people. They are unsocial, gloomy, and meditative; they are fond of dark colours in their dress; and though indifferent to most other things, the wild sad wail of the reed-clarionet draws tears from their eyes. They drink great quantities of intoxicating liquors, and chew habitually a substance called chicha—answering in some respects to tobacco, and in others to opium; but notwithstanding, they live to a great age. Instances are not rare of their attaining to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty years, and our author himself knew an Indian who had at that time attained the goodly age of one hundred and forty-two. This patriarch had regaled himself on chicha for ninety years, without ever tasting a drop of water, and from his boyhood had masticated coca at least three times a-day. It is likewise remarkable that these aged persons have always fine black hair, which with the Indians never turns white, and very seldom even gray. They likewise retain their teeth to the last. The silver mines are worked, and must always be so, by Indians. The following is Dr Tschudi's account of the labourers:—

'The working-class of miners is composed of Indians, who throng to Cerro de Pasco from all the provinces, far and near, especially when boyas are expected. At times, when the mines are not very productive, the number of Indian labourers amounts to between three and four thousand; but when there is a great supply of metal, the ordinary number of mine-workers is more than tripled. The Indians labour with a degree of patient industry, which it would be vain to expect from European workmen similarly circumstanced. This observation applies to the hapires in particular. Content with wretched food, and still more wretched lodging, the hapire goes through his hard day's work, partaking of no refreshment but coca, and at the end of the week (deduction being made for the food, &c. obtained on credit from the minero), he possibly finds himself in possession of only a single dollar.' This, or whatever sum he possesses, he usually spends on intoxicating liquors on Sundays and other holidays, on which occasions he is rude and quarrelsome, and commits fearful acts of mischief—intellectual darkness here, as among the railway excavators of England, producing excesses which are a scandal to the general community.

'When an unusually abundant produce of the mines throws extra payment into the hands of the mine labourers, they squander their money with the most absurd extravagance, and are excellent customers to the European dealers in dress and other articles of luxury. Prompted by a ludicrous spirit of imitation, the Indian, in his fits of drunkenness, will purchase costly things which he can have no possible use for, and which he becomes weary of after an hour's possession. I once saw an Indian purchase a cloak of fine cloth, for which he paid ninety-two dollars. He then repaired to a neighbouring tavern, where he drank till he became intoxicated, and then, staggering into the street, he fell down, and rolled in the kennel. On rising, and discovering that his cloak was besmeared with mud, he threw it off, and left it in the street, for any one who might choose to pick it up. Such acts of reckless prodigality are of daily occurrence. A watchmaker in Cerro de Pasco informed me that one day an Indian came to his shop to purchase a gold watch. He showed him one, observing that the price was twelve gold ounces (two hundred and four dollars), and that it would probably be too dear for him. The Cholo paid the money, and took the watch; then, after having examined it for a few minutes, he dashed it on the ground, observing that the thing was of no use to him. When the Indian miner possesses money, he never thinks of laying by a part of it, as neither he nor any of his family feel the least ambition to improve their miserable way of life. With them, drinking is the highest of all gratifications, and in the enjoyment of the present moment they lose sight of all considerations for the future. Even those Cholos who come from distant parts of the country to share in the rich harvest of the mines of Cerro de Pasco, return to their homes as poor as when they left them, and with manners and morals vastly deteriorated.'

The employers of the labourers, whether Europeans or Creoles, it would appear, are neither more amiable nor more rational. They are called *mineros*. 'The majority of the mineros are descendants of the old Spanish families, who, at an early period, became possessors of the mines, whence they derived enormous wealth, which most of them dissipated in prodigal extravagance. At the present time, only a very few of the mineros are rich enough to defray, from their own resources, the vast expense attending the operations of mining. They consequently raise the required money by loans from the capitalists of Lima, who require interest of 100 or 120 per cent., and, moreover, insist on having bars of silver at a price below standard value. To these hard conditions, together with the custom that has been forced upon the miners of paying their labourers in metal, at times when it is very abundant, may be traced the cause of the miserable system of mine-working practised in Cerro de Pasco. To liquidate his burdensome debts, the minero makes his labourers dig as much ore as possible from the mine, without any precautions being taken to guard against accidents. The money-lenders, on the other hand, have no other security for the recovery of their repayment than the promise of the minero; and a failure of the usual produce of a mine exposes them to the risk of losing the money they have advanced.

'Under these circumstances, it can scarcely be expected that the character and habits of the minero should qualify him to take a high rank in the social scale. His insatiable thirst for wealth continually prompts him to embark in new enterprises, whereby he frequently loses in one what he gains in another. After a mine has been worked without gain for a series of years, an unexpected *boya* probably occurs, and an immense quantity of silver may be extracted. But a minero retiring on the proceeds of a boya is an event of rare occurrence. A vain hope of increasing fortune prompts him to risk the certain for the uncertain; and the result frequently is, that the once prosperous minero has nothing to bequeath to his children but a mine heavily burdened with debt. The persevering ardour of persons engaged in mining is truly remarkable. Unchecked by disappointment, they pursue the career in which they have embarked. Even when ruin appears inevitable, the love of money subdues the warnings of reason, and hope conjures up, from year to year, visionary pictures of riches yet to come.

'Joined to this infatuated pursuit of the career once entered on, an inordinate passion for cards and dice

* Travels in Peru during the Years 1838—1842. By Dr J. J. Von Tschudi. Translated from the German by Thomasina Ross. London: Bogue. 1847.

contributes to ruin many of the mineros of Cerro de Pasco. In few other places are such vast sums staked at the gaming-table, for the superabundance of silver feeds that national vice of the Spaniards and their descendants. From the earliest hours of morning, cards and dice are in requisition. The mine-owner leaves his silver stores, and the shopkeeper forsakes his counter, to pass a few hours every day at the gaming-table; and card-playing is the only amusement in the best houses of the town. The mayordomos, after being engaged in the mines throughout the whole day, assemble with their comrades in the evening round the gaming-table, from which they often do not rise until six in the morning, when the bell summons them to resume their subterraneous occupation. They not unfrequently gamble away their share of a boya before any indication of one is discernible in the mine.'

The enormous prizes, however, which individuals sometimes stumble on in this great lottery, serve as a temptation which can hardly be resisted. For instance, 'the owner of the mines of San Jose requested the viceroy Castro, whose friend he was, to become godfather to his first child. The viceroy consented, but at the time fixed for the christening, some important affair of state prevented him from quitting the capital, and he sent the vice-queen to officiate as his proxy. To render honour to his illustrious guest, the owner of the San Jose mines laid down a triple row of silver bars along the whole way (and it was no very short distance) from his house to the church. Over this silver pavement the vice-queen accompanied the infant to the church, where it was baptised. On her return, her munificent host presented to her the whole of the silver road, in token of his gratitude for the honour she had conferred on him.' But the mineros were not always allowed to enjoy their wealth. 'Don Jose Salcedo, a poor Spaniard, who dwelt in Puno, was in love with a young Indian girl, whose mother promised, on condition of his marrying her daughter, that she would show him a rich silver mine. Salcedo fulfilled the condition, obtained possession of the mine, and worked it with the greatest success. The report of his wealth soon roused the envy of the Count de Lemos, then viceroy of Peru, who sought to possess himself of the mine. By his generosity and benevolence, Salcedo had become a great favourite with the Indian population, and the viceroy took advantage of this circumstance to accuse him of high treason, on the ground that he was exciting the Indians against the Spanish government. Salcedo was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Whilst he was in prison, he begged to be permitted to send to Madrid the documents relating to his trial, and to appeal to the mercy of the king. He proposed, if the viceroy would grant his request, that he would pay him the daily tribute of a bar of silver, from the time when the ship left the port of Callao with the documents, until the day of her return. When it is recollected that at that period the voyage from Callao to Spain occupied from twelve to sixteen months, some idea may be formed of the enormous wealth of Salcedo and his mine. The viceroy rejected this proposition, ordered Salcedo to be hanged, and set out for Puno to take possession of the mine.*

'But this cruel and unjust proceeding failed in the attainment of its object. As soon as Salcedo's death-doom was pronounced, his mother-in-law, accompanied by a number of relations and friends, repaired to the mine, flooded it with water, destroyed the works, and closed up the entrance so effectually, that it was impossible to trace it out. They then dispersed; but some of them, who were afterwards captured, could not be induced, either by promises or tortures, to reveal the position of the mouth of the mine, which to this day remains undiscovered. All that is known about it is, that it was situated in the neighbourhood of Cerro de Laycacota and Cananchari.'

It may appear strange that a poor Indian girl, the daughter, perhaps, of a mine-labourer, could bring such a dowry to her husband; but the following revelation will account for the circumstance, and if viewed with reference to the probable destinies of the natives which we have hinted at, will be considered of importance. 'Notwithstanding the enormous amount of wealth which the mines of Peru have already yielded, and still continue to yield, only a very small portion of the silver veins have been worked. It is a well-known fact, that the Indians are aware of the existence of many rich mines, the situation of which they will never disclose to the whites, nor to the detested mestizos. Heretofore, mining has been to them all toil and little profit, and it has bound them in chains from which they will not easily emancipate themselves. For centuries past the knowledge of some of the richest silver mines has been, with inviolable secrecy, transmitted from father to son. All endeavours to prevail on them to divulge these secrets have hitherto been fruitless. In the village of Huancayo, there lived, a few years ago, two brothers, Don Jose and Don Pedro Yriarte, two of the most eminent mineros of Peru. Having obtained certain intelligence that in the neighbouring mountains there existed some veins of pure silver, they sent a young man, their agent, to endeavour to gain further information on the subject. The agent took up his abode in the cottage of a shepherd, to whom, however, he gave not the slightest intimation of the object of his mission. After a little time, an attachment arose between the young man and the shepherd's daughter, and the girl promised to disclose to her lover the position of a very rich mine. On a certain day, when she was going out to tend her sheep, she told him to follow her at a distance, and to notice the spot where she would let fall her *manta*; by turning up the earth on that spot, she assured him he would find the mouth of a mine. The young man did as he was directed, and after digging for a little time, he discovered a mine of considerable depth, containing rich ore. Whilst busily engaged in breaking out the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who expressed himself delighted at the discovery, and offered to assist him. After they had been at work for some hours, the old Indian handed to his companion a cup of chicha, which the young man thankfully accepted. But he had no sooner tasted the liquor than he felt ill, and he soon became convinced that poison had been mixed with the beverage. He snatched up the bag containing the metal he had collected, mounted his horse, and with the utmost speed galloped off to Huancayo. There he related to Yriarte all that had occurred, described as accurately as he could the situation of the mine, and died on the following night. Active measures were immediately set on foot to trace out the mine, but without effect. The Indian and all his family had disappeared, and the mine was never discovered.'

Before closing this interesting book, we must present a view of the great mining city referred to in the above extracts. 'Having traversed the long and difficult route from the capital of Peru, by way of the wild Cordillera to the level heights of Bombon, and from thence having ascended the steep, winding acclivities of the mountain chain of Olachin, the traveller suddenly beholds in the distance a large and populous city. This is the celebrated Cerro de Pasco, famed throughout the world for its rich silver mines. It is situated in 10 degrees 48 minutes south latitude, and 76 degrees 23 minutes west longitude, and at the height of 13,673 feet above the sea level. It is built in a basin-shaped hollow, encircled by barren and precipitous rocks. Between these rocks, difficult winding roads or paths lead down to the city, which spreads out in irregular divisions, surrounded on all sides by little lagunes, or swamps. The pleasing impression created by the first view of Cerro de Pasco from the heights is very greatly modified on entering the town. Crooked, narrow, and dirty streets are bordered by rows of irregularly-built houses; and miserable Indian huts abut close against well-built dwellings, whose size and structure give a certain European cha-

* The date of Salcedo's death was May 1669.

racter to the city when viewed from a distance. Without bestowing a glance on the busy throng which circulates through the streets and squares, the varied styles of the buildings sufficiently indicate to the observer how many different classes of people have united together to found, in the tropics, and on the very confines of the perpetual snow, a city of such magnitude, and of so motley an aspect. The wild barrenness of the surrounding scenery, and the extreme cold of the rigorous climate, the remote and solitary position of the city, all denote that one common bond of union must have drawn together the diversified elements which compose the population of Cerro de Pasco. And so it really is. In this inhospitable region, where the surface of the soil produces nothing, nature has buried boundless stores of wealth in the bowels of the earth, and the silver mines of Cerro de Pasco have drawn people from all parts of the world to one point, and for one object.'

SARAH MARTIN.

In the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review'—one of the best which has appeared for some time—an article occurs on the subject of 'Prison Visiting,' interesting from the reference it makes to a case of singular and unostentatious benevolence. The history of this case, which is quite refreshing, from the quantity of good done in comparison with the little said of it by the principal party concerned, may be given as follows.

About thirty years ago, the prison of Yarmouth in Norfolk was in the most wretched condition. The prisoners spent their time in gaming, swearing, fighting, and everything else that was abominable. There was no work, no schoolmaster, no clergyman. No divine service was performed on Sunday, nor was any peculiar attention paid to that day. The whole place was filthy, confined, and unhealthy, and the inmates were infested with vermin and skin diseases. All this, it would appear, was disregarded by the town authorities, and things continued to be as bad as possible till 1819. In that year a woman was confined in the prison for having cruelly maltreated her child; and with the view of exercising a beneficial influence over the culprit, a pious female in the neighbourhood bethought herself of visiting her. The name of this excellent though obscure female was Sarah Martin. She was an orphan, resided with her widowed grandmother at Caister, and now, at twenty-eight years of age, gained a livelihood by sewing. She had received only a plain education, and was no further prepared for undertaking the office of instructor than by the experience she had acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday school.

It will seem very strange that a female with so little social influence, and entirely from the promptings of her own heart, should have thought of reforming the jail of Yarmouth; yet such was the fact. Having frequent occasion to pass the prison, she was shocked with what she heard of its condition; and animated with the hope of reclaiming the unfortunate woman above alluded to, she ventured, with the approval of her grandmother, on making her first visit. Considering the character of the place, and of the individuals confined in it, the enterprise was daring; but our heroine —and was she not a true heroine?—entertained no fears for her personal safety.

Sarah accordingly visited the cell of the unnatural mother, and spoke to her in the language of pious admonition and hope. The woman thanked her, and burst into tears; and the messenger of mercy felt confirmed in her resolutions. With this good beginning, she visited the jail at such intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily occupations. From addressing the first object of her solicitude, she proceeded to speak and read to the other prisoners. Her language was that of gentle persuasion; her manual, the New Testament. Virtue is ever respected by the most dissolute; and Sarah had the satisfaction of seeing that she was not only listened to, but obeyed. With no other power than kindness, she ruled the wild democracy with greater effect than if armed with all the terrors of the law.

Warming as she went on in her self-imposed duties, she gave up one entire working-day in the week, besides Sunday, to the prison, thus devotedly sacrificing no inconsiderable portion of her means. Having brought the prisoners into a kind of subjection, she divided them into classes, and taught them reading and writing; and afterwards, in order to keep them in useful employment, introduced work of different kinds. The capital with which she commenced these handicraft labours was no more than thirty shillings, which she had received in charitable subscriptions; but with this she procured some useful materials, such as straw for hats, and cloth for caps, and the sale of the manufactured articles kept up the stock. Through these means many female prisoners were taught to sew in the prison, and general industrious habits were created among all.

But Sarah's labours did not end here. She caused the adoption of Sunday services in the prison, and she had now the inestimable privilege, as she considered it, of being allowed to minister to the spiritual wants of the inmates on a comprehensive scale. For some time she read printed sermons, but afterwards delivered discourses of her own composition, as more directly applicable to her purpose. We are not told to what sect Sarah belonged, and are therefore unable to gratify curiosity on that important particular. As far as we have the means of judging, she was a Christian after the manner of the evangelists; nor does she appear to have harassed either herself or her hearers with doctrinal difficulties or ecclesiastical disputes. She spoke expressly to the understanding and feelings; and, like the good vicar of Wakefield in similar circumstances, described, in simple and affecting language, the superior advantages of virtue over vice, of good over bad conduct, along with the hopes of a blessed immortality enjoyed by those who follow the injunctions of the gospel. Speaking of the efficacy of these prelections, the reviewer observes:—'The cold, laboured eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorised by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of theology (as it is called) of the Fathers, or of the middle ages—sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor uneducated seamstress.' Of whom was her congregation usually composed? 'Pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steamboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into thefts; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers, transferred from a workhouse, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness.'

Thus did the self-devoted Sarah go on from year to year, heedless of worldly fame or worldly reward. In 1826 she came into the possession of a small annuity of ten or twelve pounds, by the death of her grandmother; but this did not substantially improve her circumstances, for about the same period her employment as a dressmaker declined, in consequence of her mind being so much absorbed in her prison labours. It might with some have now been a question whether to relinquish the prison teachings, or to go on with them in the

midst of poverty. Sarah never hesitated. In the notes she wrote respecting her labours, the noble passage occurs—'My mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others.'

It was impossible that such genuine philanthropy should escape attention; many individuals felt interested in Sarah's struggles, and wished to relieve her poverty. She accordingly received occasional presents of clothes, and other articles likely to render her life more comfortable; but 'whatever was sent to her, was given away to persons more destitute than herself.' Some members of the corporation now proposed to make some provision for her from the borough funds; but the design was laid aside. A similar proposal was renewed in 1841. Sarah, however, entertained serious scruples about receiving what appeared to be a money compensation for her services. 'Such scruples,' observes the reviewer, 'should have been held sacred. Corporation gratitude should have been exhibited in some way which would not have excited a feeling of self-degradation; but alas! a jail committee does not enter into questions of feeling. It was coarsely intimated to this high-souled woman, "If we permit you to visit the prison, you must submit to our terms;" and these worshipful gentlemen, who were then making use of Sarah Martin as a substitute for the schoolmaster and the chaplain, whom it was by law their bounden duty to have appointed, converted her into their salaried servant by the munificent grant of L.12 per annum!'

This remarkable woman did not long survive to enjoy corporation patronage or bounty. Her health began to fail in the winter of 1842; and after enduring the agonies of a protracted disease, she joyfully sunk to her rest on the 15th of October 1843. 'She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues!'

The notice of Sarah Martin's life has been drawn up by the reviewer from a work purporting to be memoirs written by herself; also a volume of poems, of which she was the authoress; and the Report of Inspector of Prisons for the northern district: it may therefore be presumed to be a faithful, though brief record of her meritorious works of mercy. In bringing prominently into view a biography of such practical value, the writer of the article in question has done good service to the cause of human amelioration; and we can sympathise with him when he remarks, that 'it is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind!'

If Sarah Martin, however, is to be judged by the means at her disposal, and by the unostentatious manner in which her services were performed, we should pronounce her to be deserving of a higher meed of applause than Howard, Fry, Buxton, or any other modern philanthropist. It must not be forgotten that she was never anything else than a poor needlewoman, struggling to earn her bread; and that, finally, she sacrificed even this means of subsistence to carry out her considerate schemes of charity. It is of not less importance to remember that she went to work without any preliminary parade, and continued her labours without the slightest desire for their public recognition. In this latter circumstance is disclosed the truly magnanimous mind of the heroine—there is revealed the true soul of the Christian. While the great ones of the earth were dreaming or squabbling over their respective pet doctrines, and hesitating as to the exact methods by which a crew of desperadoes were to be humanised and reclaimed, up rises an obscure and friendless female, who, without parade, or talk, or any other species of trumpeting, performs all that everybody could desire. It is, therefore, not alone as a poor woman, but as a being who worked, and set about her work at once, that she must be accorded the highest meed of posthumous fame. And how immeasurably great are her deserts compared with those of the many recipients of heaven's richest bounties, who consume life in mere speculative cravings, and who, while practising Christianity, as they imagine, are doing little more than shamming it!

FOLLIES OF THE WISE.

In poring over the works of the natural philosophers who flourished during the seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth century, it has afforded us considerable amusement to hunt up the follies and eccentricities with which these learned men alternately amused and astonished their friends and themselves. The seventeenth century was particularly prolific in such men, among whom Kircher, Scholtus, and Porta were pre-eminent. They esteemed it perfectly congruous to unite mathematics with magic; natural philosophy with feats of juggling and trickings of the senses; and it may be doubted whether, in several instances, science was not pursued more for its marvels, than for the substantial benefits it was calculated to confer. The substance was prized only for its shadow! The learned of that day thus became the wonder-working magicians, who, with an enthusiasm worthy of a nobler end, delighted a select circle of friends and fellow-philosophers with the illusions which the present age happily consigns to the itinerant conjuror, for the delectation of juvenile parties. The truth is, philosophy was in its childhood: it had not yet learned to put away childish things. Few subjects present us with a more striking illustration of the immaturity of science, than the manifest tendency to the marvellous which formed the distinguishing feature of the philosophic character of that epoch. The curious bits of clock-work, the phantasmagoric apparatus, the ceaseless attempts at 'perpetual motion,' and the sundry other contrivances, the history of which has come down to us, are melancholy trophies of its misdirected energies. They were toys which advancing years were to cast aside; and the sketches about to be given, are offered simply to remind us of what were the immediate precedents of the brighter light we are now privileged to enjoy.

The learned Jesuit Kircher has been mentioned as among the most eminent of these philosophers. From his voluminous writings, and from a huge folio volume descriptive of his museum, may be collected some of the devices with which he succeeded in surprising and terrifying his acquaintance. His museum was, in fact, a kind of polytechnic in miniature, only it contained things and mechanisms of which our polytechnist is entirely ignorant. Among his automatic instruments was one which he appears to have greatly delighted in: it was a kind of turreted castle. Down the towers a couple of brass balls were wont to be rolled, and, surprising to say, in some mysterious manner they reappeared at the summit again. The same apparatus then exhibited a scene representing a large number of female heads in succession, each displaying a different mode of *coiffure*. While the spectators were wondering when this marvellous development of female ingenuity would have an end, suddenly a gate would burst open, and reveal a dismal cave, in which a horrid monster,

bound with a massive chain, lay bellowing, and vainly endeavouring to tear from his throat the glittering serpent which had coiled itself around him. A hissing dragon and savage-looking witch made tremendous grimaces at one another from out of little windows in the opposite sides of the cave; after which fearful performances, the chest closed itself up. The philosopher would then further amuse his visitors by a representation of Jonah swallowed up by the whale: this, we are informed, he succeeded in effecting by constructing a small figure of the prophet, having a magnet concealed in one leg, and putting a more powerful one in the interior of the figure of the great fish. Things were all ready for the swallowing up of the prophet, and he and the fish were sent to swim in a basin of water, and presently, before the eyes of the wondering visitors, poor Jonah would disappear in a twinkling down the fish's throat!

Kircher appears also to have laboured hard to compass the realisation of the fable concerning the iron coffin of Mahomet; but in vain: he has, however, left us a receipt for making a bird which should be suspended in the air; but it is to be feared it is rather an exercise of his imagination than an actual possibility. He certainly invented those curious toys now sold by every philosophical instrument-maker, known as the 'bottle imps,' consisting of a long glass cylinder full of water, and having little figures of glass inside, which can be made to rise and fall by pressure upon the bladder which covers the vessel. Among the other remarkables of his museum were little ships which set out from port, performed a miniature voyage, tacked, and returned to harbour again; with divers other hydraulic toys, motions, and mechanisms, in which the child-philosopher took a profound delight. Kircher, however, demands an expression of gratitude from every one who in his boyhood has been intoxicated with the mysterious charms of the magic lantern. It was invented by him about the middle of the seventeenth century, and became a formidable addition to the supernatural capabilities of this already marvel-doing man. His optical illusions were really of a high order; and there may be reason to doubt whether some of them were not used for a less legitimate purpose than the playful amusement of his friends. He contrived an apparatus for the production of aërial figures; and on one occasion he represented the ascension of our Saviour, in a manner so life-like, as to strike all who beheld it with awe; and they could not be dissuaded from the belief that it was real, until they attempted to grasp the figure. Another of his marvels was to put his friends into a darkened room, and suddenly to cast a blaze of light upon the wall, in the midst of which would be seen the mysterious word, 'Beware!'

Italy, the nurse of the fine arts, at that period teemed with similar collections of curiosities. The palaces of her nobility were incomplete without them. The villa of the Cardinal Aldobrandini was a second fairyland, possessing beauties natural, artistic, and magical, in no common degree. In a grotto in the garden the cardinal had constructed all manner of curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and automatic birds: the birds sang and chirped, the organs discoursed most eloquent music, and the rocks moved, and melted into fountains of water. To these were added several other pageants and scenes, in which thunder and lightning, and wind and rain, were miraculously represented. In a word, one who visited it with intense delight says, 'You could scarcely stir a step without being wetted through;' which was a very favourite practical joke of the seventeenth century. In one of the rooms of this villa was a copper ball, which was for ever suspended in the air, about a yard from the ground, to the great wonderment of the spectator. Beneath it was a hole, through which rushed a strong blast of air, which buoyed up the copper ball upon its bosom. At the Borghese palace the visitor was shown a chair, in which he was politely requested to seat himself; and instantly upon doing so, he found himself tightly embraced by the springing up of the arms, other pieces starting forwards and pinioning his legs, so that he could not release himself until some one came to his assistance. Winstanley, in our own country, had invented a precisely similar captivator. In the same palace was a statue of a satyr, which mimicked the human voice, and rolled its eyes and head 'in a manner very terrible to behold.' The museum of Settala at Milan was widely celebrated during the same epoch for divers kinds of marvel-exciting things, in which objects of natural history took an inferior rank to some of the ridiculous automatic ingenuities of the day.

Before returning to our own country, let us spend a few moments with J. Baptist Porta, the follies of whom it were unjust to omit from a place in our catalogue. If ever man deserved the name of wizard, that man was Porta. His work on natural magic, well-known to most persons, is an extraordinary instance of the prostitution of an acute and penetrating genius to the mere purpose of exciting popular wonder. He appears to have been the inventor of the camera-obscura; at anyrate he made use of a device in which its principle was involved: he thus, by constructing figures of wood, &c. and placing them in a chamber strongly illuminated, filled the side of the apartment in which his friends were with spectres, battle-scenes, and hunting representations; and he accompanied them, by collusive agency, with all the life of a real scene: horns were heard, men and horses dashed across the field, the sun shone, the very clouds moved onwards, and the branches of the trees bent before the passing wind. Everything in Porta's house partook of a magical character. The drinking vessels were most mysterious: if a person ventured to raise one of these dreadful glasses to his lips, suddenly a shower of the liquid would burst upon his face, and drench his clothes. Another wonderful glass would yield its contents to the thirst of none but of him who knew the secret of its construction. 'When his friends drank wine out of the same cup which he used, they were mortified with wonder; for he drank wine, and they only water! Or when, on a summer's day, all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room, or on a sudden let off a flying dragon, to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back! so that it required strong nerves, in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour.' In another apartment, an air-drawn dagger would seem to strike at one's heart; or one's limbs would be seen to be distorted, swollen, or contracted, or multiplied. Moreover, Porta knew the secret of making a man believe himself to be a bird—none other than a goose!—and attempt to fly; or a fish, and attempt to swim; which was by dosing him with a certain medicine. He could also make a man drunk or sober at his pleasure. When these varied attainments are reflected on, it will not be surprising that his visitors were almost exclusively his philosophic contemporaries, whose moral courage was equal to the contemplation of his supernaturalities.

Winstanley, the unfortunate architect of the Eddystone lighthouse, was Porta's representative in England. In the admirable work of Smeaton upon that structure, some particulars are mentioned which refer to the strange taste of his predecessor in the work for nicknackeries. Winstanley had a house at Littlebury in Essex, which in many respects resembled that of Porta in Italy. A slipper, lying carelessly on the floor, if kicked aside, would suddenly give birth to a ghastly phantom, which would start up to scare the intruder. His arm-chair was, if possible, even a more alarming piece of furniture. 'If you sat down,' writes Smeaton, 'in a certain arbour by the side of a canal, you were forthwith sent out afloat into the middle of the canal, from whence it was impossible to escape until the manager drew it back again.' It is stated that he subsequently formed a public exhibition at the west end of London of some curious water-works, mentioned in the

'Tatler' for September 1709, the admission to which was one shilling. The exhibition appears to have consisted of curious *jets d'eaux* principally. Unhappily his talent for whimsicalities proved at length fatal to him, as there is no doubt that the fancifulness of the Eddystone lighthouse, built by him, was mainly conducive to its destruction.

The celebrated Sir Samuel Morland was another of the virtuosi of the same epoch. The Lord-Keeper Guilford once dined with this philosopher, and spent a pleasant day in the midst of all sorts of wonders. Sir Samuel was then resident at Vauxhall, and had been at a great expense in filling his house with ingenious contrivances. At the dinner in question, a large fountain was made to play in the room, and the drinking-glasses each stood under little streams of water. The windows, doors, hinges, and chimneys were all the contrivance of the philosopher, and were of course all of them out of the common way. His museum must have been worth looking at, for gossip Evelyn, who went to see everything, has a note, 'I went to see Sir Samuel Morland's inventions and machines, arithmetical wheels, quenchfires, and new harp.' A wonderful contrivance of his was his clock-work cooking apparatus, which, he says, with some dismay, cost him thirty pounds! It contained a fireplace and grate, and would broil a cutlet, or make a stew, or roast an egg to a nicety. He carried this surprising mechanism with him when he travelled; and at inns, we are informed, he was his own cook!

These examples may suffice for our purpose. Let it not be imagined that in the age in which these wonder-raising things and men flourished, the marvels were regarded, as now, as mere efforts of philosophy in her playful moods: far from it. There is abundant evidence to show that they occupied a far too high and important station in the minds of philosophers. When, therefore, the daybreak advanced, they fell to the subordinate position, and assumed the more trivial character which properly appertains to them. This is the line, then, which is to be drawn between the 'follies of the wise' of that day, and the amusements of the wise since that time. To both, however, we owe much instructive and delightful recreation, and, in several instances, the first idea of implements and apparatus which are now applied to purposes the most useful and important.

THE SLAVE SYSTEM OF ENGLAND.

England has, professedly, no slaves; but, as we lately attempted to show,* she has a system of slavery nevertheless, in consequence of some peculiarities in her arrangements regarding pauperism. A member of the humbler classes no sooner begins to exist, than he becomes a subject of very grave consideration to his superiors—where and upon whom is he to be chargeable on the failure of employment? Chargeability is the English slave system. The poor man cannot go where he lists in search of employment—he may become chargeable. He cannot take a good place which may be offered to him, for he cannot get a residence, lest he become chargeable. Houses are pulled down over the ears of honest working-men, and decent poor people are driven from Dan to Beersheba, lest they should become chargeable. There is something infinitely distressing in the whole basis of this idea—that an English peasant must needs be regarded from his first breath, and all through life, as a possible pauper. But the positive hardships arising from the idea are what we have at present to deal with.

These are delineated in a happy collection of facts, lately brought forward by Mr Chadwick at a meeting of the Farmers' Club in London. It appears that the company assembled, who, from their circumstances, were all qualified to judge of the truth of the facts and the soundness of the conclusions, gave a general assent to what was said by the learned Poor-Law secretary.

* Article, 'Serfdom,' No. 170.

Unfortunately, we can only give a few passages from this very remarkable speech.

Mr Chadwick first referred to the operation of the existing law upon *unsettled* labouring men. 'The lower districts of Reading were severely visited with fever during the last year, which called attention to the sanitary condition of the labouring population. I was requested to visit it. Whilst making inquiries upon the subject, I learned that some of the worst-conditioned places were occupied by agricultural labourers. Many of them, it appeared, walked four, six, seven, and even eight miles, in wet and snow, to and from their places of work, after twelve hours' work on the farm. Why, however, were agricultural labourers in these fever-nests of a town? I was informed, in answer, that they were driven in there by the pulling down of cottages, to avoid parochial settlements and contributions to their maintenance in the event of destitution. Amongst a group, taken as an example there, in a wretched place consisting of three rooms, ten feet long, lived Stephen Turner, a wife, and three children. He walked to and from his place of work about seven miles daily, expending two hours and a-half in walking before he got to his productive work on the farm. His wages are 10s. a-week, out of which he pays 2s. for his wretched tenement. If he were resident on the farm, the two and a-half hours of daily labour spent in walking might be expended in productive work; his labour would be worth, according to his own account, and I believe to a farmer's acknowledgment, 2s. 6d. per week more. For a rent of L.5, 5s., such as he now pays, he would be entitled to a good cottage with a garden; and his wife and children being near, would be available for the farm labour. So far as I could learn, there are between one hundred and two hundred agricultural labourers living in the borough of Reading, and the numbers are increasing. The last week brought to my notice a fact illustrative of the present unjust state of things, so far as regards the labourer. A man belonging to Maple-Durham lived in Reading; walked about four miles per day to his work, the same back, frequently getting wet; took fever, and continued ill some time, assisted by the Reading union in his illness; recovered, and could have returned to his former employment of 10s. per week, but found he was incapable of walking the distance; the consequence was, he took work that only enabled him to earn 5s. per week; he is now again unable to work. Even in Lincolnshire, where the agriculture is of a high order, and the wages of the labourer consequently not of the lowest, similar displacements have been made, to the prejudice of the farmer as well as the labourer, and, as will be seen, of the owner himself. Near Gainsborough, Lincoln, and Louth, the labourers walk even longer distances than near Reading. I am informed of instances where they walk as far as six miles; that is, twelve miles daily, or seventy-two miles weekly, to and from their places of work. Let us consider the bare economy, the mere waste of labour, and what a state of agricultural management is indicated by the fact that such a waste can have taken place. Fifteen miles a-day is the regular march of infantry soldiers, with two rest days—one on Monday, and one on Thursday; twenty-four miles is a forced march. The man who expends eight miles per diem, or forty-eight miles per week, expends to the value of at least two days' hard labour per week, or one hundred in the year, uselessly, that might be expended usefully and remuneratively in production. How different is it in manufactories, and in some of the mines, or at least in the best-managed and most successful of them! In some mines as much as L.2000 and L.3000 is paid for new machinery to benefit the labourers, and save them the labour of ascending and descending by ladders. In many manufactories they have hoists to raise them and their loads from lower to upper rooms, to save them the labour of toiling up stairs, to economise their strength for piece-work to mutual advantage. It is not in county and borough towns only that this unwholesome over-crowding is going on. I am informed

that from the like cause the evil of over-crowding is going on in the ill-conditioned villages of open parishes. It is admitted, and made manifest in extensive evidence given before a committee of the House of Lords by practical farmers, that when an agricultural labourer applies for work, the first question put to him is not what has been his experience, what can he do, but to what parish does he belong. If he do not belong to the parish of the occupier, the reply is usually an expression of regret that he can only employ the labourer of his own parish. To the extent to which the farmer is directly liable to the payment of rates, by the displacement of a settled parish labourer, he is liable to a penalty for the employment of any other labourer who is not of the parish. To the same extent is he liable to a penalty if he do not employ a parish labourer who is worthless, though a superior labourer may be got by going further a-field, to whom he would give better wages. This labourer who would go further is thus driven back upon his parish; that is to say, imposed, and at the same time made dependent upon, the two or three, or several farmers, by whom the parish is occupied. He then says, "If this or that farmer will not employ me, one of them must; if none of them will, the parish must keep me, and the parish pay is as good as any." Labour well or ill, he will commonly get little more, and it is a matter of indifference to him: it is found to be, in all its essential conditions, labour without hope—slave labour; and he is rendered unworthy of his hire. On the other hand, in what condition does the law place the employer? It imposes upon him the whole mass of labourers of a narrow district, of whatsoever sort, without reference to his wants or his capital. He says, "I do not want the men at this time, or these men are not suitable to me; they will not do the work I want; but if I must have them, or pay for keeping them in idleness if I do not employ them, why, then, I can only give them such wages as their labour is worth to me, and that is little." Hence wages are inevitably reduced. What must be the effect upon the manufacturer if he were placed in the same position as tenant farmers are in the smaller parishes in the southern counties, if he were restricted to the employment only of the labourers in the parish? If, before he engaged a smith, a carpenter, or a mason, he were compelled to inquire, "To what parish do you belong?" Why, that the 24s. a-week labour would fall to 12s. or 10s., or the price of agricultural labour. Agriculturists from northern districts, who work their farms with 12s. and 15s. a-week free labour, have declined the temptation of low rents, to take farms in parishes where the wages are 7s. or 8s. a-week. Whilst inspecting a farm in one of these pauperised districts, an able agriculturist could not help noticing the slow drawling motions of one of the labourers there, and said, "My man, you do not sweat at that work." "Why, no, master," was the reply; "seven shillings a-week isn't sweating wages." The evidence I have cited indicates the circumstances which prevent the adoption of piece-work, and which, moreover, restrict the introduction of machinery into agricultural operations, which, strange though it may appear to many, is greatly to the injury of the working-classes; for wherever agricultural labour is free, and machinery has been introduced, there more and higher-paid labour is required, and labourers are enabled to go on and earn good wages by work with machines long after their strength has failed them for working by hand. In free districts, and with high cultivation by free and skilled labour, I can adduce instances of skilled agricultural labourers paid as highly as artisans. I could adduce an instance, bordering upon Essex, where the owner, working it with common parish labour at 1s. 6d. a-day, could not make it pay; and an able farmer now works it with free labour at 2s. 6d., 3s., and 3s. 6d., and even more, per day, for task-work, and, there is reason to believe, makes it pay well. A farmer, who died not long ago immensely wealthy, was wont to say that "he could not live upon poor 2s. a-day labour; he could not make his money upon less than half-crowners." The freedom of labour, not only in the northern counties, but in some places near the slave-labour districts of the southern counties, is already attended with higher wages—at the rate of 12s., 14s., and 15s. weekly. In such counties as Berks and Bedford, the freedom of the labour market, when it came into full operation, could not raise wages less than 2s. a-week; and 2s. a-week would, in those counties, represent a sum of productive expenditure and increased produce equal to the whole amount of unproductive expenditure on the poor-rates.'

It forcibly occurs to us, that of all the absurd social arrangements which still deform our civilisation, this of parochial settlement, attended as it is by such effects, is the most absurd. One can hardly believe that those who reared and now support such a system can be rational creatures. Strangest of all, while such horrible evils have been depressing the rural peasantry, the talkers and writers of our age have been looking in a totally different quarter for objects of philanthropic enthusiasm. The manufacturing operatives, who have twice the wages, with hoists to save them even the labour of going up and down stairs, have been the themes of bitter deploration, as if their condition were a foul plague-spot upon the country, while the peasantry have been supposed to exemplify something like the golden age, or the peace and comfort of Arcadia. Only now are facts beginning to dispel this monstrous delusion.

STRAY NOTES IN ZOOLOGY.

The following anecdote, told by Mr Featherstonhaugh in his 'Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor,' places the pig at a respectable elevation in the scale of discriminating intelligence:—'As we approached a farm on the American side of the St Clair river, belonging to the captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation. The pigs belonging to the farm came squealing down to the water-side, a thing which the persons at the farm assured me they never did when other steamers passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs, by stating that the swill of his steamer was always preserved for them, and that, on reaching the landing-place, it was immediately put on shore to feed them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learned to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer; and as they could do this at the distance of half a mile, they immediately, upon hearing it, hastened down to the river, whilst the noise made by the other steamers was disregarded.' This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by an appeal to their appetites, and a conclusive proof that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them.

Every one is aware of the ferocious contests which often take place among the higher animals during the season of love and gallantry; but few, we believe, will be prepared to find the same feeling raging as fiercely among the cold-blooded denizens of the waters, though the poet has long ago given his word for it, 'that even an oyster may be crossed in love.' Such, however, is the case, if we may credit the subjoined paragraph from the 'Elgin Courier:'—'While several cutter-men (of the Preventive Service) were on their rounds the other day, and bearing along the Findhorn, between Glenferness and Dulcie Bridge, they observed an unusual commotion among the spawning beds of the ford. On approaching the spot, two large male salmon were seen engaged in mortal combat for the possession of a female. Never did chivalric knights contest for the hand of "ladye fair" more fiercely than those buirdly lords of the flood. The tranquil bosom of the stream was lashed into foam by the struggles of the finny antagonists; in the meantime the object of the fray was beating silently about, "spectatress of the fight." From the appearance of the stream—dyed with blood, and gradually assuming its former smooth surface—it was evident that the contest was over. One of the salmon at last flounders on the surface—dead; and the victor, it may be conjectured, exhaustedly bore off his prize. The men,

who had the curiosity to watch the fight, as a proof of their story, conveyed the dead salmon to the nearest dwelling. The victor had torn off the flesh along the back, from head to tail, to the very bone. In the movement of salmon-spawning, the males have often been seen chasing each other; but such a fray as this has not been witnessed by the oldest fisher or poacher on the Findhorn.'

Mr Gardner, in his recently-published 'Travels in Brazil,' furnishes some additional information respecting the habits and character of the electric eel:—'In the Rio de Palma,' says he, 'as in all the rivers within the province of Goyaz, the *Gymnotus electricus* is exceedingly common. They are of all sizes, from a foot to six feet in length, and are frequently caught on the lines which are set for fishes; they are sometimes eaten, but not generally, although their flesh is said to be very good. Horses as well as men, by coming in contact with them in the water, are not unfrequently thrown down by the shock which they impart: they are called by the inhabitants *Treme-treme*. In rainy weather, those who fish in these rivers often receive a shock, which is communicated along the moisture upon the rod and line when one of them happens to seize the hook. I saw one in a state of captivity, about six feet long, which was so tame, that it would allow any one to put his hand upon it, and even slide for its whole length through the fingers; but if irritated in the smallest degree, by pinching it a little, it instantly communicated a smart shock.'

The same authority confirms the early accounts respecting the size and prodigious swallowing capacity of the boa-constrictor—accounts which certain naturalists, whose researches never extended beyond the galleries of a museum, are in the habit of treating with ridicule and unbelief. 'The boa,' says he, 'is not uncommon throughout the whole province of Goyaz, particularly by the wooded margins of lakes, marshes, and streams. Sometimes they attain the enormous length of forty feet: the largest I ever saw was at this place, but it was not alive. Some weeks before our arrival at Sapé, the favourite riding-horse of Senhor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazienda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueiros, in going through a wood by the side of a small river, saw an enormous boa suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water: it was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood; and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse, in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it, the bones of the head being uninjured. From these circumstances, it was concluded that the boa had devoured the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattlesnake, about four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs, one of which swelled out its sides to nearly twice the thickness of the other parts. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses, swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that, previously to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter which it has the power of secreting in its mouth.'

Much has been said and written both for and against the ingenuity and imitative faculties of monkeys—these accounts, however, generally referring to the animals in a state of domestication and training. We have little recorded of their natural state beyond their chattering frolicsomeness, their shyness, their affection for their young, or their occasionally pelting some obtrusive traveller with rotten twigs or palm-nuts from the branches overhead. The following extract from the same traveller not only adds to our knowledge on this score, but exhibits the monkey tribe as capable of employing implements, if we may so speak, for the attainment of a certain end:—'The moist and marshy campos produce various kinds of palm-trees, which bear large clusters of small nuts, greatly resembling miniature cocoa-nuts. When ripe, these are covered externally with a fibrous oily substance, which has a sweetish taste, and constitutes the favourite food of the little ring-tailed monkeys, which are no less fond of the internal part of the nut, which contains a kernel similar to that of the cocoa. In several parts of the interior, I had been told that, to get at this kernel, the shell being too hard to break with their teeth, the monkeys carry the nuts to a rocky place, and there break them with a stone; and I even met with persons who assured me that they had watched them in such places, and actually seen them engaged in this operation. This account I always considered to be fabulous till I arrived at Sapé. In an excursion we made over the Serra, where it is composed of nearly bare, rugged limestone peaks, in several almost inaccessible places, we came upon large heaps of the broken shells of nuts, generally on a bare open part of the rock, and along with them a number of roundish pieces of stone, larger than the fist, which had evidently been employed in breaking the shells. These, Senhor Lagoeira told me, were the places resorted to by the monkeys for the purpose of breaking the nuts collected in the low grounds; and that, in his shooting excursions over the mountains, he has frequently seen them take flight on his approach. That they both can, and really do, make use of a stone in order to break that which is too hard for their teeth, I have frequently witnessed in a little pet monkey that accompanied me on my journey. I obtained it in Piauhy, and it was the only one of the many tame animals I carried with me that reached Rio de Janeiro alive: it was a female of the species we are now speaking of, and ultimately became very gentle. Jerry was the favourite with all, and indeed in all respects fared like ourselves: it became so fond of tea, which it drank every morning and evening, that it would not go to sleep without its usual allowance. Its favourite food was farinha, boiled rice, and bananas; but scarcely anything came amiss to it. A raw egg was a choice morsel, and on being given to it, it broke one end by gently knocking it on the floor, and completed the hole by picking off the broken bits of shell, and putting in the point of its long slender finger; throwing back its head, and holding the egg erect between its two hands, it soon contrived to suck out the whole contents. Whenever anything was given to it that was too hard to break with its teeth, it always looked about for a stone, which it would hold in both its hands, and rising erect on its legs, would let it fall, leaping backwards at the same time, to avoid any injury to its toes.'

Wits and essayists are in the habit of setting up the penguin as their standard of awkwardness and stupid indifference: how far they are justifiable in doing so, let the reader of the following extract from Dr Von Tschudi's 'Travels in Peru' determine:—'A species of penguin, called by the Peruvians *Paxaro Nino*, or the Child Bird, is easily tamed, becomes very social, and follows its master like a dog. It is amusing to see it waddling along with its plump body and short legs, and keeping itself in equilibrium by moving its floating wings. I had one completely tame, which I bought from an Indian. It was named Pope, and readily answered to the name. When I was at my meals, he regularly placed himself beside my chair, and at night he slept under my bed. When he wished to bathe, he went into the kitchen, and beat with his bill on an earthen pan until somebody threw water over him, or brought him a vessel full of water for a bath.'

We are occasionally assailed by the anonymous abuse of parlour naturalists for repeating what certain travellers have written respecting the dimensions and habits of the so-called bird-catching spiders of South America: what do such authorities say to the recent testimony of Dr Von Tschudi? 'At Quibe,' he says, 'I saw a bird-catching spider (*mygale*) of extraordinary large size. The back-part of the body alone measured two inches! Being at some distance, I supposed it to be one of the rodent animals, and I fired at it. To my mortification I discovered my mistake when too late, for the specimen was completely destroyed by the shot, and was useless for my collection. The Indians assured me that on the margin of the stream which flowed near the plantation, many larger individuals were to be found; but I never saw another of such remarkable size as the one I inadvertently destroyed.'

The vampire, or blood-sucking bats, which were also so long regarded as fabulous, are thus spoken of by the same recent authority:—'Not less troublesome are the leaf-nosed bats (*phyllostoma*), which attack both man and beast. This bat rubs up the skin of his victim, from which he sucks the blood. The domestic animals suffer greatly from the nocturnal attacks of these creatures, and many are destroyed

by the exhaustion consequent on the repeated blood sucking. The blood drawn by the bat itself does not exceed a few ounces; but if, when satisfied, it drops down to the ground, or flies away, the wound continues to bleed for a long time, and in the morning the animal is often found in a very weak condition, and covered with blood. One of my mules, on which a leaf-nosed bat made a nightly attack, was only saved by having his back rubbed with an ointment made of spirits of camphor, soap, and petroleum. The blood-suckers have such an aversion to the smell of this ointment, that on its application they ceased to approach the mule. These bats are very mischievous in the plantations of the forests, where beasts of burden and horned cattle are exposed to their attacks. Whether they venture to assail man, has been a much-disputed question. Several travellers declare they do not. I may, however, mention a case which occurred within my own knowledge. A bat fastened on the nose of an Indian lying intoxicated in a plantation, and sucked so much blood, that it was unable to fly away. The slight wound was followed by such severe inflammation and swelling, that the features of the Cholo were not recognisable.' This account is confirmed by Mr Gardner, the Brazilian traveller, who believes that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of the animals is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue.

THE BUTCHERS OF PARIS.

Previous to the Revolution, the butchers of Paris were subjected to a number of vexatious rules, which have since been considerably modified. A great improvement was effected in 1810. By a decree of Napoleon in that year, all private slaughter-houses were abolished, and in their stead five public *abattoirs*, under strict regulations, were established: and thus, thirty-seven years ago, Bonaparte effected for Paris what till this day our legislature has not had the intelligence or the fortitude to accomplish for London or any other city.

To the emperor also is owing the institution of a general market for the sale of meat; but it is not much prized, and the more respectable butchers keep shops throughout the city and environs. The number of Parisian butchers is limited to five hundred. There were but three hundred and ten in 1822. Thirty of the whole number, designated by the prefect of police, and of whom ten are selected from the least influential of their class, nominate a syndic and six associates. The syndic, two associates, and one-third of the electors, are renewed annually by lot. A butcher cannot establish himself at Paris without the permission of the prefect of police, granted by the advice of the syndics and associates; and a guarantee of three thousand francs is moreover required from a candidate. Numerous ordinances of police regulate the relations of the butchers with the public, prevent the sale of unwholesome meat, and prescribe the measures to be taken for the proper management of the market stalls.

The traffic in beasts for the provisioning of Paris can only take place at the markets of Sceaux and Poissy, the Marché aux Vaches Grasses, and the Halle aux Veaux. The Bank of Poissy, instituted in 1811, pays ready money to the drovers and country cattle merchants for all the purchases made. It is under the surveillance of the prefect of the Seine, and its funds are composed of the guarantee deposits made by the butchers, and sums accruing from an open credit account managed by the said prefect.

Many of the more wealthy butchers are addicted to the unlawful commerce called *vente à la cheville* (literally, sale by the piece). They purchase entire animals, and sell the meat in detail to their less fortunate colleagues. As this species of traffic is considered to be injurious to the levying of duties at the barriers on live animals which enter the city, it is made illegal, and therefore many poor families suffer. A general council of the department of the Seine prayed for a relaxation of the protective duties in 1838 and 1839. A petition of the butchers to the same effect was forwarded in 1840 to the ministers of commerce and finance; but the legislature would not comply, to the lively satisfaction of the country graziers, and the great displeasure of the consumers.

The butchers for a long time fostered a race of gigantic dogs, which, harnessed to little carts, dragged the meat from the abattoirs to the shops. Since this species of equipage has been proscribed, they have substituted serviceable steeds, and hence we find so many butchers among the cavalry of the National Guard. Their guard days are days of feasting and indulgence. After an ample breakfast, they pass the day in drinking punch, in gambling, and in noisy conversation, consisting of little else than the terms of the game they play.

One fine day, in the summer of 1824, a butcher returning from Poissy in his cart observed before him one of the court carriages, containing her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berry. He was a liberal, no very zealous partisan of the royal family, and thought it would be a glorious thing to outrun, with his good dapple-gray, the six horses of the princely equipage. He starts at a gallop, distances her highness, suffers her to resume the advantage, commences a new contest, and is again the victor; and repeats this exploit many times with the same success. The next day, the duchess having sent to him with a polite demand to inquire whether he would sell his horse, he replied with haughtiness, 'I can feed my horses as well as madame: my circumstances allow it.' This could be considered only a piece of gratuitous insolence, for no doubt the duchess reasonably concluded that the man had been showing off his horse in the hope of disposing of it to her. The truth is, the Parisian butchers are a coarse, unmannerly set of people, the descendants of a generally cruel and reckless portion of the community. The stall-men and shopkeeping butchers are usually superior, in point of polish, to the slaughtermen; still, even of them not much good can be said.

On the Thursday which precedes *Jeudi gras*, or fat Thursday, oxen of colossal size are led to the market of Poissy; and the fattest, ornamented with streamers, exposed for sale in the middle of the market-place, is soon surrounded by a circle of bidders, who dispute the honour of his possession. It is not the desire of gain which animates them; it is rather the love of glory, the ambition of being mentioned in the journals, the honour of sending a sirloin to the king of the French, and of occupying, though but for a day, the first rank among their colleagues. The biddings go on with spirit and eagerness, and mount up with reckless extravagance and rapidity: the victory hangs for a moment undecided, and the fear of ruin barely restrains the eager candidates.

The victor consigns his purchase to the abattoir, whence the animal starts in procession precisely at nine o'clock on the morning of the following Sunday. A document headed '*L'Ordre et la Marche du Bœuf gras*,' circulated through Paris, has aroused the population of the city, which is everywhere concentrated upon the route of the monstrous beast.

A troop of drummers and musicians, and the butcher proprietor of the beast, head the procession; the latter mounted on the best horse he can procure. These are followed by a party of the municipal guard, and then come files of butchers' workmen on horseback, and masked, knights with paper helmets, Turks glittering with spangles, firemen with glazed hats, mock military, charcoal-men, lightermen; in a word, all the odd and grotesque figures of the city. In the midst of the cavalcade walks the huge ox, in full dress, escorted by a swarm of savages in tight flesh-coloured suits, brandishing enormous clubs of coloured paper, with monstrous sham beards, and their heads bristling with feathers, such as travellers and poets depict the human biped in his unsophisticated state. Behind comes an ornamental car of wood and canvas, conducted by old Time, and containing Venus, Mercury, Hercules, and a little curly-headed boy, who takes the title of Love. This brilliant

assembly perambulates the town on Sunday, and on the following Tuesday (*Mardi gras*) pays its homage to the king and to the ministers, by whom a handsome donation is annually made, after which the procession returns to the abattoir. Then, alas! the animal-god, despoiled of his rich and splendid accoutrements, is ruthlessly immolated by those very devotees who but a moment before seemed ready to sacrifice to his honour.

The expense of this ceremony was formerly borne by the butchers, who dedicated the sums they received from the public and their patrons to the desirable consummation of a ball and a banquet. But now the directors of the abattoirs receive everything, even the sums given by the king and the ministers, and defray all expenses. To them is due the invention of the mythological car. Such is one of the annual festivals—or, we might more properly say, follies—of the Parisian populace.

HONG-KONG.

Hong-Kong, our recently-acquired possession in China, is one of the largest islands near the mouth of the Canton river. Its length from east to west is about eight miles, and its greatest breadth not more than six. Its outline is extremely irregular, here jutting out into abrupt promontories, and there receding into narrow creeks or bays, which often reduce its breadth to little more than three miles. Imagine, then, an island considerably longer than it is broad, perfectly mountainous, and sloping in a rugged manner to the water's edge, having here and there deep ravines almost at equal distances along the coast, which extend from the tops of the mountains down to the sea, deepening and widening in their course. There are immense blocks of granite in these ravines, which have either been bared by the rapid currents of water in its descent during the rain, or which have tumbled from the mountain-sides at some former period. The water in these ravines is abundant and excellent; hence the poetical name which the Chinese have given the island, Hong-Kong, or, more properly, Heang-Keang—'The Island of Fragrant Streams.' There is very little flat ground on the island capable of being brought under cultivation; indeed the only tract of any extent is the 'Wangnai-Chung,' or, as the English call it, 'The Happy Valley,' about two miles east from the town; and even that is not more than twenty or thirty acres in extent. There are several small plots of ground near the bottom of the hills, and some few terraced patches among them, but the whole is of a very trifling extent. From this description, it will be seen that our settlement of Hong-Kong is entirely dependent on the dominion of his Celestial majesty for supplies, which he of course can cut off when he pleases.—*Fortune's Wanderings in China.*

THE LATE MR TOPPING OF THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

We have received rather an interesting note, from one of the family, on the subject of the humorous anecdotes of Mr Topping we gave in No. 165, from the 'Law Review.' It seems that Mrs Topping, to whom he addressed such irritable letters every day, was 'enthusiastic and imaginative, and warmly attached to him, so that her replies (*daily also*), full of sympathy, fanned the flame, if there was any cause for irritation.' The following lines, addressed by Mr Topping to his wife, will be read as the evidence of a warm and kindly heart:—

'ON RECEIVING A PURSE FROM MY DEAR MARGARET.

Thy much-loved gift I'll freely take,
And wear it for the donor's sake:
If gold increase, this magic charm
Will all its baneful power disarm.
Of wealth, of friendship, *love*, possessed,
His lot in life is surely blessed,
Who thus with pious truth can own
His grateful heart is thine alone.'

A CONSOLATORY PRECEDENT.

All degrees of nations begin with living in pigsties. The king or the priest first gets out of them, then the noble, then the pauper, in proportion as each class becomes more and more opulent. Better tastes arise from better circumstances, and the luxury of one period is the wretchedness and poverty of another.—*The late Sidney Smith.*

THE PORTRAIT.

OH SHE WAS FAIR! This is enough—and much:
For these are magic words, where lies a spell
That utters more than eloquence can tell;
And by its power, with many a fairy touch,
The limner Memory on the heart doth fling
Those traits of beauty, that in other years
Long past, seemed born for ever there to cling,
Now dim with time, or blotted out with tears;
And youthful fancy, that hath ne'er been lit
By woman's smile, hath a dim consciousness
Of beauty near, like shadowy dreams that flit
Around our haunted slumbers, from above,
Mute and mysterious; and idolatrous love
Falls down and worships in his wilfulness
The form himself hath on the altar set.

Her hair, what colour? In most artful thrall
Confined a coronet wreath its graceful flow?
Or showered it, streaming o'er her breast of snow,
Love's net, to catch men's willing hearts withal?
Enough—'twas beautiful! And straight each heart
Beholds a portrait of its own, than art
Could paint more lovely and more glowing, where
Tresses confined or flowing, black or fair,
Orbs bright or melting, dark or heavenly blue,
Cheeks softly pale, or of 'love's proper hue,'
Are all unlike, although when gazing there,
Each seems divine adoring eyes declare,
And the soul's echo sighs—Oh she was fair!

L. R.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

To know one's-self, one would think, would be no very difficult lesson; for who, you will say, can be truly ignorant of himself and the true disposition of his own heart? If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a stranger to what passes there; he must be conscious of his own thoughts; he must remember his past pursuits, and the true springs and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life: he may hang out false colours and deceive the world, but how can a man deceive himself? That a man can, is evident, because he daily does so. Though man is the only creature endowed with reflection, and consequently qualified to know the most of himself, yet so it happens that he generally knows the least. Of all the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons whom we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life. Most of us are aware of, and pretend to detest, the barefaced instances of that hypocrisy by which men deceive others; but few of us are upon our guard, or see that more fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and overreach our own hearts.—*Manuscript Sermons.*

TEA-DRINKING IN CHILOE.

The mode of drinking tea, as practised by the ladies of Chiloe, in South America, is at once unique and original. Their favourite beverage, according to Dr Von Tschudi, is *maté*, or Paraguay tea, of which they partake at all hours of the day. The mode of preparing and drinking it is as follows:—A portion of the herb is put into a sort of cup made from a gourd, and boiling water is poured over it. The mistress of the house then takes a reed or pipe, to one end of which a strainer is affixed, and putting it into the decoction, she sucks up a mouthful of the liquid. She then hands the apparatus to the person next her, who partakes of it in the same manner, and so it goes round. The mistress of the house and all her guests suck the aromatic liquid through the same pipe or *bombilla.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 177. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1847. Price 1½d.

FIRESIDE MYTHS.

Amongst simple popular tales, there are many which are met with in application to more places than one. I shall endeavour to recall the class by a few examples.

Visit almost any first-rate Gothic church of the middle ages, and you are sure to be regaled with a story of an apprentice who built an extraordinary pillar. The master architect wished to make one pillar of surpassing beauty. He travelled to obtain ideas for the purpose. Meanwhile the apprentice, out of his own genius, executed the pillar, which the master no sooner saw on his return, than he fell upon the ambitious youth and killed him. The story must be true, for see, there is in one corner the rueful face of the slain lad with a gash on the brow; and there, in another, is his mother weeping for him! Among many places where this story is localised, is Roslin chapel, a singularly beautiful though small specimen of the florid Gothic, near Edinburgh.

In a lonely vale lies a beautiful lake of almost unknown depth. Such a lake is that of Wensley Dale in Yorkshire, which, however, the country people believe to have once been only a small mountain rill called Simmer-water. In those days there stood upon the banks of the rivulet a great city. One day a wayfarer, barely clothed, hungry, and penniless, but yet of noble and engaging aspect, came thither soliciting alms and shelter. He sought in vain, and then turned eastward down the vale. Now, fast without the bounds of the city there lived an aged couple, too poor and mean to be allowed to take up their residence within the precincts of this proud and inhospitable town. Into their dwelling the stranger betook himself, and ere he had told his tale of wo, they placed before him the best their house afforded —namely, a little bowl of milk, some cheese, and an oaten cake. Having satisfied his hunger, he bestowed upon them his blessing both in basket and in store. Beneath their roof was his dormitory for the night. On the morrow he repeated his benison, which was attended with the effect of making his hosts increase from that day in worldly wealth. Being then ready to depart, he turned his face to the west, and uttered this malediction—

'Simmer-water rise, Simmer-water sink,
And swallow all the town but this little house,
Where they gave me bread and cheese, and *summat* to drink.'

Immediately the earth made a hissing noise, the stream overflowed its bounds, and the city was buried in a deep flood. If you are incredulous of the tale, take a boat and sail over the lake on a calm day, and you will see (with some little assistance from those having faith) the tops of the houses and spires of the churches, which still stand after a lapse of more than a thousand years. Lough Neagh in Ulster is a similar example of a pool that has submerged a city; and this a well-known poet alludes to—

'On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.'

The lake of Grand-Lieu, in Brittany, is another of these ravenous waters, and is supposed to disgorge to this day fragments of carved wood, the relics of a city submerged in the first centuries of our era.*

The popular account of the building of Stonehenge is a capital example of these fireside tales. To quote a local reporter:—'The prophet Merlin, desirous of having a parcel of stones which grew in an odd sort of form in a back-yard belonging to an old woman in Ireland, transported thence to Salisbury Plain, employed the devil upon the work, who, the night after, dressing himself like a gentleman, and taking a large bag of money in his hand, presented himself before the good woman as she was sitting at her table, and acquainted her of the purchase he was come to make; the fiend at the same time pouring out his money on the board before her, and offering her as much for the stones as she could reckon while he should be taking them away. The money was all in odd sorts of coins—such as fourpenny-halfpenny pieces, ninepenny pieces, thirteenpenny-halfpenny pieces, and the like—but nevertheless

* The Zuyder Zee in Holland, in like manner, stagnates over the city of Stavoren, drowned in consequence of the impiety of a female merchant. This lady, expecting the arrival of precious merchandise, was so much disappointed on receiving instead merely a cargo of corn, that in her rage she commanded it to be thrown overboard into the harbour. In vain the starving poor supplicated a portion—bag after bag, the grain sunk into the bitter waters: and the same night the sea rose over the city, which disappeared for ever. The site of its harbour, however, is still designated by long reedy grass (for corn, it may be supposed, degenerates in salt water) waving above the surface, and the name it retains to this day of Frauen's Sand, or the Lady's Bank.

The lake of Laach, near the Rhine, occupies a cavity resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. The water is disagreeable to the taste, of a blue colour, and deadly cold, though it never freezes; and in consequence of some ancient malediction—if we are to believe tradition against the testimony of our senses—no bird can fly over its surface and live. The key to the story is a pit on the eastern bank, which exhales carbonic acid gas in considerable quantities.

Sometimes, however, instead of lakes being formed, existing waters disappear. A plain between Heidelberg and Darmstadt, dotted with small hills, which rise up like islands, and surrounded by the steep sides of the mountains, which look as if they were intended to form a breastwork against the waves, was formerly, it seems, the bed of a lake. A necromancer, who had kept the country in terror, was seized by the prince and hung up in the air in an iron cage, so as to render his charms unavailing: in which predicament he proposed, by way of ransom, to dry up the lake, and convert the spot into a fertile plain. The terms were accepted; and hence the sandy flat near Darmstadt, where the waters disappeared, and the celebrated whirlpool at Bingen, called Bingerloch, where they rose up again to mingle with the current of the Rhine.

the devil's proposals seemed so very advantageous, that, notwithstanding the difficulty there would be in reckoning the money, the old woman could not avoid complying with it, as she imagined the removal of the stones by a single man would be a work of almost infinite time, and that she should be able to tell as much money while it should be about as would make her as rich as a princess. But the bargain was no sooner made, and she had no sooner laid her fingers on a four-penny-halfpenny coin, than the devil, with an audible voice, cried out, "Hold!" and "The stones are gone!" The old woman, disregarding what he said, however, peeped out into her back-yard, and, to her great amazement, it was even so as Satan had spoken; for the common deceiver of mankind in an instant took down the stones, bound them up in a withe, and conveyed them to Salisbury Plain. But just before he got to Mount Ambre the withe slackened, and as he was crossing the river Avon at Bulford, one of the stones dropped down into the water, where it lies to this very hour; the rest were immediately reared up on the spot of ground destined by Merlin for them: and the devil, pleased with the accomplishment of his work, declared, upon fixing the last stone, that nobody should be ever able to tell how the fabric, or any of the parts of which it is composed, came there. A friar, who had lain all night concealed near the building, hearing the devil's declaration, replied to it by saying, "That is more than thee canst tell;" which put Satan into such a passion, that he snatched up a pillar and hurled it at the friar, with an intention to bruise him to dirt; but he running for his life, the stone in its fall only reached his heel, and struck him on it; the mark of which appears in that pillar even unto this day, and is called *The Friar's Heel.*'*

There are similar stories to this regarding the building of many other great structures. In Scotland, Dumbarton Castle was reared by a witch, who compelled the devil to bring the stones to her from Ireland: he dropped one by the way, and behold it in the Firth of Clyde to this day, in the goodly form of Ailsa Craig! Most old buildings of magnitude in our northern land are ascribed to a people called the Pechts, 'of stature short, but genius bright,' as Burns says of Captain Grose, and who handed forward the stones from one to another between the quarry and the masonry. In Ireland, such structures are believed to have been the work of certain wandering masons of gigantic stature, called the Gobhans. Perhaps the Cyclops of the Greeks were to them what the Pechts are to the Scotch and the Gobhans to the Irish. There is also in Scotland a very peculiar class of stories about old buildings. When the situation of the edifice is at all peculiar, as in a bog, we are sure to hear that it was first designed to be somewhere else; but, as the walls rose, everything that was done during the day was by supernatural agency undone at night, till at length a voice gave directions for the structure being commenced in another place—which order being obeyed, there was no longer any difficulty. I have had occasion to trace this story in Lanarkshire, Fifeshire, Forfarshire, and even in places still more remote from one another.

Till very lately, these fireside prattlings were disregarded; but now it is seen that there are principles in them reflecting some light upon great investigations. They take their place among those myths to which learned writers have latterly directed no small degree of attention.† A myth may be described as a history of a person or thing which has not originated in facts, but in suggestions which the person or thing was calculated to awaken in unenlightened minds. Thus, such a mind contemplating a lake which fills a valley, and seeing other valleys occupied by hamlets and towns, imagines that this vale may have been once occupied by towns also. From dreaming this to setting it forth as a fact, is but a step. A natural tendency to exaggeration makes the town a large one—a city, with towers and spires. A reason for its submersion is easily imagined: persons in humble life having a tendency to believe themselves exclusive possessors of the virtues, nothing is more natural than to suppose the event to have been owing to the selfish wickedness of these proud citizens. Behold furbished forth a myth! So also as to the Prentice's Pillar. It had been a whimsical practice of the mediæval architects to have one column excessively decorated. In after-times, the same disposition to attribute great qualities where they are least to be expected, suggested that this was the work of an apprentice. The killing of the youth is but a naturally supposable result of such an insult to the master. Against this reading of the tale, it is no obstruction that perhaps, in such late instances as Roslin, where the prentice and his mother are sculptured, the pillar was owing to the already existing legend. Stonehenge, in like manner, suggests the fictitious account of its structure. A stray boulder in the bed of the Avon lends corroboration, if it did not help to the making of the story. As to old buildings in general, their origin is beyond the ken of the common people; seeing how much they exceed the powers of the thin population now living at the spot, the idea of a different aboriginal people as their constructors unavoidably arises. And so a tale of Pechts, Gobhans, or Cyclops takes its ground. Even an unexpected situation for a building is obviously qualified to start some similar supposition as to its cause, and thus to raise a legend on the subject.

All natural objects of a singular nature have their explanations from the popular imagination before they fall under the regard of science. The scattered Celts of the northern glens, seeing one or two of those recesses marked with broad flat terraces, which stretch for miles along the hill-sides—a grand and mysterious-looking object—speedily have it settled amongst themselves that those terraces were roads made for hunting by their early hero Fingal, himself a mythic personage. It required a careful examination from minds instructed in such knowledge, to ascertain that they were the margins of a lake which had sunk through a succession of levels, according as its boundaries were reduced.* Even to the present day, the Celt is by no means overpleased to abandon his own dream for this conclusion. The channel of Sapey brook in Herefordshire consists of a long stripe of old red sandstone, enclosed between high banks, and along the surface of the stone are a series of marks, resembling the footsteps of a horse and colt, and those of a person walking on pattens. There can be no doubt with geologists that these are the traces of fossils or concretions which formerly existed in the surface of the rock; but very different from this is the account given of them by the common people thereabouts. By a process the most intelligible imaginable, they have got up a story of a St Catherine, who lived at Burton, having had a horse and foal stolen from her by a girl wearing a pair of pattens, by whom the two animals were conducted along the channel of the brook for concealment. Discovering the loss of her property, the saint prayed that the feet of the thief, the horse, and colt, might leave indelible marks wherever they went. Accordingly, the rock in the channel of the brook became impressed with the three sets of footsteps.

* A Description of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. Pp. 3-5. Salisbury, 1809.

† See Müller's Introduction to a Scientific System of Mythology. Translated from the German by John Leitch. London: 1844. Also Grote's History of Greece, vol. 1.

* This was the conclusion at which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder arrived in an excellent paper on the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The ingenious Mr Darwin, so distinguished by his South American Travels, has since obtained a temporary predominance for a theory which represents the terraces as produced by the sea, in the course of an uprise of the land from that element. The present writer is now satisfied, from personal examination of the country, that the latter idea is untenable, and that incontrovertible evidence exists for establishing the explanation of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Of this evidence an able view has lately been brought before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mr David Milne, advocate.

Here the process of the fabrication of the story is palpable, and the girl and her act, as well as the two animals concerned, are merely ideas excited by the appearances, since transformed, in perfect good faith, into a history.

The truth is, that *might be* unavoidably leads to *is* or *was*. Let any appearance be presented to us in a striking manner, and it speedily becomes alive with the vagrant notions of our brains, first set forth perhaps as fancies, but soon petrified into realities. Cumberland tells us in his 'Lives of the Spanish Painters,' of a beautiful Virgin Mary painted by a distinguished artist upon the ceiling of a church. The Catholic believes that the Virgin performs miracles to this hour. He also knows that a painting on a ceiling has to be done by the artist lying on his back, in somewhat dangerous circumstances, upon a scaffold. Accordingly, it is not wonderful that visitors to the church are told of a wonderful deliverance for which the painter was indebted to the creature of his pencil. He had nearly completed his work; he was surveying it in mute and pious rapture; totally forgetting himself, he slipped from his proper place, and was about to be dashed on the floor below, when the Virgin put out her arm and upheld him! It is a simple result of a law of the mind with regard to the circumstances, that this story should have been conceived, and told, and believed.

Most superstitions and mythologies have probably had no other source than in the suggestions of actual circumstances and events. It has been remarked that the Greeks of Asia Minor, seeing the sun set in glory upon the mountains beyond the sea to the west, might very naturally conceive the idea of an Olympus which was the residence of the gods. Ætna and its subterraneous noises were equally calculated to engender the idea of Vulcan and his occupations. Müller has pointed out how, among those divine-minded Greeks, abstractions were continually being crystallised into persons. Not long since, an author endeavoured, in a very plausible manner, to show how, among heathen nations, the sea-stratified sand, found at great elevations in so many places, was quite sufficient to suggest the notion of a universal flood, which is found almost everywhere prevalent amongst them. The fairies are a wide-spread superstition; but can anything be more natural than to suppose a kind of ideal forms, more beautiful than those of common mortals, pursuing an obscure nocturnal existence, and occasionally traversing the course of human destiny? We only do not know the real history of these things, because the transition from the *possible* to the *actual* is performed so quickly in the popular mind, and at so early a period in its growth, as to escape enlightened observation. Even the gross superstition of witchcraft is only an idea of the malignity which occasionally besets the human heart, made tangible, and carried out into its contemplated effects. Simple man loves the kind greetings and the parting good wishes of his friends: he attaches consequence to these things, as if they could have an influence over his fortunes. It is equally natural for him to dread evil wishes and denunciations. Hence his horror of misanthropic old women—hence witchcraft. Some superstitious stories, which are told in many places with little variation besides that of persons, may be traced to the same metaphysical origin. There is one which represents a young man as selling his soul to Satan, for the sake of some too-much desired object—as learning, or a mistress, or gold—and being afterwards with difficulty saved by means of a pious clergyman, who tricks the enemy out of his pledge. Who can fail to see here the mere *supposable* creating the actual? Another represents a hare wounded by a shot in passing across a field. The animal mysteriously disappears; but that forenoon, a noted Sycorax of the neighbourhood is obliged to send for a surgeon to heal a broken limb. This story is told everywhere in our country, with slightly varying circumstances. It is of course only a supposition converted into reality.

In the records of heraldry might be found many examples of such reflective creations. From the Scottish genealogist, we have the family of Lesly originating in a person who,

> 'Between the *less lee* and the mair,
> Slew the knight, and left him there;'

and that of Douglas, from a dark-gray man [*dhu glas* being Gaelic for dark-gray]; the simple fact being, that both names arose in the usual manner from the places where the first man of the family lived. 'A singular mistake,' says Mr Lower, in his *Curiosities of Heraldry*, 'prevails among the vulgar respecting the bloody hand borne in the arms of baronets. I have been very seriously and *confidentially* told that murders had been committed by the ancestors of such and such families, and that the descendants were compelled to bear this dreadful emblem in consequence. According to the same sapient authorities, it can only be got rid of by the bearer's submitting, either in his own person, or by proxy, *to pass seven years in a cave, without either speaking or cutting his nails and beard for that length of time!* The intelligent reader need not be informed that this supposed badge of infamy is really a mark of honour, derived from the province of Ulster in Ireland, the defence and colonisation of which was the specious plea upon which the order of baronets was created by James I.' This is a particularly valuable example, as it shows us the popular fancy working out its tale in a definite time, and that by no means of great extent.

It is humbly conceived that there may be some profit from such an examination of the mental processes by which fireside myths are produced. It may be to many a first lesson in the important business of truth-seeking. The world is yet full of actualised abstractions handed down from infant mankind. They form a portion of every history, and of almost every philosophical system. Nor does there pass a day even now, which does not witness the process of fabricating history, biography, and common anecdote, out of the suggestions connected with the respective subjects. It is well to be put on our guard against such things, for they are the very thorns and brambles which beset the path of truth. I contemplate, however, a superior advantage in merely leading the minds of my readers to follow a line of inquiry by which error may be detected. Every thought we give to an earnest effort for the discrimination of truth and delusion, must carry with it an increase to the power of the mind, as well as some improvement to its conscientiousness. I therefore hope that, even in this slight paper, there may be the elements of a mental discipline which will advance not a few in the scale of thinking beings.

CONSTANCY.

'There is a tale of old St Monan's harp, that when the pilgrim minstrel was no more, it uttered but one sound whoever touched it; however gay, however glad or lightsome, was the tune that any other finger tried to play, a long, long sigh was all the sound that came.'

'What an exquisite idea! How beautiful—how full of poetical feeling!' exclaimed Elizabeth Monro, as, closing her book with a responsive sigh, she leant back in her easy-chair, and surrendered herself to the fancies awakened by these words. Her mother, who had been silently working at the other side of the fireplace while Elizabeth read, now looked up, smiling at the mournful cadence with which the little sentence had been uttered; but her smile faded into seriousness as she met the abstracted look of her young daughter, and recognised the workings of a too vivid and romantic imagination in her varying cheek and dreamy eyes. Happily she was aware those symptoms resulted from imagination alone; and though the anxious expression lingered on her countenance, it lent no gravity to her tone as she answered, 'I should say, most fanciful, most poetical, or even beautiful, if you will; but, dearest Elizabeth,

in what consists its mournful truth, or where are we to find its parallel?'

With half indignant eagerness Elizabeth raised herself from her indolent position, and impetuously exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma! how can you ask? Surely its echo is found in every loving, constant heart?'

Mrs Monro's smile returned as she asked, 'The echo of what, Elizabeth?—of the long, long sigh? Alas for the loving, constant heart, were that to be its only occupation and reward!'

But it was with a still more earnest look Elizabeth replied to her mother's half-bantering tone and words. 'Mamma, I do think there is something mournful in the idea of constancy: does not its very existence imply somewhat of delay and disappointment, and hope deferred—a strain upon the heart till hope is over, and then a grief incurable, irremediable, till life itself is past?'

The tears that shaded Elizabeth's soft eyes bespoke her full conviction of the truth of this description, and checked the smile that still was lingering on her mother's lip. For a moment Mrs Monro paused, and then with gentle seriousness she answered—'Not so, my child; not such is the meaning that I would attach to constancy. Oh how differently the word strikes upon my ear, upon my heart! You look upon it as a sentiment; you confine it to one passion; you make it the handmaid of weak hearts, paralysing even their puny strength; while I regard it as a principle existing in noble minds; prompting to noble deeds; imparting fortitude, endurance, perseverance, instead of passively supporting a morbid state of feeling, or encouraging an obstinate resistance to circumstances—an opposition to the judgment of wiser and more experienced heads.'

As Mrs Monro spoke, her eyes involuntarily rested on an old portrait which hung upon the opposite wall, and following the look, with an arch smile Elizabeth exclaimed, 'If there be truth in tradition, we have at least no example of constancy there!'

Her mother turned on her a look of pained inquiry as she asked, 'Elizabeth, where did you learn that? I was just going to select the original of that portrait as affording beyond all, or any I had ever known, the best exemplification of my opinion; the best proof that even in the quiet circle of domestic life, the constant heart may become a refuge of strength, not only for its own support, but for the happiness of all within its sphere. Look attentively for a moment at that countenance, and tell me—even had you never been acquainted with her it represents, never heard or known aught of her life or character—what would be the impression those features would convey?'

With a deprecating gesture, as if the study were indeed superfluous, Elizabeth rose in obedience to her mother's wish, and perused more closely those lineaments, so well known and well beloved. It was the portrait of a lady, matronly, but not advanced in life; an air of serene thoughtfulness seemed to add more years than time had reckoned, and gave intelligence and decision to features cast in nature's gentlest and most feminine mould. Elizabeth looked long and thoughtfully at that sweet face; and even after she had returned to her seat, still fascinated, bent her gaze upon it, until a question from her mother reminded her that she had not given the desired opinion yet. Starting, she hurriedly exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma! who could read aught but truth and honour on that clear, expressive brow; or detect one fickle wavering line in the whole of that earnest face? And yet——' She paused, apparently unwilling to qualify her testimony, but gave her mother an appealing look, as if she too must be aware that something in the experience or history of that individual contradicted the fair promise pictured there.

Mrs Monro took up the unfinished sentence. 'And yet—you have possibly heard, that, fickle and untrue to her earliest attachment, she wedded another for the sake of house and lands, while he that loved her first was far away, winning in other lands the gold which was to have made her his. I knew that, long ago, some such story had been spoken, but hardly thought it could have survived its little day, outlived her blameless, admirable life, to find at last a resting-place in the bosom of one of her descendants.' She paused abruptly, while Elizabeth, surprised and grieved at this unusual reproof, hastened, with words full of gentleness and affection, to apologise for her involuntary fault.

Conquering her momentary emotion, Mrs Monro more calmly continued—'You remember that dear parent, Elizabeth, and with a memory full of reverence and love; of that I am convinced, even though you thus lightly spoke. But had you known her as I did—had you been honoured with her confidence—had you been of an age to appreciate her rare and noble heart before that heart was stilled—you would not wonder that it was with a feeling akin to some sudden bodily pain I saw her memory wronged by a child of mine—of hers. And now, to remove that impression for ever, listen to me. I need not, perhaps, tell you of her earliest years, how she lost her mother before she knew her, and was brought up entirely beneath a father's eye. I do believe he must have been such a father as those harsher times rarely exhibited, for he sacrificed ambition, and every former predilection, to devote himself to his little helpless child. Descended from an ancient family, and the last of his line, and hitherto most desirous of an heir, he resisted every temptation to a second marriage, fearing to place a stepmother over his darling, and reconciled himself to the disappointment of not having a son, by feeling that there was no child in Christendom for whom he would exchange his daughter. Thus he loved her, while she, unacquainted with any other experience, accepted his deep affection as the usual expression of parental love, and imagined that every child in the world was as fortunate as herself. Thus in happy ignorance she passed through her nursery, her school-room days; their period abridged by her lonely father's anxiety to have her seated beside him in his library, while he directed even her childish studies himself.

'One day he was unusually grave, and answered her remarks and questions absently, while now and then he would lay down his book, and re-peruse a letter which lay beside him on the table, each time apparently less satisfied with the contents. At last he said abruptly, "Cicely, I expect a visitor to-day. Your cousin, Georgy Hume, is very ill, and is coming here for change of air."

'Cicely's heart bounded with joy at the thought of that unknown luxury—a young companion; but the next moment checked its gladness with the recollection of his being ill; and, full of sympathy, she inquired the circumstances from her father. Drawing her towards him, in grave and half-reluctant tones he proceeded to inform her that Georgy was not only ill, but very unhappy too, and that it was as much for his mind's health as for that of his body that he was sent to those who would take care of him and love him well.

'Cicely's glistening eyes had promised for her; but she quickly inquired, "What makes Georgy unhappy?" And looking up in her father's face, she added very softly, "Has he lost his own papa?"

'The eyes she was gazing at became clouded with emotion, and even a tear fell upon her cheek with the kiss that was imprinted there at once; but the answer was very different from the one she apprehended, "Oh no, my child; but he has got a new mamma!"

"A new mamma!" interrupted the little girl. "Oh, papa, is not that a happy thing? Why did you never get me a new mamma?"

'It was now the father's turn to speak impetuously; and, surprised out of his self-possession, he replied, 'Because I loved you too dearly, my own heart's treasure. Nothing was ever to supply your place to me, or mine to you. Georgy's new mamma has been unkind, and his heart, they say, is breaking; and if he was not sent away, he would soon be in his grave."

'This little scene has been described to me by her

who never afterwards forgot it. It was her first introduction to the evils and sorrows of actual life; but if it opened a view down that gloomy vista, it also lighted up the past with a glow such as she had never felt before. With somewhat of awe, and a mysterious chill, she awaited the arrival of this young stranger, so early initiated into grief; and as she soothed, and comforted, and wound herself into the recesses of his heart, she learned from the artless detail of all he had suffered, to appreciate her own more favoured lot, and all the self-denying affection her own dear parent had shown. With years and acquaintance with the world, this knowledge deepened, while closer and closer she was drawn to that earliest love that had smoothed her life-long path; and it became the constant purpose of her heart to return it devotedly, and to consider no sacrifice too great, could it insure the happiness of him who had only thought of hers.

'The trial came, deeper and sooner than perhaps she had expected; but, true to her resolve, she endured it with steadfast heart. Georgy had outlived his childish griefs, or found, whenever they returned, that loving friends and a happy home still remained in the haven that had sheltered him at first. No wonder that each succeeding year increased the attraction of these friends, and that at last he became conscious there was no happiness where they were not. Alas for poor Georgy! his lot was differently cast. A relative in India had written to his father offering honourable occupation and emolument to his son if he came out; and, engrossed by the interests and advancement of his second family—influenced perhaps also by his wife, who retained all her early unkindness—Georgy's father insisted that the offer should be accepted. Family ties were easily broken; but there was one sad, sad parting, though for a time young sanguine hearts had hope that there need have been no parting at all; but when older ones were consulted, arrangements were found incompatible; and sorrowfully but determinedly Cicely relinquished a desire that for the first time brought a furrow on her father's loving brow.

'I hasten over all those scenes—indeed to me they never were enlarged on; but looking at that countenance, so gentle, yet so steadfast, we well may imagine how her constancy was tried when she thus unmurmuringly sacrificed an attachment that had grown with her growth, and had woven itself from childhood into a heart such as hers. But more was yet to come. Years passed away—long, sweet, tranquil years, cheered by filial love, and perhaps by some lingering distant hope—when, in one of those commercial revolutions which from time to time have occurred in this country, involving many who seemed to have no direct connection with such events, it was discovered that Cicely's father had long before become security for a mercantile friend, a circumstance almost forgotten until his ruin brought each past transaction to light.

'Slowly it dawned upon him and on her. In fortune and prospects both were irretrievably ruined. The memories, the hopes of years, in one hour were obliterated as things that had never been: that old demesne, those trees, those walls; each revered, each familiar object all to pass away, to become the property of a stranger, and the place that had borne their name to know them no more. So much for the past; but the future—oh, how to meet that, how even contemplate the obscurity that had suddenly settled on their lives! Their sun had gone down at noon, and in the midst of life's enjoyments they were surrounded by a darkness that could be felt.

'And now shone out the constant heart. At a meeting of pitying friends, who thought at first that something might be saved, one inconsiderately remarked, "Ah, if this girl had been a son, they couldn't touch a foot of your property! What a pity you never thought of marrying again!" He to whom the speech was addressed had not time to check its thoughtless utterance, but he opened his arms to the drooping flower that sought shelter in his bosom, as again he reiterated the declaration of his earlier life—"No son could be so precious as this daughter is to me—dearer than houses or lands, or even a time-honoured name: while she is spared, I heed them not, nor feel the blow but for her sake."

'The drooping head was raised, the bright eyes glistened, no longer tearful and sorrowing, but full of holy confidence and joy. She was all in all to her father; she filled the place of every hope, every regret; she sufficed his entire heart, and life could have no dearer reward. Then with cheerful spirit she turned again to the future, and examined her own powers, to discover in what manner she best could alleviate the privations which must be expected, without forfeiting the independence of character so precious to them both.

'They left their beloved home, and took possession of a humble dwelling. We may well believe that wounded pride found no place or entrance there; and if Cicely *was* sometimes pained when, with the forgetfulness of advancing years, her father would ask for some once essential comfort, she almost found a balm in the placid tone of resignation with which, remembering himself, he would say, "Ah, that was left in our old home!"

'I said that she examined her own powers: that was not the age of accomplishments; but the fewer that possessed them, the more valuable they became, and Cicely was endowed with a talent for drawing, which even now may be enjoyed by only a gifted few. She had often for amusement, or prompted by affection, taken likenesses of her friends; they had been greatly admired and prized by those who had been thus favoured; and she determined now to test the sincerity of those encomiums, and, by increased diligence and cultivation, to deserve still higher approval. She consulted and placed herself under the tuition of a distinguished artist, who had already made a name and a fortune; and he, with the generosity and noble feeling of true genius, entered warmly into her plans, afforded her his instructions, promoted and enjoyed her success, and would receive, as his only fee and reward, the privilege of transmitting her features to his canvas, as you see them represented there. For many a year he regarded that portrait as the brightest ornament of his collection; and when, in an honoured old age, he still lived to survive her, he sent this valued relic to her children, as the most precious memorial they could receive.

'It is said that ill news flies fast; and even in those days of cumbrous travelling, the tidings of their ill fortune had reached the absent Georgy in a time that seemed incredibly short, at least to those that heard from him so quickly in return. But it was to Cicely he chiefly wrote, a letter glowing with affection and generous hope, asking her to come at once and share with him the fortune he was making. Years must pass away before he could leave his employment to return; but return he yet would, and restore her to her father; or if—and this was written less confidently—her father would encounter a change of climate for the sake of witnessing their mutual happiness, what could he say, but that he would welcome him as a son, and the old man should find that he had two children with one heart.

'None can tell how Cicely felt on reading that letter: that it opened a door for happiness and short-lived hope, we well may believe. I know that she consulted the physician who had always attended her father as to the consequences of his removal to that climate; but his answer was unhesitatingly given, "It would shorten his days." Again the constant heart faltered not; but in a letter full of beauty and calm affection, she transmitted her decision to her cousin, and extinguished his long-cherished hope for ever. A few more months brought the tidings of his having made another choice; and thus ended that mutual dream.'

An involuntary exclamation from Elizabeth for a moment interrupted Mrs Monro; and then it was in a more hurried tone she resumed—'I was the child of

that union, and when it became necessary to remove me to a European climate, the love and the home that had fostered my father's earlier years again welcomed and sheltered me. But I am anticipating by many, many years. It was with a soft and tranquil smile Cicely acquainted her father with this marriage; he seemed to think it quite a natural circumstance, and no more was ever said. Already she had attained distinction in her favourite pursuit, and with her moderate wishes, the profits it realised left her almost without a pecuniary care: thus diligent, successful, useful, and beloved, could she, even amidst these reverses, have been otherwise than happy? Oh yes, that speaking countenance always reassures me; and whenever I gaze upon it, I delight in reminding myself that at this very period of her life it was drawn.

'But another change awaited her: in time her father's health and spirits began to fail—those treasures for which she had lived and sacrificed so much; his native air and scenery were prescribed for him; and though almost wondering how, under such altered circumstances, those scenes could do him good, she submitted the proposal to his decision, and he pronounced in favour of it at once. She had commissioned a friend to seek out a quiet cottage in their old neighbourhood, when she was one day surprised by a letter from the individual who had become the proprietor of their former home. He was a very distant relation, who had purchased it partly for the name; and though they knew him not, he now addressed them in language full of delicacy and respect, saying that he was going to travel for some time, and hearing they were seeking a temporary residence in the neighbourhood, ventured to ask them, would they honour him by occupying his house while he was away?

'Cicely looked at her father: again she wondered how he would decide; but he thought his days were numbered; and though he spoke it not to her, his heart swelled with pleasure at the prospect of ending them within those old familiar walls. The offer was accepted, frankly, cordially, even as it had been made. What more need I say? Mr Monro did not travel, at least for a while; when he did, it was only to take a little tour, with Cicely as his bride, and then return with her to cheer her father through many a happy year in his old ancestral home.

'And now, Elizabeth, will you allow that constancy and happiness are not incompatible, and that it is a virtue not to be monopolised by one exclusive sentiment?'

'Oh yes, mamma: thank you for your little story. Much as I loved dear grandmamma, I never loved her half so well as now: forgive me, sweet picture, for my heedless words. But, mamma, though I admit you have given an example of constancy under trial—constancy to a principle of mingled duty and affection—do you think that if dear grandmamma had really loved her Georgy—you know, mamma, he was your own papa—had she truly loved him as you seemed to imply, even though she might have acted as nobly in sacrificing her own wishes, could she ever have been as content and happy as she was—as full of life and animation as even I remember her—as full of serenity and peace as she there looks down upon us now? Oh, mamma! give up that point: she loved him no longer; she was inconstant to Georgy: she had learned to forget him, and he troubled not her joy.'

There was a long pause of silence, during which Elizabeth somewhat repented of her remark, for she saw that her mother's downcast eyes had filled with tears; and when she raised them to answer her again, sad, and low, and broken was the tone in which she spoke. 'Long years had passed away, and blooming children were clustering about her, when I, a pale, puny, motherless little girl, was received amidst the group. Their noisy play was hushed, and we stood a charmed circle round her, when she, recalling old memories, told of the far-off day when a similar scene was acted in that very room; and then intreated each young, loving heart to welcome me, even as she had done that lonely stranger then.

'Other years swept on, and that stranger once more returned, enfeebled by climate, and bowed with illness, to die where he had been once restored to life. Kind and true as ever was the welcome he received, gentle the eyes that watched beside his closing day; but before that solemn hour came, he had the joy, which I can well believe was unspeakable, of seeing his child united to the son of her he truly loved.

'And she—her life prolonged to see her children's children; the true wife; the warm friend; the tender mother, guiding and gladdening all, with a countenance so bright in age, none could think a youthful sorrow ever dimmed it—she, too, at length was about to be gathered to her fathers: parents, husband, even a loved child, were in that ancient tomb before her. And yet, Elizabeth, what was her last earthly wish? "When I am dead, lay me beneath the shadowing elms in Norton churchyard, close beside the grave of Georgy Hume!"'

A PEEP AT THE TARTARS.

THERE is a book before us, which we wish somebody would take the trouble of working up into half-a-dozen books.* As it is, the value of its materials is lost from their being so densely packed. You can no more read it continuously throughout, than you can read a dictionary: at least if you do, you find, as in the case of a dictionary, that one word knocks another out of your head—one scene blending with what goes before, as in a series of dissolving views, till you have only a vague feeling of amusement or delight, without being able to recall specialities more distinctly than if all had been the phantasmagoria of a dream. The breathless haste of the travellers adds to the confusion of the reader. He is not permitted to lay down the volume for a moment to meditate on some beautiful picture, or some interesting group, while the artist is refreshing after his fatigue; but hey! presto! off he is whirled on the instant, to encounter other striking pictures, and other interesting groups. Even the costume of the fair author—for Xavier Hommaire de Hell writes ride and tie with his lady—serves still further to confound the mind, by presenting to us the picture of an amazon from the saloons of Paris scouring post haste, in male attire, through the steppes of the Tartarian desert.

But this book, while reminding one irresistibly of a kaleidoscope, is not all form, glitter, and colour. It contains much that is really valuable, and conveys a very distinct idea of the tribes that inhabit the country on the west of the Caspian and the north of the Euxine. The historical sketches that intervene here and there—the production, we presume, of the male pen—enable the reader to enjoy more completely the vivid descriptions of the lady; and, taking it as a whole, the volume wants only a little more quietness and expansion, to be one of the best of the kind we have met with for a considerable time.

It may be imagined that it is no easy matter to choose a specimen from such prodigious variety; but we were so much struck with the alleged progress of the Tartars in *refinement*, that we persuade ourselves our readers will be glad to hear something on the subject. One is surprised to be told of the *salons* of Astrakhan! but in these salons there are now European manners and fashions that transport the visitor to the Chaussée d'Antin. The Parisian novels of the

* Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, the Crimea, the Caucasus, &c. By Xavier Hommaire de Hell. With Additions from various Sources. London: Chapman and Hall. 1847.

day are read with as much avidity, and criticised with as much acuteness, on the shores of the Caspian, as on the banks of the Seine; and the names of Lamartine, Balzac, Dumas, Eugène Sue, George Sand, &c. are even as household words on the frontiers of the Kalmucks. This, however, it will be seen, applies only to the Russians of the higher classes, who read and speak French from one end of the empire to the other, and whose ladies are frequently well-informed and intelligent women. But from Astrakhan our travellers proceeded, with all the rest of the polite world, *in a steamboat*, to visit a Kalmuck prince; and here we obtain a view of the Tartars at home, which presents something more extraordinary.

'The little island belonging to Prince Tumene stands alone in the middle of the river. From a distance, it looks like a nest of verdure resting on the waves, and waiting only a breath of wind to send it floating down the rapid course of the Volga; but as you advance, the land unfolds before you, the trees form themselves into groups, and the prince's palace displays a portion of its white façade, and the open galleries of its turrets. Every object assumes a more decided and more picturesque form, and stands out in clear relief, from the cupola of the mysterious pagoda, which you see towering above the trees, to the humble kibitka glittering in the magic tints of sunset. The landscape, as it presented itself successively to our eyes, with the unruffled mirror of the Volga for its framework, wore a calm, but strange and profoundly melancholy character. It was like nothing we had ever seen before; it was a new world, which fancy might people as it pleased: one of those mysterious isles one dreams of at fifteen, after reading the "Arabian Nights;" a thing, in short, such as crosses the traveller's path but once in all his wanderings, and which we enjoyed with all the zest of unexpected pleasure. But we were soon called back from all these charming phantoms of the imagination to the realities of life: we were arrived. Our boatman moored his little craft in a clump of thorn-broom; and whilst my husband proceeded to the palace with his interpreter, I remained in the boat, divided between the pleasure I anticipated from the extraordinary things to be seen in a Kalmuck palace, and the involuntary apprehension awakened in me by all the incidents of this visit.

'The latter feeling did not last long. Not many minutes had elapsed after the departure of my companions, when I saw them returning with a young man, who was presented to me as one of the princes Tumene. It was with equal elegance and good-breeding he introduced me to the palace, where every step brought me some new surprise. I was quite unprepared for what I saw; and really, in passing through two salons, which united the most finished display of European taste with the gorgeousness of Asia, on being suddenly accosted by a young lady, who welcomed me in excellent French, I felt such a thrill of delight, that I could only answer by embracing her heartily! In this manner an acquaintance is quickly made.'

On being conducted to her chamber, the enthusiastic Frenchwoman found there a toilet apparatus in silver, with other objects both rare and precious, as well as handsome furniture. But where was the *couleur locale?* where were the characteristics of the Desert? Was this the house of a Kalmuck prince, 'a chief of those half-savage tribes that wander over the sandy plains of the Caspian Sea, a worshipper of the Grand Lama, a believer in the metempsychosis; in short, one of those beings whose existence seems to us almost fabulous, such a host of mysterious legends do their names awaken in the mind?' Prince Tumene, it seems, is the *first* of his nomade people who has exchanged his kibitka (or felt tent) for a European dwelling. 'The position of the palace is exquisitely chosen, and shows a sense of the beautiful as developed as that of the most civilised nations. It is built in the Chinese style, and is prettily seated on the gentle slope of a hill about one hundred feet from the Volga. Its numerous galleries afford views over every part of the isle, and the imposing surface of the river. From one of the angles the eye looks down on a mass of foliage, through which glitter the cupola and golden ball of the pagoda. Beautiful meadows, dotted over with clumps of trees, and fields in high cultivation, unfold their carpets of verdure on the left of the palace, and form different landscapes which the eye can take in at once. The whole is enlivened by the presence of Kalmuck horsemen, camels wandering here and there through the rich pastures, and officers conveying the chief's orders from tent to tent. It is a beautiful spectacle, various in its details, and no less harmonious in its assemblage.' The scene in the kibitka, however, is more interesting, where the prince's sister-in-law still resided. 'When the curtain at the doorway of the kibitka was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above, and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light, we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the farther end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and partycoloured circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left.' The lady proved to be extremely handsome, but for the obliquity of her eyes, and the prominence of her cheek-bones; and her expression was that of the utmost gentleness and good-humour, with an air, 'like all the women of her race,' of caressing humility.

The entertainments at this visit were dancing and music; but on leaving the kibitka, a scene more wildly national presented itself. 'The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *taboun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly gallopped forward, and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuck, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror; then plunging forward again in his mad gallop, he would dash through the taboun, and endeavour in every possible way to shake off his novel burden.' The next exhibition of the kind was that of a child of ten years of age on a young white stallion, as wild as the other, and without saddle or bridle. 'We finished our soirée with an extemporaneous ball, that lasted all night. The Armenian, who first proposed the scheme, had to undertake the business of getting up an orchestra. I know not how he set about it, but in a few minutes he brought us triumphantly a violin, a guitar, and a flageolet. Such instruments among the Kalmucks! Is it not really prodigious? We had quickly arranged a *soirée dansante*, as complete as any drawing-room could exhibit; and

the merriment soon became so contagious, that the princess and her daughter, after much hesitation, at last overcame all bashfulness, and bravely threw themselves into a heady gallop—in which, by the by, one of them lost her cap. The wondering and delighted princess stuck to me for the rest of the night, like my shadow, and incessantly assured me, through the Armenian, that she had never in her life passed so pleasant an evening, and that she would never forget it. She expressed a strong desire to hear me sing, and found the French *romances* so much to her taste, that I had to promise I would copy out some of them for her. On her part she gave me two Kalmuck songs of her own composition, and transcribed with her own hand. According to Russian custom, the officers did full justice to the champagne, which was sent round all night at a fearful rate.' They took their departure from this Kalmuck palace in their host's elegant four-in-hand equipage, lined with white satin!

From Astrakhan they pursued their way into the Desert, and this is the description of their first halt. 'The britschka, unyoked and unladen, was placed a little way from the tent, on the carpet of which were heaped portfolios, cushions, and boxes, in a manner which a painter would have thought worth notice. Whilst we were taking tea, our men were making preparations for dinner: some plucking a fine wild goose and half-a-dozen kourlis; others attending to the fire, round which were ranged two or three pots for the pilau and the bacon soup, of which the Cossacks are great admirers; and Anthony, with a little barrel of brandy under his arm, distributed the regular dram to every man with the gravity of a German major-domo. As for the officer, he lay on his back under the britschka, for sake of the shade, amusing himself with his hawk, which he had unhooded, after fastening it with a stout cord to the carriage. Though the creature's sparkling eyes were continually on the look-out for a quarry, it seemed, by the continual flapping of its wings, to enjoy its master's caresses. The camels, rejoicing in their freedom, browsed at a little distance from the tent, and contributed by their presence to give an Oriental aspect to our first essay in savage life, wherein I myself figured in my huge bonnet, dressed as usual in wide pantaloons, with a Gaulish tunic gathered round my waist by a leathern belt. By dint of wondering at everything, our wonderment at last wore itself out, and we regarded ourselves as definitively-naturalised Kalmucks.

'My first night under a tent proved to me that I was not so acclimated to the steppe as my vanity had led me to suppose. The felt cone under which I was to sleep, the Kalmucks moving about the fire, the camels sending their plaintive cries through the immensity of the Desert; in a word, everything I saw and heard, was so at variance with my habits and ways of thought, that I almost fancied I was in an opium dream.'

We must conclude our extracts with the following portrait of a Tartar princess of the Crimea and her family. 'She advanced to me with an air of remarkable dignity, took both my hands, kissed me on the two cheeks, and sat down beside me, making me many demonstrations of friendship. She wore a great deal of rouge; her eyelids were painted black, and met over the nose, giving her countenance a certain sternness, that, nevertheless, did not destroy its pleasing effect. A furred velvet vest fitted tight to her still elegant figure. Altogether, her appearance surpassed what I had conceived of her beauty. We spent a quarter of an hour closely examining each other, and interchanging, as well as we could, a few Russian words, that very insufficiently conveyed our thoughts. But in such cases looks supply the deficiencies of speech, and mine must have told the princess with what admiration I beheld her. Hers, I must confess in all humility, seemed to express much more surprise than admiration at my travelling costume. What would I not have given to know the result of her purely feminine analysis of my appearance! I was even crossed in this *tête-à-tête* by a serious scruple of conscience for having presented myself before her in male attire, which must have given her a strange notion of the fashions of Europe.

'Notwithstanding my desire to prolong my visit, in hopes of seeing her daughters, the fear of appearing intrusive prompted me to take my leave; but checking me with a very graceful gesture, she said eagerly, "*Pastoy, pastoy!*" ("Stay, stay!") and clapped her hands several times. A young girl entered at the signal, and by her mistress's orders threw open a folding-door, and immediately I was struck dumb with surprise and admiration by a most brilliant apparition. Imagine, reader, the most exquisite sultanas of whom poetry and painting have ever tried to convey an idea, and still your conception will fall far short of the enchanting models I had then before me. There were three of them, all equally beautiful and graceful. Two were clad in tunics of crimson brocade, adorned in front with broad gold lace. The tunics were open, and disclosed beneath them cashmere robes, with very tight sleeves terminating in gold fringes. The youngest wore a tunic of azure blue brocade, with silver ornaments: this was the only difference between her dress and that of her sisters. All three had magnificent black hair, escaping in countless tresses from a fez of silver filigree, set like a diadem over their ivory foreheads. They wore gold-embroidered slippers, and wide trousers drawn close at the ankle.

'I had never beheld skins so dazzlingly fair, eyelashes so long, or so delicate a bloom of youth. The calm repose that sat on the countenances of these lovely creatures had never been disturbed by any profane glance. No look but their mother's had ever told them they were beautiful; and this thought gave them an inexpressible charm in my eyes. It is not in our Europe, where women, exposed to the gaze of crowds, so soon addict themselves to coquetry, that the imagination could conceive such a type of beauty. The features of our young girls are too soon altered by the vivacity of their impressions, to allow the eye of the artist to discover in them that divine charm of purity and ignorance with which I was so struck in beholding my Tartar princesses. After embracing me, they retired to the end of the room, where they remained standing in those graceful Oriental attitudes which no woman in Europe could imitate. A dozen attendants, muffled in white muslin, were gathered round the door, gazing with respectful curiosity. Their profiles, shown in relief on a dark ground, added to the picturesque character of the scene. This delightful vision lasted an hour. When the princess saw that I was decided on going away, she signified to me by signs that I should go and see the garden; but though grateful to her for this further mark of attention, I preferred immediately rejoining my husband, being impatient to relate to him all the details of this interview, with which I was completely dazzled.'

Our author's account of the Russians and their government is far from being favourable; but we can afford room only for this brief anecdote, which would appear to contain all the principles of political economy that are fashionable in that meridian. 'I was once in the house of a Moldavian landowner of Bessarabia, whose lands bring him in about ten thousand rubles a-year. The conversation turned on agriculture. "What!" exclaimed a Russian who was present; "your estate yields you but ten thousand rubles a-year? Nonsense: put it into my hands, and I warrant you twice as much." "That would be a very agreeable thing, if it could be done," said the landlord; "I flatter myself I am tolerably well-versed in these matters, and yet I have never been able to discover any possible means of increasing my income." "How many days do your peasants work?" said the Russian. "Thirty." "That's not enough: make them work sixty. What breadth of land do they till for you?" "So much." "Double it." And so he went on through the other items of the inquiry, crying, "Double it!—double it!" We could not help heartily laughing. But the Russian remained

perfectly serious, and I am sure he thought himself as great a man as Cancrine himself. I really regret that I did not ask him, had he taken lessons in economics in the office of that illustrious financier.'

A VISIT TO THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION IN LONDON.

One of the latest efforts of benevolence in this superlatively benevolent age, has been the establishment of an institution in London, designed to be a species of home to governesses in intervals which may occur in changing situations. Supported partly by subscriptions, and partly by payments, the institution, however, has a number of objects in view, all contributing to the comfort of this class of individuals, and which may be summed up as follows:—

1. Temporary assistance to governesses in distress, afforded privately and delicately by a committee of ladies. 2. Elective annuities to aged governesses, secured on invested capital, and independent of the prosperity of the institution. 3. Provident annuities purchased by ladies in anyway connected with education, upon government security, agreeably to the act of parliament. Money is also received for the savings' bank. 4. The home. 5. The registration. The above are all in full operation. 6. An asylum for aged governesses, for which a house and an endowment are both required. 7. A college for governesses, and arrangements for a diploma.

Should the institution fulfil these objects, there can be no doubt of its value. Charities often, we believe, do harm as well as good, from their tendency to supersede self-reliance. We would hope, therefore, that the institution in question, if not already self-supporting, will speedily be so. Much could we expatiate on the distresses of governesses, on the false position of governesses; but all that has been said a hundred times already. A thing more desirable to speak of is the possibility of governesses helping themselves while they have the ability to do so. Where there are parents or other relatives to support, saving is of course out of the question, and for such cases the warmest sympathy is due. But it may be asked, are there not hundreds of governesses who, with salaries of from twenty-five pounds and upwards per annum, could lay aside a determinate sum yearly, either to accumulate, or as the premium of an annuity? It *can* be done, for we know several instances in which it *is* done. Nor need there be any want of places of deposit. No part of the United Kingdom is many miles distant from a savings' bank or an insurance institution. That the establishment which forms the subject of the present notice will strengthen and confirm the principle of self-reliance, we would hold to be the best part of its design. Another matter of importance is the proposed examination and certification of competency by diploma; for this will not only diminish the number of governesses, by excluding from their body all who are not duly fitted for the task they undertake, but fix in a proper basis the position of this useful class of educators.

The institution was opened in May last, and is said nearly to support itself, by the ladies who resort to it paying fifteen shillings a-week for their board and lodging—a sum, we would have feared, so large, as to confine the benefit within too narrow limits. Nevertheless, we are told that 'the facilities for re-engagements are so great, on account of the office for registration being in the same house, and the arrangements are altogether so private and comfortable, that the "home" is in much request.' We shall now proceed to give some account of the establishment in the words of a contributor.

It was a very bright spring day, and the streets looked gay and cheerful as we drove through them. My companion (to whose benevolent exertions the institution, as I hear, is in a great measure indebted for its existence) spoke to me of many touching cases of distress in which the ladies' committee had lately rendered assistance, and of the many more in which they could give no assistance, for want of larger funds.

At length we reached the 'home'—a good house in a good street (No. 66, Harley Street). The door was opened by a respectable servant in livery (!). We wrote our names in a large book which lay open in the hall, and then proceeded into a front room on the ground-floor. It was a sort of parlour or dining-room, to which a business-like air was given by some large writing or account-books which lay open on the table. This, I was told, was the registration office. Two ladies were in this room; they were inmates of the house, and superintended the registration. To the elder of these ladies I was introduced. Her office is that of housekeeper; or, to speak correctly, she is the mistress of the family, and is a kind friend and adviser to its numerous and ever-varying members. I soon discovered that she was an educated person—clever, active, and experienced in managing a large establishment; besides having a heart full of sympathy for those who are placed around her. She showed me the registration books, and explained the plan of their arrangement. It has been found necessary to classify the numerous governesses who want situations. Some teach many, and others few things. Some have much, others little or no experience. Some are nursery, some finishing, some daily, and some resident governesses. They have been divided into classes; and books have been printed accordingly on a very clear and easy plan. By referring to these, which are open to members and visitors, any lady who is in want of a governess obtains a list of persons possessing the qualifications she may require, together with their addresses and references, and she can appoint an interview with any of them. Books are also kept for the names, addresses, and requirements of those ladies who want to engage governesses; by looking over which, ladies who wish for engagements may find one likely to suit them. Having thus put the parties *en rapport*, the institution interferes no more, but leaves them to manage as they please. The advantages of this system of registration are great to the governess. It is entirely free of expense; it saves the payment of advertisements, and of entrance and commission fees to the professed agents for procuring governess situations, of whom the less that is said will be the better for them; it saves her the trouble and annoyance (and, we may add, the not unfrequent peril) of answering advertisements; and it gives her the advantage of the large connexion of the institution. Those governesses who are residing at the 'home' have of course the best chance of re-engagements, as they are on the spot, and can see any lady who applies for a governess, at the office, immediately. On the other hand, those who need governesses find this opportunity of selection very advantageous.

After seeing the registration books, and talking over their great usefulness, Mrs ——, the housekeeper, proposed to show me over the house, as the ladies were, she believed, all absent; and thus I could see how she managed to make the establishment accommodate

twenty-five boarders. She took me across an inner hall to a handsome dining-room—I observed there two harps and a piano or two. These had been presented to the 'home' by some friends of the institution. Music and books, and various useful and ornamental articles, have been given for the 'home' by friends of the institution. This room, with its bay-window, looked remarkably cheerful in the bright sunlight: so free from noise or disquietude, it seemed to me that it must be a perfect Elysium to those who come here to rest a while from the worry of the school-room. The staircase is spacious, handsome, and well-lighted. The drawing-room is a large and plainly-furnished apartment, and it felt warm and comfortable. A lady was seated by the fire reading: I feared that our entrance had disturbed her, and we did not remain for more than an instant. Thence we proceeded to the bedrooms. The largest were divided by means of curtain-screens, so as to form several independent little rooms, each fitted up with every convenience necessary for one person. The smaller rooms were divided into two, and some were so small as not to be divided at all. They did not appear to the best advantage on this occasion, as it was what in domestic phrase is called 'cleaning day.' They were all being scoured, or otherwise set in order; but it was easy to see the air of comfort that would pervade the whole when in its proper state. In one of the upper rooms was an invalid—a girl of seventeen—for whom Mrs —— told me every one in the house was interested. She could not rise from bed, and the other inmates vied with each other in attention to her. One lady was reading to her when Mrs —— knocked at the door to inquire how the patient then was. She came out to speak to us, and I was charmed to see the strong interest which she felt for her young charge, whose illness is, alas! consumption. A few weeks ago these two beings did not know of each other's existence—each came to this house for her own convenience—and now how strong is the bond between them! The kind nurse was anxious to obtain the visits of a clergyman for her patient; and finding that the lady who had brought me to the house was the wife of a clergyman connected with the institution, she made known her wish—which has, I am sure, been complied with. This amiable woman spoke to me cheerfully of her own prospects. She 'hoped soon to get a situation; the registration office being in the same house, was a great advantage to all those who were at the "home." Nothing could exceed the liberality with which all things there were conducted.' She 'wondered how the funds could pay for all'—thought 'that governesses could not be grateful enough to the kind people who had exerted themselves in their behalf.' As to Mrs ——, the housekeeper, 'she was all kindness and consideration for them.'

Mrs —— told me afterwards that the arrival of a new inmate often occasioned some degree of uneasiness. Governesses, after a few years of their arduous life, are often soured in temper, and are not at all disposed to see things in a bright light. They are inclined to be selfish and discontented. Is this to be wondered at, when they have been always ill-treated and neglected? 'When they first come here,' said Mrs ——, 'some of them are cross and unsociable, and not disposed to join in the general circle at meal-times. I do what I can to comfort and reason with them; and somehow the cheerfulness of the rest in a short time prevails over them, and at the end of a fortnight, persons of the most ungenial temper become amiable, and willing to assist in the general amusement.' Again, she said, 'It was sad to see how worn and weak they often were when they entered the "home," and how, by a few weeks' rest, and by the care of the medical attendant of the institution, they would become strong and well, and able to undertake another situation.'

The hours for meals are—breakfast at eight; luncheon at one; dinner at half-past five; and tea at eight.

After having seen and heard much that interested me concerning this house and its inmates, I came away with a pleasing impression of the effects of *judicious co-operation*. This house nearly supports itself. Why should not governesses have such an establishment of their own in every large town in the kingdom?

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE are few persons about whom the world knows so little, and inquires so little, as those who supply that portion of the stream of thought which irrigates the public mind in our countless and ever-flowing periodicals. A few names, indeed, are put forward as those of *the* contributors, and being usually distinguished by means of separate works, they attract some attention; but the great mass of journalists lie hidden in impenetrable anonymity, and after a busy existence, fraught in the aggregate with important social results, sink into the grave, unnoticed and unknown.

An account of contributors, could sufficient materials be obtained, would form one of the most curious and interesting chapters in literary history. It would perhaps show that to periodicals we are in a great measure indebted for the increased and increasing respectability of letters as a profession. For a long time, authors mainly depended upon private patronage, and were, in consequence, either sycophants or desperadoes; so that at length habit and circumstance came to be confounded with nature and necessity, and an inseparable union was supposed to exist between literary genius and the follies and vices of its possessors. The system of patronage gave way before the spread of knowledge. The middle classes rose gradually in intelligence and wealth, and the love of reading became more general among the people. Books were multiplied; but books alone could not meet the intellectual demand, and periodicals, therefore, were launched in all directions. Literary employment thus became more plentiful and more steady; and although authors did not all at once change their character—nor did the system, in its infancy, admit of their doing so—a revolution was commenced, which has made literature a profession for the honourable and industrious, instead of a mere refuge for the idle and dissolute.

Twenty years ago, a young man who voluntarily embraced the literary profession, or was driven by the force of circumstances to do so, was supposed by his anxious friends to have devoted himself to inevitable starvation. Before then, Sir William Jones had eloquently denounced the suicidal step; and he was followed by Coleridge, and later still by Charles Lamb, in one of his choicest bits of eccentric pathos. This was addressed as a warning to Bernard Barton; but it neither met with attention nor fulfilment. In spite of many prophetic denunciations, the ranks of contributors became at once more dense and more extensive; and although literature, at the present moment, like every other crowded profession, affords instances both of bad conduct and bad fortune, it is impossible not to see that the sweeping censure applied to it, both morally and economically, refers to a state of things that has passed away.

The common advice to follow literature as a mere recreation in the pauses of business, is doubtless a sound one when addressed to the many; and it should likewise be given to aspirants in the fine arts. But for all that, we shall still continue to have professional authors, painters, and composers, in addition to those who write, draw, or play for amusement or pocket-money. The advantage of these professions is, that they afford the novice a trial and an option. For a student of law, medicine, or divinity, there is no retracting: he must follow the business he has so painfully acquired, or sink. But the juvenile author tries his wings before he flies, and is determined by the result as to whether or not he will adventure into the fields of air. It is incorrect to say that he miscalculates or can miscalculate; for the question simply is, as to whether or not he finds his

trial-articles worth money. As for his throwing himself into the profession without a trial—proceeding to London, for instance, and taking up his pen for the first time, with the declared intention of gaining a subsistence by it—this is an absurdity that seldom or never happens. He may find himself in the wide metropolis, it is true, without friend, calling, or money; and he may apply himself to literature, or anything else, and fail; but his destitution is quite irrespective of the employment, and the profession is not to be blamed—though it constantly is—for his disappointment.

We have remarked that the public know nothing, and inquire nothing, about anonymous contributors; and in fact their total want of sympathy is a very striking feature in the case of the latter. Many a young writer flatters himself that he has produced something which will draw him from his obscurity—which will excite curiosity, or personal interest—which will at least gain for him one agreeable friend, attracted by the mystic law of congeniality. It is not enough for him that he has struck a chord which he feels will vibrate in the human heart; he would fain have sensible evidence that he has done so; and he yearns for intercommunion with spirits that resemble his own. The dream is not soon over; but at length 'charm by charm unwinds,' and he finds that it is his mission and his fate to address the general mind, not the individual; and that the voice from his lonely room is like the voice of one crying in a wilderness to the aggregate of the human race. This is doubtless a proud thought; but it has frequently the effect of giving a certain coldness and solitariness of aspect to the man, thus cut off during a very considerable portion of his time from personal communication, even in idea, with his kind.

We remember one instance, however, in which anonymous articles influenced in rather an important way the fortunes of an individual; and as the anecdote throws some light upon the condition of contributors twenty years ago, it is sufficiently germane to the subject of this paper to warrant its introduction.

Twenty years ago, the Leith and London smacks were the finest passenger vessels in the world, and as such were in great demand, as a means of transit, by travellers between Edinburgh and London. The voyage was not a very unimportant one; frequently occupying, as it did, eight or more days, and occasionally favouring the wanderer with a not very distant view of the continent. But the vessel was trim, the mariners skilful, and the fare capital; and it sometimes happened, when the company were congenial, that even in the voyage from the poorer to the wealthier country, the heaving of the lead, as the smack neared the Thames, was considered a melancholy, rather than a welcome sound. It was so on the occasion now to be noticed—at least by three individuals of the party.

Two of these were young Scotsmen, proceeding to the metropolis to push their fortune in the ranks of literature. One of them was unusually well provided for such an adventure, inasmuch as he possessed a trifling capital to begin with; that is to say, as much money as would enable him, by the aid of rigid economy, to await the turn of events for a reasonable time. His forte was the useful and practical. The other, though rich in hope, and tolerably well off in point of wardrobe, had hardly a guinea more than was required for his passage; and he depended, even for immediate subsistence, upon the fate of some manuscript articles. His genius lay in what is called light literature—poetry, romance, sentiment; and already he, as well as the other, had received some trifling sums through the post-office for contributions to the periodicals.

The young men had met for the first time on shipboard, but were soon well enough acquainted to talk of their projects and aspirations; and they had speedily one central point in common, where their eyes, thoughts, hopes, and hearts could meet. This was the third passenger, a beautiful English girl; passionately attached to literature herself, and having likewise some family connection with it; her uncle (one of the passengers) being an author of considerable distinction in science. The young lady, we need hardly say, was more struck by the beautiful than the practical; and the dealer in poetry and romance very soon obtained almost a monopoly of her attention. The other felt her neglect, but without complaining. His was a calm, steady, and astute spirit, which may be baffled for a time, but cannot be subdued. He watched his opportunity with the young lady, and returned again and again, however pointedly dismissed, till at length she listened, at first as a matter of necessity, but eventually as a matter of course.

In the meantime, however, her intimacy with the more imaginative of the two went on, till it reached a point hardly consistent, in her ignorance of his family and prospects, with feminine prudence. But we do not take into account the shortness of their acquaintance; for time, in its artificial divisions, has very little to do with the question. Had they been in the habit of meeting for years in common society, at the dinner-table or in the ball-room, they could not possibly have obtained the insight into each other's character which they now possessed, after tossing together on the vasty deep for a week. They appear, in short, to have been of what is called in romance 'congenial minds;' and if there was no positive plighting of troth before they separated, this was probably owing more to the pride or delicacy of the penniless adventurer, than to the coldness or caution of the wealthy damsel. She was indeed wealthy, in the true meaning of the word; for her fortune was large enough for comfort, without being so large as to render her the mere stewardess of her friends or the public. The young man, in spite of their increasing intimacy, felt the difference in their social position more and more deeply as the voyage drew to a close; and when at length the crowding sails, stretching from all parts of the horizon to one determinate point, showed where the majestic Thames opened to receive the tributary wealth of the world, he sank into a long and moody silence. His anxiety increased as they ascended the river; but when the confusion of landing came, rendered more distracting by the darkness of a dull and heavy evening, he felt as if he was in a dream. He clasped the small pale hand that trembled in his, as if dreading to let it go; and looked so wildly, by the fitful light of a lamp, into the young lady's eyes, that she caught the infection of his foreboding fear.

'You will not lose the address?' said she faintly.

'You will come—soon?'

'Yes; if—if——'

'If what?' At that moment her arm was drawn within her uncle's, who led her away with a cold 'good evening' to his fellow-passenger.

'If a miracle happens!' replied the adventurer inwardly.

The next morning the necessity for action restored in some degree his spirits; and it was with something not unlike a flutter of vanity that he took the way to the office of a journal by which his contributions had been received with some distinction. He now learnt, for the first time, that in London a literary article, however able, is not a personal introduction. His announcement of his identity with certain initials excited no interest. The gentleman he saw was polite and affable—hoped to hear from him 'occasionally'—and bade him good morning without asking his address. Of three letters of introduction with which he was provided, two procured him a general invitation to 'call as he was passing,' and the third an invitation to dinner. He accepted the last, and liked very much the frank and agreeable manners of the family and their guests; but when he made a forenoon visit at the house soon after, he found nobody at home, and heard nothing more from his new friends for a month, when he received an engraved ticket for an evening party.

The adventurer found himself, in short, as all adventurers do at first, a hermit in London: but it was not for society he had come, but for employment—not for

amusement, but subsistence; and smothering his disappointment as well as he was able, he applied himself with energy and industry to his task. But this, it must be remembered, was twenty years ago, when journalism was only rising into a business. Articles, more frequently than otherwise, were at that time inserted through favouritism; and one editor, of a very flourishing periodical, was so indiscreet as to say, that although he liked *his* offered contributions prodigiously, he could not afford to pay for them, receiving, as he did, so many (of less merit, no doubt, but still fit enough for the purpose) without the expense of a shilling! In other cases, the prices paid were very small; and in others still, the contributor, after waiting in vain for the appearance of his articles, could obtain neither manuscript nor money. The young Scotsman worked hard, lived poorly, and at length dressed meanly; but all would not do; and in a very few months after his arrival in London, starvation stared him in the face.

The miracle had not happened! Frequently had he gone to the young lady's house; but he never entered it. Often had he haunted her steps in the street; but when she turned round, he vanished in some blind alley, like a shadow, as the poor poet said to himself with a bitter smile, exorcised by the sun.

At this period of his metropolitan history, when sitting one day in his mean apartment, brooding over the destruction of his hopes, he received the following note through the post:—

'Mr —— is advised to send contributions to the —— magazine, with the signature of "Frederick." They will be paid for monthly by a cheque through the post-office. If Mr —— wishes to preserve this employment, he will do well to observe the strictest mystery as to the authorship of the articles.'

It was not without a flutter of the heart he read this communication; for he knew that *she* was the only human being in the whole city who felt the slightest interest in his welfare. Was it not possible—nay, certain—that this opening might have been obtained for him through the interest of her uncle? As for the injunction to mystery, this was easily enough understood, since his ill-starred name might damage, but could impart no value to what he wrote. At anyrate he resolved to comply with the instructions; and in due time he reaped the fruits of his obedience in the promised cheque.

The current of his thoughts, it may be supposed, influenced the productions of his pen; and in fact his articles may now be said to have been addressed to the young lady. He took extreme pleasure in elaborating some ideas she had herself thrown out on the voyage; and he took care, in his descriptions of natural objects, to use such language as would convince her how deeply even her lightest words had sank into his heart. Occasionally his unknown correspondent accompanied the monthly cheque with some suggestions as to the subjects that would be most successful; and it so happened that the advice always corresponded with his own feelings and wishes, tending to lead him still farther into intellectual communication with one whom he now hoped to meet again in more fortunate circumstances.

It may be imagined that his contributions to a single periodical could have no extraordinary effect upon his fortunes in themselves; but they served to give him a *point d'appui* in his struggles with the world, an anchor wherewith to steady himself in the tide. The result was soon obvious. He became more independent with other journals, and therefore more prosperous. He extended the sphere of his labours, and rendered himself competent to do so by study. Although aware that, by the aid of some rare natural gifts, even ignorance itself may obtain popularity, he had learnt that knowledge was necessary to the working literary man, and he set himself to the task of acquiring it. In due time he had reached a certain status as a general contributor; and he then began to ponder upon the prudence of throwing aside the mysterious 'Frederick.'

His own name was no longer unknown. He had reached that point where the contributor ripens into the author, and he was already engaged in negotiations which were to terminate in the production of his first book. The injunction to secrecy had reference of course only to his own interest; and by breaking it, he would merely announce that the necessity for mystery was at an end—that his own name would secure the insertion of his articles. But it was necessary, before taking any step in the matter, to make that venturous call, on which he had been hesitating for nearly a year.

It will seem to some readers not a little absurd that a serious passion should have survived so long without the sustenance even of a word or a smile. But it must be recollected that our contributor passed his life in a world of shadows. The idea of the young lady mingled with his labours as well as his dreams. He wrote not only of her, but to her; and in his small and silent study, he heard her replies as distinctly in his imagination, as if they had been whispered in his ear on that moonlit deck, cadenced by the waves of the German Ocean!

It was with a trembling hand he knocked at the door of her house, and with a fluttering heart that he found himself actually waiting in the drawing-room for her appearance. This was delayed for a considerable time; but at length Miss —— entered the room. She seemed to have grown taller and fuller: there was a stateliness in her step, a pride in her eye, and a cold gravity in her whole manner, which awed and chilled him; and instead of bounding forward to meet her, which he felt inclined to do when he saw the door move, he bowed formally. An awkward silence ensued.

'May I beg to know,' said the lady at length, 'to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?'

'I was in hopes,' replied he, in a tone of deep mortification, 'that you would have recognised the name on my card.'

'I do so. I remember you as a fellow-voyager; and I have pleasure in congratulating you on your success so far in literature.'

'It ought indeed to give you pleasure, since you are yourself the cause of my good fortune.'

'Sir!' said the lady in great surprise.

'I repeat, that it is to you I owe my capability of appearing before you as I do now, even so far as dress is concerned; but since I perceive that your kindness arose from mere charitable feeling, and that you are not inclined to accord to me the privilege of personal acquaintanceship, I shall content myself with now returning you my grateful thanks for your benevolent interference in my favour.'

'What interference? Nay, you must not go. Tell me what you mean?'

'I will tell you—and all! I was poor when I first saw you—desperately poor; but I had hope, and something more than hope—something I once dared to name in your ear! My plans, however, miscarried: I had no friends, no money, no knowledge of the world: I was ashamed to redeem the promise I had made to you to call; and by and by my dress was such as would not have been admitted by your servants. At that moment you stepped in to my rescue. You furnished me with regular literary employment; and, rising from this vantage ground, I have attained to a certain degree of independence. The mystery, however, you considered prudent is no longer necessary; and I come to resign the name of "Frederick" into your own hands.'

'Frederick!' the young lady almost shrieked. 'Surely you do not know what you say! You cannot be mean enough to assume the authorship of another's articles: but no—you are not; and without hearing another word, I know that I am lost!' He put the packet of anonymous letters into her hand; but a glance at the first was enough: she dashed them upon the ground, and throwing herself into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept convulsively.

So far we might go in a novel or a play; but the sequel

of this anecdote must be differently treated, as it contains nothing of the romantic, but, instead, a very remarkable instance of literary fraud.

During the voyage, the more practical of the two young men had made acquaintance with the uncle, and had afterwards called on him by invitation. His admiration of the niece was not lessened when he learned that she possessed a competent fortune at her own disposal; and being himself a gentlemanlike person in his appearance, and possessed of very fair literary talents, his acquaintance was by no means disagreeable to the young lady. He had learned, however, by his experience at sea, the key to her fancy, if not her heart, and suffered her gradually to indoctrinate him in the mysteries —mysteries to him—of poetry and sentiment. How or when the idea of arraying himself in borrowed plumes first occurred to him, is not known; but the fact is certain, that, up to the moment of his discovery, he passed as 'Frederick' not only with Miss ——, but with the editor of the magazine. And this, not by downright falsehood, but rather by feint, well-managed denials (although his own name was Frederick); so that at length, in all but the eyes of the young lady herself, he withdrew from his awkward position, not only without loss of honour, but with some praise for his benevolence, in contriving, by means of his influence with the editor, to bring forward a famishing man of genius!

The extreme emotion betrayed by Miss —— was caused by a feeling in which the enamorata of the voyage had very little part; for in fact arrangements had so far advanced between her and the other, that he at length threatened to expose her by bringing an action for breach of promise! The young lady, however, was firm. She would not wed the literary impostor; and the sentimental feelings of the 'Frederick' of the magazine were so much shocked by her contemplated infidelity, that he never asked her to wed him.

This, however, is the only instance we have known, in the course of a somewhat lengthened experience, of the speculations of the contributor attracting special attention to the man; and we mention the fact, in order to dispel one of the most painful and heart-wearing delusions of the literary life. The talents of a contributor, and the skill of a cabinetmaker, render parties engaged in the particular business anxious to secure their services: but there the personal interest ends. What, then, is to be said of the sympathy of the public when a successful contributor dies? That he has become a *subject* instead of a writer—one of the heroes, however humble, of literary history; and that the same attention is bestowed upon himself which, during his life, would have been accorded to one of his articles. It may be that his fugitive pieces are collected, and that he thus takes rank as an author; but in general, he passes away like a number of the journal on which he was engaged; the individual lost and forgotten, but his influence—great or small, harmful or injurious—left, an unavoidable legacy, to the public mind.

THE PALM FAMILY.

Palms—keeping altogether out of view the scientific question of their organisation—are well entitled by Linnæus 'the princes of the vegetable world,' a rank to which nature herself gives her countenance in their majesty of stature, and in the right regal crown with which she has decorated their summits. From time immemorial, the palm has been recognised by Eastern nations as an emblem of triumph, and as such was used in triumphal processions, of which a familiar example is found in the sacred text. Among ourselves, it is known only in a metaphor; and we speak of awarding the palm, without the privilege, in most cases, of a personal acquaintance with the exalted originals from which the expression sprung. In the words of the enthusiastic Von Martius, they 'hardly range beyond 35 degrees in the southern, and 40 degrees in the northern hemisphere. The common-world atmosphere does not become these vegetable monarchs; but in those genial climes, where nature seems to have fixed her court, and summons round her of flowers, and fruits, and trees, and animated beings, a galaxy of beauty, there they tower up into the balmy air, rearing their majestic stems highest and proudest of all. Many of them at a distance, by reason of their long perpendicular shafts, have the appearance of columns, erected by the Divine Architect, bearing up the broad arch of heaven above them; pillars one hundred and fifty, and one hundred and eighty feet high, crowned with a capital of gorgeous green foliage!' The palm is thus the leading characteristic of the Eastern landscape.

Palms are commonly unisexual trees, although occasionally their flowers contain both classes of organs. By this expression is meant—and the botanical reader will pardon the explanation—that the flowers of the seed-vessel is usually found on one tree, and the flowers containing stamens on another; wherefore it is necessary that the pollen dust should be conveyed from the one to the other, otherwise the fruit will not be matured. This has been long known among the inhabitants of the East, who cultivate certain species with care and assiduity. In the spring, if one of the palm-trees with flowers containing stamina is not to be found amongst their palm plantations, they set out in the search for one, ascend the tree, and cut down its flowers; these they then carry to their plantations, and fasten a bunch of them upon the summit of the female palms, from whence the dust falls upon the flowers containing seed-vessels, and by this means the future perfection of the seed or fruit is successfully provided for. When attention to this custom is interrupted by some accident, the inevitable result is a complete failure of the crops, so to speak, for that season.

The aspect of the palm family, while there prevails a considerable 'family likeness,' is extremely various. No two trees could be apparently more opposed to one another than the curious palm the *Chamærops humilis*, with a short, squat trunk, and having the general aspect of a colossal fan, and the towering *Ceroxylon andicola*, which rears up its exalted summit to the very clouds; but the most inexpert botanist would, by a comparison, recognise the family resemblance, though compressed and flattened in the one, and surprisingly elongated in the other. The attribute of grandeur is the most prominent characteristic of this family of trees, whether taken collectively or as individuals. Some of the palms are very thin, graceful, rope-like trees: the calami and rattan palms are of this kind. The *Calamus rudentum* is sometimes four or five hundred feet in length, forming a complete vegetable cable. Rumphius says they are even from twelve to eighteen hundred feet long! These kinds of palms have occasionally curious appendages in the form of hooks, which fringe the edge of their fronds, and materially assist them in hanging themselves on to the taller inhabitants of the forests in which they are found. They abound in the Indian Archipelago. The rattan palms—held in equal estimation by fops and chimney-sweepers—delight in the densest jungles, and are found dangling in enormous lengths of stem from tree to tree, and tying together, in nooses of the most fantastic kind, even trees considerably distant from one another; their cord-like stems being also made even more graceful by the addition of a lovely foliage.

Other palms, on the contrary, are remarkable for their bulk, having stems three or four feet in diameter. The trunk of some bulges out in a curious manner in the middle, tapering off above and below. The surface of the trunk is often marked in a singular manner by spiral grooves, caused by the leaves falling off as the tree increases in age and stature. The surface of others is smooth and polished, and covered with a glittering siliceous coat; that of others presents the strange appearance of a dense clothing of bristling hairs, especially near the summit, where they are often-

times most remarkable. Then, again, in their native forests, their stately trunks will be seen completely matted over with a verdure and profusion of flowers not their own: a great orchid will in some unaccountable manner get a firm seat upon their summit, and thence drop down its outlandish roots, and leaves, and marvellous flowers in rich profusion; or some of the wild-wood creepers will clasp round them, and, as it were, tie them on all sides to the earth, somewhat like the cordage of a ship's mast; while occasionally man himself makes the same use of them, and trains up their stems the plants which he has pressed into his own service: the common black pepper plant is thus trained up the trunk of the palm known as the *Areca catechu.*

The foliage of these noble trees is one of their most wonderful characteristics; it is on so gigantic a scale. Ten, fifteen, or twenty feet is by no means an uncommon length for some of the leaves to attain to. Those of the talipàt palm, which is found abundantly in the island of Ceylon, are frequently upwards of eleven feet long, and sixteen broad, and have been used to cover the entire freight and crew of a small boat, fifteen or twenty men finding a complete shelter under this colossal leaf. Others of smaller dimensions are used as *punkhas.* Their shape is exceedingly remarkable. Some are sword-like, and jut out on every side of the palm like a palisade of long spikes; others resemble large fans; and others are fringed like an ostrich feather, but on an immense scale. It is this enormous foliage which contributes so much grandeur to this family of trees.

The effect upon the mind of the great traveller before mentioned was such, that he despairs of finding words to convey it, although every now and then breaking out into strains of the most eloquent admiration. Along the banks of the Orinoco, the palms are found in the most picturesque spots, growing upon the granite rocks over which the river rolls in some parts of its course, or adorning the vast plains through which it drags its way. At certain seasons, Humboldt has seen these vast plains flooded, and has been astonished to observe fire and smoke issuing from the summit of a tall palm surrounded by the swollen waters. He found that the Guanacas are in the habit at these seasons of taking up their dwelling in the summit of the palm known as the *Mauritia flexuosa*; they prepare a kind of fireplace by means of mats, lined with a thick coating of clay, and here they kindle fires for cooking their food and other purposes. Though less imposing, the date plantations are described as forming very beautiful scenes; their summits perpetually fresh and green, and upheld in a majestic succession of colonnades, they have been happily compared to a temple of nature, representing an eternal spring. Under the refreshing shade of these palms grow in astonishing luxuriance the pomegranate, orange, lemon, olive, almond, and vine, producing the most delicious fruit, in a perfection which, considering the amount of shade in which they grow, could scarcely have been predicted.

As to the economical properties of the palms, nature seems to have condensed in one family the gifts she has more sparingly bestowed upon many others. The sugar of the cane, the wine of the grape, the flour of the cereals, the oil of the olive, the wax of the bee, and the salt of the earth—six of the most valuable articles for the support of human existence—have met together to enrich the palm family with their presence. In attempting to give a short account of the properties and products of the palms, it will be expedient to arrange them under two divisions: the first comprising such as are directly useful to man, as for his sustenance, &c.; and the second, such as are more indirectly serviceable to him, as weapons, &c.

Under the guidance of this rule, let us first commence with the article sugar. Sugar is yielded by many species of palms, such as the invaluable cocoa-nut, the *Arenga saccharifera*, and *Phœnix sylvestris.* Incisions are made into the trunk and other parts of the tree, from which the sap exudes in abundance, and is collected into vessels. It is then boiled down, and forms a kind of sugar, said to be very good in its way, known as date-sugar or 'jagery.' Though not so much esteemed as the production of the sugar-cane, it is, nevertheless, exported into England in large quantities from Bengal. Some years ago, it was calculated by Dr Roxburgh that 100,000 hundredweight of such sugar was annually made in Bengal from the juice of one species of palm only. Each tree yields annually from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty pints of the juice, which, on an average, makes about seven or eight pounds of good sugar. The inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago derive the principal part of their sugar from the evaporated juice of the *Arenga saccharifera*, a small palm, replete with valuable properties. The jagery, while still warm and semifluid, is poured into cocoa-nut shells, and left to cool, when it forms a solid mass, and in this state is used by the natives. Singularly enough, jagery itself seems to partake of the universally useful character of the trees from which it is procured. When mixed with lime, it forms a cement, which resists moisture and solar heat, and is employed by the natives of Ceylon as we use stucco. In this condition it is employed for flooring, and coating of columns; and as it is capable of a fine polish, for imitating marble.

Palm wine, better known under the more familiar title of 'toddy,' is a second important produce of this family. It is simply the sweet juice which flows from the wounded trees, allowed to stand a little while and ferment, when it becomes highly intoxicating. The extraction of this wine is performed by regular professional operators, under the title of 'toddy-drawers.' Their implements are a broad knife and the shell of a large gourd; but the ascension of a tree fifty or sixty feet in height, is an undertaking not to be accomplished without some risk and difficulty. The toddy-drawer proceeds in this way: he procures the stem of some creeping plant of sufficient strength and pliability, with which he forms a kind of hoop around the trunk; into this he thrusts both his feet, and then by alternately using his hands and feet in a peculiar manner, he reaches the top of the tree without much difficulty or fatigue. When there, he phlebotomises his vegetable patient in a very scientific manner. The stump of the flower-sheath is firmly tied round with a ligature, and the point is cut off. It is then beaten soundly with a stick, and very soon the liquid begins to exude in abundance, being received into an earthen vessel suspended beneath the bleeding surface. A good tree, in a favourable soil and season, will yield daily from three to four pints for each blossom; but the *Carzota ureus* has been said to yield, during the hot season, the amazing quantity of one hundred pints of toddy in twenty-four hours, or a little more than a pint every quarter of an hour! The same juice, when distilled, yields the fiery spirit well known as *arrack*, the ruin of the European soldier in India. When fresh, it forms a cool and inexpressibly grateful beverage to him who, as Darwin says, can sit beneath the broad shadow of the palm, and quench his thirst with its delightful produce. The palms yielding toddy are cultivated also in clumps, known as 'toddy-topes.' And the toddy is here collected in a peculiar manner. The palms are all connected by ropes, tied to their summits, and hauled tight. The toddy-drawer then ascends a tree about the centre of these, and proceeds from one to the other by means of the connecting ropes, collecting the exuded juice, and lowering his vessel down, when filled, to an assistant below.

Sago forms a third valuable article afforded by the palm, of which about 36,000 hundredweight finds its way into England every year. It is produced in wonderful quantities by many species of palms, individual trees of some kinds yielding between six and seven hundred pounds of sago. It not unfrequently happens, that when the unhappy palm has been drained of its

life-juice, it is cut down, and from its pith and the softer portions of the trunk, when pounded in water, several hundred pounds of sago are extracted. The finest sago comes principally from the Moluccas, where it is procured from a palm which grows in vast forests. This substance forms frequently the sole support of the natives, and is at all times a most essential portion of their diet; its dietetic value among ourselves need not be dwelt upon.

In the year 1841, the enormous quantity of 168,528 hundredweight of palm-oil was imported into this country, and the consumption is probably considerably greater at the present moment. It is obtained from a species of palm called the *Elais*. This substance is extensively employed in the manufacture of candles, which, however, have a disagreeable colour, though the light is pure and bright. It enters also largely into the composition of some kinds of soap, and is used in immense quantities as a lubricant for machinery. Cocoa-nut oil is, strictly speaking, a palm-oil also; but it presents several distinct features from the substance known under that name. It is obtained principally by expressing the soft part of the nut, and is coming into extensive use for the table-lamp. What a remarkable sight the wax palm mentioned by Humboldt and Martius must be, its trunk all covered over with a layer of wax exuded from the surface of the trunk, and in some cases thrown off in great scales by the leaves! Of a different kind of use is the great 'cabbage palm,' the *Oreodoxa oleracea*, according to Dr Royle. The large green top of the trunk of this palm is eaten, both raw and cooked, in the West Indies, where it is considered a *great* delicacy, an expression which is doubly correct. The unexpanded terminal bud of the cocoa palm is also a very choice article of food; but it has been stated that the trees die if it is removed. The *Mauritia Vinifera*, a gorgeous palm, sometimes a hundred and thirty feet high, besides yielding ropes, and oars, and a pleasant acidulous wine, contains within its fruit a pulpy mass, which, when prepared with sugar, forms a sort of preserve named 'sajetta,' so highly esteemed, as to sell for one hundred and sixty reals the pound. Martius mentions the curious circumstance, that a certain number of these noble palms forms the marriage portion of a bride, among the nations where the tree grows, and is by no means a despicable dowry.

The cocoa-nut, however, is the palm of palms, and has been well selected as a type of the useful endowments of the family. That learned traveller was right who said, it seemed as if nature had epitomised in the cocoa-nut the whole of the invaluable properties she had diffused among the family of palm-trees. The cocoa palm seldom fruits to any abundance before its eighth or tenth year, when it enters upon its career of unexampled usefulness to man. It yields fruit for sixty, seventy, or even one hundred years, producing from eighty to one hundred nuts annually. In good soils this wonderful tree will blossom every four or five weeks, and may be found almost perpetually adorned with flowers and fruit, and sometimes with both at once. The natives say the cocoa-nut is a tree delighting in the society of man; and it is certain it thrives best near his dwellings, since it is the custom of the people to deposit the refuse of their huts at the foot of the tree. The nuts, writes Mr Marshall in an elaborate paper upon this palm, are brought hither as wedges to fill in the interstices between the merchandise of our vessels: thus the freight costs nothing. Our supply is principally from the West Indies. A few years ago, it was estimated that six hundred thousand cocoa-nuts were thus annually imported into England, and this number must be greatly increased now. From the kernel of the cocoa-nut a pleasant kind of cake is prepared, which is a good substitute for bread. Puddings are also made of it; and with its milk, and the grated kernel, the incomparable Indian dish, curry, is prepared. Besides the value of the cocoa-nut as an article of diet, there is a kind known as the Maldive cocoa-nut, the fruit of a palm growing in the Isle of Palms, one of the Sychelle islands, which used to be valued at L.400 each, on account of its supposed medicinal virtues.

The fruit next in importance to the cocoa-nut is the date. The palm which yields it is the *Phœnix dactylifera*: it is cultivated very extensively along the edge of the great African and Arabian deserts; in one portion of this region to such an extent as to have conferred upon it the title of Bilduljerid, 'The Land of Dates.' The date-tree is the palm of the Scriptures: it was the emblem of Judæa, and will be remembered by the reader to have been figured as such in the well-known coin representing 'Judæa capta.' The date forms the principal support of the inhabitants of Arabia, Egypt, and the northern parts of Africa; with us, it is a luxury found chiefly upon the tables of the wealthier classes. This important tree grows slowly, but is said to live and bear fruit from two to three hundred years. The fruit grows in clusters, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds each, and is collected by the date-gatherer, who ascends the trees somewhat in the same manner as the toddy-drawer. From the value of the fruit, the culture of the date has received much attention; and the date plantations, whose majestic aspect has been mentioned, are carefully tended, and watered by artificial means. About one thousand hundredweight of dates is said to be imported into England, principally from Barbary. The Tafilat date is also much esteemed amongst us. The fruit, after being well baked in the sun, and dried, is made into a kind of flour, which frequently forms the entire sustenance of the caravans of the Desert, and will keep for a length of time if preserved from damp. Besides the fruit, the peduncle of the flowers is eaten, and with great avidity, especially by children. The traveller in the south of France will find that the date palm has wandered even there, and is cultivated not for its fruit, but for the leaves, which are sold for the celebration of Palm Sunday, at six or seven sous a leaf.

The wood of palm-trees is in many countries used for building purposes, and is said to possess a durability, and to offer a resistance to insects and weather, which that of no other trees can boast of. There are at this moment old houses constructed with it, which are in every respect almost as sound now as on the first day of their erection. The outer layers of the trunk of some species are so hard, as to have been used instead of iron for weapons, and drums are made from sections of the trunk. Mr Marshall says he has seen pieces of palm-wood so dense and hard as to resemble agate, and they have been cut and polished, and set as brooches. Cooking vessels, capable of containing several pints of water, and of enduring a considerable degree of heat, are made out of the spathes of other palms, and are extensively employed by the Caribbee islanders for evaporating salt water, and obtaining its saline ingredients. The great leaves of the palm-trees form an admirable thatch for houses, and frequently large temporary buildings are constructed in India with no other materials. By soaking the leaves in water, a fibrous material is extracted, which is made into cloths, carpets, &c. Baskets and buckets, close enough to hold water, are also made out of the leaves. The young leaves are formed into beautiful lanterns. The leaves are also a tolerable substitute for paper, the writing being executed with an iron style. They require a peculiar preparation for this purpose, and are then called *ollahs*. The woody ribs of the leaflets are used as brooms, pins, toothpicks, and torches. Other portions of the leaves form pens, and the sharp arrows which are blown from tubes by the Indians. Bristles of different kinds, used as needles, and as a substitute for hair in brooms, are derived from the leaf-stalks, and the midrib forms a capital oar. The substance known as coir, and now imported in large quantities into our country, is derived principally from the fibrous husk which envelopes the cocoa-nut. When this has been macerated in sea water, it is teased out, and then is

manufactured into an admirable kind of cordage and cable, very elastic, durable, and strong. Soaking in sea water is even said to improve them! The same material is largely employed as a stuffing for mattresses, being as elastic as hair, and less friendly to the presence of vermin. It is also woven into different kinds of matting for lobbies and churches, which are surprisingly durable, resisting for a length of time the effects of the very hardest wear. The trunk of many palms is made into boats, the leaf supplying the oar. Fans and punkhas are constructed out of the leaves. The stems of others are used to make bows; and the rattan, so well known among us, has been mentioned as derived from a palm of Brazil. The baskets and sacks in which the Java coffee is imported, are made from the leaves of a palm, which also affords material for hats, fishing-nets, shirts, and ropes. The wood is sometimes singularly marked and veined, and is hence largely used by our cabinetmakers for marquetrie-work, and inlaying generally. Our toy-warehouses have been inundated lately with a variety of toys manufactured out of the substance called 'vegetable ivory,' stated by Humboldt to be the produce of a tree growing upon the banks of the river Magdalena, and resembling a cocoa-nut palm. Dr Lindley quotes the following particulars about it from some Spanish botanists:—'The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards this same liquor becomes milky and sweet, and it changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid, if they are cut from the trees, and kept some time. From the kernels the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity.' The comparatively small size of these kernels precludes the possibility of using them for many purposes to which ivory is applied, but within the sphere of their dimensions they promise to play a useful subsidiary part. Even in their very destruction the palm-trees are our benefactors, for their ashes furnish the washermen of Ceylon with sufficient potash to enable them to dispense with soap.

Enough, in our opinion, has now been said to place the palm family in its proper position. The question concerning them is not, What do they afford us? But what is there that they do not? Utilitarians to the very last, it might be said of them, that were there now no other vegetation in the world but a universal palm family, mankind would hardly have any cause for regret.

EFFECTS OF MACHINERY.

Notwithstanding the manufacturing power of our country, there is scarcely any manufactured commodity which is not produced by some other realm of a superior quality, excepting heavy machinery and cutlery. The carpets of Persia are yet unrivalled—one lately imported was thought worthy to be made the cover of the privy-council table when royalty presided. The cashmeres of India are not yet equalled by the looms of France or Scotland. The leathers of Morocco and Russia are superior to our own. The finest cloth of Saxony has yet to be equalled in colour and durability by the clothiers of our country. The silks of China and France in colour and quality of material are found to wear better. The damasks of the continent, and the broad cloth of Holland, bear a higher price, and are more esteemed than our corresponding manufactures of Ireland and Paisley. Yet England produces all those and many more commodities at so cheap a rate, that she sells her inferior commodities to the nations of the world at a price so much less than similar and superior commodities can be produced by themselves, that they find it more profitable to purchase the commodities manufactured by us from their raw materials, than to use their own. Thus a considerable portion of the muslin worn by the inhabitants of British India is manufactured in Scotland.—*British and Foreign Review.*

THE CRY OF THE EARTH.

'Weep on—weep on, ye April skies!'
Cries mother Earth in glee;
'Like drops from pitying angels' eyes
Their freshness falls on me.

Oh let the genial dews of spring
Be on my bosom shed!
To bring rich Plenty following
Gaunt Famine's iron tread.

Day after day in pain subdued
I hear my children moan,
"We faint—we die for lack of food!"
And I can give them none.

Fall soft, fall fast, ye welcome rains,
Upon the thirsty ground;
And be my dry and barren plains
With golden harvests crowned,

Till far and wide, from strand to strand,
The valleys laugh and sing,
And o'er a rich and plenteous land
Glad, grateful voices ring.'

D. M. M.

CRIMINALITY OF SINGING IN GREECE.

It must be observed that no woman of the island ever sings; and the Sfakian women, whose seclusion and reserve is greater than that of the other female Cretans, never even dance, except on some great religious festivals, and then only with very near relations. Manias, who thinks that the readiness with which the women of Mylopótamo and other parts of the island join in the dance is hardly creditable to them, was greatly horrified at the idea of any respectable female ever singing; and assured me that it was quite impossible for a Greek woman to disgrace herself by doing anything so disreputable.—*Pashley's Travels in Crete.*

THEORY OF HUMAN ACTION.

Every human action has three aspects: its *moral* aspect, or that of its *right* and *wrong;* its *æsthetic* aspect, or that of its *beauty;* its *sympathetic* aspect, or that of its *loveableness.* The first addresses itself to our reason and conscience; the second to our imagination; the third to our human fellow-feeling. According to the first, we approve or disapprove; according to the second, we admire or despise; according to the third, we love, pity, or dislike. The *morality* of an action depends upon its foreseeable consequences; its beauty and its loveableness, or the reverse, depend upon the qualities which it is evidence of. Thus, a lie is *wrong*, because its effect is to mislead, and because it tends to destroy the confidence of man in man: it is also *mean*, because it is cowardly; because it proceeds from not daring to face the consequences of telling the truth; or, at best, is evidence of that want of power to compass our ends by straightforward means, which is conceived as properly belonging to every person not deficient in energy or in understanding. The action of Brutus in sentencing his sons was *right*, because it was executing a law essential to the freedom of his country against persons of whose guilt there was no doubt: it was *admirable*, because it evinced a rare degree of patriotism, courage, and self-control: but there was nothing *loveable* in it; it affords no presumption in regard to loveable qualities, unless a presumption of their deficiency. If one of the sons had engaged in the conspiracy from affection for the other, *his* action would have been loveable, though neither moral nor admirable. It is not possible for any sophistry to confound these three modes of viewing an action, but it is very possible to adhere to one of them exclusively, and lose sight of the rest. Sentimentality consists in setting the last two of the three above the first; the error of moralists, in general, is to sink the two latter entirely.—*Mill's Estimate of Bentham's Philosophy.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 93 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 178. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847. Price 1½d.

A RALLY FOR THE MANY-CHILDED.

We have received the following communication from our friend and cousin Mr John Balderstone—a gentleman formerly introduced to our readers, in a paper entitled *The House of Numbers*:—

'I wish you could make an effort in your journal in behalf of the many-childed. It cannot fail to have occurred to your observant mind that there is a disposition to look upon large families as a kind of misfortune to their parents, without, however, any inclination to pity it as such, but rather a tendency to treat it as a matter of mirth. To me, as one of the sufferers, this appears, to say the very least, too bad. For society both to accept of the new members brought up at so much expense, and to laugh at those who bear that expense, is surely "most tolerable, and not to be endured." Yet this has been the mood of the public mind for many years past.

'It did not use to be so. There was a time when men in general felt much like worthy Dr Primrose—that he who married and reared a large family was a more deserving person than he who remained single, and only talked of population. Unluckily, those who talk of population got the upper hand about fifty years ago, and have ever since maintained it. I don't know if their talk has done much to keep down the numbers of mankind; but certainly they have succeeded in raising a sort of odium on the subject. It *is* too bad. For only see how the case really stands, as between the many-childed and the world.

'The farmer requires a constant supply of fresh hands to carry on the work of his farm. He takes no care, incurs no expense, on this account. Those who now serve him have the whole charge upon themselves of rearing, out of their narrow incomes, the sturdy swains who are to drive plough and harrows after them. The poor mother has suffered and toiled, the father has been held in poverty, that the work of the world might not slacken when their sinews are no longer tensible.

'Genteel families require maid-servants. Whence do maid-servants come? Not one penny have they cost the middle classes. They have been entirely reared at the expense of the poor. Monuments are they of hardship and privation of all kinds, which humble parents have endured, that ladies and gentlemen might be served.

'The manufactures by which our country gains so much wealth, and keeps so high a place among nations, can only be carried on by means of endless relays of hardy artisans. Whence comes this so needful enginery? It is not bought, as machines are, by the money of the masters. No; it comes, without purchase or price, wholly from the humble homes of the poor fellows who have already given their own strength to the world's work. Each new hand represents at least a dozen years' board, lodging, care and nurture of all kinds, which have been furnished solely, or perhaps all but solely, out of the limited gains of parents. Sometimes a little is repaid to the expenditors by the work of the new hand during a few of his juvenile years; but seldom does this go far to serve as a remuneration, and in no case is it certainly to be depended on. Justly regarded, the duty which the parent pays to his child, though only what nature demands, and not to be neglected without the most shameful guilt, is not fulfilled without becoming an obligation on society, and a claim upon public gratitude and respect, rather than a subject for its ridicule.

'Look again at the middle classes. The public requires young men to fill shops, counting-rooms, the army, the bar, the pulpit, and so forth. Were these wanting, society would become disorganised. It *must* have them: it gets them too; but it never pays anything for them. As a general case, the youth have been reared for these situations solely at the expense of their parents, though, as far as social objects are concerned, parents have no more interest in seeing the situations filled than bachelors have, who contribute no benefit of the kind to the public, and are never expected to spend a penny in the nurture of their neighbours' children. Burns thought it the most piteous of all things to see a man asking his brother worm for "leave to toil." Is it not a peculiarly piteous phase of this picture to see a mother, in respectable but not affluent circumstances, going about with a stout raw-boned scion of her house, for whom she is anxious to obtain a situation? God only knows what she has suffered and done for this babe before he came to his present steeple-like height; but just think for a moment of the troubles she has had in seeing him through the horrid series of children's diseases—her cares in getting him to avoid lying, and prepare his lessons for school—the stockings and other gear she has mended for him—the frights she has got about his falls, his drownings, his batteries, his scrapes of all imaginable kinds—with all this, a continual fight with poverty, in consequence of having him and others to feed and clothe out of a narrow income; and then think of what it is she is looking for or claiming in behalf of her progeny—nothing but that he may be allowed to take his place in the Great Loom, to give the world the toil which it needs, and get but his mouthful in return; and it must appear as just about the greatest hardship in the world, that the poor woman should have to consider herself as the obliged party, if the world takes her son in any degree off her hands. Why, instead of being the obliged party, it seems to me that the world stands indebted to the woman for the whole cost of her son, anxieties and stocking-darnings included. She is one who has deserved well of the republic; and if any gross reward could

reward her, such a reward ought to be hers. She is at the least entitled to such an acknowledgment from the community as kings have been known to pay to those who furnished forth a fully-accoutred warrior for their service. A flourish of gallant compliments and thanks ought to be rendered to her.

'View also the case of marriageable daughters. There is nothing which has excited more merriment in our literature for many years, than the real or supposed manœuvres of mothers to get their girls disposed of. It seems now to be a settled matter, that the parents of unmarried young ladies must feel them as a dreadful burden, and must therefore be ever eager to get them cantoned out in the houses of their bachelor acquaintance. Now, perhaps some persons of no very exalted feelings, and, I may add, no very profound wisdom, have used expedients to obtain matches for their daughters; but not less certain is it that others shrink from everything of the kind. I protest against the whole strain of mind which we find in the merry world on this point. It is founded on injustice, and tends to degrade human nature. I claim a wholly different kind of consideration for an honest couple who have reared daughters in a fitting manner to encounter, if God wills, the responsibilities of matrimony. Here, as before, I take my stand on this—that the young persons are required by society, and the trouble and expense of presenting them is incurred by the parents alone. To take a particular case. A man wishes to have a wife. It is a presumable advantage to him, or he would not wish for it: it is a presumable benefit to society, or society would not be so eager to sanction matrimony. He gets the wife from her parents, with probably a trousseau and a square pianoforte into the bargain. Sink these externals, and think of what the young lady represents, altogether over and above what she is. How much must she have cost to her parents in feeding, clothing, and educating, before she became the bewitching, accomplished creature which her papa has to give away at the altar! Do we not, in reality, see here one man obtaining from another, as a free gift, one of the most valuable things which exist in the world—a favour almost too great to be reasonably taken by one man from another? I hold that nothing prevents it from being regarded in this light but the spirit of civilisation. In primitive society, where a wife represents work or service, the savage father sees it as only reasonable that he should be reimbursed for his outlay upon his daughter; he therefore sells her to her lover for articles of exchangeable value, as horses or bullocks. We do not act in this manner, because, being advanced in social humanity, we are content that the favour should be handed down from one generation to another—the obliged lover of to-day being the obliging father of twenty years hence. But surely, when the father or mother of many daughters is acting in this spirit, it is but a coarse and uncivilised kind of jocularity which represents them in the mean and unworthy light of manœuvrers for the settlement of their daughters. In sustaining the young ladies up to this point, and fitting them out as moral and enlightened beings, they have undoubtedly performed a duty towards society as well as towards their offspring; and when they render up these young creatures to other keeping, they clearly are the obliging, and not in any way the obliged parties. Why, then, should there be any feeling of a derogatory nature indulged in respecting them? Are they not rather entitled to some degree of honour above their fellows?

'There is no rank or class of society respecting which it could not equally be shown that the rearer of the large family is a kind of creditor of the community. Everywhere it is useful to have fresh human beings rising up; everywhere is the duty of bringing them up partially borne. To put the matter into its grossest and most palpable form: of two men of equal income and grade, the one with a family, and the other not, the former must be a poor man in comparison. And yet society at large is benefited by what renders him poor. Ergo, society is his debtor. It owes him sympathy, if not money. And surely it is no small presumption in favour of this view, that children obtained veneration for their parents in all ages and states of society but our own. Does it not imply something wrong in the spirit of our age, or in its actual circumstances, that it should witness the reversal of a feeling which had previously seemed the dictate of nature from the beginning of the world? What is the matter? It certainly is not that the world, being over-peopled, looks on the fresh family as a set of unwelcome intruders; for, after all, Dr Malthus's fears have proved visionary, and men in general never entertained them with any earnestness. It seems to me rather that we look on things now somewhat less in connection with the primitive domestic feelings than formerly. We regard the numerous family too exclusively as affecting the mere worldly circumstances of their parents, and slight the many-childed house for the same reason that poverty has been slighted throughout all ages. Base idea! To look on those young vessels of the human soul as only so much trouble or embarrassment. Perish such mean considerations—as perish everything that can lead to low views of human nature, that brightest effluence of Divinity here below! On this point society could not do better, as it appears to me, than look for a lesson to those who have the immediate care of the young at the earliest and most painful stage. Beautiful patience!—adorable tenderness!—hopes that wing ever on and on into a delightful future! How the cold disdain of the childless is put to shame by this mother feeling, even when exemplified where there is not conscious maternity to give it its last and truest intensity! No sense of poverty is here entertained, but rather the contrary, as if the lap where lies the breathing babe were filled with opulence unspeakable. Let society look on the young as its best and truest wealth, which nature says they are, and the many-childed will take their true position as the monied men of the state.'

Bravo, our good cousin! You plead your own cause too well to need any backing.

LIFE IN THE PACIFIC.

Some time ago the public were amused by a work called 'Typee,' purporting to be the real adventures of an American in the Marquesas islands in the South Sea. There was a certain originality about the book, both in its manner and matter, which was very captivating in the present state of our literature; and besides this, the things in the narrative were evidently true, whatever might be said of the persons; so it is no wonder that the author has been encouraged to make a second appearance. The new work is called 'Omoo' (The Rover, or Island-Wanderer);* and without any farther connection with its predecessor, continues the autobiography from the escape of the adventurer from Typee.

The narrative opens with his being taken on board of a whaler about a league from the land, 'the only object that broke the broad expanse of the ocean.' Here he gladly ships as one of the crew, for a single cruise, and regales with infinite delight, after his vegetable diet in the Marquesas valley, on salt junk and its platter of hard biscuit.

The vessel was a beautiful, but very elderly barque of 200 tons, and had already been condemned while serving as an English government-packet in the Australian seas. She was rotten to the core; with a forecastle

* Omoo: or Adventures in the South Seas. Murray's Home and Colonial Library. London. 1847.

(the lodging of the crew) that looked like the hollow of an old tree going to decay, from the walls of which slices were taken unceremoniously by the cook to kindle his fire, and by the others out of mere frolic. The principal personages on board were the captain; a slender young Cockney, whose soubriquets of 'Cabin-boy' and 'Paper Jack' designate his character, and the estimation in which he was held; the mate, a regular old sea-dog—short, thickset, and pockpitted, his hair curled in little rings of iron-gray round his bullet head, a fiercely-squinting eye, a twisted nose, and a large mouth, set off by great white sharkish-looking teeth; the ex-surgeon, called the Long Doctor, or Doctor Long Ghost, who, in consequence of a quarrel with the captain, had given in his resignation, and taken up his abode in the forecastle; and a harpooner, a wild New Zealander—a dark moody savage, who, in the sequel, endeavoured to run the ship on the reefs, in order to drown himself and everybody else. With these materials, it may be supposed, our author contrives to divest the voyage of anything like tameness; and indeed we have some idea that the portion of the narrative in which he is afloat will be found more interesting than that in which he assumes the character of an *omoo*, or wanderer among the Society Islands. The worst of it is, however, that, in order to preserve its character of reality, the narrative parts with its best personages without the least ceremony. For our part we longed to know what became of this strange crew when they sailed away from Tahiti; and we do not care to hide our discontent at having palmed upon us, as substitutes for the whole batch, merely Doctor Long Ghost and the author.

The forecastle—the parlour and bedroom of the men—was a triangular apartment in the extreme bows of the ship, five feet high, and floored with the chests of the crew, over which it was necessary to crawl, walking or standing being out of the question. The provisions dispensed here were not much more inviting than the parlour. 'When opened, the barrels of pork looked as if preserved in iron rust, and diffused an odour like a stale ragout. The beef was worse yet; a mahogany-coloured fibrous substance, so tough and tasteless, that I almost believed the cook's story of a horse's hoof with the shoe on having been fished up out of the pickle of one of the casks. Nor was the biscuit much better; nearly all of it was broken into hard little gun-flints, honeycombed through and through, as if the worms usually infesting this article in long tropical voyages had, in boring after nutriment, come out at the antipodes without finding anything.' These delicate viands had been bought at an auction of condemned navy stores in Sydney. The lodgings, as well as the fare, were so successfully disputed with the crew by myriads of cockroaches and regiments of rats, that 'they did not live among you, but you among them;' and 'so true was this, that the business of eating and drinking was better done in the dark than in the light of day.' All this, however, was taken very easily, and the sailors passed their leisure time in such good-humoured jokes as fastening a rope to the leg of a sleeper, and running him suddenly up to the yard-arm by means of a pulley. On one occasion the object was frustrated in a manner both amusing and consonant with poetical justice.

'One night, when all was perfectly still, I lay awake in the forecastle; the lamp was burning low and thick, and swinging from its blackened beam; and with the uniform motion of the ship, the men in the bunks rolled slowly from side to side, the hammocks swaying in unison.

'Presently I heard a foot upon the ladder, and looking up, saw a wide trousers leg. Immediately Navy Bob, a stout old Triton, stealthily descended, and at once went to groping in the locker after something to eat.

'Supper ended, he proceeded to load his pipe. Now, for a good comfortable smoke at sea, there never was a better place than the Julia's forecastle at midnight. To enjoy the luxury, one wants to fall into a kind of dreamy reverie, only known to the children of the weed. And the very atmosphere of the place, laden as it was with the snores of the sleepers, was inducive of this. No wonder, then, that after a while Bob's head sunk upon his breast; presently his hat fell off, the extinguished pipe dropped from his mouth, and the next moment he lay out on the chest as tranquil as an infant.

'Suddenly an order was heard on deck, followed by the trampling of feet and the hauling of rigging. The yards were being braced; and soon after the sleeper was missed, for there was a whispered conference over the scuttle.

'Directly a shadow glided across the forecastle, and noiselessly approached the unsuspecting Bob. It was one of the watch with the end of a rope leading out of sight up the scuttle. Pausing an instant, the sailor pressed softly the chest of his victim, sounding his slumbers; and then hitching the cord to his ankle, returned to the deck.

'Hardly was his back turned, when a long limb was thrust from a hammock opposite, and Doctor Long Ghost, leaping forth warily, whipped the rope from Bob's ankle, and fastened it like lightning to a great lumbering chest, the property of the man who had just disappeared.

'Scarcely was the thing done, when lo! with a thundering bound, the clumsy box was torn from its fastenings, and banging from side to side, flew towards the scuttle. Here it jammed; and thinking that Bob, who was as strong as a windlass, was grappling a beam and trying to cut the line, the jokers on deck strained away furiously. On a sudden the chest went aloft, and striking against the mast, flew open, raining down on the heads of the party a merciless shower of things too numerous to mention.

'Of course the uproar roused all hands, and when we hurried on deck, there was the owner of the box, looking aghast at its scattered contents, and with one wandering hand taking the altitude of a bump on his head.'

The next incident that relieved the monotony of the voyage was the death and burial in the sea of two men who had been for some time sick. Still the vessel went on its course, no soul on board knowing whither they were steering, or what they were to be about, except the mate. At length the men, who were accustomed to keep a look-out for whales from the masthead, declared off from the duty; but the mate considered this of little consequence, observing carelessly, that the whales they would soon get among 'were so tame, that they made a practice of coming round ships and scratching their backs against them.' The projects, however, of this officer, whatever they may have been, were put an end to by the likelihood there appeared to be of the captain dying, for he had been ailing for some time; the ship's course was now at length changed for Tahiti, where she arrived in due time. Here the author, Doctor Long Ghost, and others, were desirous of parting company with the rats and cockroaches; but the authority of the British consul being invoked in favour of the vessel, they were offered their choice between the jail on shore and the forecastle of the 'Little Jule:' they of course preferred the former.

Tahiti, except in the external aspect of nature, is by no means described as the paradise it was once reputed to be. All the vices of civilisation are here under a different form—and even all the miseries, including poverty and hunger. The author, however, and Doctor Long Ghost, had an opportunity, in the course of their adventures, of seeing the interior, where life presents itself in a different aspect. On one occasion, 'with whoop and halloo, we ran down the hills, the villagers soon hurrying forth to see who were coming. As we drew near, they gathered round, all curiosity to know what brought the "karhowries" into their quiet country. The doctor contriving to make them understand the purely social object of our visit, they gave us a true

Tahitian welcome; pointing into their dwellings, and saying they were ours as long as we chose to remain.

'We were struck by the appearance of these people, both men and women, so much more healthful than the inhabitants of the bays. As for the young girls, they were more retiring and modest, more tidy in their dress, and far fresher and more beautiful than the damsels of the coast.

'That night we abode in the house of Rartoo, a hospitable old chief. It was right on the shore of the lake; and at supper, we looked out through a rustling screen of foliage upon the surface of the starlit water.

'The next day we rambled about, and found a happy little community, comparatively free from many deplorable evils to which the rest of their countrymen are subject. Their time, too, was more occupied. To my surprise the manufacture of tappa was going on in several buildings. European calicoes were seldom seen, and not many articles of foreign origin of any description.'

The adventurers now resolved to proceed to the court of Queen Pomare, in hopes of being promoted to some post of honour and profit near her majesty.

'Nor was this expectation altogether Quixotic. In the train of many Polynesian princes, roving whites are frequently found; gentlemen pensioners of state, basking in the tropical sunshine of the court, and leading the pleasantest lives in the world. Upon islands little visited by foreigners, the first seaman that settles down is generally domesticated in the family of the head chief or king, where he frequently discharges the functions of various offices, elsewhere filled by as many different individuals. As historiographer, for instance, he gives the natives some account of distant countries; as commissioner of the arts and sciences, he instructs them in the use of the jack-knife, and the best way of shaping bits of iron hoop into spear-heads; and as interpreter to his majesty, he facilitates intercourse with strangers; besides instructing the people generally in the uses of the most common English phrases, civil and profane, but oftener the latter.

'These men generally marry well; often, like Hardy of Hannamanoo, into the blood-royal. Sometimes they officiate as personal attendant, or first lord in waiting to the king. At Amboi, one of the Tonga Islands, a vagabond Welshman bends his knee as cupbearer to his cannibal majesty. He mixes his morning cup of "arva," and, with profound genuflections, presents it in a cocoa-nut bowl, richly carved. Upon another island of the same group, where it is customary to bestow no small pains in dressing the hair—frizzing it out by a curious process into an enormous pope's-head—an old man-of-war's-man fills the post of barber to the king.'

This journey was not attended by tavern bills. 'The Polynesians carry their hospitality to an amazing extent. Let a native of Waiurar, the westernmost part of Tahiti, make his appearance as a traveller at Partoowye, the most easternly village of Imeeo, though a perfect stranger, the inhabitants on all sides accost him at their doorways, inviting him to enter, and make himself at home. But the traveller passes on, examining every house attentively, until at last he pauses before one which suits him, and then exclaiming, "*Ah, ena maitai!*" ("This one will do, I think!"), he steps in, and makes himself perfectly at ease, flinging himself upon the mats, and very probably calling for a nice young cocoa-nut, and a piece of toasted bread-fruit, sliced thin, and done brown.'

This is the description of a dinner:—'First, a number of "pooroo" leaves, by way of plates, were ranged along on one side; and by each was a rustic nut-bowl, half-filled with sea-water, and a Tahitian roll, or small bread-fruit, roasted brown. An immense flat calabash, placed in the centre, was heaped up with numberless small packages of moist steaming leaves; in each was a small fish, baked in the earth, and done to a turn. This pyramid of a dish was flanked on either side by an ornamental calabash. One was brimming with the golden-hued "poee," or pudding, made from the red plantain of the mountains; the other was stacked up with cakes of the Indian turnip, previously macerated in a mortar, kneaded with the milk of the cocoa-nut, and then baked. In the spaces between the three dishes were piled young cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husks. Their eyes had been opened and enlarged, so that each was a ready-charged goblet.

'There was a sort of side-cloth in one corner, upon which, in bright buff jackets, lay the fattest of bananas; "avees," red-ripe; guavas, with the shadows of their crimson pulp flushing through a transparent skin, and almost coming and going there like blushes; oranges, tinged here and there berry-brown; and great jolly melons, which rolled about in very portliness. Such a heap! All ruddy, ripe, and round, bursting with the good cheer of the tropical soil from which they sprang!'

The wanderers at length find themselves comfortably housed with a native family, whose abode was so fine, that they were at first afraid to enter.

'While standing irresolute, a voice from the nearest house hailed us, "*Aramai! aramai, harhowree!*" ("Come in! come in, strangers!")

'We at once entered, and were warmly greeted. The master of the house was an aristocratic-looking islander, dressed in loose linen drawers, a fine white shirt, and a sash of red silk tied about the waist, after the fashion of the Spaniards in Chili. He came up to us with a free frank air, and striking his chest with his hand, introduced himself as Ereemear Po-Po; or, to render the Christian name back again into English, Jeremiah Po-Po.

'We gave our names in return, upon which he bade us be seated; and sitting down himself, asked us a great many questions in mixed English and Tahitian. After giving some directions to an old man to prepare food, our host's wife, a large, benevolent-looking woman, upwards of forty, also sat down by us. In our soiled and travel-stained appearance, the good lady seemed to find abundant matter for commiseration; and all the while kept looking at us piteously, and making mournful exclamations.

'But Jeremiah and his spouse were not the only inmates of the mansion.

'In one corner, upon a large native couch, elevated upon posts, reclined a nymph, who, half-veiled in her own long hair, had yet to make her toilet for the day. She was the only daughter of Po-Po, and a very beautiful little daughter she was. They called her Loo—a name rather pretty and genteel, and therefore quite appropriate; for a more genteel and lady-like little damsel there was not in all Imeeo.

'When we first entered, Po-Po was raking smooth the carpet of dried ferns which had that morning been newly laid; and now that our meal was ready, it was spread on a banana-leaf, right upon this fragrant floor. Here we lounged at our ease, eating baked pig and bread-fruit off earthen plates, and using, for the first time in many a long month, real knives and forks.

'Arfretee, Po-Po's wife, was a right motherly body. The meal over, she recommended a nap; and upon our waking much refreshed, she led us to the doorway, and pointed down among the trees, through which we saw the gleam of water. Taking the hint, we repaired thither; and finding a deep shaded pool, bathed, and returned to the house. Our hostess now sat down by us; and after looking with great interest at the doctor's cloak, felt my own soiled and tattered garments for the hundredth time, and exclaimed plaintively, "*Ah nuee nuce olee manee! olee manee!*" ("Alas! they are very, very old! very old!")

'Going to a chest filled with various European articles, she took out two suits of new sailor-frocks and trousers; and presenting them with a gracious smile, pushed us behind a calico screen, and left us. Without any fastidious scruples, we donned the garments; and what with the meal, the nap, and the bath, we now came forth like a couple of bridegrooms.

'Evening drawing on, lamps were lighted. They were very simple—the half of a green melon, about one-third full of cocoa-nut oil, and a wick of twisted tappa floating on the surface. As a night-lamp, this contrivance cannot be excelled; a soft dreamy light being shed through the transparent rind.

'As the evening advanced, other members of the household, whom as yet we had not seen, began to drop in. There was a slender young dandy in a gay striped shirt, and whole fathoms of bright figured calico tucked about his waist, and falling to the ground. He wore a new straw-hat also, with three distinct ribbons tied about the crown; one black, one green, and one pink. Shoes or stockings, however, he had none.

'There were a couple of delicate olive-cheeked little girls—twins—with mild eyes and beautiful hair, who ran about the house half-naked, like a couple of gazelles. They had a brother somewhat younger, a fine dark boy, with an eye like a woman's. All these were the children of Po-Po.

'Then there were two or three queer-looking old ladies, who wore shabby mantles of soiled sheeting; which fitted so badly, and withal had such a second-hand look, that I at once put their wearers down as domestic paupers — poor relations, supported by the bounty of My Lady Arfretee. They were sad, meek old bodies; said little, and ate less; and either kept their eyes on the ground, or lifted them up deferentially. The semi-civilisation of the island must have had something to do with making them what they were.

'Before retiring, the entire household gathered upon the floor; and in their midst, Po-Po read aloud a chapter from a Tahitian Bible. Then kneeling with the rest of us, he offered up a prayer. Upon its conclusion, all separated without speaking. These devotions took place regularly every night and morning. Grace, too, was invariably said by this family both before and after eating.

'The house itself was built in the simple but tasteful native style. It was a long, regular oval, some fifty feet in length, with low sides of cane-work, and a roof thatched with palmetto leaves. The ridge-pole was, perhaps, twenty feet from the ground. There was no foundation whatever, the bare earth being merely covered with ferns; a kind of carpeting which serves very well, if frequently renewed; otherwise, it becomes dusty, and the haunt of vermin, as in the huts of the poorer natives.

'Beside the couches, the furniture consisted of three or four sailor chests; in which were stored the fine wearing-apparel of the household — the ruffled linen shirts of Po-Po, the calico dresses of his wife and children, and divers odds and ends of European articles—strings of beads, ribbons, Dutch looking-glasses, knives, coarse prints, bunches of keys, bits of crockery, and metal buttons. One of these chests—used as a bandbox by Arfretee—contained several of the native hats (coal-scuttles), all of the same pattern, but trimmed with variously-coloured ribbons. Of nothing was our good hostess more proud than of these hats and her dresses. On Sundays, she went abroad a dozen times; and every time, like Queen Elizabeth, in a different robe.'

The visit of the adventurers to court is unsuccessful, and the author at length determines upon going again to sea. 'The next day I paddled off to the ship, signed and sealed, and stepped ashore with my "advance"—fifteen Spanish dollars tasselling the ends of my neck-handkerchief.

'I forced half of the silver on Long Ghost; and having little use for the remainder, would have given it to Po-Po as some small return for his kindness; but, although he well knew the value of the coin, not a dollar would he accept.'

The following is the conclusion of this amusing and original book:—'I prevailed upon Po-Po to drink a parting shell; and even little Loo, actually looking conscious that one of her hopeless admirers was about leaving Partoowye for ever, sipped a few drops from a folded leaf. As for the warm-hearted Arfretee, her grief was unbounded. She even besought me to spend my last night under her own palm-thatch; and then, in the morning, she would herself paddle me off to the ship.

'But this I would not consent to; and so, as something to remember her by, she presented me with a roll of fine matting, and another of tappa. These gifts placed in my hammock, I afterwards found very agreeable in the warm latitudes to which we were bound; nor did they fail to awaken most grateful remembrances.

'About nightfall we broke away from this generous-hearted household, and hurried down to the water.

'An hour or two after midnight, everything was noiseless; but when the first streak of the dawn showed itself over the mountains, a sharp voice hailed the forecastle, and ordered the ship unmoored. The anchors came up cheerily; the sails were soon set; and with the early breath of the tropical morning, fresh and fragrant from the hill-sides, we slowly glided down the bay, and were swept through the opening in the reef. Presently we "hove to," and the canoes came alongside to take off the islanders who had accompanied us thus far. As he stepped over the side, I shook the doctor long and heartily by the hand. I have never seen or heard of him since.

'Crowding all sail, we braced the yards square; and the breeze freshening, bowled straight away from the land. Once more the sailor's cradle rocked under me, and I found myself rolling in my gait.

'By noon, the island had gone down in the horizon; and all before us was the wide Pacific.'

ALL FOR THE BEST.

A TALE.

I DO not think there could be found in the three kingdoms a blither little old maid than Miss Mellicent Orme, otherwise Aunt Milly, for so she was universally called by her nephews and nieces, first, second, and third cousins—nay, even by many who could not boast the smallest tie of consanguinity. But this sort of universal aunthood to the whole neighbourhood was by no means disagreeable to Miss Milly, for in a very little body she had a large heart, of a most India-rubber nature; not indeed as the simile is used, in speaking of female hearts, that 'never break—but always stretch.' But Miss Milly's heart possessed this elastic nature in the best sense—namely, that it ever found room for new occupants; and, moreover, it was remarkable for its quality of effacing all unkindness or injuries as easily as India-rubber removes pencil marks from paper.

Aunt Milly—I have some right to call her so, being her very nephew, Godfrey Estcourt—was an extremely little woman. She had pretty little features, pretty little hands and feet, a pretty little figure, and always carried with her a pretty little worked bag, in whose mysterious recesses all the children of the neighbourhood loved to dive, seldom returning to the surface without some pearl of price, in the shape of a lozenge or a sugar-plum. Her dress was always neat, rather old-fashioned perhaps, but invariably becoming; her soft brown hair—it really was brown still—lay smoothly braided under a tiny cap; her white collar was ever smooth; indeed Aunt Milly's whole attire seemed to have the amazing quality of never looking worn, soiled, or dusty, but always fresh and new. Yet she was far from rich, as every one knew; but her little income was just enough to suffice for her little self. She lived in a nutshell of a house, with the smallest of small handmaidens; indeed everything about Aunt Milly was on the diminutive scale. She did not live much at home, for she was everywhere in request—at weddings, chris-

tenings, and, to her credit be it spoken, Aunt Milly did not turn her feet from the house of mourning. She could weep with the sorrowful, yet somehow or other she contrived to infuse hope amidst despair. And in general her blithe nature converted all life's minor evils into things not worth lamenting about.

Every one felt that Aunt Milly's entrance into their doors brought sunshine. She was a sunbeam in herself: there was cheerfulness in her light step, her merry laugh: the jingling of the keys in her pocket, dear little soul! was musical. She had a word of encouragement for all, and had an inclination to look on the sunny side of everything and everybody. No one was more welcome in mirthful days, no one more sought for in adversity, for she had the quality of making even trouble seem lighter; and her unfailing motto was, 'All happens for the best.'

All my schoolboy disasters had been deposited in Aunt Milly's sympathising ear; and when I grew up, I still kept to the old habit. I came to her one day with what I considered my first real sorrow: it was the loss, by the sudden failure of a country bank, of nearly all the few hundreds my poor father had laid up for me. My sad news had travelled before me, and I was not surprised to see Aunt Milly's cheerful face really grave as she met me with, 'My dear boy, I am very sorry for you.'

'It is the greatest misfortune I could have,' I cried. 'I wish that wretch Sharples——'

'Don't wish him anything worse than he has to bear already, poor man, with his large family,' said Aunt Milly gently.

'But you do not know all I have lost. That—that Laura——' and I stopped, looking, I doubt not, very silly.

'You mean to say, Godfrey, that since, instead of having a little fortune to begin the world with, you have hardly anything at all, Miss Laura Ashton will not consider that her engagement holds. I expected it.'

'Oh, Aunt Milly, she is not so mean as that; but we were to have been married in two years, and I could have got a share in Mortlake's office, and we should have been so happy! All is over now. Her father says we must wait, and Laura is to be considered free. Life is nothing to me now. I will go to America—or shoot myself.'

'How old are you, Godfrey?' asked Aunt Milly with a quiet smile that rather annoyed me.

'I shall be twenty next June,' I said. Young people always put their age in the future tense, it sounds better.

'It is now July, so that I may call you nineteen and a month. My dear boy, the world must be a horrible place indeed for you to get tired of it so soon. I would advise you to wait a little while before you get so very desperate.'

'Aunt Milly,' I said, turning away, 'it is easy for you to talk—you were never in love.'

A shadow passed over her bright face, and her eye glanced sadly at a mourning ring on the little hand; but Aunt Milly did not answer my allusion.

'I do not think any boy of nineteen is doomed to be a victim to loss of fortune or hopeless love,' she said after a pause. 'My dear Godfrey, this will be a trial of your Laura's constancy, and of your own patience and industry. Depend upon it, all will turn out for the best.'

'Oh!' I sighed, 'you talk very well, Aunt Milly; but what can I do?'

'I will tell you. You are young, clever, and have been for two years in a good profession. It will be your own fault if you do not rise in the world. Every man is in a great measure the architect of his own fortunes; and where, as in your case, the foundation of a good education is laid, so much the easier is it to raise the superstructure. You may be a rich man yet by your own exertions, and money earned is ten times sweeter than money received by gift or legacy.'

This was the longest and gravest speech I had ever heard from Aunt Milly's lips. Its truth struck me forcibly, and I felt rather ashamed of having so soon succumbed to ill-fortune: it seemed cowardly, and unworthy the manly dignity of nearly twenty years. Aunt Milly, with true feminine tact, saw her advantage, and followed it up.

'Now, as to your heart-troubles, my dear nephew. To tell the truth, I hardly believe in boyish love; there is generally more of fancy and romance than real affection in it. Do not be vexed, Godfrey, but I should not be surprised if, five years hence, you tell me how fortunate it was that this trial came to prove the steadiness of Miss Ashton's regard, or your own, before you married her. Men rarely see with the same eyes at nineteen and twenty-five.'

I began with good old Will Shakspeare's declaration—

> 'Doubt that the stars are fire,
> Doubt that the sun doth move,
> Doubt truth to be a liar,
> But never doubt my love.'

Aunt Milly laughed. 'As both these astronomical facts are rather questionable, you must excuse my doubting a little still. But time will show. Meanwhile do not despair; be diligent, and be careful of the little you have left. Matters might have been worse with you.'

'Ah, Aunt Milly, what a cheerful heart you have! But trouble never comes to you as it does to other people.'

'You are a little mistaken, Godfrey. At this moment I am in greater distress than you. By Sharples's failure I have lost every farthing I had in the world.'

I was struck dumb with surprise and regret. Poor dear Aunt Milly! when she was listening to my lamentations, and consoling me, how little did I know that she was more unfortunate than myself! And yet she neither complained nor desponded, but only smiled—a little sadly perhaps—and said she knew even this disaster was 'all for the best,' though she could not see it at the time. She calmly made preparations for quitting her pretty home, confided her little handmaid to one cousin, in whose kitchen Rachel was gladly admitted, gave her few household pets to another, and prepared to brave the wide world as she best could. Some unfeeling people forgot Aunt Milly in her trouble; but the greater part of her friendly circle proved how much they esteemed and valued her. Some asked her to visit them for a month, three months, a year: indeed, had she chosen, Aunt Milly might have spent her life as a passing guest among her friends; but she was too proud to do so.

At last a third or fourth cousin—a widower of large fortune—invited Miss Milly to reside at his house, as chaperon to his two daughters, young girls just growing up into womanhood. This proposal, kindly meant, was warmly accepted; and Aunt Milly set forward on her long journey, for Elphinstone Hall was some hundred miles off—a formidable distance to one who had never been a day's journey from her own home; now, alas! hers no more! Still, neither despondency nor fear troubled her blithe spirit, as little Miss Milly set out with her valorous nephew; for I had pleaded so earnestly my right to be her squire to Mr Elphinstone's door, that the concession was yielded at last.

Of all the gloomy-looking old avenues that ever led to baronial hall, the one we passed through was the gloomiest. It might have been pretty in May, but on a wet day in October it was most melancholy. Poor Aunt Milly shivered as the wind rustled in the trees, and the dead leaves fell in clouds on the top of the post-chaise. We alighted, and entered a hall equally lugubrious, and not much warmer than the avenue. The solemn old porter was warming his chilled hands at the

tiny fire: he and the house were in perfect keeping—dreary, dull, and melancholy. The master was much in the same style: a tall black figure, with a long face and a white neckcloth, was the personified idea left behind by Mr Elphinstone. When he was gone, I earnestly intreated Aunt Milly to return with me, and not stay in this desolate place; but she refused.

'My cousin seems kind,' she said: 'he looked and spoke as though he were glad to see me.' (I was too cold to hear or see much certainly, but I did not notice this very friendly reception.) 'My dear Godfrey,' Aunt Milly continued, 'I will stay and try to make a home here: the two girls may be amiable, and then I shall soon love them: at all events, let us hope for the best.'

My hopes for poor Aunt Milly all vanished into thin air when, at the frigid dinner-table, where the very eatables seemed made of stone, I saw two young ladies of fifteen or thereabouts: one the wildest and rudest hoyden that ever disgraced feminine habiliments; the other, a pale stooping girl, with sleepy blue eyes, and lank fair hair, who never uttered a word, nor once lifted her eyes from the tablecloth.

'What will become of poor Aunt Milly?' I thought internally. Yet there she was, as cheerful as ever, talking to that solemn old icicle Mr Elphinstone; listening patiently to the lava-flood of Miss Louisa's tongue; and now and then speaking to Miss Euphemia, whose only answer was a nod of the head, or a stare from her immense blue eyes. 'Well!' I mentally ejaculated, 'Aunt Milly's talent for making the best of everything will be called into full requisition here, I suspect.'

Nevertheless, when we parted, she assured me that she was quite content; that she would no doubt be very comfortable at the Hall.

'But those two dreadful girls, how will you manage them, Aunt Milly?' and a faint vision of the tall stout Louisa knocking my poor little aunt off her chair, in anger, came across my mind's eye.

'Poor things! they have no mother to teach them better. I am sorry for them: I was a motherless child myself,' said Aunt Milly softly. 'They will improve by and by: depend upon it, Godfrey, all will turn out well for both you and me.'

'Amen!' said I in my heart; for I thought of my own Laura, how different she was from the Miss Elphinstones! And the image of my beloved eclipsed that of desolate Aunt Milly, I fear, before I had travelled many miles from the Hall.

Aunt Milly's epistles were not very frequent; for, like many excellent people, she disliked letter-writing, and only indulged her very particular friends with a few lines now and then, in which she fully acted up to the golden rule, 'Say what you have to say in as few words as you can, and then say no more.' Thus my information as to how matters were going on at Elphinstone Hall was of a very slender nature. However, when a few months had rolled by, chance led me into the neighbourhood, and I surprised Aunt Milly with a visit from her loving nephew.

It was early spring, and a few peeping primroses brightened the old avenue. Underneath the dining-room windows, too, was a gay bed of purple and yellow crocuses, which I thought bore tokens of Aunt Milly's care; she was always so fond of flowers. I fancied the Hall did not look quite so cheerless as before; the bright March sunbeams enlivened, though they could not warm it. In a few moments appeared Aunt Milly herself, not in the least altered, but as lively and active as ever.

She took me into her own little sitting-room, and told me how the winter had passed with her. It had been rather a gloomy one, she acknowledged: the girls were accustomed to run wild; Louisa would have her own way; but then she was easily guided by love, and her nature was frank and warm. Phemie, the pale girl, who had been delicate from her cradle, was rather indolent, but—(oh what a blessing these charitable *buts* are sometimes!)—but then she was so sweet and gentle. I own when I again saw the young damsels, thus described by Aunt Milly, I did not perceive quite such a marvellous change: Louisa seemed nearly as talkative, and her sister nearly as insipid, as ever; still there was a slight improvement even to my eyes, and I gladly allowed Aunt Milly the full benefit of that loving glamour which was cast by her hopeful creed and sweet disposition.

'But now, Godfrey, how fares it with you?' said my good aunt. 'How is Laura? and how are you getting on in the world?'

I could give but a melancholy answer to these questions; for I had to work hard, and law was a very dry study. Besides, many people looked coldly on me after they knew I was poorer than I had been; and even Laura herself was not so frank and kind. Vague jealousies were springing up in my heart for every smile she bestowed elsewhere; and these were not few. I was, in truth, far from happy; and so I told Aunt Milly, adding, 'If Laura does not love me, I don't care what becomes of me.'

Aunt Milly smiled, and then looked grave. 'My dear Godfrey, if Laura married to-morrow, you would recover in time from her loss.'

'No, never! To lose the girl I love, is to lose everything.'

'You do not yet know what real love is, my dear boy. I never believed that Laura Ashton was capable of exciting the lasting affection of a true heart, or worthy to retain it. But we shall see. Once more, have a good courage; work hard at your profession, and think as little of Laura as you can. If she ever did love you, she does so still, and will as long as you keep constant to her. Alas for the one whose love survives his who first awakened it! If Laura's affection be not of this firm nature, it is not worth the winning, and its loss will soon be no pain at all.'

I did not agree with Aunt Milly's theory; but I said no more; my heart was too sore. She took me over the house and grounds: both looked cheerful under the influence of the soft spring; and then she told me how kind Mr Elphinstone was, and how he had been gradually weaned from his solitary life to take pleasure in the society of his daughters.

'And I hope he is grateful to you, who have made them at all endurable?' I said.

Aunt Milly smiled. 'Yes, I believe he is: but I have done only what I ought: the girls both love me so much; and it is sufficient reward to see them improved.'

I did not see Mr Elphinstone, but I earnestly hoped the solemn, coldly polite, middle-aged gentleman had shared in the general amelioration and reform effected by the cheerful-hearted Miss Milly.

Months had glided into years ere I again saw Aunt Milly. Everything had changed with me: from a boy, I had grown a man, struggling with the world. I had followed Aunt Milly's advice, and had begun to reap the fruit of it, in the good opinion of those whose opinion was worth having. I had proved also the truth of her old saying, 'How sweet is the bread of one's own labour!' Another of her prophecies, alas! had come but too true. Laura Ashton was lost to me: she had married an officer of dragoons, and had left the country. But I will not speak of this, for I did love her very much *once*; and in spite of Aunt Milly's sage speeches, no one can quite forget his boyish fancy. However, the cares of life left me no time to ponder mournfully over my first love.

When I next visited Elphinstone Hall, it was in the golden days of midsummer. I thought I had never beheld a more lovely place. The old trees were so shady and full of leaves; the grassy lawn so very green; the flower-garden so bright with blossoms. Age and youth were not more different than the old cheerless Hall of former times and the beautiful spot I now looked

upon. Even Aunt Milly seemed to share in the general rejuvenescence. The two years which had changed me so much, had not made her look a day older. She had the same clear, fresh, cheerful face, and neat little figure; both perhaps a little rounder, the result of a happy life and few cares. Her dress was as tasteful as ever, but not quite so precise, and it was of richer materials. She wore, too, various handsome articles of jewellery; a remarkable circumstance for unpretending Aunt Milly. I thought her pupils must be at least kind and generous in presents.

We had not sat talking long, when a very graceful girl crossed the lawn to the French window of Aunt Milly's room.

'I will come soon: go and take your walk, Phemie dear,' said Aunt Milly.

Wonder of wonders! Could that beautiful fair face and golden ringlets which I saw through the open window belong to the lackadaisical Miss Euphemia of old? I absolutely started from my chair.

'You don't mean to say, Aunt Milly, that that lovely girl is Miss Elphinstone?'

'Most certainly,' said Aunt Milly, laughing heartily—her own musical laugh.

'Well, if ever I saw such a transformation! You are as much a fairy as Cinderella's godmother.'

'Not at all; I only did as a gardener does with uncultivated ground; I pulled up the weeds, and planted flowers. As for Phemie's beauty, *I* never thought her ugly, though you were too much occupied with your disgust at the place to perceive that she really had a fair skin and pretty features. I have only made the best of what I found.'

'And how has Miss Louisa turned on your hands?' I asked smiling.

'Look at her; she is coming up the avenue on horseback.'

And a very graceful fearless horsewoman the quondam hoyden seemed: her wildness was subdued into gay, but not unladylike manners: in short, Louisa had become what many men would admire as a fine lively girl.

'Why, Aunt Milly,' I said, 'you must have grown quite attached to these girls; it will really be painful for you to leave them.'

'I do not think of leaving them very soon,' said Aunt Milly, casting down her eyes, and playing with her gold watch-chain, while a very faint deepening of her still fair cheek, and a scarcely perceptible smile hovering round her mouth, were distinctly visible.

'Indeed!' said I inquiringly.

'Yes; Mr Elphinstone is very kind; he does not wish me to go: the girls love me; and my cousin——'

'Loves you quite as much, dear Aunt Milly!' I cried, at last arriving at the truth. 'I don't see how he could possibly help it; and so I wish you joy.'

Aunt Milly muttered something in return, blushed as prettily as a girl of fifteen, and at last fairly ran out of the room.

'After all, everything *was* for the best!' thought I, as I attended the quiet wedding of Mr Elphinstone and his second wife. He did not look half so grave and austere as I fancied, and really was a very fine-looking man, in spite of his fifty years; and if his winning little wife trod only ten years behind him in the road of life, why, I have seen many older-looking brides who were not thirty by the church register: and, after all, what matter years when the heart is still young? Mr Elphinstone did right to give his daughters a second mother in her who had already been such to them; and Aunt Milly, too, what was there ludicrous in her having found a worthy husband, and a happy home against her old age?

I have nothing more to add, except that I have been for these two years a married man myself; and therefore fully sympathised with Aunt Milly's keeping of her seventh wedding anniversary last week. I may just mention, *en passant*, that I do not call her Aunt Milly now, happening to be her son-in-law as well as nephew. Perhaps, to clear up all mysteries, I had better confess that my wife has fair hair, sweet blue eyes, and that her name is Euphemia.

'THE ANCIENT WORLD.'

In the progress of science, it must of necessity happen that a desire will prevail for a general view of the advances made—for a *resumé* of all the scattered facts contributed by isolated workers, their bearing upon each other, and the new views to be deduced from them. This has just been done for geology, by the publication of a work* well calculated to convey a clear idea of the physical history of the earth as connected with this science. But few persons are possessed of any well-defined knowledge of this interesting subject—of the mighty changes which have taken place in the earth's crust—of the deposition of its various strata—of its animal and vegetable inhabitants in remote times; and the work now under consideration will go far to supply the existing want, and perhaps incite a closer attention to this portion of the vast field of natural knowledge.

Professor Ansted sets out by observing that the value of geological knowledge cannot be less than that of geographical; that, if it be desirable to know something of the position and climate of different countries, it is equally essential to have an acquaintance with their underlying strata, seeing that on the latter so many physical advantages depend. He further compares his position as natural historian of the earth with that of a writer about to give a history of a people whose chief evidences lie in the remains, whether architectural or otherwise, which a nation may leave behind them; and he observes that 'it is possible to make out an account of the successive events that have taken place in various parts of the world, not only before the earth was inhabited by civilised men, but even when man had not yet been created.'

The memorials or archives of the ancient world exist in the shape of fossils, and their value, as positive evidence of what has taken place on the earth, is insisted on by nearly every writer who has paid any attention to the subject. Fossils are to the geologist what a half-effaced inscription is to the antiquary, or a fragment of an old book to the bibliographer—something on which they can reason back to complete and definite conclusions. A recent writer has called them 'medals of creation,' so clearly do they mark the various reigns of different races on the earth. But we have to begin with a period prior to their existence. It is generally known that granite is considered 'as the foundation and the main solid framework of our globe;' and the manner in which it contributes to the formation of other rocks is highly interesting. 'If we imagine common granite coarsely pounded and thrown into a vessel of water, it will arrange itself in the bottom of the vessel in a condition very much like that of gneiss, which is indeed nothing else than stratified granite. If the water in which the pounded rock is thrown is moving along at a slow rate, and that part of the granite called *felspar* happens to be somewhat decomposed, as it often is, then the felspar (which is so truly *clay*, that it makes the best possible material for the use of the potteries), and the thin shining plates of mica, will be carried farther by the water than the lumps of white quartz or flint sand, which, with the other two ingredients, made up the granite; and the two former will be deposited in layers, which, by passing a galvanic current through them, would in time become mica-schist. If the mica were absent, or if the clay were deposited without it, owing to any cause, then a similar galvanic current would turn the deposit into something like clay-slate.' We have thus the existence of these three 'mechanically-arranged' rocks accounted for: they are always

* The Ancient World; or Picturesque Sketches of Creation. By D. T. Ansted, M.A. London: Van Voorst. 1847.

found in connection with the granite, and belong to the period antecedent to the appearance of animal life. In a succeeding series, the silurian rocks, whether in Europe or other parts of the world, we meet with the first proofs of the existence of living beings. Amongst these were species partaking so largely both of the animal and vegetable character, that naturalists were for a time at a loss under which head to classify them. The little coralline animals have been at work for ages, separating carbonate of lime from the sea-water, and building up our present mountain masses of limestone. 'The prodigious extent of the combined and uninterrmitting labours of these little world-architects,' writes Professor Ansted, 'must be witnessed in order to be adequately conceived or realised. They have built up four hundred miles of barrier reef on the shores of New Caledonia; and on the north-east coast of Australia, their labours extend for one thousand miles in length; and these reefs may average perhaps a quarter of a mile in breadth, and one hundred and fifty feet in depth; and they have been built amidst the waves of the ocean, and in defiance of its fiercest storms!' The ocean at that period presented greater differences of depth than at the present day: it was peopled with trilobites, polypes, and several others of the same class, among which were the 'crinoids or stone-flowers, more beautiful, perhaps, and more picturesque, than the sea-anemones of our own coast, even when these latter are seen in all their beauty, and with their tendrils and fibres widely expanded and brilliantly coloured.'

In the next stage we find the first traces of fishes, some of which are of the most extraordinary structure and appearance when compared with those with which we are at present familiar. Small at first, the new species increased in size as circumstances favoured their development, and were succeeded by the gigantic *sauroids*, or lizard-fishes. Together with these the ocean abounded with sharks, and millions of invertebrate. 'Imagine,' says the author, 'one of these monstrous animals, a *plesiosaurus*, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped crocodilian head, a long arched serpent-like neck, a short compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles, almost developed into hands: an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black slimy skin. Imagine for a moment this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half-walking, half-creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe, however, in all its proportions, it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of concealing itself in mud, or among the rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to the full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey, we may almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impulse given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes, including, perhaps, even the sharks, the larger cuttle-fish, and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster.

'But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile, the *ichthyosaurus*. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs, and the bony apparatus of the ribs, would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire: its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and a tail like a shark: its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the plesiosaurus, or some giant shark, is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly, striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent; the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought, the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible—like an island covered with black mud —above the water.'

According to Professor Ansted, that portion of the Mexican Gulf bounded by the West India islands and the Isthmus of Darien, covers a tract of land in which operations are going on corresponding to those that produced the secondary formations in various parts of Europe and America—comprising wealden and oolite. Vast additions were made to the tenants of the ocean during the oolitic period: reptiles of an enormous size, and insects, made their appearance; those singular creatures, the belemnite and the ammonite, were then in existence; and the first mammals, creatures about the size of rats, began to run in the forests. We extract another 'picture,' recalling 'the scenes once enacted near some tract of low flat land—a sandy shore of the oolitic period—on which, at a distance, a few solitary palm-trees stand out against the blue sky, but which is backed by a more luxuriant growth of pines and ferns, extending towards the interior, and crowning the tops of distant high ground.

'The first object that attracts attention might be one of the crocodilian animals, with its long slender snout, and with extremities admirably adapted for swimming, combining those peculiarities of structure which distinguish the *teleosaurus*. This animal might be seen moving slowly, and not without difficulty, towards the water; but when there, abruptly darting along, pursuing and devouring the small fishes that swarmed about the shallows; these fishes—sluggish in their nature, and chiefly feeding on the molluscs which inhabit near the shore—falling a ready and abundant prey....The long-snouted and other crocodiles, which have gorged themselves with fish in the shallow water, now sleep half-buried in the muddy and naked plains on shore. Some of them, eighteen or twenty feet long, advance on land with difficulty, their extremities being far better adapted to swimming than walking.

'Presently a noise is heard, and a large animal advances, whose true nature and habits we are at first at a loss to understand. In its general proportions it is far longer, and also taller, than the largest elephant; its body hangs down near the ground, but its legs are like the trunks of great forest trees, and its feet form an ample base for the vast columns that press upon them. Instead of long tusks, large grinding teeth, and a trunk like that of the elephant, this animal has an exceedingly elongated and narrow snout, armed throughout with ranges of sharp and strong knife-like teeth. The monster approaches, and trodden down with one of its feet, armed with powerful claws, or caught between its long and narrow jaws, our crocodile is devoured in an instant.'

The newest portion of the secondary strata is the chalk, which appears to have been produced by countless millions of the animalcules called *Foraminifera*, by a process analogous to that of the polypes in the formation of coral islands. It has been suggested by Professor Owen, that these minute creatures, existing in such inconceivable numbers, tend to check the superabundance of organic matter which might otherwise become injurious. 'And it is not,' he observes, 'difficult to understand in what way this result is produced; for when the organic matter is in that state of comminution and decay which

immediately precedes its return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive particles, and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Becoming the food of the smaller infusorial animalcules, they, again, supply the voracity of the larger ones, and of numerous other small animals, which in their turn are devoured by larger ones; and so, by degrees, the substance fit for the nourishment of the most highly-organised classes is brought back by a short route from the extremity of the realms of organised matter.' On reading these observations, it is impossible not to be struck with the extreme simplicity of the means by which nature produces some of her greatest effects: these little animals, so small as not to be seen without the aid of a microscope, have helped to form a large and important part of the material of which our island is composed.

This secondary period opens to us a much wider and higher view of animated nature than that afforded by the primary. Creeping, swimming, and flying reptiles made their appearance; the varieties of radiated animals, molluscs, and encrinites have increased to an almost bewildering extent; and mammals and traces of birds have been met with. To use Mr Ansted's words, 'There is scarcely any freak of the imagination, however wild or vague, that does not seem surpassed by some reptilian reality during this remarkable period.'

During the 'coal period,' the northern hemisphere is supposed to have consisted of one immense ocean, interspersed with shallows, reefs, and islands, alternately changing their character as they were raised or depressed. Our next 'picture' shows us the appearance of the vegetable kingdom at that interesting period:—'The whole of the interior of the islands may have been clothed with thick forest, the dark verdure of which would only be interrupted by the bright green of the swamps in the hollows, or the brown tint of the fern covering some districts near the coasts. We should see there, for instance, the lofty and widely-spreading lepidodendron, its delicate, feathery, and moss-like fronds clothing in rich luxuriance branches and stems, which are built up like the trunk of the tree-fern, by successive leaf-stalks, that have one after another dropped away, giving, by their decay, additional height to the stem, which might at length be mistaken for that of a gigantic pine.

'There also should we find the sigillaria, its tapering and elegant form sustained on a large and firm basis; enormous matted roots, almost as large as the trunk itself, being given off in every direction, and shooting out their fibres far into the sand and clay in search of moisture. The stem of this tree would appear like a fluted column, rising simply and gracefully without branches to a great height, and then spreading out a magnificent head of leaves like a noble palm-tree. Other trees more or less resembling palms, and others like existing firs, also abounded, giving a richness and variety to the scene; while one gigantic species, strikingly resembling the *altingia*, or Norfolk Island pine, might be seen towering a hundred feet or more above the rest of the forest, and exhibiting tier after tier of branches richly clothed with its peculiar pointed and pear-like leaves, the branches gradually diminishing in size as they approach the apex of a lofty pyramid of vegetation.

'Besides all these, other lofty trees of that day, whose stems and branches are now called *calamites*, existed chiefly in the midst of swamps, and bore their singular branches and leaves aloft with strange and monotonous uniformity. All these trees, and many others that might be associated with them, were perhaps girt round with innumerable creepers and parasitic plants, climbing to the topmost branches of the most lofty amongst them, and enlivening, by the bright and vivid colours of their flowers, the dark and gloomy character of the great masses of vegetation.' Forests such as here described were submerged by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and by the operation, through long ages, of pressure and other agencies, became converted into coal. Wherever it is found, we meet with most interesting specimens of primeval vegetation.

As we have seen, the appearance of mammals was preceded by the existence of gigantic reptiles; so the period immediately antecedent to the appearance of man on the earth was the era of gigantic quadrupeds, including the well-known megatherium, who furnishes the subject of another striking 'picture.' Nature seems to have done her utmost as regards the size and development of one species before introducing another to the world. These enormous animals belong to the tertiary, or modern period, when the latest change of surface took place, adapting it to the various races of animals by which it was to be inhabited. After many interesting particulars respecting the distribution of quadrupeds in various countries, and in all climates—the *Sivatherium*—the *Dinornis*, a bird, by the side of which the ostrich is a dwarf—the glyptodon, or monster armadillo—we come to our concluding 'picture:'—'Presently,' writes Mr Ansted, 'the megatherium himself appears, toiling slowly on from some great tree laid low, and quite stripped of its green covering. The earth groans under the enormous mass; each step bears down and crushes the thickly-growing reeds and other plants; but the monster continues to advance towards a noble tree, the monarch of this primeval forest. "For a while he pauses before it, as if doubting whether, having resisted the storms of so many seasons, it will yield even to his vast strength. But soon his resolution is taken. Having set himself to the task, he first loosens the soil around the tree to a great depth by the powerful claws on his fore-feet, and in this preliminary work he occupies himself for a while: and now observe him carefully. Marching close to the tree, watch him as he plants his monstrous hind-feet carefully and earnestly, the long projecting claw taking firm and deep hold of the ground. His tail is so placed as to rest on the ground and support the body. The hind-legs are set, and the animal, lifting itself up like a huge kangaroo, grasps the tree with its fore-legs at as great a height as possible, and firmly grapples it with the muscles of the trunk, while the pelvis and hind-limbs, animated by the nervous influence of the unusually large spinal cord, combine all their forces in the effort about to be made. And now conceive the massive frame of the megatherium convulsed with the mighty wrestling, every vibrating fibre reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants: extraordinary must be the strength and proportions of the tree, if, when rocked to and fro, to right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant."* The tree at length gives way; the animal, although shaken and weary with the mighty effort, at once begins to strip off every green twig.'

Although, at first, there may appear to be a great deal of unnecessary waste and cruelty in the destruction that prevailed both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, yet, as has been shown in some recent papers in this Journal on 'Nature at War,' wherever there is indefinite increase, the proper balance can only be maintained by indefinite decrease; and the philosopher, while pushing his investigations into the operations of nature, finds that every event, every action, takes place in obedience to some law—often beyond our comprehension, but yet ordained for the wisest ends.

Mr Ansted's book is far from exhausting the subject; he considers it but as an outline of the vast field of study which it comprehends. We commend the work as one, from its style and mode of treatment, likely to do good service to the cause of science, to dispel some of the darkness with which it has been shrouded, and lead to exalted views. To conclude in the author's words: can more wonderful proofs of Creative Power be found than

* Owen on the Mylodon.

'that in this great plan, according to which our globe was created, everything should be foreseen and provided against, that everything should succeed in its time and place, that each organised being should perform the task allotted to it, and retire when its work was done, having assisted to carry on, without interruption, and without interference, the great and uniform system? The perfect relation of each animal and vegetable to the time and place allotted to it, is no less marked and certain than that admirable adaptation of every part in the individual, which is known to be so necessary to its comfort, and even its existence. The whole system is one: it is the result of one Mind, of one Will, of one Power. It is governed by a few simple laws, which no power but that which instituted them can possibly interfere with, and which, so far as we can judge, never have been interfered with. It is permitted to man to become acquainted, by careful observation, with some of the methods thus adopted, and the laws imposed; and the power being given, it is surely incumbent on him to employ it—humbly indeed, and cautiously, but earnestly, and with an honest desire to discover truth, whatever that truth may be, or however it may clash with his preconceived opinions.'

AN EXTRAORDINARY LINGUIST.

An aptitude for acquiring languages is frequently possessed by individuals who show no other symptoms of mental superiority; and sometimes this talent exists where the other faculties are even below mediocrity. A remarkable case of this kind occurred in a character who was well known in Liverpool about a dozen of years ago, and of whom a description has been given by the late William Roscoe.

Richard Roberts Jones was the son of a poor man, who was born in the year 1780, and resided at Aberdaron, on the wildest part of the coast of Wales. His father was by trade a carpenter; but availing himself of his situation, he sometimes engaged in fishing, and occasionally made trips in a small boat to Liverpool. Richard was the second of three children, and as his father's circumstances did not permit of idleness, he attempted to bring him up to his own business. But Richard was not fitted, either bodily or mentally, for regular daily labour. He had a weakness of eyesight, and evidently a deficiency of mental capacity, and that want of ordinary discretion which is necessary for discharging the most common duties of life. At the age of nine his mother taught him to read the Welsh Bible. He then attempted to learn the English Bible, but found it very difficult; and indeed he never acquired that facility in English which he did in other languages. At fifteen years of age he began to study Latin with the assistance of a boy in the parish school of Aberdaron. Although he never had an opportunity of attending the school with other children, he frequently contrived to get into it when the other boys had left it; and from the use of the books he found there, he is said to have learned more in one month than any other boy could learn in six. About the same time he taught himself to write. The hand is peculiar, but very distinct, and he applied it with facility to every language with which he became acquainted. When about nineteen years of age he purchased a Greek grammar from a Welsh poet of the district, and, by assiduous study, speedily acquired as much knowledge as enabled him to read the language with tolerable facility. By further application he easily mastered many of the Greek writers, particularly the poets, together with their commentators. In the following year he happened to meet with an epitome of Buxtorf's Hebrew Grammar, which gave him the first idea of studying that language. Of the ardour with which he engaged in this pursuit, some idea may be formed from the following extract from his own note-book:—'If it had not been the reverse of fortune, I would study a little of Hebrew music. A short time before I commenced to study Hebrew, I dreamed, and saw in my dream Johan. Buxtorfius singing Hebrew psalms to the harp; namely, as he sung psalms, he played the harp with his hands, and sang with his voice. He stood upon a mound opposite to my father's house.' On being asked by a friend how he could have known the language in which he sang if he had not then commenced the study of Hebrew, he replied that he knew very little of Hebrew when the dream occurred to him; that Buxtorf sung the twelfth chapter of the Psalms, the whole of which he himself repeated from memory; that the person who appeared to him, whoever he was, had a Hebrew book with points lying near him; and that his harp was a very large one, of the ancient Welsh description. All these learned acquisitions were made under most disadvantageous circumstances. He had few books, no teachers, and no examples or inducements to stimulate him. He seemed to labour by an instinctive impulse in this mental toil, while his circumstances demanded the labour of sawing timber, working in the fields, fishing, and other employments. His inaptitude for these brought down upon him the anger of his father, who, not content with remonstrances, had frequently recourse to blows whenever he found him pursuing his studies when he ought to have been at work. In 1804, he paid his first visit to Liverpool along with his father, where he made an acquisition of some Greek and Hebrew books; but unfortunately, on his voyage home, the vessel was driven ashore, and the greater part of his volumes were either lost or spoiled. To add to his distresses, the harsh treatment of his father now became such as obliged him to leave home, and become a wanderer in the world. One by one his favourite lexicons and grammars were obliged to be sold to procure him subsistence. When at Bangor, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the bishop of that see, Dr Cleaves; and this prelate, perceiving that his acquirements in languages were very uncommon for a person in his situation, provided him with decent clothing, gave him some books, and took him into his service by employing him in working in his garden. Here he remained for two months; but his listless inaptitude for any steady manual labour induced him to accept another invitation from a clergyman who resided in the isle of Anglesey. He lived with Mr Williams at Treffors for half a year; but some ill-usage from the servants, or some whim of his own, appears to have rendered this hospitable roof intolerable to him; and at last he had a dream which decided him to quit. 'I dreamed,' says he, 'at Treffors, and I saw in my dream the head of Herod brought into the parlour, and the hair thereof bearing three colours mixed—namely, black, red, and the colour of brimstone burning; and I heard that the death of Herod was sadly lamented, wherefore his head was received with great veneration and honour. And I heard that Herod was beheaded in the battle against the *Galatai Allobroges*, when fighting against them at the head of one of the Roman armies; *consequently my welfare was changed at Treffors!*' Such was the lame conclusion at which the limited intellect of this extraordinary linguist arrived!

During his residence at Anglesey, Richard met with some French refugees, who supplied him with a grammar of their language, by the aid of which, and by their assistance, he acquired such a knowledge of it as enabled him to read and speak with a good accent. He subsequently acquired the Italian language, so as to converse in it with great fluency. On leaving Anglesey, he again made his way to Liverpool. Mr Roscoe thus describes his appearance:—'His person and dress at this time were extremely singular. To an immense shock of black hair he united a bushy beard of the same colour. His clothing consisted of several coarse and ragged vestments, the spaces between which were filled with books, surrounding him in successive layers, so that he was literally a walking library. These books all occupied their proper stations, being placed higher or lower according as their sizes suited the conforma-

tion of his body, so that he was acquainted with the situation of each, and could bring it out when wanted without difficulty. When introduced into a room, he had not the least idea of anything that surrounded him; and when he took his departure, he appeared to have forgotten the entrance. Absorbed in his studies, he had continually a book in his hand, to which he frequently referred, as if to communicate or receive information, and apparently under a conviction that every person he met with was as much interested as himself. His sight was imperfect, his voice sharp and dissonant, and, upon the whole, his appearance and manners grotesque in the highest degree. Yet under all these disadvantages, there was a gleam in his countenance which marked intelligence, and an unaffected simplicity in his behaviour which conciliated regard.'

His friends in Liverpool endeavoured to procure him some suitable occupation; and, as a preliminary, consigned him to the care of a person, in order to accustom him to habits of cleanliness and regularity of conduct. He had not, however, been under this discipline more than half a year, when he became restless and tired of his situation. He was tried at his own trade of a woodsawyer, and afterwards as a printer; but he had not the necessary abilities for either. With a small sum of money, and a collection of Arabic and Hebrew books, he once more returned to his father's house. As long as his money lasted, he was allowed to live in some degree of peace; but when it was gone, dissensions again arose; and after parting with some books, and one especially—a Hebrew Bible with points—which he sold with deep regret, he found his way again to Liverpool.

He now determined to undertake a journey to London, for the purpose of buying another Hebrew Bible, and at the same time of obtaining some instructions in the Chaldee and Syriac tongues. In the summer of 1807, Richard accordingly set out from Liverpool, furnished with a small knapsack on his back, a long pole in his hand, round which was rolled a map of the roads, and his few remaining books deposited in the various folds of his dress. This journey did not, however, answer the purpose intended; and what was still worse, he could neither find employment, nor obtain assistance by any means whatever. From London he made his way to Dover, probably not without some intention of making his way to the continent. Here fortune smiled upon him. He was engaged in sifting ashes in the king's dockyard, under the direction of the superintendent, who benevolently allowed him his breakfast every morning, furnished him with a chest to keep his books, and also paid him 2s. 4d. a-day as wages. From this time he was not only able to provide for his personal wants, but also to pay the Rabbi Nathan, a celebrated proficient in Hebrew, for instruction in that language. In this situation he continued for nearly three years, which seem to have been passed more happily than any other period of his life. During his stay at Dover he had another dream, which he thus noted down:—'Before my continual disappointments and troubles in learning, I dreamed, and saw myself in my dream upon the plain near the river of Babylon, where I saw the harps of the captives of Israel hung upon the willows, and I saw the willows grown to an exceeding great height, and the harps were hung upon them in the night, when being rainy weather.' To illustrate this dream, he made a rude drawing of some half-a-dozen tall willows growing in a row, with a harp placed among the branches of each.

In 1810, Richard, perhaps stimulated by other dreams or constitutional restlessness, quitted Dover, and returned to London. He obtained an introduction to the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. They appear to have paid some attention to him; but finding him perhaps useless for their purposes, he broke with them, and after suffering many privations, by the aid of some funds from the Welsh Bardic Society in London, he took his passage in a small vessel to Barmouth, whence he made his way to Bangor. For some time he seems to have led a wandering and precarious life, with the exception of two or three years which he spent at Bagillt in Flintshire, where, being supplied by some kind individual with the necessaries of life, he enjoyed a degree of ease and rest; still, however, intensely occupied in his philological studies, and amusing his leisure hours in blowing a ram's horn, with such loud and unharmonious blasts, as proved no inconsiderable nuisance to the neighbourhood. A handsome French horn having been presented to him, however, he threw aside the ruder one, and by constant practice, qualified himself to play a few tunes, not altogether devoid of some pretensions to harmony. On leaving Bagillt, for what reason is not known, he again took up his residence in Liverpool. 'Here,' says Mr Roscoe, writing in 1822, 'he may be seen at times walking with a book under his arm, without noticing or speaking to any one, unless he be first spoken to, when he answers in any language in which he is addressed with great readiness and civility; and it is remarkable that he never changes the language in which the conversation is begun, as long as any other person is inclined to continue it. If any gratuity be offered him, he receives it with a degree of hesitation, generally using the words, "I am not worthy." To any ridicule to which his dress and appearance may give rise, he is totally insensible. At one time he chose to tie up his hair with a large piece of green ferret, which gave him the most ludicrous appearance possible. Some time since one of his friends gave him a light horseman's jacket of blue and silver, which he immediately put on, and continued to wear, and which, contrasted with his hair and beard, gave him the appearance of a Jewish warrior, as represented in old prints, and consequently attracted after him a crowd of children. In his personal appearance he strongly resembles some of the beggars of Rembrandt; yet there is some expression of dignity in his countenance, which cannot be observed without a feeling of respect. A short time ago one of his friends gave him the frame of an old broken Welsh harp, which he repaired with greater ingenuity than might have been expected, and supplied it with strings. This he occasionally carries with him, and accompanies his repetition of some of the Psalms in the original in a manner not altogether displeasing. In his diet he is particularly frugal, or rather careless, drinking only water, or milk if it comes in his way. He is generally the master of a few shillings, which he husbands with infinite caution, taking care lest they should be totally expended, even if he should be compelled to sell some of his books for his immediate support. His religious opinions are not easy to ascertain, as he declines answering any direct questions of this kind; but that he entertains a deep reverence for the Supreme Being, sufficiently appears from his frequent extempore quotations from the Hebrew Scriptures, and by numerous extracts in Hebrew and Greek, and other languages, in his memorandum books. For some time he associated much with the Jews, and attended their synagogue, with a view of improving himself in Hebrew; but having given some offence, a quarrel took place between them, which he heightened with some sarcastic remarks on their ceremonies, that terminated their intercourse. His disposition is mild, and his general manner civil and respectful. He is remarkable for his adherence to truth on all occasions; nor is he addicted to any manner of vice. He exhibits also much liberality of character, as he frequently gives, or offers to give, books which he values very highly, either in return for any kindness shown him, or as a mark of his esteem and good-will. Even the works which he has compiled with great labour he feels no hesitation in parting with. In this respect he has truly described his own character in one of those scraps in which he frequently commits his thoughts to writing. "If any kindness or favour should be done to me by any person or persons, a friend or friends, &c. my will and natural inclination of my heart is to return the same also to them in virtue and good works, not by evil; and if I should be employed in any

laborious work, I would endeavour to do such a work according to the best of my abilities."'

That Richard's literary acquirements extended only to the mere investigation of words, and the grammatical construction of languages, without comprehending the facts which he read, is illustrated by an interview which he had with a learned member of the university of Oxford. After the introduction, and the surprise occasioned by his appearance, he was asked whether he understood Latin and Greek; and having answered in the affirmative, he was desired to read a passage in Homer. Richard accordingly thrust his hand into his bosom, and diving down to the residence of the Greek poet, dragged him from his depths, opened the book, and read the first passage that occurred, commenting on the lines, as he proceeded, with many judicious critical remarks, showing, to the surprise of the gentleman, a thorough knowledge of the language. The following dialogue then took place:—

'Very well, Richard; you have translated this passage very well. Pray have you read the *Iliad?*'

'Yes I have.'

'And what do you think of the character of Andromache?'

(*After a pause.*) 'Andro-mache?'

'Yes; what do you think of the character of Andromache?'

(*After another pause.*) 'It is a *fight of men.*'

'Yes, yes; that is certainly the derivation of the name. But what do you think of Andromache, the wife of Hector?'

'I know nothing about that!'

After the gentleman had departed, Richard was asked how it happened that he could have been so stupid as not to give a more rational answer. To which he very unconcernedly replied, 'I thought he was asking me about the *word*, and not the *woman*.'

On another occasion he exhibited more rationality in his explanation of the manner in which he obtained his knowledge of languages. 'If it was any modern language,' said he, 'such as the Spanish, I would take a vocabulary of the language, and examine what words corresponded with or resembled the words in any other language with which I was acquainted—as, for instance, the Latin, French, or Italian—and these words I would strike out of the vocabulary, leaving only such as were the original or peculiar words of the Spanish tongue; and then, by the assistance of a grammar, I should soon be able to attain a knowledge of that language.'

The enthusiasm of this strange being for the acquisition of languages led him to an equally eager desire to communicate his acquirements to others. He was ever ready to teach, notwithstanding his many rebuffs and disappointments. He also employed himself in making laborious compilations for a Greek and English lexicon; a collection of Hebrew extracts, followed by a vocabulary in Hebrew and English; as also a lexicon in Hebrew, Greek, and English. Richard continued to live in Liverpool up to 1833; but we know not anything of his subsequent history.

THE BRITISH COLONIAL TRADE.

In a recent number we presented a series of, we hope, not uninteresting particulars respecting the foreign commerce of Great Britain. It was necessary in that article to take only a passing glance at the trade carried on with the colonies, intending to treat the subject more deliberately afterwards. We now attempt to do so.

The United Kingdom owns upwards of forty dependencies; but the greater part of these are little else than military or naval stations, and those entitled to be considered as countries suitable for a miscellaneous population are comparatively few in number. The principal colonies of this latter kind are Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the West India Islands, British Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, Ceylon, and the Australian continent and islands, including New Zealand. Hindostan is also, in great part, a British settlement; but not being a crown colony, it stands in a peculiar relationship to the mother country.

Taking them altogether, the great question is continually obtruding itself—What is the use of these colonies to Britain—what does she make of them? The answer perhaps is, that they were acquired, and are sustained, at a great cost, for the sake of their trade. The next question, then, is—Have they realised our expectations in this respect—are they found to pay? The people of Great Britain are surely concerned in knowing the truth on such a subject: and this we propose to tell them. It is easy to estimate a foreign trade, the balance of which is simply the difference between the net imports and the net exports; but in the case of colonies, in addition to the usual charges, we have the expense of their protection and home management to place against the commerce. And this expense, be it observed, is not, so far as England is concerned, merely a part of the general expenditure defrayed in equal proportions by the whole body of the people. The colonies are not taxed. They contribute nothing, in a direct manner, to the revenue of the mother country, who defends them with her fleets and armies at her own proper charge. Sir Robert Peel's recommendation, in 1842, 'that colonies should, as far as possible, be treated as if they were integral parts of the kingdom,' is a mere rhetorical flourish; unless he would admit them to the right of sending home representatives to parliament—a plan which distance, and other circumstances, would render impracticable in most cases, and inconvenient in all.

The following is an outline of the colonial trade of Great Britain, made up in round figures from the returns for 1842:—From the Cape of Good Hope we receive wool, wine, hides, ivory, skins, aloes, &c. to the amount of L.280,000; remitting, on our part, L.369,000 in cotton, woollen and linen manufactures, apparel, earthenware, hardware, iron and steel, soap and candles, stationery, &c. On the western coast of Africa, where we have Sierra Leone, Gambia and Gold Coast, the exports are chiefly cotton goods, firearms, hardware, and salt; and the imports palm-oil, with some ivory, teakwood, wax, hides, dyewoods, &c.; the former amounting to L.132,000, and the latter to L.90,000.

From Mauritius, the imports are now almost wholly sugar, L.960,000; and its exports L.245,000 in cotton goods, linens, iron and steel, machinery, &c.

Ceylon supplies coffee, cinnamon, cocoa-nut oil, ivory, &c. L.1,012,000; and takes cotton goods, linens, woollens, earthenware, copper, hardware, iron and steel, &c. L.249,000.

From New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, the principal import is wool—L.298,000 for the former, and L.134,000 for the latter; with the comparatively large export of our own manufactures of L.599,000 and L.261,000. Western and South Australia are as yet quite insignificant; and New Zealand purchases from us to the extent of only L.42,000.

The West Indies, with British Guiana and Honduras, remit chiefly in sugar, coffee, rum, cotton, pimento, molasses, mahogany, logwood, fustic, cocoa, cochineal, ginger, hides, &c. L.6,000,000; and purchase cotton stuffs, linens, woollens, apparel, &c. L.2,591,000. In commercial importance, they stand as follows:—Jamaica, British Guiana (Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice), Honduras, Barbadoes, Trinidad, Antigua, St Vincent, St Kitts, Grenada, St Lucia, Dominica, Tobago, Bahamas, Montserrat, Bermudas, Tortola, and Anguilla.

The American colonies supply us with timber, wheat, ashes, furs, fish, turpentine, &c. L.1,391,000; and take woollens, cottons and linens, hardware, iron and steel, soap and candles, earthenware, apparel, &c. L.2,280,000. Of these sums, the Canadas have L.923,000 for imports, and L.1,589,000 for exports; the others standing thus in importance: Newfoundland with Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia with Cape Breton.

In the Mediterranean there are Gibraltar and Malta; from which we import L.40,000 and L.232,000, and to which we export L.938,000 and L.289,000 respectively.

If to these we add, as too unimportant for classification, the Falkland Islands, Hong Kong, and St Helena, we have a grand total of L.3,088,000 imports, and L.3,199,000 exports, forming the whole of the British colonial trade.

The expenditure by which we keep up these establishments was given as follows in an authoritative paper for 1836. We have not seen a more recent statement; but this, we presume, will afford a sufficiently correct idea of the cost, with the exception of one important item, to be mentioned presently.

	Total Expenditure incurred by Great Britain.
Gibraltar,	L.139,830
Malta,	110,818
Cape of Good Hope,	242,907
Mauritius,	76,284
Bermuda,	91,446
Fernando Po,	510
Ascension,	4,907
Heligoland,	1,016
Ionian Islands,	118,955
St Helena,	87,558
Jamaica, Bahamas, Honduras,	232,428
Barbadoes, Grenada, St Vincent, Tobago, Antigua, Montserrat, St Christopher's, Nevis, Anguilla, Virgin Islands, Dominica, St Lucia, Trinidad, British Guiana,	373,242
Lower Canada, Upper Canada,	221,441
Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland,	161,294
Sierra Leone, Gambia,	38,347
Ceylon,	133,805
Western Australia,	12,745
New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land,	533,501
General charges,	23,449
Total, omitting fractions,	L.2,606,483

The item alluded to as an exception to the correctness of the above account, is the sum of L.221,441, set down for the Canadas. On this point M'Culloch says in his newly published work—'Our ascendancy in Canada, at this moment, is wholly dependent on the presence of a large military force, occasioning, one way and another, a direct outlay of little less than L.1,500,000 a year; and all this heavy expense is incurred without any equivalent advantage, and with a full conviction on the mind of every man of sense in the empire that, at no very distant period, Canada will be independent, or an integral portion of the United States!' To all this may be added upwards of L.20,000 for the expense of the colonial office at home; and thus we see that the expense of keeping up our colonies is greater—not than the mere profits—but than the entire gross amount of the colonial trade, by more than L.900,000 a year! Let it, in short, be distinctly understood that, in order to do business to the extent of *three millions annually*, we spend pretty nearly *four millions annually*. To save money and trouble, would it not be better to pension every colonial merchant to the extent of his profits, and devote the remainder of the four millions to some useful purpose? What a splendid system of national education could be supported for two millions annually!

Some persons answer that the use of colonies is *passive*: that we must retain them in our own hands, even at the enormous sum they actually cost, in order to prevent their getting into the hands of other nations. If this notion has reference to trade, it is, considering the plain and obvious facts of experience, nothing less than absurd. By the United States, since they acquired their independence, we have been prodigious gainers; and how the extension of a territory so profitable to us—supposing this to take place through the manumission of our North American colonies—can be reckoned injurious, it is difficult to imagine. But if we are determined, by *political* jealousy (no doubt the true reason), to prevent the States from extending their available line of coast, this would be quite as well accomplished by the conditions of that treaty which should give national freedom to our colonies, exchange the bonds of force for those of gratitude, and render Great Britain no more the rival or the mistress, but the friend and ally, of the new world. As for the advantage of such establishments with reference to our shipping and seamen, which has been so much insisted upon by the press, this will vanish, as a matter of course, with the repeal of the navigation laws. There can be no real freedom of commerce while a single shackle remains on the carrying trade; and it is impossible to conceive why the ships of Great Britain should not take the same chance as her manufactures.

To come to the point, however: colonies are, in our opinion, neither commercially nor politically useful; they are simply the means appointed by nature, and unconsciously adopted by mankind from the beginning of time, for peopling the desert places of the earth, by offshoots from countries where the population has increased so far as to draw too heavily upon the sources of subsistence or comfort. It has been the destiny of our island to accomplish more in this way than any other nation, ancient or modern. To say nothing of our military and maritime stations, which dot the globe throughout, a great part of the new world is already English, and the germs of English empires are now planted round the coasts of a still newer world in the vast expanse of ocean between India and America. But the misfortune is, that we have never been satisfied with this legitimate exercise of our energies; indeed we have never given ourselves to the task but by fits and starts, as if colonisation was not one of the great and regular duties of government in an old and crowded country, but merely a casual necessity imposed by temporary circumstances. On the other hand, when the true objects of the colony are accomplished; when our offspring has grown old in turn, and comes, in the common course of nature, to have duties and interests of its own apart from ours; when, in fact, it is no longer a source of convenience and comfort, but of anxiety and weakness—then do we cling to it with an insane pertinacity which can only be loosened by blood!

It would be difficult to say whether our follies of omission or commission in this respect are the more remarkable; but, in point of fact, our whole colonial system—if a tissue of puerile crotchets, wrought out by petty expedients, can be called a system at all—is quite unworthy of the age and the nation. The splendid countries which have fallen into such incapable hands, have advanced, in those few cases in which any real advance has been made, in spite of us; but, generally speaking, they present an unbroken aspect of ruin and desolation.

But let us not be understood to blame the government exclusively, in a case in which the people are likewise only too obviously in fault. In fact, we do not know that in England a minister could hold his place for a month who appeared willing to abandon even a useless colony! 'Ships, colonies, and commerce,' are inseparably associated in the national mind; and he who attempts to sever them, is looked upon as a parricide, who would destroy, if he could, our trade and our very maritime existence. This is an instance of the constancy which is real inconsistency; for the foundation of our faith in colonies has crumbled away before our eyes, leaving behind only an empty prestige. Our colonies were *ours*, in the closest and most selfish meaning of the expression; hence the exorbitant value we attached to them. They were snug little farms, cultivated for our own supply, and the wages of the labourers paid upon the *truck* system. But all would not do. It was in vain that we mulcted ourselves to keep up these pet establishments. We were at length tired of eating dearer sugar than we could purchase in the general market, and of circumscribing the sale of our manufactures to avoid dealing with other people; and what is more, we found that the monopoly worked in quite another way

than we supposed, being injurious to colony and mother country alike. Year after year our colonies are ceasing more and more to be *ours*, in the meaning we once attached to the expression; yet we do not regard them the less fondly, or cling to them the less frantically. We repeat, that it is not the executive who are to be blamed for maintaining these expensive toys. The people are the party in fault. If the whistle must be had, it must be paid for.

Is it, then, our wish to dissolve the existing attachment between England and her colonies? Far from it. It is the duty and the fate of this great country to colonise; but in doing so, she should proceed according to reason, instead of following, as heretofore, a blind instinct. The real use of a colony is to absorb the excess of population at home; and the real use of a colonial minister is to conduct this great object in a manner which will benefit alike the new and the old country. As things are conducted at present, our splendid possessions in Canada—to say nothing of the glaring mismanagement at a greater distance—are a mere emigration highway into the United States. The emigrant, of all men in this world, is the most dependent upon certainty in his pecuniary calculations; but this is altogether out of the question in the former country. In the States, where there is a fixed price, land is bought like any other commodity, and the intending purchaser knows what he is about, and can take his measures accordingly; but in Canada, when he has made his selection, the lot is put up to auction, and after all his trouble, expense, and anxiety, may be sold over his head! In fact the constant failures of our emigration system betray a want, not only of great talents, but of the most ordinary capacity; and we bring forward the above details with the view of inducing the people to be satisfied no longer with debating on minor points, but to proceed, from the groundwork thus laid down, and seriously inquire into the whole question.

We must not conclude, however, without suggesting that, in an examination of the system, it will be proper to discriminate between colonial settlements and political *points d'appui*. We have included, for instance, the expenses of Gibraltar, Malta, Heligoland, &c. in the general account, because we have likewise stated the amount of the trade carried on through them; but the importance of such stations is in a great measure irrespective of commerce, and must be estimated by other rules than those of arithmetic.

TRUTH AND HONESTY.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE BOYS.

A REVOLUTION of opinions is taking place in the present day; sectarian and national prejudices are giving way to a holy feeling of universal brotherhood; military conquests are robbed of their tinsel, and appear in their native deformity; and moral dignity, though discovered amid poverty and ignorance, is raised to its legitimate place, exciting the respect and admiration of all capable of estimating true worth. This latter remark will plead an apology for introducing to the reader a young hero, filling a station no higher than that of a pupil in a parochial school.

Two boys, of nearly the same age, were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous, though not uncommon pastime, pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squares for their playground, thinking by this means to avoid doing mischief. To the consternation of the thrower, however, a missile, instead of resting on the shoulders of the boy at whom it was aimed, entered the library window of one of the lordly mansions forming the quadrangle.

'Why don't you take to your heels, you blockhead? you will have the police after you whilst you are standing staring there,' was the exclamation of his companion, as he caught him by the arm in order to drag him from the spot. The author of the mischief still retained his thoughtful position.

'If your father is obliged to pay for this, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, Jack,' the other boy urged.

'Never mind, Tom; leave me to myself,' was the reply; and the young delinquent moved, with unfaltering step, towards the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he unhesitatingly raised. The summons was answered by a footman.

'Is the master of the house at home?' he with some diffidence inquired.

'He is.'

'Then I wish to see him, if you please.'

'That you can't do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you.'

'No, that will not do. I must—indeed I must see the gentleman himself.' The earnestness and perseverance of the boy at length induced the man to comply with his request, and opening the door of the library, he apologised for asking his master to see a shabby little fellow; adding, that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

'Bring him in,' said the gentleman addressed, who, having witnessed the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit. The poor child, whose ideas had never soared above his father's second floor, stood for several moments in stupified amazement when ushered into an elegant apartment; but remembering the painful circumstance which had brought him into this scene of enchantment, he in some measure regained his self-possession.

'I am very sorry, sir,' he began in a faltering voice, 'but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay for it; but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make it up;' and as he spoke, he drew a few halfpence from his pocket and laid them on the table.

'That's an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will fulfil your engagement?' Mr Cavendish returned. 'Do you know that I could have you sent to the station-house till the money is made up?'

'Oh don't send me there, sir; it would break my dear mother's heart! I will pay you all—indeed I will, sir;' and the poor boy burst into a flood of tears.

'I am glad that you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings; and for *her* sake, I will trust to your honesty.'

'Oh thank you, sir—thank you!'

'But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate glass;' and as he spoke, he glanced at the four halfpence which the boy had spread out.

'This day week, sir, if you please.'

'Very well, let it be so. At this hour I shall be at home to see you.' Poor Jack made his very best bow, and retired.

True to his appointment, our high-principled boy appeared at the door of Mr Cavendish's mansion. As the footman had previously received orders to admit him, he was immediately shown into the library.

'I have a shilling for you to-day, sir!' he said exultingly, and his countenance was radiant with smiles.

'Indeed! That is a large sum for a boy like you to obtain in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?' A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not the flush of shame.

'I earned every penny of it, sir, excepting one my mother gave me, to make it up,' he energetically replied; and he proceeded to say that he had been on the look-out for jobs all week; that he had held a horse for one gentleman, and had run on an errand for another; in this way accounting for elevenpence.

'Your industry and perseverance do you credit, my lad,' Mr Cavendish exclaimed, his benevolent countenance lighting up with a smile. 'And now I should like to know your name and place of residence.'

'I will write it, sir, if you please. Indeed I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I shall be able to make it all up in a few weeks, for I am trying to get a situation as errand-boy.'

'You can write then? Do you go to school?'

'Oh yes, sir. I go to a free school.' And Jack stepped forward to take the pen, which Mr Cavendish held towards him.

'You write a tolerably good hand, my little man. You may, I think, do better than take an errand-boy's place. Let me see if you have any knowledge of arithmetic.' Jack stood boldly up, and unhesitatingly replied to the various

questions which were put to him. 'That will do, my good boy. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me some more money?'

'I will come again this time next week, if I'm alive and well, sir.'

'That was wisely added, my lad; for our lives are not in our own keeping. This, I see, you have been taught.'

Another week passed, and again Jack appeared, but his countenance now wore an aspect of sadness.

'I am very sorry, sir,' he said, 'I have been unfortunate, and have only a small sum to give you.' And as he spoke, he laid three pennyworth of halfpence before Mr Cavendish. 'I assure you, sir,' he earnestly added, 'I have offered my services to every gentleman on horseback that I could see.'

'I believe you, my boy: I am pleased with your honest intentions. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see; you have now paid one shilling and fivepence: that is not amiss for the time;' and with an encouraging smile Mr Cavendish suffered him to depart.

Though Mr Cavendish had, from the first, concealed his intentions, his heart was planning a work of benevolence, which was nothing less than to befriend the poor boy, whose noble conduct had won his admiration. For this end he, a few days subsequently, paid the parents a visit when he knew that the son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and proceeded to ask whether his conduct towards themselves was equally praiseworthy.

'Oh yes, sir,' exclaimed the mother, her eyes filling with tears. 'He has ever been a dutiful child to us, and always acts in this honest, straightforward manner.'

'He has indeed a noble spirit, sir,' the father rejoined; 'and I am as proud of him as if he were a prince.'

'Would you part from him?' Mr Cavendish asked. 'I have something in view for his future benefit.'

'Undoubtedly we would, for his benefit,' was the reply of both.

'Well, then, purchase him a new suit of apparel with these two guineas, and bring him to my residence this day week. I will then acquaint you with my views for him for the future.'

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents, nor could they find words to give it utterance.

When next our young hero came into the presence of his benefactor, his appearance was certainly altered for the better, though no disadvantages of dress could rob his noble countenance of its lofty expression. Mr Cavendish had previously made arrangements for him to become an inmate of his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil in a neighbouring school. John Williams is now receiving a liberal education, and enjoying all the advantages which wealth can procure. Such a sudden change of position and prospects would, in many instances, prove injurious to the moral character; but with a mind based upon the solid principles which our young friend possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

The above little sketch is authentic in every respect, excepting the names of the parties concerned. The events occurred a few months ago, and are here made public, with the hope that the truth and honesty, and judicious benevolence exhibited, may stimulate others to 'go and do likewise.'

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF PAUPERISM.

A paper delivered with the votes on the 9th of April, presents us with some comparative statistics of pauperism in the three kingdoms, which are at this moment of practical interest:—England—Population in 1841, 15,906,741; annual value of property rated to the poor rates (return of 1841), L.62,640,039; expenditure for the relief of the poor (1844–45), L.5,039,703; rate per pound on value of property, 1s. 7¼d.; total number of paupers relieved, including casual poor, 1,470,970; proportion per cent. to population, 9·2; rate of expenditure per head on paupers relieved, L.3, 8s. 6¼d. Scotland—Population in 1841, 2,620,184; annual value of property rated to the poor rates (return of 1843), L.9,320,784; expenditure for the relief of the poor (1844–45), L.292,685; rate per pound on value of property, 7½d.; total number of paupers relieved, including casual poor, 96,326; proportion per cent. to population, 3·7; rate of expenditure per head on paupers relieved, L.3, 0s. 9¼d. Ireland—Population in 1841, 8,175,125; annual value of property rated to the poor (return of 1845), L.13,204,234; expenditure for the relief of the poor (1844–45), L.298,813; rate per pound on value of property, 5¾d.—this calculation is made on the annual value of 113 unions, or L.12,305,784; total number of paupers returned, including casual poor, 125,774; proportion per cent. to population, 1·5; rate of expenditure per head on paupers relieved, L.2, 7s. 9¼d.—*Caledonian Mercury*, 15*th April* 1847.

THE MOTHER'S CALL.

[The smaller poems and songs of Allan Cunningham have very properly been presented by his son, in a small volume calculated for wide circulation. (Murray, London.) The editor accompanies the collection with an account of the manner in which Allan first came before the world as an author. Finding an English stranger roaming through Dumfriesshire in quest of ancient ballads and songs, the young poet imposed his own compositions upon him, and thus they were published as antiques. From peculiar habits of feeling, we never have been able to look on this proceeding *quite* in the sportive light in which it is usually regarded; but, at the worst, it was no heavy subtraction from the really estimable character of Cunningham, while of the merit of the poetry concerned in the case there can be no manner of doubt.

The best of 'honest Allan' is here. His strength lay in his *Bonnie Lady Anne*, his *Hame hame, Carlisle Yetts*, &c. and in his short poems. For greater literary efforts his defective education, and want of due intellectual discipline, not to speak of heavy worldly duties, unfitted him. It was early in life that he wrote the bulk of the present volume, which, being mainly the expression of a glowing youthful mind, is best fitted to give pleasure to minds at the same stage and in the same condition. With such minds, however, it should be a bosom book.

The following poem is a specimen of the English verses of Cunningham.]

Come, sweet ones, come to the fields with me,
I hear the hum of the honey bee,
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,
I hear the note of the shrill curlew;
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,
The sound of the dove in our 'customed walk,
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill,
The shepherds' shout on the pasture hill.

My sweet ones, all come forth and play,
The air is balm, and I smell new hay;
Come, breathe of the flowers, and see how neat
The milkmaid trips on her scented feet;
Young folks come forth all joy, and run
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun;
Old men step out with a sadder grace,
And matrons come with a graver pace.

The smoke streams up, and the air is rife
With joy, and all is light and life;
From east to west there's not a stain
In all the sky, and the birds are fain,
And the beasts are glad, while man in song
Breaks out, for rain has lorded long,
And earth has drunk more than her need
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all,
As the young doves come at their mothers' call;
One run to yon tall foxglove, and see
At his breakfast of balm the golden bee;
Another go hunt from bud to bloom
The worm that flies with a painted plume,
Or see the doe solicitous lead
Her twin fawns forth to the odorous mead,
Or mark the nestlings newly flown,
With their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay, my children. Ere ye run,
Who made the sky and yon glorious sun?
Who framed the earth, and strewed it sweet
With flowers, and set it 'neath mankind's feet?
'Twas one in heaven. Kneel down, and lay
Your white foreheads to the grass, and pray;
And render him praise, and seek to be
Pure, good, and modest—then come with me.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 179. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE HIGH AND THE HUMBLE.

The grand outcry of the present day is for an improvement of the condition of the humbler classes—improvement in their homes, their gains, their social position, everything concerning them. It is well there should be a straining to this end—let it have free way in every legitimate channel. Let us guard, however, against every mode of propelling this cause which seems likely, by raising bad feeling between class and class, or by exciting an over-impatient discontent, to retard the safe and sure progress which it is actually making. Occasionally we find views propounded on the subject which seem to us of this obstructive kind; they would represent the present position of the labouring class as unusually degraded, and the amount of wretchedness at the base of society as unprecedented; they would mark capital as the enemy of labour, and fix a kind of stigma upon every well-replenished pocket, as if there were a criminality on the part of the rich in the fact of any other persons being poor.

Our tendency to poetise the past is perhaps the chief cause of the error in comparing the former and present condition of the labouring orders. Reposing on the old phrase *Merry England*, and dwelling on the sports and holidays of past times, we imagine that the lot of the ancient English peasant was one of uninterrupted sunshine and merriment, as if the earth had then yielded her fruits almost spontaneously. When we consult the actual documents of the past, something very different appears. For example, as to the amount of labour expected from a farm-servant, take the simple unvarnished account presented by Gervase Markham in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, dated 1653. It refers to the season immediately following Christmas, when of course there is no daylight till eight o'clock. 'At this time the ploughman shall rise before four o'clock in the morning, and after thanks given to God for his rest, and the success of his labours, he shall go into his stable, and first he shall fodder his cattle; then he shall curry his horses, rub them with cloths and wisps, and make both them and the stable as clean as may be; then he shall water both his oxen and horses, and housing them again, give them more fodder, and to his horse by all means provender, as chaff and dry peas or beans, or oats. And whilst they are eating their meat, he shall prepare his plough-gear, and to these labours I will also allow full two hours—that is, from four o'clock till six; then shall he come in to breakfast, and to that I allow him half an hour, and then another half hour to the gearing and yoking of his cattle, so that at seven o'clock he may set forward to his labour; and then he shall plough from seven o'clock in the morning till betwixt two and three in the afternoon; then he shall unyoke and bring home his cattle, and having rubbed and dressed them, he shall give them meat; then shall the servants go in to their dinner, which allowed half an hour, it will then be towards four o'clock, at which time he shall go to his cattle again, and give them more fodder; which done, he shall go into the barns, and provide and make ready fodder of all kinds for the next day. This being done, and carried into the stable, ox-house, or other convenient place, he shall then go water his cattle, and give them more meat, and to his horse provender, as before showed; and by this time it will draw past six o'clock, at what time he shall come in to supper; and after supper, he shall either by the fireside mend shoes, both for himself and their family, or beat and knock hemp or flax, or pick and stamp apples or crabs for cider or verjuice, or else grind malt on the querns, pick candle rushes, or do some husbandly office within doors till it be full eight o'clock. Then shall he take his lantern and candle, and go see his cattle, and having cleansed and littered them down, look that they be safely tied, and then give them food for all night; then giving God thanks for benefits received that day, let him and the whole household go to their rest till the next morning.'

Here, it will be observed, is sixteen hours' work, abated only by three half-hours or so for meals—surely no improvement upon the peasant's lot in our own times!

With regard to the food of farm-labourers in those days, Tusser in his *Points of Good Husbandry* speaks of an abundance of fish and flesh, chiefly salted; but we know from Markham that oats were then the bread of the English peasantry, as they continued to be in the early part of the last century. Tusser, too, says expressly, 'Give servants no dainties.' Food is, however, the point in which past times show best in contrast with the present.

As to the social condition of the peasantry, and the treatment they received from their employers, we believe that great misapprehension prevails. It is supposed, because the working-man sat in the same apartment, and ate at the same table with his master, that he was his friend and companion. There could not be a greater mistake. The presence of the master was a constant restraint on the servant. A severe discipline was kept up. Tusser says, 'Keep servants in awe,' and elsewhere adds—

> 'No servant at table use* sauc'ly to talk,
> Lest tongue set at large out of measure do walk.'

Nay, it appears from this quaint author that beating was a recognised piece of discipline with the housewife in the management of her servants. A maid that beats her clothes in washing, deserves, he says, to be beat

* That is, accustom or permit.

herself. 'Make maid to be cleanly, or make her cry creak; that is, make her run into a corner for safety. And, as a general advice,

> 'A wand in thy hand, though ye fight not at all,
> Makes youth to their business better to fall.'

Where corporal punishment existed, there could of course be no real sense of equality, nor, one would suppose, any great amount of good feeling, between the parties.

The admirers of the past also overlook the actual degradations which attended the system of a common table in old times. In a gentleman's house, the salt-vat indicated the point where gentility ended and servility began; a distinction which would now be pronounced odious and intolerable by both parties. Nor was the fare uniform. Fynes Morison, who travelled in Elizabeth's time, tells us of his being present at the table of a Scottish knight, where the servants had porridge with a bit of sodden meat, while the gentlefolk ate pullet broth with prunes. More lately, Lord Lovat assigned different beverages to his different classes of retainers—wine to himself and immediate friends, ale to his troop of Highland cousins, beer or water to the common men. Is it not simply a reform in point of taste, that, if the different classes are to fare differently, they should each enjoy it apart, so as at least to shut out the view of those comparisons which are justly said to be odious?

Past mishaps, it is said, are easily forgotten. Thus it is, perhaps, that we lose sight of the vast extent of popular misery which every now and then attracted attention in former times, as it does now. 'The poor you shall have with you always,' was pronounced nearly two thousand years ago. To keep, however, nearer our own time—hear how Jeremy Taylor described the sufferings of the many in what are thought to be the better days of England. 'If we could,' says he, 'from one of the battlements of heaven espy *how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread*, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many *people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of constant infelicity*—in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils! This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils, and a constant calamity,' &c. Certainly, whatever be the present condition of the agricultural labourers of England, it is no falling off from the past. Arthur Young, the Rev. Mr Howlett, and the Rev. Dr Davies, who wrote about this class at various times during the latter half of the last century, invariably describe their condition as one of great wretchedness. Arthur Young considered it as inferior to that of the Irish peasant. Stephen Duck, the poet, tells us that he worked at threshing in Wiltshire, about 1730, at 3s. a-week. In former times, there were not those masses of wretched people in the large towns which form so appalling a feature of our time; but this does not imply that the wretched were then fewer in proportion to the population. We forget, when we hear of the miserable huddlings of the poor in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, the *wynds* of Glasgow, the cellars of Liverpool, the rookeries of London, that for thirty years past vagrancy has been everywhere sternly put down. The poor are only driven off the roads and out of the country into the large towns, which, in such circumstances, have become their sole refuge. At the beginning of the last century, the vagrants of Scotland alone were estimated at a hundred thousand, or about a twelfth of the whole people. About 1770, they continued to be so numerous, that a relative of the present writer, who occupied a large pastoral farm on Tweedside, seldom passed a night without having to entertain half-a-dozen beggars, wool-gatherers, wandering idiots, and other miserables, while on Sunday he has often had from twenty to thirty quartered in his outhouses. Now, it was perhaps better for the poor to wander about the country than to be pent up in the darkest recesses of our large cities; but still it is only an evil shifted in its locality—it is not one generated of new. We may also remind the reader that, about fifty years ago, so pressing were the hardships of the rural labourers of England, that the legislature was compelled to adopt the Allowance System; that is, to make them partially the stipendiaries of the public, which they continued to be till 1834.

One of the most telling charges against our present social state is, that it embraces such violent inequalities—some excessively rich, some excessively poor, as if the good things of fortune underwent a kind of polarisation. And yet there is no country where so vast or so affluent a middle class fills up the space between the opposite poles—where, indeed, the gradation of conditions is so nicely shaded; neither is there anywhere such free and frequent movement from one step in the scale to another. The middle class, with its wealth and its comforts, is a body mainly composed of the children of the classes below it—promoted in consequence of industry, enterprise, and general merit. The higher class, again, is continually recruited from the middle one. Even in the classes below the latter, there is a continual movement upward, the child of the unskilled labourer becoming the ingenious well-paid artisan of the next age. Many transitions there are even more startling; and certainly it is not uncommon to see men in the high position of legislators, whose fathers were poor men all their days.

But the high, it is said, are now divided from the humble, and keep them at a distance, which was not the case in former times. We have shown that much fallacy exists regarding the associations of the rich with the poor in past ages. It was attended by distinctions which would have made their separation preferable. As far as *local residence* is concerned, there is a greater division than there was. The advance of taste in their habits of life has also placed the rich *personally* more apart from the poor than they once were. In these respects the alleged separation is a truth. As far as real feeling on the part of the rich towards the poor, and actual exertion of benevolence in their behalf, are concerned, we believe the allegation to be the reverse of the truth. The fact is, that, till the present time, the state of the humbler classes was little regarded at all by the affluent. Howlett, Davies, Eden, and a few others, wrote on this subject to a languid public. At an earlier period, the subject had no place in literature, and hence, we may infer, none in public regard. How different is the case at the present day, when philanthropists, legislators, and great societies formed from the miscellaneous public, are giving the most earnest attention to the subject! Nor is the movement confined to speculation. The positive beneficences of the present generation of the upper and middle classes put all past experience to shame. Even that personal attention to the wants of the poor which is attributed to past times, may be said to have undergone only this change in the present day—that the duty is mainly in the hands of clergymen, missionaries, directors of sick societies, leisurely ladies, and other individuals; a change implying only an allocation of the labour, not its cessation. A busy merchant does not go much among the poor himself, but he subscribes liberally to those who have time to do so. A country gentleman sees, perhaps, little of the insides of his cottagers' houses, but his wife and daughters are continually visiting them, and they furthermore maintain a school in the village, and even in some instances become its teachers. The humbler classes are often spoken of as everywhere neglected, if not oppressed, by the rich; whereas, in reality, the succour of the poor, and their moral and physical improvement, are about the most engrossing subjects of thought and of exertion in our day.

All these things considered, we would describe the present state and prospects of the humbler portion of the community in a different manner from the writers alluded to. There is much to be deplored, much to find fault with; but there never was less, and agencies are now at work for making it less than ever. But the improvement of the condition of the unendowed will only be advanced by a harmonious exertion on the part of society at large. It will not be favoured by unjust estimates of the existing circumstances of the humbler classes, or by unfounded accusations against their superiors. Neither will it be promoted by that kind of philosophy, so predominant in the present day, by which everybody is excused from the responsibility of his own fate, and the burden thrown on something or somebody else. We all owe a duty to each other in the social world, as has often been affirmed in our pages; and if this be neglected, as it often is, great evils will be the consequence. But there is some limit to this principle, and the views entertained about it by some writers are of a fatal kind. We would take leave to insist on the impolicy of the doctrine which makes out every person in humble circumstances to be an ill-used man, for whom *something should be done!* A man in humble circumstances is but too apt to despair of any efforts of his own for his own benefit—too readily does he incline to look for aid from external sources. To lead him, therefore, to think that he has no charge over himself, since others are to see after him—that he need deny himself nothing, since it is somebody else's conduct which makes him what he is—can only give him a deeper position in the mire. The middle classes, moreover, having for the most part risen by their own efforts, are repelled when they hear such doctrines propounded, and their aid is lost. Better to let the industrious orders understand that, with all the good-will in the world, the other classes can only help a little in the good work, and that even this help can only be of any avail if the parties proposed to be benefited exercise such vigilance and energy as nature and circumstances have placed in their power. Blessings only come when they are sought—Heaven only helps those who help themselves—and it seems equally a law that those only shall receive any advantage from the kindly benevolence of their fellow-creatures, who seek to come to the same results by well-directed efforts of their own.

THE MATIN BELL.

A TRADITION OF PORTUGAL.

THERE were great rejoicings in the city of Lisbon when Denis of Portugal, the warrior and poet king, celebrated his nuptials with the young and lovely Infanta of Castile. The monarch's popularity was at its height; the multitude, who had already conferred on him the title of 'Father of his People,' were roused to the most enthusiastic loyalty by the feasts and largesses bestowed on them; and the nobles, whose national pride was gratified by the alliance, found an additional source of satisfaction in their young sovereign's prudent dismissal of the queen's train of Castilian attendants, which prevented the possible influence of foreign favourites—over one whose beauty and grace rendered it more than probable that she would become their 'ruler's ruler.' At the queen's request, however, a young page, whose insignificance appeared to make his presence or absence of little moment, was retained.

With all external circumstances thus conducing to happiness (for her royal husband was as courteous and accomplished as he was brave and politic), Isabella of Castile had just cause to rejoice in her brilliant destiny; and during the first two months of her residence in her new home, not a shade obscured its brightness. At the expiration of that period, however, her quick perception detected the one infirmity of Denis's otherwise noble nature. He was most painfully jealous. He could endure no rival in her thoughts, not even the natural and pious love of her kindred and her country. A cloud ever rested on his brow when she spoke to him of Castile, of her parents, of her youngest and favourite brother; nay, when, with the candour of her nature, she told him of her regret at parting from the friends and associations of her childhood, he had answered her with harshness. Isabella was very young, and very timid. From that moment she avoided all mention of her family and her native land; but, by a natural consequence, they obtained a stronger hold on her memory and her affections. Fear of awaking her husband's displeasure, on the queen's side, and a jealous doubt on that of the king, that the marriage of policy had not given him the love he craved, produced a constraint in their intercourse which was painful to both; and Isabella, chilled by the want of sympathy with her feelings in all around her, sought it at length in her young countryman, the page Gonzales. He could talk to her of dear and distant Castile; he could sing the songs doubly sweet now to her ear from their association with the past. Whenever the young queen sat alone with her ladies at their embroidery, the Castilian was summoned to beguile the time with his guitar, or with reminiscences of his royal lady's childhood; and this imprudent and somewhat undignified intercourse between the queen and her attendant was partially excusable, from the fact that Gonzales was the son of a noble Castilian lady, to whom the care of her own youth had been confided. He had been reared from infancy in her father's palace, and shared her own and her brothers' pastimes. And then Gonzales was so unlike the generality of pages! He was so gentle, so pious, so refined and humble in manner, that he found favour in the eyes of even the gravest and most prudish of the ladies of honour. He was of a slight delicate figure; and though very handsome, it was less the beauty of feature than of expression, which won the admiration, and even the affection, of those who gazed on his calm, thoughtful eyes and open brow. People in this evil world cannot, however, be more than ordinarily excellent, or more than usually beloved, without incurring envy; and the gentle virtues of Gonzales were not likely to make him popular with his wild young comrades, the pages of the palace. The greater number came to the conclusion that his true vocation was the cloister, and suffered him to pursue his own course with a contemptuous pity; but one, who was far beyond them in intellect and forethought, and whose future fortunes depended almost wholly upon the royal favour, beheld with all the bitterness of an envious and vindictive nature the Castilian page.

Bernardo di Silva had sought with unwearying diligence the notice of his queenly mistress. She was devout: he became most earnest in his attention to her confessor; in his attendance at mass. His conduct was exemplary, his services performed with grace and never-failing care. Nevertheless he failed in his design: nature had not bestowed on him the power of winning love. He gained but a cold approval—the homage paid to the semblance of virtue—no more.

No marvel, therefore, that he hated Gonzales, and, with the inconsistency of our nature, looked on his unconscious rival as his enemy—as one who stole from him the favour of his queen. Of a more vindictive spirit than even the generality of his countrymen, he mentally resolved to avenge what he considered his wrongs on the young Spaniard; and the opportunity came at last. When is there ever an occasion wanting to do evil?

It was a bright autumnal morning; the Tagus glittered like liquid silver in the dazzling sunbeams, as Bernardo stood gazing on its waters from the window of the queen's antechamber. It was a scene to gladden the heart, and raise the thoughts in devout gratitude to the Giver of the sunshine and the sweet air; but no joy, no peace was expressed on that young countenance, dark with unhallowed passions. He saw not the dancing stream, the clear and cloudless sky; he heard not the music of the far-off lark, nor the glad voices of the boatmen: his mind dwelt only on the scene within the inner chamber which he had just witnessed—the queen and her ladies listening with approving smiles to Gonzales, as he sang to them a lay of his native Castile. And very sweetly came the voice and guitar of the page on his ear at that moment, as he sang one of the fine old ballads of the Moors; but the sweet tones were discord to the diseased mind of the listener. He was still wrapt in his 'web of bitter fancies,' when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning with a start, he beheld the king, whom he had believed absent at the chase, standing beside him. Stammering an apology for not having seen the sovereign enter, Bernardo moved forward to open the door of the queen's chamber; but Denis detained him, and in a low voice bade him follow him into the adjoining corridor.

'Who sings in the queen's apartment?' was the king's instant question as they gained it.

'Her Grace's Castilian page, sire.'

'Does he often beguile her royal leisure in this minstrel fashion?'

'Ay, sire; whenever it pleases your majesty to hunt or ride abroad without the queen.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the king with a frown; 'what sayest thou?'

Bernardo's quick eye marked that frown, and he saw at once the feasibility of the plan which had come to his thoughts, like a very inspiration of evil. He paused in affected confusion. 'Not exactly; that is—I pray your Grace to pardon me; the queen will be displeased,' he faltered.

'Displeased!' exclaimed Denis impetuously; 'and wherefore? Speak the truth, sirrah, without fear, and faithfully. This minion is, then, often admitted to the queen's presence?'

'He is, my liege,' replied Bernardo, still with affected reluctance. 'Her Grace loves to talk of Castile with my comrade, he tells me.'

'To talk of Castile with him—to talk with her menial!' exclaimed the monarch angrily. 'By all the saints!' he continued, making a movement towards the royal apartment, 'he shall suffer for his presumption in daring to assert such a falsehood. Out of my path, sirrah!' Bernardo, however, throwing himself on his knees immediately before his sovereign, implored him with well-feigned fear, mingled with seemingly honest boldness, to pause.

'Beseech you, sire,' he said, 'punish not my comrade without due inquiry. He is young; he hath had some cause for pride in our royal mistress's favour: beseech you turn not to his hurt the words I have uttered at your command. Expose me not to the queen's anger.'

Greatly agitated, the king listened to him; but ere he could command his voice to reply, the now distant music ceased, and the page's step was heard in the antechamber. Denis motioned Bernardo to rise, and removing his hand from the hilt of his dagger, gazed sternly on the object of his wrath as he entered the corridor, who, surprised at seeing the king there, paused, and made his low and graceful obeisance. The young musician's cheek was flushed; there was a happy smile on his lip; and in his hand he held both his guitar and a small bunch of roses, which Denis at a glance recognised as the bouquet he had seen in the queen's bosom that morning. With a muttered ejaculation he turned from the boy, and then harshly desiring Bernardo to follow him, proceeded to his own apartment.

We will not repeat the conversation held there between the deceived sovereign and the deceiver. It will be sufficient to inform our readers that the art with which Bernardo wrought on the mental infirmity of the unhappy king was but too successful. Numberless unmeaning and trifling incidents apparently confirmed the slander. At Isabella's request, the page alone of all her suite had been detained in Portugal; he had been her companion from childhood: these remembrances, and the young wife's own imprudence, were more than enough to confirm the ready belief of jealousy. Denis, enraged as he was, preserved, however, a lingering pity for his queen—a just sense of the injury public investigation or vengeance might do to his own honour—and charging Bernardo, as he valued the favour his fidelity thus far had deserved, not to reveal aught that had passed between them, he shut himself up in his chamber for the remainder of the day, and the page withdrew to meditate upon the singular and perfect success of his vindictive malice.

Twilight was fast deepening into night as Denis of Portugal, attended only by the page Bernardo, left the palace, and rode rapidly across the wide plain beyond the city walls. He urged his noble charger on with a mad speed, as if he sought by the rapidity of its motion to banish the terrible and agonising thoughts which filled his mind. They had proceeded to the distance of about a mile on their apparently aimless course, and Bernardo had begun to entertain serious doubts of his liege's sanity, when a sudden glare of red light broke on the gloom of the darkening sky. Towards this spot Denis at once turned, and in a few minutes reined in his steed beside a huge furnace, round which a number of powerful and swarthy labourers were moving. One of them came forward as the horsemen paused, and asked in a rough voice 'their business.'

'Rather who are ye, and what do ye here?' demanded the king sternly.

'Truly, Sir Cavalier,' replied the man with a rude obeisance, for the majesty of the speaker's manner awed him, 'we are burners of lime for the new palace our good king is building.'

'Your good king will give you other fuel for your fire,' said Denis with a fearful laugh. 'Hark ye! I am Denis of Portugal, your king. To-morrow, at day-dawning, I will send you a trim page: throw *him* into your furnace!' A low murmur of surprise and horror ran through the group as they rose from their attitude of rude homage. 'How! do you dare hesitate to do my will!' exclaimed the king fiercely. 'Take heed ye feed not the flames yourselves.'

There was a brief pause. 'Sire,' said the first speaker at length, 'we are poor, but honest: our office is to burn lime, not men: beseech your Grace, make us not your executioners.'

The bold remonstrance would not, at another time, have been made in vain to 'the Good King Denis;' but it was, at the present moment, addressed to one whose reason was as little under his control as that of a maniac. Harshly, and with threats that, if they dared disobey his will, they should themselves suffer the doom they were unwilling to inflict upon another, the king reiterated his command, and received a sullen and reluctant assurance that it should be executed.

'But how, may it please your Grace,' asked the lime-burner, 'shall we know the page for the right one?'

'Ye have not often visits from royal pages methinks,' said the king impatiently; 'but to give you full assurance, the traitor will ask ye, "If the king's will be done;" and then see that ye *do it*, or *beware!*' As he finished his stern injunction, Denis rode away from the spot, leaving his amazed and awe-stricken subjects to discuss, in fear and trembling, the strange mandate they had received from him, whom they had fully recognised as their popular and hitherto merciful sovereign.

Our readers have of course divined that the fatal message was now intrusted to Gonzales, who at early dawn left the palace, in obedience to the royal behest,

though all unconscious of its purport. The opening day was even more than usually beautiful, and his path, which at first lay through the groves surrounding the palace, was gem-strewed with crystal dewdrops. The page's mind was keenly susceptible of beauty, and the holy voice of nature never spoke to his heart in vain. Thoughts and aspirations that were not of the earth awoke under the influence of the fresh balmy air and the music of the birds; and when the matin-bell from a sylvan chapel joined the general song, he started, and felt a sudden awe mingle with his thrill of delight. His feet lingered on the sod. The sweet yet solemn sound seemed to call him like a familiar voice; and obeying the promptings of his heart, he turned aside from the path, entered the consecrated building, and knelt in devout and humble prayer before the altar.

It was noonday; King Denis paced his chamber alone, a prey to the most torturing reflections. By this time his vengeance was sated, and with that thought came a reaction of feeling. A terrible doubt arose in his mind as to the possibility of his having been deceived: in short, reason was resuming its empire, and, dispirited and uncertain, he ordered Bernardo di Silva to his presence. The page could not be found; he had left the palace some two hours before. The attendant was in the act of giving this information to the agitated sovereign, when a low knock at the door interrupted him. Opening it at the king's command, he beheld Gonzales, pale, trembling, with an expression of unutterable horror on his usually calm features, standing before him. Had he turned his eyes towards his royal master, he would have been still more astonished at the expression *his* countenance wore as he recognised the page, who, whilst the king stood mute and motionless with amazement, advanced, and bending his knee, said in a faltering voice, 'Your will has been obeyed, sire!—my unhappy comrade is no more. I reached the limekiln in time to hear his death-cry.' He shuddered, and continued, after an instant's pause, 'The murderers—I crave your Grace's pardon—the executioners charged me to inform their king, that when he found resistance and intreaty vain, the miserable Bernardo acknowledged the justice of his fate; and his last audible words declared that he had wronged the queen, and abused your royal ear with falsehood.'

In emotion too great for speech, Denis of Portugal heard this extraordinary communication; and when at last he found words, it was to utter an ejaculation of thanksgiving to the Divine Providence which had saved him at least from the guilt of shedding innocent blood.

A long and careful inquiry explained the mysterious substitution. The morning mass was long, and ere Gonzales had quitted the chapel, Bernardo, believing that he must be already dead, left the palace, and proceeded to the kilns, to gratify his fiendish malice, by ascertaining that he had no longer a rival. He had either not heard the words agreed upon, or else, by a natural inadvertence, his first question was, '*Is the king's will done?*' and the lime-burners, recognising the sign, at once seized him, and, in spite of his intreaties and remonstrances, inflicted on him the fate intended for his betrayed comrade.

This fearful lesson was not wholly lost on Denis. His jealousy, if not entirely, was partially cured; and no after-imprudence on the part of the terrified and shocked Isabella gave occasion for its display or its control. Gonzales ceased, apparently, to be her favourite; but his rising fortunes did not therefore suffer. He became, in after-years, a powerful and confidential minister and counsellor of the king; the founder of a noble family in his adopted country. And never did the aged noble hear, without paying devout obedience to its summons, the voice of the matin bell!

Whether this singular legend be true or otherwise, it is a curious picture of a rude and nearly lawless age, and as such we present it to our readers. If the former, it is a striking instance of the visible working of that Divine Power which, both history and experience teach us, frequently causes 'the wickedness of a man to fall on his own head;' so that in 'the pit he had privily digged for another, his own foot should be taken.'

HUGH MILLER'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.*

EVERYTHING that proceeds from a mind of such nerve and comprehensiveness as Hugh Miller's, must be entitled to attention. In the present volume he has embodied the observations he made upon the people of England during a two-months' tour, undertaken with a view to the recovery of health. But Mr Miller is a geologist: hence much, at intervals, regarding the Dudley coal-field, the ideas of Dean Cockburn, and so forth. He is also a zealously pious man: hence frequent references to the state of religion in England, with many general remarks on the character and effects of Christianity. Thus the book is a melange of somewhat whimsically grouped materials; and yet there is one unfailing principle of unity over all, in the energetic thinking, and rich though diffuse style of the author. We venture to recommend the book in an especial manner to intelligent Englishmen, as fitted to introduce them to a strain of opinion and mode of judgment to which they are all but strangers.

For our part, we are disposed, for the meantime at least, to overlook Mr Miller's geology, though that is in general masterly, and also his polemics, in order to arrive at those parts of his book which are of widest interest. It so happens that he received a bent in early life towards some of the English poets of the last century, who are now considered as mediocre. The accounts he had read of the poet-haunted mansion of Hagley, and of the *landscape poem* of the Leasowes of which Shenstone was the *author*, fixed themselves in his mind, and he now visited them with a pilgrim's reverence. 'Who has not heard,' he says, 'of Hagley, the "British Tempe," so pleasingly sung by Thomson in his *Seasons*, and so intimately associated in the works of Pope, Shenstone, and Hammond, with the Lord Lyttelton of English literature?' Remarking, very justly, how necessary it is for the description of a place to state those geologic features which may be said to form its bones, he tells us that Hagley derives its beauty from being a portion of a range of trap hills (the Clent Hills) starting up on the southern shore of the Dudley coal basin. In company with an under-gardener, Mr Miller 'emerged into the park, and began to ascend the hill by a narrow inartificial path, that winds, in alternate sunshine and shadow, as the trees approach or recede, through the rich moss of the lawn. Half-way up the ascent, where the hill-side is indented by a deep, irregularly-semicircular depression, open and grassy in the bottom and sides, but thickly garnished along the rim with noble trees, there is an octagonal temple, dedicated to the genius of Thomson—"a sublime poet," says the inscription, "and a good man"—who greatly loved, when living, this hollow retreat. I looked with no little interest on the scenery that had satisfied so great a master of landscape, and thought, though it might be but fancy, that I succeeded in detecting the secret of his admiration, and that the specialities of his taste in the case rested, as they not unfrequently do in such cases, on a substratum of personal character. The green hill spreads out its mossy arms around, like the arms of a well-padded easy-chair of enormous propor-

* London: John Johnstone. 1847. Pp. 407.

tions, imparting, from the complete seclusion and shelter which it affords, luxurious ideas of personal security and ease; while the open front permits the eye to expatiate on an expansive and lovely landscape. We see the ground immediately in front occupied by an uneven sea of tree-tops, chiefly oaks of noble size, that rise, at various levels, on the lower slopes of the park. The clear sunshine imparted to them this day exquisite variegations of fleecy light and shadow. They formed a billowy ocean of green, that seemed as if wrought in floss silk. Far beyond—for the nearer fields of the level country are hidden by the oaks—lies a blue labyrinth of hedgerows, stuck over with trees, and so crowded together in the distance, that they present a forest-like appearance; while, still farther beyond, there stretches along the horizon a continuous purple screen, composed of the distant highlands of Cambria.'

In a more secluded hollow of the hill-side, Shenstone is commemorated by an urn. 'Yet a little further on, we descend into an opener and more varied inflection in the hilly region of Hagley, which is said to have been as favourite a haunt of Pope, and in which an elaborately-carved urn and pedestal records Lyttelton's estimate of his powers as a writer, and his aims as a moralist: "the sweetest and most elegant," says the inscription, "of English poets, the severest chastiser of vice, and the most persuasive teacher of wisdom."..... The crooked little man, during the last thirteen years of his life, was a frequent visitor at Hagley; and it is still a tradition in the neighbourhood, that in the hollow in which his urn has been erected he particularly delighted. He forgot Cibber, *Sporus*, and Lord *Fanny*—flung up with much glee his poor shapeless legs, thickened by three pairs of stockings a-piece, and far from thick after all—and called the place "his own ground." It certainly does no discredit to the taste that originated the gorgeous though somewhat indistinct descriptions of "Windsor Forest." There are noble oaks on every side—some in their vigorous middle-age, invested with that "rough grandeur of bark, and wide protection of bough," which Shenstone so admired—some far gone in years, mossy and time-shattered, with white skeleton branches a-top, and fantastic scraggy roots projecting, snake-like, from the broken ground below. An irregular open space in front permits the eye to range over the distant prospect; a small clump of trees rises so near the urn, that, when the breeze blows, the slim branch-tips lash it as if in sport, while a clear and copious spring comes bubbling out at its base.

'I passed somewhat hurriedly through glens and glades—over rising knolls and wooded slopes—saw statues and obelisks, temples and hermitages—and lingered a while ere I again descended to the lawn, on the top of an eminence which commands one of the richest prospects I had yet seen. The landscape from this point—by far too fine to have escaped the eye of Thomson—is described in the "Seasons;" and the hill which overlooks it represented as terminating one of the walks of Lyttelton and his lady—that Lady Lucy whose early death formed, but a few years after, the subject of the monody, so well known and so much admired in the days of our great-grandmothers:—

——"The beauteous bride,
To whose fair memory flowed the tenderest tear
That ever trembled o'er the female bier."

It is not in every nobleman's park one can have the opportunity of comparing such a picture as that in the "Seasons" with such an original. I quote, with the description, the preliminary lines, so vividly suggestive of the short-lived happiness of Lyttelton:—

"Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attuned. Then nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tossed by the generous passions, sinks away;
The tender heart is animated peace;
And, as it pours its copious treasures forth
In various converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes—
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell—enraptured drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy—
Unutterable happiness!—which love
Alone bestows, and on a favoured few.
Meantime you gain the height from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around,
And, snatched o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosomed soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns marked
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams,
Wide stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise."

'As I called up the passage on the spot where, as a yet unformed conception, it had first arisen in the mind of the writer, I felt the full force of the contrast presented by the two pictures which it exhibits—the picture of a high but evanescent human happiness, whose sun had set in the grave nearly a century ago; and the picture of the enduring landscape, unaltered in a single feature since Lyttelton and his lady had last gazed on it from the hill-top. "Alas!" exclaimed the contemplative Mirza, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream!"'

Mr Miller enters at some length into the remarkable history of the two Lytteltons—the elder an upright, excellent man, the younger a selfish profligate. How strange, that from George Lord Lyttelton and his amiable Lucy should have proceeded the heartless debauchee, Thomas, the second lord! Our author has also chosen to put together, from various sources, the extraordinary story of the death of the latter person. 'Among the females who had been the objects of his temporary attachment, and had fallen victims to it, there was a Mrs Dawson, whose fortune, with her honour and reputation, had been sacrificed to her passion, and who, on being deserted by his lordship for another, did not long survive: she died broken-hearted, bankrupt both in means and character. But though she perished without a friend, she was yet fully avenged on the seducer. Ever after, he believed himself haunted by her spectre. It would start up before him in the solitudes of Hagley at noon-day—at night it flitted round his pillow—it followed him incessantly during his rustication on the continent—and is said to have given him especial disturbance when passing a few days at Lyons. In England, when residing for a short time with a brother nobleman, he burst at midnight into the room in which his host slept, and begged, in great horror of mind, to be permitted to pass the night beside him: in his own apartment, he said, he had been strangely annoyed by an unaccountable creaking of the floor. He ultimately deserted Hagley, which he found by much too solitary, and in too close proximity with the parish burying-ground; and removed to a country-house near Epsom, called Pit Place, from its situation in an old chalk-pit. And here, six years after the death of his father, the vital powers suddenly failed him, and he broke down and died in his thirty-sixth year.

'His lordship,' continues Mr Miller, 'had made the usual opening address to the sovereign [November 1779] the occasion of a violent attack on the administration; "but this," says Walpole, "was, notwithstanding his government appointment, nothing new to him; he was apt to go point blank into all extremes, without any parenthesis or decency, nor even boggled at contradicting his own words." In the evening he set out for his house at Epsom, carrying with him, says the same gossiping authority, "a caravan of nymphs." He sat up rather late after his arrival; and on retiring to bed, was suddenly awakened from a brief slumber a little before midnight by what appeared to be a dove, which, after fluttering for an instant near the bed-curtains, glided towards a casement window in the apartment,

where it seemed to flutter for an instant longer, and then vanished. At the same moment his eye fell upon a female figure in white, standing at the bed-foot, in which he at once recognised, says Warner, "the spectre of the unfortunate lady that had haunted him so long." It solemnly warned him to prepare for death, for that, within three days, he should be called to his final account; and having delivered its message, immediately disappeared. In the morning his lordship seemed greatly discomposed, and complained of a violent headache. "He had had an extraordinary dream," he said, "suited, did he possess even a particle of superstition, to make a deep impression on his mind;" and in afterwards communicating the particulars of the vision, he remarked—rather, however, in joke than in earnest—that the warning was somewhat of the shortest; and that really, after a course of life so disorderly as his, three days formed but a brief period for preparation. On Saturday he began to recover his spirits; and told a lady of his acquaintance at Epsom, that as it was now the third and last day, he would, if he escaped for but a few hours longer, fairly "jockey the ghost." He became greatly depressed, however, as the evening wore on; and one of his companions, as the critical hour of midnight approached, set forward the house-clock, in the hope of dissipating his fears, by misleading him into the belief that he had entered on the fourth day, and was of course safe. The hour of twelve accordingly struck; the company, who had sat with him till now, broke up immediately after, laughing at the prediction; and his lordship retired to his bedroom, apparently much relieved. His valet, who had mixed up at his desire a dose of rhubarb, followed him a few minutes after, and he sat up in bed, in apparent health, to take the medicine; but being in want of a teaspoon, he despatched the servant, with an expression of impatience, to bring him one. The man was scarce a minute absent. When he returned, however, his master was a corpse! He had fallen backwards on the pillow, and his outstretched hand still grasped his watch, which exactly indicated the fatal hour of twelve. It has been conjectured that his dissolution may have been an effect of the shock he received, on ascertaining that the dreaded hour had not yet gone by: at all events, explain the fact as we may, ere the fourth day had arrived, Lyttelton was dead. It has been farther related, as a curious coincidence, that on the night of his decease, one of his intimate acquaintance at Dartford, in Kent, dreamed that his lordship appeared to him, and drawing back the bed-curtain, said, with an air of deep melancholy, "My dear friend, it is all over: you see me for the last time."

'The story has been variously accounted for. Some have held, as we learn from Sir Walter Scott in his "Demonology," that his lordship, weary of life, and fond of notoriety, first invented the prediction, with its accompanying circumstances, and then destroyed himself to fulfil it. And it is added, in a note furnished by a friend of Sir Walter's, that the whole incident has been much exaggerated. "I heard Lord Fortescue once say," says the writer of the note, "that he was in the house with Lord Lyttelton at the time of the supposed visitation, and he mentioned the following circumstances as the only foundation for the extraordinary superstructure at which the world has wondered:—'A woman of the party had one day lost a favourite bird, and all the men tried to recover it for her. Soon after, on assembling at breakfast, Lord Lyttelton complained of having passed a very bad night, and having been worried in his dreams by a repetition of the chase of the lady's bird. His death followed, as stated in the story.'" Certainly, had this been all, it would be scarce necessary to infer that his lordship destroyed himself. But the testimony of Lord Fortescue does not amount to more than simply that, at first, Lord Lyttelton told but a part of his dream; while the other evidence goes to show that he subsequently added the rest. Nor does the theory of the premeditated suicide seem particularly happy. If we must indeed hold that the agency of the unseen world never sensibly mingles with that of the seen and the tangible,

> "To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,"

we may at least deem it not very improbable that such a vision should have been conjured up by the dreaming fancy of an unhappy libertine, ill at ease in his conscience, sensible of sinking health, much addicted to superstitious fears, and who, shortly before, had been led, through a sudden and alarming indisposition, to think of death. Nor does it seem a thing beyond the bounds of credibility or coincidence, that, in the course of the three following days, when prostrated by his ill-concealed terrors, he should have experienced a second and severer attack of the illness from which, only a few weeks previous, he had with difficulty recovered.'

On approaching the Leasowes, Mr Miller had occasion to ask his way at a small nail workshop. 'The sole workers in the nailery were two fresh-coloured, good-looking young girls, whose agile, well-turned arms were plying the hammer with a rapidity that almost eluded the eye, and sent the quick glancing sparks around them in showers. Both stopped short in their work, and came to the door to point out what they deemed the most accessible track. There was no gate, they said, in this direction, but I would find many gaps in the fence: they were in doubt, however, whether the people at the "white house" would give me leave to walk over the grounds: certainly the nailer lads were frequently refused; and they were sorry they couldn't do anything for me: I would be sure of permission if they could give it me. At all events, said I, I shall take the longest possible road to the white house, and see a good deal of the grounds ere I meet with a refusal. Both the naileresses laughed; and one of them said she had always heard the Scotch were "long-headed." Hales Owen and its precincts are included in the great iron district of Birmingham; and the special branch of the iron trade which falls to the share of the people is the manufacture of nails. The suburbs of the town are formed chiefly of rows of little brick houses, with a nail-shop in each; and the quick, smart patter of hammers sounds incessantly, in one encircling girdle of din, from early morning till late night. As I passed through, on my way to the Squire's Mill, I saw whole families at work together—father, mother, sons, and daughters—and met in the streets young girls, not at all untidily dressed, considering the character of their vocation, trundling barrowfuls of coal to their forges, or carrying on their shoulders bundles of rod-iron. Of all our poets of the last century, there was scarce one so addicted to the use of those classic nicknames which impart so unreal an air to English poetry, when bestowed on English men and women, as poor Shenstone. We find his verses dusted over with Delias, and Cecilias, and Ophelias, Flavias, and Fulvias, Chloes, Daphnes, and Phillises; and, as if to give them the necessary prominence, the printer, in all the older editions, has relieved them from the surrounding text by the employment of staring capitals. I had read Shenstone early enough to wonder what sort of looking people his Delias and Cecilias were; and now, ere plunging into the richly-wooded Leasowes, I had got hold of the right idea. The two young naileresses were really very pretty. Cecilia, a ruddy blonde, was fabricating tackets; and Delia, a bright-eyed brunette, engaged in heading a double-double.'

Mr Miller is able to repay the compliment the two female nailers paid to his nation. 'There was,' he says, 'a nail-manufactory established about seventy years ago at Cromarty, in the north of Scotland, which reared not a few Scotch nailers; but they seemed to compete on unequal terms with those of England; and after a protracted struggle of rather more than half a century, the weaker went to the wall, and the Cromarty nailworks ceased. There is now only a single nail-forge in the town; and this last of the forges is used for other purposes than the originally-intended one. I

found in Hales Owen the true key to the failure of the Cromarty manufactory, and saw how it had come to be undersold in its own northern field by the nail-merchants of Birmingham. The Cromarty nailer wrought alone, or, if a family man, assisted but by his sons; whereas the Hales Owen nailer had, with the assistance of his sons, that of his wife, daughters, and maiden sisters to boot; and so he bore down the Scotchman in the contest, through the aid lent him by his female auxiliaries, in the way his blue-painted ancestors, backed by not only all the fighting-men, but also all the fighting-women of the district, used to bear down the enemy.'

THE INSTINCT OF GENIUS.

Nothing more touchingly evinces that goodness presides over this world of ours, than the endless variety it affords. Were this earth one vast plain, however fresh and green, the eye would tire of its monotony; were there no diversity of manner or difference of temperament, no contrariety of opinion, no dissimilitude of taste, how the spirit would weary of all converse, and sicken at the dull uniformity, which would be but a grade removed from the pangs of solitary confinement! But it is far otherwise: hill and dale, mountain and valley, the broad ocean and the rippling stream, the lofty tree and graceful shrub, with the innumerable forms and tints of flowers, the varied plumage of birds, and their distinctive notes, are all calculated to give delight. Then the human race vary so much in feature and expression, as to give an individual interest to every one we meet. But the difference is not alone in outward appearance, for each is distinguished by as great a difference of temper and taste as of form and face. Some have asserted that all are born with the same tastes, and that it is owing to education alone that these have been so remarkably developed in some, while in others they have been suppressed. Education can do much; and accident may sometimes stand in the place of education, and foster the germ of some noble power, which afterwards expands into full vigour; but that some are actually born with a latent power, ready to burst forth, must surely be acknowledged by any one who has inquired into the early dawnings of genius.

Serah Colburn and Jedadiah Buxton may be just mentioned as types of the intuitive arithmeticians; the one solving the most difficult questions in infancy, and the other, while yet an infant in knowledge—for he was utterly illiterate—showing a power of calculation that appeared altogether incredible.

Crecembeni, so celebrated for his literary attainments and exertions, but, above all, for his poetic genius, discovered 'the mind that burned within him' at a very early age. He stood apart from the sports of his young companions, and gave himself up to a passionate love for poetry, which was discovered to his father in a manner quite accidental. He handed the boy a volume of Ariosto, and told him to amuse himself with the engravings. After the child returned the book, and as his father was about to replace it in the book-case, he perceived pencil-marks on the margin. After a close examination, he found that the boy had marked all those passages most admired for their beauty—a selection wholly prompted by the child's exquisite taste. Astonished and delighted, his father instantly determined to give him every advantage. Lope de Vega, it is said, could recite verses of his own composition long before he could read. It is indeed quite extraordinary to think of the number of poets who have manifested from infancy their high calling. Giotti, the shepherd boy, was found by Cimabue, who accidentally passed that way, tending the flock he had been left to watch, and tracing the figures of the sheep on the faithless sand with admirable skill. It is curious to observe how often the parents of children in the higher rank have endeavoured to suppress the genius of their offspring. The immortal Michael-Angelo Buonarotti, at a very early age, manifested the genius which will distinguish him to the end of time; but his father, who considered that the profession of the fine arts would be a degradation to one of his birth, did all he could to detach him from the pursuit which was to immortalise him, and determined to bring him up to one of the learned professions: but genius is not to be stayed, and Michael-Angelo triumphed over every obstacle. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds often reproved him for making drawings, instead of minding his lessons: this is amusingly recorded on the back of one of those drawings—'Done by Joshua, out of pure idleness.' Those in humble life have been more fortunate in being permitted by their relations to follow the bent of their genius: their difficulties and obstacles have generally been of a different nature. The memoirs of West are very interesting, and detail the manner in which his father and mother first became acquainted with his great powers. He was left to watch the infant sleeping in the cradle one day, while his mother went to the garden to collect some flowers. As the boy sat by the cradle, the infant smiled in her sleep; he was struck with its beauty, and hastily getting a piece of paper, he took its likeness in black and red ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper, exclaimed to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!' At this time he was but seven years old. In a year after, a party of roaming Indians saw his sketches of birds and flowers, which they greatly admired, and showed him in return some of their own, and taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they dyed their weapons. To these colours his mother added indigo. He was anxious to know how he could lay the colours on, and was told that a camel's-hair brush was the fit thing for the purpose. As there were no camels in America, poor Benjamin was obliged to draw on his own invention for a substitute. He accordingly supplied all deficiencies from the back and tail of a favourite cat. The bad condition of her fur was supposed to be the consequence of some disease, till the young painter confessed that he had levied contributions on her.

In Barry's life there are many highly-interesting passages. He, too, devoted himself early to his captivating art; and all the pocket-money he could procure he laid out in pencils and candles. He spent his nights in drawing, after all the family had gone to rest, which had such a sensible effect upon his looks, that the servants dreaded injury to his health; and, to oblige him to go to bed, they would secrete his candle while settling his room. He determined, in consequence of this, that they should enter his room no more; and so locked his door, and made his own bed. At last his mother intreated that he would allow his bed to be made more comfortably, and his room to be put in order; but, true to his determination, he would admit no one: he was resolved to give up his nights to the pursuit which he so passionately loved.

We are told of Opie—then a boy of about ten years old—that one Sunday, when his mother was at church, he settled himself to draw in a little kitchen, which commanded a view of the parlour where his father sat reading. He had completed his sketch all but the head,

and when he came to that, he ran in and out of the parlour, and looked up in his father's face so often, that he became seriously displeased with the boy for interrupting him so incessantly, and threatened to correct him if he continued so troublesome. This was exactly what he had wished: he wanted to paint his father's eyes when they flashed with anger; and having succeeded in his plan, he sat down quietly to finish the portrait. His mother did not return till it was completed. The moment she came in, he placed it before her. She instantly knew it, and then rebuked him for having misspent the Sabbath; but all feeling of the reprimand was lost in the joy which he felt in finding that the likeness of his portrait was acknowledged, and he threw himself into his mother's arms in a transport of delight. Canova was oddly brought into notice at an early age. He was in the habit of accompanying his grandfather when he was employed in the repairs or the embellishments of the villas of the nobility, who had their delightful summer residence at Passagno. It happened that while engaged at the villa of Falier, there was a grand fête given, and there was a disappointment about an ornament for the middle of the table at the dessert, so that the domestics, who were accountable for the arrangement of the entertainment, were sadly afraid of incurring the displeasure of their master. They told Canova of their unfortunate plight, but no one could suggest a remedy. However, the grandson, who had heard all that passed, asked for some butter, out of which, in a few minutes, he modelled a lion, which was no sooner laid on the table, than it excited the applause and admiration of the company. It was executed with such consummate skill, that the servants were questioned; and it was found that little Canova, then a child, was the modeller. He was called for, and timidly and bashfully he entered the apartment, where he was greeted by the praises and caresses of the distinguished guests. The Senator Falier took him under his immediate protection; and never did artist more nobly fulfil the early promise of surpassing excellence. His sculptures are spread all over Europe, and even the perfection of his earlier works is acknowledged by the world. It is singular that Chantry should have been indebted to a similar accident for the discovery of his genius. It was at the table of a wealthy lady, that the flowers and ornaments in paste were so beautifully executed, as to attract the notice of the company. The housekeeper was spoken to, and acknowledged to her mistress that they had been the production of a little nephew of hers, who was fond of amusing himself in this way. The lady, struck by the taste which he had discovered, determined to give him the advantage of instruction, and sent him up to London for the purpose. How he availed himself of his good fortune is well known.

In bringing to mind the prodigies that have from time to time appeared, it would seem that the musical world can boast of a greater number than any other. It may be that circumstances combine to cultivate the taste for music almost from the first moment its professor becomes an inhabitant of this world. The gentle lullaby of the nurse, and the melody of the mother's caressing voice, may make an impression from the first moment that they strike the ear, so delicately formed for harmonious sounds. Everything was done to repress the genius of Handel. He was intended by his father for the profession of the law, and he could not brook his passion for music. He excluded all musical society from his house, so that the child was utterly deprived of the aliment for which his soul languished. However, notwithstanding all his father's precautions, he heard a performer on the harpsichord; and he was so enchanted, that he resolved to get a little clarichord secreted in one of the attics, and soon prevailed on one of the servants to arrange this for him. Every night, when the rest of the family had gone to rest, he retired to his loved clarichord; and there, self-taught, he laid the foundation of the wonderful perfection at which he was afterwards to arrive. When he was about seven years old, his father set out to visit a son by his first wife, who was living with the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfells. The young musician had solicited leave to accompany his father on his journey, but he was refused. He, however, ran after the carriage, and having got up to it, his tears and intreaties at length prevailed, and his father took him in. Amused by the variety of the court, he wandered about from room to room; but his progress was arrested whenever he saw a harpsichord, for he could not resist the impulse to sit down and play. This passed unobserved; but after a few days, when service was over in the chapel, he contrived to steal his way to the organ, and as he touched it, the duke, who was quitting the chapel, but not yet out of hearing, was attracted by the remarkable style of the performance. He inquired who the performer was, and was told that he was a boy of seven years old, and stepbrother to his attendant. The duke sent for the child and his father. The conversation which took place ended in consent being given on the father's part that his son should be forthwith instructed in music. Thus was it owing to that accidental journey, against which there had appeared to be an insurmountable obstacle, that the power which was to charm in every age and every clime was fostered by cultivation.

Haydn, though his father was but a cart and wheel wright, and though his mother had been in no higher station than that of a cook before her marriage, was so fortunate as to find encouragement for his genius in the taste and love for music of both his parents. His father had a fine voice, and though he had no scientific knowledge of music, he could play on the organ and on the harp; and he would sometimes accompany himself and his wife, who also sung. On these occasions the child would stand with two pieces of wood in his little hands, one of which represented his viol, and the other his bow, and appear to accompany the singing and playing of his parents. By accident, the powers of this extraordinary child were discovered, by the arrival of an excellent musician, who was cousin to his father. As he joined in their concert, he was struck by the astonishing precision with which little Haydn, then but six years old, beat time to their singing. This relative took him under his care, that his wonderful genius might not lack cultivation. He had not been two days domesticated in his new abode, when he discovered two tambourines, out of which he constructed a kind of instrument; and notwithstanding its unpromising appearance, he succeeded in producing an air upon it which delighted all who heard it. When crowned with success, and in the midst of all the honours and pleasures of the world, Haydn would recur to the happy days of his childhood with a depth of tenderness and regret which showed that they had been the most delightful part of his life. The domestic concerts were among his dearest recollections; and he could never hear the simple native airs which had been sung to him by his mother, without the most intense delight, mingled with a fond sadness.

The ingenuity which Haydn showed in constructing his rude instrument was surpassed by the contrivance of Davy. Davy, who was the son of a Devonshire farmer, was continually loitering about a neighbouring forge, where he busied himself in examining and sounding the horses' shoes. The smith did not mind this for a long time, as he thought the child was merely amusing himself; but having missed several of the shoes from time to time, his suspicion was raised against the boy, and he determined to have him watched. It was perceived one day that he took two shoes from a parcel which he had been sounding for a long time, and went off with his prize. He was followed to a loft, where he had made a hiding-place for himself, without the knowledge of any of his family. Here he was found earnestly arranging the stolen goods among a number of other horse-shoes which he had suspended with wires, so as to form a rude musical instrument, on which he played by striking them with a small hammer. He could play several tunes, among which was one with variations,

well known, as it was frequently heard chimed by the bells in the parish steeple. The smith, admiring his ingenuity, and struck by his musical powers, not only pardoned the theft, but joined in a subscription which was raised to place him under musical instruction.

Among the musical prodigies, Gietry, the celebrated composer so universally admired, holds a distinguished place. The first demonstration of his passion for music was so comical, that it is best told in his own words:—'The first lesson I received,' says he, 'nearly cost me my life; I was alone at four years old, when the boiling of an iron pot attracted my attention: I began dancing to the music of this drum. Afterwards, wishing to see how it was produced in the vessel, I overturned it into a very hot fire, and the explosion was so great, that I was scalded all over, and nearly suffocated.' His love for music was a second time near costing him his life in his boyhood, which is thus simply related by himself:—'In my country, they tell children that God will not refuse them anything they ask of Him on the day of their first communion. I had for a long while resolved to ask Him that I might die on the day of that august ceremony, if I was not destined to become an honest man, and one distinguished in my station. On that very day I was nearly killed. Having gone into a tower to witness the striking of the wooden bells, of which I had no idea, a beam, which weighed three or four hundred pounds, fell upon my head. The church-warden ran for the extreme unction. I had been knocked down senseless. When I came to myself, I hardly recollected where I was. They showed me the beam that had fallen on my head: "Never mind, said I, since I am not killed, I shall be an honest man, and a good musician."' From this time we find that the young enthusiast became habitually thoughtful; his gaiety changed into melancholy, and music alone had power to soothe his sadness. The deep devotion, marked though it be by a touch of superstition (so often the case in the enthusiastic), the tender affection, and the engaging modesty, are so sweetly portrayed in his little sketch of his first musical triumph, that it will not be unacceptable. 'My timidity had a support which was known only to myself. I had felt for the last year a devotion to the Virgin Mary, almost amounting to idolatry; and having for nine days implored her assistance, I was confident in the protection of Heaven. The motet which I sang was an Italian air, translated into Latin, an address to the Virgin, *Non semper super prata casta florescit rosa.* I had hardly sung four bars, when the orchestra softened itself to pianissimo, for fear of overpowering me. I at that moment darted a glance at my father, to which he returned a smile. The children of the choir who surrounded me drew back from respect; almost all the singers left their seats, and did not even hear the bell which announced the elevation of the host. I at that moment perceived my good mother in the church; she wiped away her tears, and I could not restrain my own.' With such powerful incitements as devotion and affection, it would have been strange if Gietry had not reached the celebrity to which he attained. It would be a pleasant task to follow him in the artless narrative which he gives of his visit to Italy; but enough has been said to instance him as an example of the early dawning of genius.

Sensibility, modesty, and simplicity, the meet, and almost always the constant, attendants of genius, were as remarkable in Mozart as in Gietry. He was so playful a child, that he frequently neglected his meals while he indulged in his sports; but though careless and wild, he had a nature the most sensitive—the most ardent affections and tender feelings found their place in his heart. 'Do you love me?' twenty times in the day he would inquire of his fond parents, and of those about him. They would sometimes answer 'No,' in jest; and then the loving child would cry, as if his very heart would break. His passion for music was apparent at three years old. He listened with deep interest to the lessons which his sister received on the harpsichord; and he would search the instrument for *thirds*, and testify his delight in the wildest manner when he found them. His ear was so delicately acute, that he could not bear the blast of a trumpet; if he accidentally heard it, he was almost convulsed with terror; and such an impression did it make on him, that he could not bear even to see it. His father determined to conquer this antipathy, and ordered the instrument to be sounded, notwithstanding the earnest intreaties of the child to the contrary. It sounded; a deathlike paleness overspread his face, and he fell to the ground: most surely his father never repeated the experiment. At four years old, he would learn in half an hour to play a minuet, and a more difficult piece in the space of an hour, executing them with the greatest precision. At five years old he began to compose; and in his sixth year, the infant prodigy visited some of the German courts, accompanied by his parents and sister; and in his seventh year, his fame having spread all over Europe, he visited its principal countries, giving concerts in the large towns, where he was listened to with admiration and astonishment almost unbounded. At thirteen he brought out a successful opera. The beauty and variety of his compositions, the brilliancy of his performance, and the magical effect of those extempore pieces with which he delighted his audience, the exquisite pathos of the tender passages, and the fire and energy of the more impassioned effusions, could not fail to awaken an enthusiasm in all who listened. Never spoiled by adulation and applause, he preserved throughout his brilliant career the modesty, artlessness, and sensibility for which he had been so remarkable in childhood. His love and reverence for his father, his tender affection for his mother, and for all near and dear to him, and his deep passion for the science to which he had devoted himself, were all-sufficient to him. His character, and the striking and interesting passages of his brief life, are so universally known, that it would be idle to enlarge on them; enough has been said to show that he was a bright example of the early dawning of genius.

It would be going into too great length were all the examples brought forward that might be selected; it is very remarkable that there are scarcely any among the great composers who have not shown the bent of their mind in infancy. In looking over their memoirs, it is quite extraordinary to observe what a number of musical prodigies have existed; but one more shall only be noticed in the present paper. William Crotch, the son of a carpenter, is indeed a striking example of the force of genius. His father, who had no knowledge of music, had learned to play 'God Save the King,' and a few other tunes, on an organ which he had built. William, then a child of but a year and a half old, was observed to pay undivided attention to music; so much so, that he would refuse his food when listening to the organ. Before he was two years old, he would touch the key-note of his favourite tunes when he wanted to have them played; and very shortly after, he would strike two or three of the first notes, when he thought he had not made himself understood. Mrs Lulman, a first-rate performer, came one evening to try the organ. After she was gone, the child cried, and was so peevish, that his mother could not quiet him. At length, in passing through the dining-room, he screamed and struggled so violently to get to the organ, that he was brought to it, when he beat down the keys with his little hands. The next day, while seated at it on his brother's knee, he played enough of 'God Save the King' to awaken his father's curiosity. He hastened down from his workshop, but nothing could exceed the astonishment which he felt when he saw that little William was the performer, a child of but two years and three weeks old. When Mrs Crotch, who had been out, came in, her husband met her, and bade her follow him up stairs, where he had something curious to show to her. She was longing to know what she was to see, but her surprise and delight on hearing her child was as great as that of her hus-

band. 'God Save the King' had made an impression on him, as he had not only heard his father play it, but it was frequently sung to him by his mother as she lulled him to sleep; but, more than all, it had been most delightfully played by Mrs Lulman the evening before, when he was so much excited. Crotch, who was employed by Mr Paul, absented himself one day on account of illness. As Mr Paul passed his door, he heard the organ, and feeling vexed at having been imposed on by a false excuse, as he supposed, he walked into the house, expecting to find Crotch at the organ; but what was his astonishment when he beheld the child playing on it! Mr Paul was so struck with astonishment, that he brought two or three persons to hear him, and in a short time the story spread, and the next day more than a hundred went to listen; and from that time such crowds collected, that the admittance of visitors was obliged to be limited to one day in the week. The progress he made was truly wonderful: sadness was the impression which any air that pleased him made upon him: it became fixed in his memory, and it took him but a short time till he played it. The wonderful delicacy and acuteness of his ear enabled him to name any note which was struck, though out of sight of the keys. Dr Burney gives a very interesting account of Crotch, and notices several other musical prodigies. Among them the Westleys are named as very surprising—the younger particularly, who, before he was six years old, surpassed in many particulars the attainments of most professors; and, before he could write, composed the airs of several oratorios, which he retained in memory, and at eight years old noted them down.

It is not alone from these few examples of the early indication of genius that it is apparent that the faculties are born with us by which we become distinguished in life; but the same fact is exhibited in the memoirs of almost all eminent persons; and thus Cicero's observation, when he says, that 'without divine inspiration, no man was ever great,' scarcely appears extravagant.

POETS AND FLOWERS.

Flowers are such beautiful objects, so abounding in loveliness, so faithfully represent all shades of thought—of childhood's careless hours, manhood's recreation, and age's solace—that we cannot wonder at the frequent mention made of them by poets. In all times they have been especial favourites of the bards, who have found in them a world of matchless similes, a perpetual harvest of exquisite images. The pages of Holy Writ contain many interesting examples of the moral hid in flowers: their frail and transitory nature was too apt an illustration of human life to escape the notice of the inspired penmen. How many of the great and the good have entertained a reverent love for flowers! In many parts of the world flowers have been used as emblems of a religious feeling, and offered on altars: they adorned the triumph, the festival, and bridal; or lightened suffering, and beautified death. How many flowers yet retain the names given to them by our devout Catholic forefathers! and how many bewitching fables are associated with their brilliant tints and graceful forms! The Medici, so famed for their love of the beautiful, are said to have been the first to open a flower-garden to the public: it was not the least of the pleasures which they conferred on the citizens of Florence: and in the old Italian poets, we find abundant proofs of the delight they took in flowers.

Lord Bacon says of a garden, that 'it is the purest of human pleasures;' and according to the author of *Night Thoughts*, 'a garden weeds the mind: it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial seed in their stead.' But to go back to glorious old Chaucer, hear what he sings of the daisy—

——— 'When the month of May
Is come, and I can hear the small birds sing,
And the fresh flowers have begun to spring,
Good-by, my book! devotion too, good-by!
Now this peculiar frame of mind have I,
That among all the flowers of the mead,
I love the most that flower, white and red,
Which men in our town the daisy name.
* * * *
I might, day by day,
Dwell all throughout the jolly month of May,
Withouten sleep, withouten meat or drink:
Adown full softly I began to sink,
And, leaning on my elbow and my side,
Through the whole day I shaped me to abide,
For nothing else, and I shall tell no lie,
But on the daisy for to feed mine eye,
That has good reason why men call it may
The daisy, otherwise the eye of day,
The empress and the flower of flowers all:
I pray to God that fair may it befall,
And all that love the flowers for her sake.'

Gavin Douglas, a Scottish poet of the fifteenth century, describes the flowers which make their appearance in May, in quaint language—

'The daisy did on-breid her crownal small,
And every flower unlappit in the dale.
Sere downis small on dentillion sprang,
The young green-bloomed strawberry-leaves amang;
Jimp jeryflouirs thereon leaves unshet,
Fresh primrose and the purpour violet;
Heavenly lilies, with lockerand toppis white,
Opened and show their crestis redemite.'

The daisy seems to have attracted notice when other flowers have been disregarded. Some touching lines were written some years since by a person in India, who found an English daisy in a box of roots which had been sent out to him. The gaudy flowers of the East were all forgotten in the humble memorial of home—of the cool and green meadows of England. Shakspeare did not forget the 'cheerful flower' in his sprightly lines—

'When daisies pied and violets blue,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight.'

Wordsworth says that the daisy assumes many different characters as he sits to watch it—

'A nun demure of lowly port;
A sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.'

The poet further tells us that he owes to the contemplation—

'An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going;'

betraying some of the rapturous feeling described by Chaucer. We need do no more than allude to Burns: his beautiful lines to the daisy—

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower'—

are so well known, as to have become a household poem. Notwithstanding the succession of flowers, from the

'Chaste snow-drop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years,'

chilled by the frosty breath of February, to the asters that linger until the early frosts of October have dyed the autumn woods, poets have done homage to them all. In the masque, *Pan's Anniversary*, Ben Jonson introduces one of the nymphs singing—

'Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright days-eyes, and the lips of cows,
The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holiday.'

A shepherd standing by, however, enumerates several others which should also be brought—

'Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
Pinks, garlands, king-cups, and sweet sops-in-wine,
Blue harebells, pagles, pansies, calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth,
Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,
The chequed, and purple-ringed daffodillies.'

Daffodils seem to have been held in much favour by our old poets, if we may judge from the frequent mention they make of them; Spenser says in the 'Shepherd's Calendar'—

'Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and king-cups, and loved lilies.'

Herrick, whose poems are models of melodious gladness—lyrical sermons—addresses them thus—

'Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.'

And Milton marshals flowers in imperishable verse—

'Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crowtoe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet;
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears,
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears.'

The author of 'Paradise Lost' had an exquisite perception of the beauty and poetry of flowers. How the memory of them haunted him in his blindness, we may judge by the touching lines—

'Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
Or sights of vernal bloom, or summer's rose.'

Eve's nuptial bower is described as adorned with

—'Each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem.'

And again, in Adam's farewell to Paradise—

—'Oh flowers!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?'

The eglantine is often spoken of by the poets: in that exquisitely-musical poem, 'L'Allegro,' Milton tells of hearing the lark

'Through the sweet brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;'

confounding the latter with the honeysuckle: but eglantine is the old English name for the sweet brier rose. Spenser says—

'Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere.'

And Shakspeare has interwoven it with other floral favourites in the lines—

'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nooding violet grows.
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine.'

We are indebted for the jessamine to the warm south: the double variety of this delicate flower was so highly prized on its first introduction into Italy from Spain, that the governor of Pisa kept a sentry constantly on guard over the plant. 'Luxuriant above all,' writes Cowper—

'The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets;
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.'

Cowley, who entertained a poet's love for the beauties of nature, inquires—

'Who that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke?'

The writings of Spenser abound with allusions to flowers, often so beautifully interwoven with the subject, as to render quotation difficult. When Sir Guyon steps ashore with the lady on the beautiful isle—

'The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore.'

And in his poem of 'The Gnat,' how skilfully he represents the shepherd at the tomb, where

—'Round about he taught sweet flowers to grow;
The rose ingrained in pure scarlet dye;
The lily fresh; and violet below;
The marigold; and cheerful rosemary;
The Spartan myrtle, whence sweet gum does flow;
The purple hyacinth; and fresh costmary;
And saffron, sought for in Cicilian soil;
And laurel, the ornament of Phœbus's toil.'

And again, in one of his sonnets, after comparing his lady to the most goodly flowers, he ends by saying, 'but her sweet odour did them all excel.'

It is not with flowers as with works of art, or the toys of fashion: the most costly are not always the most esteemed. The humble daisy, as we have seen, flourishes in the writings of the first of poets; so another of our spring visitants has been set in verse. Shakspeare makes of the 'cowslip's bell' a fitting lurking place for Ariel; and the fairy says of her queen, in reply to Puck—

'The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.'

The cowslip, too, appears among other flowers in 'Comus;' and Herrick in the 'Meadows' tells how maidens

'With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.'

In 'The Picture,' a poem by Hughes, a writer seldom quoted, we read—

'So from every flower and plant
Gather first the immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,
Daisies, violets, cowslip-posies.'

Who that has travelled, has not remarked the cottage gardens which border, at frequent intervals, the highways and byways of England? These mark the taste of their owners; and wherever a love of flowers prevails, we may reckon upon finding a certain degree of refinement and gentleness of character. Flowers, whether wild or cultivated, are the most graceful and impressive among nature's humanising influences; and many a weary heart has acknowledged their soothing power, and learned wisdom from their mute yet eloquent teaching. Shakspeare wrote—

'The rose looks fair; but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show;
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade:
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.'

It is easy to understand how the Tulipomania may have originated in the enthusiasm of some devoted cultivator of flowers. He had tended and watched them so long, that at last he knew not where to set a limit to their value. Nature speaks to the heart in a thousand ways, giving rise to emotions as various: the same objects will excite joyousness, melancholy, pleasure, and pain, hope and despondency, according to the state of mind of those to whom they are presented. Thomson has a beautiful passage—

> 'Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;
> Throws out the snowdrop, and the crocus first;
> The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
> And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
> The yellow wallflower stained with iron-brown;
> And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
> From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
> Anemonies: auriculas enriched
> With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
> And full ranunculas of glowing red.
> Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
> Her idle freaks:
> No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
> First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes:
> Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
> Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
> Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
> As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
> Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
> Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose,
> Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
> With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
> The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.'

A LADY'S CONSOLATION.

Everything goes by comparison. A man brought from a dungeon into the morning twilight, will think himself in the midst of noonday; and, for aught we know, the travelling miseries of Mrs Butler may to her be absolute consolation.* It is said that a sailor is fated to eat a peck of dirt during his life, but that allowance is nothing to hers in her consolatory year. She sets out, in fact, by asserting her belief that England is the only place in the world where the people are not disgustingly dirty, and that 'exceedingly few people are clean there.' As for the French, they would not permit her to be clean even in her own person; giving her, in the best hotels of Paris, a cream-jug for a water vessel, a pudding-bowl for a basin, and not so much warm water as would suffice for 'the youngest gentleman shaving the faintest hopes of a beard.' On leaving Paris for Marseilles, she was still worse off, getting into a 'filthy inn, crowded with men in blue blouses and black muzzles;' and thence into a diligence 'with the head and tail cut off,' where her maid lay down in the straw at the bottom, and where the seats were so contrived, that it was impossible to sit on them without sliding off every five minutes.

But even here she was not allowed to indulge herself, being ejected at midnight, 'to her intense dismay and indignation,' and sent into the inn at Château Chinon, 'the most horrible cut-throat-looking hole she ever beheld.' It was dirty of course, and the serving-girl dirty too, as well as sleepy and stupid, poor thing, at such an hour. The kitchen (into which, in France, travellers always make their way from the road) was black and filthy; and a gentleman had two abominable dogs, which kept running about, and all but knocking her down; so that, taking things upon the whole, poor Mrs Butler was 'so terrified, disgusted, and annoyed, that she literally shook from head to foot.'

But in the bedroom she was out of the frying-pan into the fire—or rather into the smoke, for the storm took the liberty of coming down the chimney. The floor was covered with filth and dirt, to the thickness of one inch: the very sky, seen through the window, was black. The postmaster had likewise black hair, besides being a reprehensibly ill-looking individual, with only one eye, and marked with the small-pox. Yet with this fright she was doomed to travel, in a crazy, dirty, rickety sort of gig, the seat of which, stuffed with hay, resembled a manger. The next vehicle was a 'huge nuisance' of a diligence, already possessed by four lumbering men; 'and the atmosphere of a snuffy German, a Frenchman reeking of stale cigar smoke, one or two India-rubber cloaks, and all their respirations, was really atrocious.' In the next there was a man who was so uncivil as to be fat and elderly, and to have a threatening of gout and a terror of cold. A countrywoman they met on the road wanted to join them in the full inside; but the Frenchmen were so revoltingly selfish, as not to get out to accommodate her. Among many hundreds of people going to a fair, they saw only one good-looking girl.

At Lyons, the fair traveller was shamefully fleeced in the hotel, and not allowed to wash herself even so well as at Paris. On arriving at Marseilles, her fellow-travellers went off *without taking leave of her:* an eloquent fact, that gives rise to some severe strictures on the national degeneracy. While waiting her departure for Genoa, she amused herself with the appearance of her fellow-passengers. 'A cargo came on board of two clean, cross-looking men, and four veiled women, who began stumping up and down the deck, each on her own hook, betraying, in the very hang of their multitudinous shawls, the English creature—how peculiar they are, to be sure!' At length she found herself bowling on to Rome in a crazy, rickety, dusty, dirty, ragged, filthy conveyance, into which she had 'clomb by three horrid hoes, that scraped her shins to death,' and was fairly set down in 'the dark, deep, dismal, stinking streets' of the city of the past.

This is not an overcharged account of Mrs Butler's journey from Paris to Rome; in which, notwithstanding, are exhibited much talent, fancy, and power of description. With a very common blindness, she relates an anecdote which reads like a satire on herself. 'We have just made an expedition to Tivoli,' says she, 'which was highly prosperous till its very close. Directed by —— to one inn in preference to the rival establishment, we repaired to the Queen of England, and found her most gracious majesty dark, dingy, dirty—in short, indescribably dreadful; but, however, thanks to some omnipotent charm, which we, alas! had not, —— had found sweet smells and savoury food, and sunny sights, while our experience was—of dirt to eat, dirt to drink, and dirt to sleep in.'

Having thus hinted—with *comparative* mildness—that our fair author, in spite of the title of her book, does not derive from foreign travel that 'consolation' it is fitted to bestow upon well-regulated minds, we must, in justice to her, turn the reverse of the medal. The scene is in Rome.

'Now for the chapter of compensations: my bedroom door and window opened upon a terraced garden at least forty feet above the street, full of orange and lemon trees, magnolias, myrtles, oleanders and camelias, roses and violets, in bloom; a fountain of the acqua felice trickles, under the superintendence of a statue, into a marble shell, and thence escapes under the garden. The view from thence of the eternal city and its beauteous girdle of hills surpasses all description, and the twin towers of the Trinità rise close to it up into the blue sky, which looks through the belfry arches as through windows down into my sleeping-room. The coloured tiles of all our anterooms and passages enchant me; so do the gay-painted ceilings. The little room where I bathe is a perfect delight to me, with its Latin inscription on the lintel, its marble bath, its walls covered with fresco Cupids and dolphins, and altars with flames, and baskets with flowers, all strung together by

* A Year of Consolation. By Mrs Butler, late Fanny Kemble. 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1847.

waving patterns of wreaths and garlands. This afternoon we drove through the streets of Rome, out to a place that was once one of the innumerable Cenci possessions, but which is now a farmhouse of the Borghese. In one corner of the littered stable-yard, where heaps of manure occupied most of the ground, stood a stone sarcophagus, with spirited and graceful rilievi, into which fresh water was pouring itself in a glassy stream. As we went round the house, we came upon another stone basin, of beautiful form and proportions, into which another gush of living water was falling in the bright sunshine: farther on, again, beneath a sombre avenue of ilex, another of these precious reservoirs sparkled and gleamed. I cannot describe my delight in living water: these perpetually-running fountains are a perpetual baptism of refreshment to my mind and senses. The Swedenborgians consider water, when the mention of it occurs in the Bible, as typical of truth. I love to think of that when I look at it, so bright, so pure, so transparent, so temperate, so fit an emblem for that spiritual element in which our souls should bathe and be strengthened, at which they should drink and be refreshed! Fire purifies, but destroys; water cleanses and revives. Christ was baptised in water, and washed, himself, in the regenerating element, his disciples' feet. He promised living waters to all those who, thirsty, drew near to him, and spoke of that well of everlasting life, which those to whom he gave to drink possessed for ever in their souls. I do not wonder at all the marvellous *wasser-cur* reports. I believe the material element to be as potent in regenerating and healing the body, as the spiritual element its clearness dimly represents is to regenerate and heal the mind.

'It is impossible to describe the soft beauty of everything that surrounded us here; the ilex-trees, the graceful stone pines, the picturesque colour and outline of the house itself, the sunny far-stretching campagna, with its purple frame of mountains; Soracte, standing isolated like the vanguard of the chain; the sullen steeps of the Sabine; the smiling slopes of the Alban hills; Frascati, Tivoli, glittering in the sunshine, on their skirts; the light over all radiant and tender; the warmth and balmy softness of the atmosphere—everything was perfect enchantment. Everything was graceful, harmonious, and delightful to the eye, and soothing beyond expression to the mind. Presently came two of the beautiful mouse-coloured oxen of the campagna, slowly, through the arched gateway of the farm-yard, and, leaning their serious-looking heads upon the stone basin, drank soberly, with their great eyes fixed on us, who sat upon the hem of the fountain; I, for the first time in my life, almost comprehending the delight of listless inactivity. As the water ran lullingly by my side, and between the gray shafts of the tall pine-trees, and beneath the dark arches of their boughs, the distant landscape, formed into separate and distinct pictures of incomparable beauty, arrested my delighted eyes. Yes, I think I actually could be content to sit on that fountain's edge, and do nothing but listen and look for a whole summer's afternoon. But no more: "Up, and be doing," is the impulse for ever with me; and when I ask myself, both sadly and scornfully, What? both my nature and my convictions repeat the call, "Up, and be doing;" for surely there is something to be done from morning till night, and to find out what is the appointed work of the onward-tending soul.'

The following specimen will likewise give a favourable idea of the descriptions which form the staple of the work. 'Soon after our arrival, donkeys were procured, and we started on the usual giro of the valley, beginning our pilgrimage at the Villa d'Este, where we sat by fountains falling in this lovely solitude, and gathered branches thick with orange blossoms, and looked from crumbling princely terraces over the glorious campagna, and heard—in a sort of dark chamber of cypress-trees, with the red buds of delicate China roses blooming at their feet—the loud sweet singing of a fearless nightingale. Thence we proceeded to what is called, by those who know, Mæcenas's Villa; and by those who know better, the Temple of Hercules. I, who neither know, nor know better, saw a fine collection of extensive iron forges, a species of place that I have the greatest delight in, because of their picturesque black chambers, and fiery furnaces, and sooty population, all which we had in great perfection here; for after walking out on the huge noble roof that juts like a promontory over the glen, its sides all garlanded with young verdure, amidst which the milk-white cascatelle went rolling in round fleecy ropes down the steep cliff, we descended to visit the valley, passing through the iron-works—through dark passages, where the sound of rushing waters rolled above our heads, and where some sudden furnace-gleam betrayed them hurrying fast beneath the planks under our feet. Huge bellows and hammers, wielded by the subject elements, resounded with deafening clangour through the black vaults. Presently we passed deep-glowing furnaces, from one of which a long bar of iron, that had writhed itself crooked in the intense heat, was drawn out, and thrown like a red snake upon the ground; close to those toiling fires sprang up white sheets of toiling water, wrestling with powerful wheels, that they lashed till they turned the appointed way; and sweating, begrimed, sooty—smaller than the smallest part of this vast machinery, and weaker than its weakest—stood in the midst of these, his bright powerful slaves, the mighty task-master—man. Leaving these Vulcanic regions, we descended a steep path, through vineyards, where the vines, instead of being cut short and fastened in little stacks to reeds a few feet high, are spread all over trellises—a mode of training them, disadvantageous, it is said, to the grapes, but which produces a very pleasant appearance, and looked down upon from above, has the effect of a sort of false-bottom to the whole country—that which seems the verdant ground being nothing but the vine-covered trellis that hides it. The whole valley, as we wound round it, was exquisitely beautiful, and we paused by some golden tufts of broom opposite the cascatelle to enjoy the view. . . .

'As we wound down the steep paths to the cavern, the trees through which we passed glittered all in the rain that still rested on them, and added much to the beautiful effect of the shadowy procession moving in torchlight through the surrounding gloom, and descending, apparently, into the very bowels of the earth. Arrived at the bottom of Neptune's Cave, which is the top of the Syren's Grotto, all sorts of illuminations took place. Bundles of hay were piled beneath the rocky arch, below which the waters disappeared, and being set fire to, the sudden light sent a blood-red flare deep down into the gulf and upon the foaming waters. Wreaths of burning straw were floated down into the abyss, whose darkness swallowed them instantly; the rocky roof and eager forms and faces of the assistants, and terrified leaping wild waters, all being suddenly illuminated by the strong light only for a few seconds. Then fires were lighted half-way up the glen in a sort of rocky gallery, with open arches looking down into the deep. Here, as we stood below and opposite, we saw the men who were employed in lighting these fires run to and fro through the ruddy rock passage: the effect was perfectly infernal; and nothing but demons, or some religious rites, such as men have devised for themselves, and which are fit only for devils, were suggested by this strange spectacle. Then the red flaring fires were extinguished, and a pale white chemical light was made to pour its radiance into the rocky cup, at the bottom of which we stood.'

Mrs Butler devotes considerable space to a description of the carnival, and it is no small praise to her to say, that she has contrived to render readable even so threadbare a subject. The following is the conclusion:—'I believe I have nothing more to say of the carnival, but to notice the closing-in of the last evening, when, as the daylight grew thick, suddenly a thousand

tapers from the street, the carriages, the windows, the balconies, the house-tops, shone out upon the dusky twilight. The Corso looked like a whole street full of fire-flies; everybody carried in their hands a sheaf of small wax tapers, and the swarming sparks in a burning piece of paper, or an assembly-general of all the *ignis fatui* in the world, or the Milky Way suddenly fallen from the sky into the Corso, are the only things I can compare this wonderful and beautiful spectacle to. Far down the thronged irregular thoroughfare, this magical illumination flickered and twinkled; the street was alive with light; the carriages formed little clusters or constellations of burning tapers; from the projecting parts of every house the little moccoli were held aloft; sticks, with lights fastened to them, were pushed far out from the very tops of the houses, like strings of strange stars up against the violet-coloured evening sky; little boats of green and red oiled silk, with burning tapers in them, were set afloat in the air, and came flickering down like showers of illuminated flowers into the street. No words can convey any adequate idea of the brilliancy and singularity of the spectacle. In the meantime the sport consisted, not in the beauty and strangeness of the sight, but in everybody's endeavouring to extinguish everybody else's light, and keep his own from being extinguished. This, which might be supposed a satirical representation of society, was carried on with a frantic activity irresistibly ludicrous to a looker-on. We had gone to our balcony, the better to enjoy the *coup d'œil;* and anything more magical, more fairy-like, and more devilish at the same time, cannot be conceived: pocket-handkerchiefs, sticks with little flags tied to them, wisps of paper, and all imaginable weapons, were used to put out the little moccoli; extinguishers of oiled paper or parchment, fastened to long sticks, were in great requisition, and everywhere the little tapers burned and flamed, and were blown out and relighted, while screams of laughter, and shouts of "Senza moccolo—senza moccolo!" resounded from one end of the street to the other. For a while I remained intent upon preserving my light from extinction, but the blows and blasts aimed at it from above, below, and all round, rendered it impossible; and finding that this individual care for my own luminary was depriving me of the curious spectacle, I put mine out once for all, and gave myself up to gazing at the comic rout all round. At length we retreated from our stand, and threading our way through the crowd, regained our carriage. Immediately on leaving the Corso, all seemed dark and still; and though the blaze still streamed partly up some of the side streets communicating with it, and the confused uproar followed us like the sound of a distant beach some way after we had turned homewards, when we reached our own serene height on the Pincio, not a sound was to be heard but our own carriage-wheels, nor a light seen but the everlasting stars of heaven, which seemed to look down in quiet supremacy and an easy consciousness that they were not soon likely to be flapped out.'

Throughout the volumes are sundry strictures on the dishonest charges of continental innkeepers and shopkeepers, together with some ridicule of the extravagance of the English. For our own part, though tolerably well acquainted with the countries alluded to, we must confess we never happened to meet with a single specimen of this extravagance. The great majority of English residents abroad have not one shilling to spare; while English travellers, rich and poor alike, appear to live in constant dread of imposition, and to have set out with the most absurd notions of what are fair charges. On the coach highways in France, for instance, a man dines on soup, fish, meat, poultry, game, asparagus, cauliflower, haricot beans, pastry, and a plentiful dessert—the last always including (to the amusement of the Englishman) cheese; and throughout the meal he has bread and common wine at discretion. For this he is charged three francs (half-a-crown), and complains bitterly of the imposition; while at home, under similar circumstances, he pays the same sum, without scruple, for his share of a single joint, with cheap vegetables, bread and cheese, and a glass of table-beer. Upon the whole, we must say that we have met with more instances of meanness among the English abroad, than of extortion among the natives.

GOLD IS EXPORTING—MONEY WILL BE SCARCE.

In an able paper of the 92d number of the *Westminster Review* (entitled 'Postscript'), there occur some remarks on the monetary crisis, which have to us a supernumerary interest, in as far as they support a view taken by ourselves in a paper entitled 'The Metaphysics of Business,' which appeared in the 74th number of the Journal (new series). The subject is well worthy of being taken to heart by the guiding minds of our community.

'The financial embarrassment and monetary crisis through which we have passed, and which have appeared immediately to result from the Irish measures of government, may in part be traced to the currency delusions, upon which we commented in a former paper—delusions still popular with the editors of city articles, although of late exposed by some of the ablest thinkers of the day. We allude chiefly to the doctrine, both of the bullionists and the Birmingham philosophers, that commercial transactions, and the prices of commodities, are governed by the quantity of money in circulation, as represented by gold and paper. The text of the alarmists is now the drain of gold:—"Gold is being exported to pay for corn; more gold will be exported;* money will be scarce; all kinds of property will fall in value; prepare for ruin."

'The time will come when the prevailing notion that the prosperity of nations depends upon the question, whether a ton weight of gold shall lie buried in a vault in Hamburg or a vault in London, will be classed with the chimeras of the nursery. That such an idea should still be cherished, will hereafter appear the more strange, since to all men the fact is palpable, that the use of gold or notes has long been practically superseded by accounts and cheques; that what is called the currency of the country is, in fact, only the small change of society, and an element absolutely insignificant in the vast transactions of a commercial people. The balances adjusted in the London clearing-house of L.3,000,000 per day, afford an indication that we should be quite within the mark in asserting that L.100,000,000 per day would often inadequately represent the property actually transferred from one to another, or the real daily business done in buying and selling by the whole population of the British empire. In but few comparatively of these transactions is the actual passing of either gold or notes from hand to hand required. The great majority are effected by figures, placed on the debtor or credit side of an account. A metallic currency belongs to a state of society (one of semi-civilisation) which is passing away; and it is not true that notes have replaced it—the modern medium of exchange is a ledger.

'Yet we are told that a handful of gold, or Bank of England notes, disappearing from the circulation, has the power to affect, by an extreme depreciation, the whole property of the United Kingdom! What is certain is, that the realisation of these prophecies generally follows the predictions; but it is most important the public should understand that they lead to their own fulfilment; a fact beginning to be suspected, and of easy demonstration.

'Value is governed by supply and demand; but supply and demand are governed by opinion. Faith is necessary to the husbandman: he must have confidence in the seed he is to put into the ground, or it will not be sown. Faith is necessary to the merchant: he must have a reasonable prospect of a market, or no vessel will be sent by him to a distant port. All buying and selling, not designed for immediate consumption, is regulated by belief—that is, by the opinion of the buyer and seller that prices will rise, or that they will fall, or that they will remain stationary. All are buyers when there is a hope of profit; all are sellers when there is a prospect of loss: hence the fluctuations

* The anticipation of a continued drain of gold will, perhaps, be somewhat modified by the information, derived from official sources, and communicated to the public by Mr Frederick Scheer, that the Siberian gold mines are annually increasing in productiveness. The produce, in the year 1846, was 1722 poods, 29 liv., 87 zol., surpassing, by 336 poods, 28 liv., 46 zol., the produce of 1845. A pood is equal to 36 lbs.

of the funds and of the share markets, which have literally nothing whatever to do with the permanent security for investment of any of the stocks quoted; and are certainly never affected, to any perceptible extent, by a difference in the quantity of money. The prices of share lists indicate nothing but the fears or confidence of holders. Create a belief that money will be scarce, and you produce the same effect as if money had suddenly vanished from the world by a miracle, and were really that indispensable medium of exchange in large commercial transactions which, as we have shown, it is not. With the cry—"Gold is going out—money will be scarce," all prudent men begin at the same time to contract their obligations, to call in their debts, and to make reserves. Hence, and hence only, a pressure, for which the shipment of a box or two of bullion, and the withdrawal of a few bundles of bank-notes from a banker's drawer, can never adequately account.

'The loss arising from the failure of the potato crop is said to be L.16,000,000. How much per cent. is that upon the fixed and floating capital of the British empire, usually estimated at L.5,000,000,000? Less than 6s. 6d. Why, then, if in consequence only of such an insignificant diminution of our exchangeable commodities, have we seen, within the last six months, a fall of L.10 per cent. in the most solid securities in the kingdom—the funds, and the shares of the North Western Railway Company? Potatoes were innocent of this extreme depreciation. The shipment of L.3,000,000 of bullion could not have occasioned it: want of confidence alone was the cause. Belief in a falling market, produces a falling market; because all are sellers at the same moment, and no buyers. A few years back, there was a belief in the minds of some hundreds of ignorant and credulous persons that London would be destroyed by an earthquake. There was no earthquake; but they had hastened to fly into the country.'

TERRACE CULTIVATION IN CHINA.

The terrace cultivation of China has been noticed by nearly all writers upon this country; and like most other subjects, it has been either much exaggerated, or undervalued. It appeared to me to be carried to the greatest perfection on the hill-sides adjacent to the river Min near Foo-choo-foo; at least I was more struck with it there than anywhere else. On sailing up that beautiful river, these terraces look like steps on the sides of the mountains, one rising above another, until they sometimes reach six or eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. When the rice and other crops are young, these terraces are clothed in luxuriant green, and look like a collection of gardens among the rugged and barren mountains. The terrace system is adopted by the Chinese, either for the purpose of supplying the hill-sides with water where paddy is to be grown, or to prevent the heavy rains from washing down the loose soil from the roots of other vegetables. Hence these cuttings are seen all over the sides of the hills, not exactly level like the rice terraces, but level enough to answer the purpose of checking the rains in their descent from the mountain. For the same reason, the sweet potato, and some other crops which are grown on the hills, are always planted in ridges which run cross-ways or horizontally; indeed, were the ridges made in a different direction, the heavy rains which fall in the early summer months would carry both the loose soil and crops down into the plains. Rice is grown on the lower terrace ground; and a stream of water is always led from some ravine, and made to flow across the sides of the hills, until it reaches the highest terrace, into which it flows and floods the whole of the level space. When the water rises three or four inches in height, which is sufficiently high for the rice, it finds vent at an opening made for the purpose in the bank, through which it flows into the terrace below, which it floods in the same manner, and so on to the lowest. In this way the whole of the rice terraces are kept continually flooded, until the stalks of the crops assume a yellow ripening hue, when the water being no longer required, it is turned back into its natural channel, or led to a different part of the hill, for the nourishment of other crops.—*Fortune's Wanderings in China.*

INCRUSTATIONS ON STEAM-BOILERS.

The 'Times' makes an important announcement of the complete success of a plan for preventing incrustations on the boilers of steam-engines. The water employed to be converted into steam, as is familiarly known to every one who uses a tea-kettle, leaves an incrustation on the vessel—carbonate of lime. This is a source of great danger with boilers, causing explosions, 'by forming a layer of non-conducting matter between the metal and the fluid to be heated, and thus allowing the temperature of the former to rise to a high point, even to redness. The metal oxidises rapidly at this temperature, and the boiler is thereby weakened and rendered incapable of sustaining the necessary pressure. But a more fruitful cause of accidents, is the sudden removal of portions of incrustation, when the metal expands on the attainment of the high temperature; the water is thereby brought in contact with the heated metal, and evaporation takes place so suddenly, as to resemble the evolution of gases from the firing of gunpowder. Indeed the results in both cases are identical.' To avoid this peril as far as practicable, the water, when it becomes dense, is frequently 'blown off,' or driven out of the boiler. But this is only a partial remedy, and the crust has to be removed by means of the hammer and chisel, to the injury of the vessel. About two years ago, Dr Ritterbandt discovered a cure for this. He found that, 'by introducing muriate of ammonia into a boiler containing water holding lime in solution, the carbonate of lime, instead of depositing when the carbonic acid by which it was held in solution was expelled at a high temperature, became converted into muriate of lime, a substance eminently soluble; while the carbonate of ammonia, likewise formed by the double decomposition, passed off with the steam, so that the boiler could not foul. The process is equally applicable to fresh and salt water.' It has also resulted in dissolving the crust formed before its application. It is still necessary to blow off the water occasionally, but only to the extent of one-fourth of what is requisite without Dr Ritterbandt's invention. The 'Times' has tried the plan on its own boilers, and a twelvemonth has fully proved its efficacy.

THE PERSIAN PEASANT.

Where the effects of war have not been felt, and the hand of oppression has not fallen heavily, the situation of the Persian peasant is not uncomfortable. His house, though built of mud, is warm, and may be clean; and he can always spread a carpet, or felt nurmuds (the work, probably, of the women of his own family), on the floor of his best room, for the accommodation of a guest. He is comfortably clad in cotton or woollen cloth of home manufacture, or purchased with his own produce from the nearest bazaar. The fleecy skins of his own sheep afford him a warm covering in winter, and a cap of the national shape for his head. His wife and children are equally well clothed. Silk handkerchiefs, European or native printed calicoes, stout home-grown and home-made cottons, compose the apparel of the former, who, as well as the children, and especially the girls, exhibit many coins and ornaments of silver about their persons. His family fare is generally frugal: good wheaten bread, in long thin flaps, cheese, sour milk, honey, grape-treacle, herbs and vegetables—such as onions, radishes, beetroot—and some eggs occasionally; or a little meat, stewed or roasted in small pieces, or made into soup with a sort of pea or vetch, into which the bread is broken; and sometimes a pillau of rice well buttered, or with meat, and a few plums and raisins by way of feast; fruits in their season, or preserved by being dried; rice, or flour and milk, boiled with sugar into a sort of porridge: these things form nearly the whole of the peasant's bill of fare for the year round; but when a stranger of any consequence arrives, there are few respectable villages that cannot furnish him with a meal that leaves no cause for complaint, even though his cook be the wife of a peasant.

CARE OF ANIMATE AND INANIMATE MACHINES.

Independently of men being sentient beings and fellow-creatures, they may also be considered as indispensable mechanical instruments. But in former times they had not the attention paid to them which would have been due even to inanimate machines of equal utility; for there seemed to be much more anxiety about preserving arms from rusting, and cordage from rotting, than about maintaining men in an effective state of health.—*Sir Gilbert Blane on the Comparative Health of the Navy.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 180. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1847. Price 1½d.

FORGETFULNESS.

Everybody trumpets the advantages of a good memory. Plans for cultivating it, or supplying its deficiencies by artificial means, make a great figure in 'Watts on the Mind,' and other slender-witted well-meaning books. Grave middle-aged people shake their heads to little boys, and tell them there is nothing like Memory. *With that*, all comes easy; *without it*, nothing is to be done. And so Memory keeps up a tremendous character in the world—has always done, and will continue to do so. Nobody in the meantime thinks of saying a word in praise of Forgetfulness. Yet is Forgetfulness a blessed thing too, although, no doubt, in a different kind of way. The one is a noted source of positive good, in as far as it *is* intellectual power and wealth. So far well. The other, while a source of certain positive evils, in as far as it engenders ignorance, and leads to neglect, is only attended by negative benefits. Thus may the different reputations of the two things be accounted for. Nevertheless, it is clear as noonday, or any other very clear thing whatever, that we owe as much to Forgetfulness as to Memory, and that it is as much a duty to cultivate the one as the other.

We should be ready to forgive, say all the good ethical codes. 'Well, I forgive,' cries the wronged or affronted man; 'but I cannot forget.' How unfortunate!—seeing that, while he cannot forget, he has not forgiven; he only thinks he does. Forgetfulness is necessary to this solemn duty: it is vain to think of doing without it. But let us not speak of duty, but only of the comfort of having nothing to complain of or avenge. How blessed for the man himself, if—having undergone an injury or a mortification—he only can forget! Then, truly, is the good thing insured: forgetting, he has no occasion to think of forgiving; it is the major proposition containing the minor within itself. Happy, happy, thrice happy he who simply has not a Memory for his wrongs or his sufferings! Happy the mind which, like water, may be lashed into foam, and in an instant will resume the placid smile in which it reflected heaven—compared with that obdurate one which may be said to resemble the marble tablet—let it be struck with the same force, and it lies in hopeless ruins for ever!

Misfortunes occur and gall us. We meet disappointments, and for the time are wretched. Frantic, and darkly groping, the mind roams about its little world-prison in search of consolation. Something of the kind is encountered and grasped at, and the crisis passes. But how must we all acknowledge that, in the long-run, the true and perfect consoler was Forgetfulness! What pains have been suffered on this earth from first to last! How sad have hearts been, sitting by the fire-sides of five thousand years ago! How has human life been in all times a synonyme for wo! But all is hushed up and buried under this very surface which, when I look abroad upon it in the sunlight of May, laughs in the joy which great God has sent down upon it. Thus it is with our daily existence. We walk enjoyingly each moment on a mental sward of freshest verdure, composed of the trodden-down hopes and extinguished joys of the past. Blessed, blessed is this moral chemistry which works so well! Could all of these lost hopes and joys revive before our eyes, and look as they once looked, it would be suffering too great for poor humanity. We are happy on the express condition that we forget.

Perhaps it might admit of question, if history is the unmixed good it is usually thought to be. It gives to nations and other bodies of men long Memories, which it were better for them to want. The great public criminalities of the past—such as the settlements in Ireland, the Smithfield Burnings, the Partition of Poland—it may do some good to remember them as errors to be avoided, but it seems a pure evil for the descendants, or the party of the sufferers, to keep these things in mind. They cannot now be remedied—not even revenged. It only keeps alive bad feelings to remember them—exasperation to those interested in the injured; vexation, without correction, to those who represent the injurers. Could they be entirely forgotten, the present generation might better exemplify the Christian precepts. On a serious reflection, the making holidays of the anniversaries of the great treason of 1605 and the death of Charles I., appears as the most deliberately wicked conduct of which a people or a party could be guilty—determining to remember injuries by statute—consecrating offences to all time—howling out 'I wont forget!' even after there is no one against whom the remembrance is a stigma, which is the case with the 'Martyrdom.' We only do not at once condemn and abolish such practices, because seriousness has actually long ago departed from them, leaving them only as empty mockeries or childish sports. War, wholly, might be better forgotten. Its Memories tend continually to make more war, less by encouragement to victors, than mortification to the vanquished; for a Waterloo may sooner cease to be boasted of than to be resented. Could the horrid story, and all its tangible memorials in soldiery, artillery, fortresses, bellicose songs, pass at once from remembrance, the chances of a renewal of hostilities would be greatly lessened. Would that all who have ever warred, and particularly those who have been worsted, could forget!

Memory is directly useful, Forgetfulness indirectly or negatively so. We might have had more of the one, if it had not been necessary that the other should also have its share of us. When disposed to lament a failure or deficiency of Memory, let us remember that, had

more been given to humanity, sorrow would have had more power over it. The limitation thus given to our knowledge is likewise the limitation of our pangs. We pay, in oversights which occasion much trouble, for the speedy replacement of sighs by smiles. A beautiful compromise it is in our nature, which gives us Memory to preserve past ideas, and enable us to accumulate them in the mind, yet at the same time plants a principle by which the seams of care are obliterated, and the machine continually re-arranged for new and happy experiences. From none but a Divine Source could have come a decree so beneficent towards us mortals—making us feel as if Heaven itself rocked the cradle of our life, dried our tears, and hymned us into rest. Poor children we are all—mere breath that has come from the true Source of Power. Oh, let us keep ever in view, as essential to one of the greatest maxims sent us thence, besides being needful to our deliverance from all trouble, that there is nothing like this—to FORGET!

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

AN overland journey to India is performed by *sea*, with the exception of the narrow Isthmus of Suez; but an overland journey round the world is a vastly different thing. In the latter, the traveller traverses three continents—Europe, Asia, and America—and crosses the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. But Sir George Simpson, in addition to this, paid a flying visit to the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific, and coasted along the opposite American shores for a distance of some 25 degrees. The idea of such a journey bewilders the imagination. The exploits of the circumnavigators seem nothing in comparison; and one feels disposed to place Sir George at the head of all adventurers of his class. But when we remember, as remember we must, the changed circumstances of the world even since the most recent of preceding expeditions—when we find that 'our hero' traversed the two oceans by means of steam—that he found the savages of America tamed at least into submission—the murderers of Cook a comparatively civilised and somewhat luxurious people—and the deserts of Siberia the track of a regular commerce—our surprise diminishes, while our interest increases. In fact, we know of no book more suggestive than the one before us of proud and elevating thoughts—more conclusive, when taken as a whole, of the rapid advancement of mankind in their glorious but indefinite career.*

Sir George, accompanied by some other gentlemen connected with the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, left Liverpool on the 4th of March 1841, and on the 20th arrived at Boston. From Montreal he embarked on the St Lawrence in light canoes, with the Earls of Caledon and Mulgrave, who visited the wilds of America to enjoy the amusement of hunting. The nature of this part of the route may be collected from the following picturesque description:—'To begin with the most important part of our proceedings—the business of encamping for our brief night—we selected, about sunset, some dry and tolerably clear spot; and immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front, as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and greatcoats at discretion; and whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvas formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landsmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards, to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate, the stitching and the gumming; and as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind, and rain, and cold at defiance, almost as effectually as ourselves.

'Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of, "Lève, lève, lève!" In five minutes—wo to the inmates that were slow in dressing!—the tents were tumbling about our ears; and within half an hour the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock, a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three-quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and repacking the equipage, laying and removing the cloth, boiling and frying, eating and drinking; and while the preliminaries were arranging, the hardier among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we usually put ashore for dinner; and as this meal needed no fire, or at least got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour.'

Their course through Lake Superior was to some extent impeded by ice; but they at length arrived at Fort-William, at its extremity, and exchanged their vessels for two smaller canoes, better adapted for the shallower and more intricate river navigation that was to follow. The following is a picture on the route:—'The river, during the day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, &c. being studded with isles not less fertile and lovely than its banks; and many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the numerous portages were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wild flowers; while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was imbued, as it were, with life by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues. Compared with the adamantine deserts of Lake Superior, the Kaministaquoia presented a perfect paradise.' Here is another, for the sake of contrast:—'On the morrow, towards noon, we made a short portage from the Macan to a muddy stream falling into Lac la Pluie. As we were passing down this narrow and shallow creek, fire suddenly burst forth in the woods near us. The flames, crackling and clambering up each tree, quickly rose above the forest; within a few minutes more, the dry grass on the very margin of

* Narrative of a Journey Round the World during the Years 1841 and 1842. By Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories in North America. London: Colburn. 1847.

the waters was in a running blaze; and before we were well clear of the danger, we were almost enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes. These conflagrations, often caused by a wanderer's fire, or even by his pipe, desolate large tracts of country, leaving nothing but black and bare trunks, and even these sometimes mutilated into stumps—one of the most dismal scenes on which the eye and the heart can look. When once the consuming element gets into the thick turf of the primeval wilderness, it sets everything at defiance; and it has been known to smoulder for a whole winter under the deep snow.'

After traversing Lac la Pluie, Sir George was presented with a letter, congratulating him on his arrival, and soliciting an audience. The letter was written in English, and in good set terms, by one of about a hundred Salteaux warriors; but as soon as a favourable answer was received, his red 'children' set themselves to work to 'pelt away at him with their incantations.' Gathering round a fire, they endeavoured to bend his mind to their wishes by charms, rattles, and burnt offerings, and closed the performance by marching round the circle, singing, whooping, and drumming. The object of these literary savages was to obtain a renewal of the abolished gift of rum!

On reaching Red River settlement, they had accomplished a voyage of two thousand miles. This was founded by Lord Selkirk in 1811, in pursuance of his plans of British emigration; but after his death, in 1820, it received no encouragement from government. The census, notwithstanding, numbers at present five thousand souls; and the population, consisting of Scotch Highlanders, Orkneymen, and half-breeds from the Swampy Crees Indians, doubles itself every twenty years. 'Fort Garry, the principal establishment in the place, is situated at the forks of the Red River and the Assiniboine, being about fifty miles from Lake Winipeg, and about seventy-five from the frontier; and it occupies, as nearly as possible, the centre of the settlement. This, which is the official residence of the governor of the colony, is a regularly-built fortification, with walls and bastions of stone. Nearly opposite, on the right bank of the united streams, is the Roman Catholic cathedral. The principal Protestant church is about two miles further down, on the left bank.

'In the immediate neighbourhood of this last-mentioned place of worship stands the Red River Academy—a large and flourishing school, kept by Mr and Mrs Macallum, for the sons and daughters of gentlemen in the service. Below Fort Garry many respectable dwellings, most of them of two storeys, belong to the wealthier class of inhabitants. The lower fort, which is about four times the size of the upper establishment, is in process of being enclosed by loopholed walls and bastions. This is my own head-quarters when I visit the settlement; and here also resides Mr Thom, the recorder of Rupert's Land—so named in the royal charter.'

From this place their journey lay over a series of plains, diversified by a constant succession of small lakes, and occasionally sand-hills, but terminating near the settlement of Carlton in scenes like this:—'In the afternoon we traversed a beautiful country, with lofty hills and long valleys, full of sylvan lakes, while the bright green of the surface, as far as the eye could reach, assumed a foreign tinge under an uninterrupted profusion of roses and blue-bells. On the summit of one of these hills, we commanded one of the few extensive prospects that we had of late enjoyed. One range of heights rose behind another, each becoming fainter as it receded from the eye, till the farthest was blended, in almost undistinguishable confusion, with the clouds, while the softest vales spread a panorama of hanging copses and glittering lakes at our feet.' Here a story is told of certain unsophisticated savages who had never seen Europeans before, and who were greatly puzzled by the appearance among the strangers of a negro. 'This man they inspected in every possible way, twisting him about, and pulling his hair, which was so different from their own flowing locks; and at length they came to the conclusion that Pierre Bungo was the oddest specimen of a white man that they had ever seen.'

Leaving Fort Carlton on the 19th of July, they enjoyed a buffalo hunt, which appears to be a game of mere slaughter; 'and then come into play the science and art of curing what has been killed. Sometimes dried meat is preferred, the bones being taken out, and the flesh hung up in the sun; but if *pemmican* be the order of the day, the lean, after being dried, is pounded into dust, which, being put into a bag made of the hide, is enriched with nearly an equal weight of melted fat.' On this food the traveller lives very well; although occasionally there are scenes of famine as well as repletion. 'In the year 1820, when wintering at Athabasca Lake, our provisions fell short at the establishment, and on two or three occasions I went for three whole days and nights without having a single morsel to swallow; but then, again, I was one of a party of eleven men and one woman who discussed three ducks and twenty-two geese at a sitting. On the Saskatchewan the daily rations are eight pounds of meat a-head, whereas in other districts, our people have been sent on long journeys with nothing but a pint of meal and some parchment for their sustenance.'

Fort Edmonton is the capital of a district as large as England, yet containing a population of less than seventeen thousand natives. Leaving this place, the ground began to rise more perceptibly, and the scenery to assume a wilder character, while even the willow and poplar disappeared, 'and nothing was to be seen but the black, straight, naked stem of the pine, shooting up to an unbroken height of eighty or a hundred feet; while the sombre light, as it glimmered along numberless vistas of natural columns, recalled to the imagination the gloomy shades of an assemblage of venerable cathedrals.' At length, 'about seven hours of hard work brought us to the height of land, the hinge, as it were, between the eastern and the western waters. We breakfasted on the level isthmus, which did not exceed fourteen paces in width, filling our kettles for this our lonely meal at once from the crystal sources of the Columbia and the Saskatchewan, while these feeders of two opposite oceans, murmuring over their beds of mossy stones, as if to bid each other a long farewell, could hardly fail to attune our minds to the sublimity of the scene.'

The descent of the mountains towards the Pacific is beautifully described, but with little of human interest, if we except the scantiness of the travellers' supplies of food, only indifferently assisted by boiled moss and 'cakes of hips and haws,' and of an almost tasteless bulb called kamma. These delicacies are gathered and prepared by the women, while the men occasionally do worse than lounge. 'In one tent a sight presented itself which was equally novel and unnatural. Surrounded by a crowd of spectators, a party of fellows were playing at cards, obtained in the Snake Country from some American trappers; and a more melancholy exemplification of the influence of civilisation on barbarism could hardly be imagined, than the apparently scientific eagerness with which these naked and hungry savages thumbed and turned the black and greasy pasteboard.' After passing Fort Colvile, they embarked on the Columbia, and suffering much from the heat, arrived in due time at the embouchure of the river in the Pacific.

Sir George now proceeded on a long voyage along the coast to Sitka, and here the character of the savages appears to change. 'In the fleet that swarmed around us we observed two peculiarly neat canoes, with fourteen paddles each, which savoured very strongly of honeymoon. Each carried a young couple, who, both in dress and demeanour, were evidently a newly-married pair. The gentlemen, with their "arms around their dearies O," were lavishing their little attentions on the

ladies, to the obvious satisfaction of both parties. The brides were young and pretty, tastefully decked out with beads, bracelets, anklets, and various ornaments in their hair, and, above all, with blankets so sweet, and sound, and clean, that they could not be otherwise than new. The bridegrooms were smart, active, handsome fellows, all as fine as a holiday, and more particularly proud of their turbans of white calico.' The following is extremely curious:—'In addition to the mode of dressing the hair, the people of this coast have several other peculiarities, which appear to indicate an Asiatic origin. In taking a woman to wife, the husband buys her from her father for a price as his perpetual property; so that, if she separate from him, whether through his fault or her own, she can never marry another during his life. Again, with respect to funerals: the corpse, after being kept for several days, is consumed by fire, while the widow, if any there be, rests her head on the body till dragged from the flames, rather dead than alive, by her relatives. If the poor creature recovers from the effects of this species of suttee, she collects the ashes of her deceased lord and master, which she carries about her person for three long years; and any levity on her part during this period, or even any deficiency in grief, renders her an outcast for ever.' Here is a true Arabian trait:—'If a stray enemy, who may find himself in the vicinity of one of their camps, can proceed, before he is recognised, to the chief's lodge, he is safe, both in person and in property, on the easy condition of making a small present to his protector. The guest remains as long as he pleases, enjoying the festivity of the whole village; and when he wishes to depart, he carries away his property untouched, together with a present fully equal to what he himself may have given.' The savages along the whole coast live well, having no want of fish, berries, seaweed and venison.

'According to the whole tenor of my journal, this labyrinth of waters is peculiarly adapted for the powers of steam. In the case of a sailing vessel, our delays and dangers would have been tripled and quadrupled —a circumstance which raised my estimate of Vancouver's skill and perseverance at every step of my progress. After the arrival of the emigrants from Red River, their guide, a Cree of the name of Bras Croche, took a short trip in the Beaver. When asked what he thought of her—"Don't ask me," was his reply; "I cannot speak: my friends will say that I tell lies when I let them know what I have seen; Indians are fools, and know nothing; I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship to go, but I cannot see what makes the iron machinery itself to go." A savage stands nearly as much in awe of paper, pen, and ink, as of steam itself; and if he once puts his cross to any writing, he has rarely been known to violate the engagement which such writing is supposed to embody or to sanction. To him the very look of black and white is a powerful "medicine."' A dreadful system of slavery prevails on the north-west coast. 'These thralls are just as much the property of their masters as so many dogs, with this difference against them, that a man of cruelty and ferocity enjoys a more exquisite pleasure in tasking, or starving, or torturing, or killing a fellow-creature, than in treating any one of the lower animals in a similar way. Even in the most inclement weather, a mat or a piece of deer-skin is the slave's only clothing, whether by day or by night, whether under cover or in the open air. To eat without permission, in the very midst of an abundance which his toil has procured, is as much as his miserable life is worth; and the only permission which is ever vouchsafed to him, is to pick up the offal thrown out by his unfeeling and imperious lord. Whether in open war, or in secret assassination, this cold and hungry wretch invariably occupies the post of danger.' These slaves are often subjected to the most frightful cruelties.

From Sitka Sir George retraced his path to Vancouver, and thence proceeded to Monteray in California. The horrors still perpetrated in this country by the Spaniards, are a disgrace not only to Europe, but to human nature. 'When the incursions of the savages have appeared to render a crusade necessary, the alcade of the neighbourhood summons from twelve to twenty colonists to serve, either in person or by substitute, on horseback; and one of the foreign residents, when nominated, about three years before, preferred the alternative of joining the party himself, in order to see something of the interior. After a ride of three days, they reached a village, whose inhabitants, for all that the crusaders knew to the contrary, might have been as innocent in the matter as themselves. But, even without any consciousness of guilt, the tramp of the horses was a symptom not to be misunderstood by the savages; and accordingly, all that could run, comprising of course all that could possibly be criminal, fled for their lives. Of those who remained, nine persons, all females, were tied to trees, christened, and shot. With great difficulty and considerable danger, my informant saved one old woman, by conducting her to a short distance from the accursed scene; and even there he had to shield the creature's miserable life by drawing a pistol against one of her merciless pursuers. She ultimately escaped, though not without seeing a near relative, a handsome youth, who had been captured, slaughtered in cold blood before her eyes, with the outward and visible sign of regeneration still glistening on his brow.' Yet the Spaniards of the Pacific are very different beings among themselves. 'Of the women, with their witchery of manner, it is not easy, or rather it is not possible, for a stranger to speak with impartiality, inasmuch as our self-love is naturally enlisted in favour of those who, in every look, tone, and gesture, have apparently no other end in view than the pleasure of pleasing us. With regard, however, to their physical charms, as distinguished from the adventitious accomplishments of education, it is difficult even for a willing pen to exaggerate. Independently of feeling or motion, their sparkling eyes and glossy hair are in themselves sufficient to negative the idea of tameness or insipidity; while their sylph-like forms evolve fresh graces at every step, and their eloquent features eclipse their own inherent comeliness by the higher beauty of expression. Though doubtless fully conscious of their attractions, yet the women of California, to their credit be it spoken, do not "before their mirrors count the time," being, on the contrary, by far the more industrious half of the population. In California, such a thing as a white servant is absolutely unknown, inasmuch as neither man nor woman will barter freedom in a country where provisions are actually a drug, and clothes almost a superfluity; and accordingly, in the absence of intelligent assistance, the first ladies of the province, more particularly when treated, as they too seldom are by native husbands, with kindness and consideration, discharge all the lighter duties of their households with cheerfulness and pride. Nor does their plain and simple dress savour much of the labour of the toilet. They wear a gown sufficiently short to display their neatly-turned foot and ankle, in their white stockings and black shoes, while, perversely enough, they bandage their heads in a handkerchief, so as to conceal all their hair except a single loop on either cheek; round their shoulders, moreover, they twist or swathe a shawl, throwing over all, when they walk or go to mass, the "beautiful and mysterious mantilla."

'The men are generally tall and handsome, while their dress is far more showy and elaborate than that of the women. . . . Implicit obedience and profound respect are shown by children, even after they are grown up, towards their parents. A son, though himself the head of a family, never presumes to sit, or smoke, or remain covered in presence of his father; nor does the daughter, whether married or unmarried, enter into too great familiarity with the mother. With this exception, the Californians know little or nothing of the restraints of etiquette: generally speaking, all classes associate together on a footing of equality; and on particular occa-

sions, such as the festival of the saint after whom one is named, or the day of one's marriage, those who can afford the expense give a grand ball, generally in the open air, to the whole of the neighbouring community.' The Californians, in fine, are happy, hospitable, indolent, and ignorant; and their dominion, in the opinion of Sir George Simpson, is destined very soon to fall out of their nerveless hands into those of either the English or Americans.

But we must here break off, hoping to follow our traveller next week in his voyage across the Pacific.

BILLS OF MORTALITY.

The Registrar-General's Report for the first quarter of the present year has just been placed before us. The statements it contains are of so important a nature, that we believe them to be deserving of wider publicity in a summary form. The quarterly returns do not comprise the whole country, but are taken from 117 districts, 36 of which are in London and its suburbs, the other 81 include a few agricultural districts, and the principal towns and cities of England—of which, taken altogether, the population in 1841 was nearly 7,000,000.

It has usually been observed that more deaths occur in the winter than in the summer quarter; but from June to September of last year, the deaths exceeded those of any other quarter in the preceding seven years; but in the quarter ending March 1847, the number of deaths is stated to have been 56,105, being 6035 above the average of any corresponding quarter. Various causes have been assigned for this excessive mortality: among others, the long duration of a low temperature, and the high price of provisions. In all the returns, there is a large amount of deaths from inflammation of the lungs and air-tubes, and typhus fever, the certain attendant on misery and destitution in crowded neighbourhoods. The fatal effects of the immigration of the starving Irish into the Lancashire towns is shown in the increased mortality—the deaths in Liverpool were 1134 more than in the winter quarter of 1846. This, according to the Registrar's statement, is 'solely attributable to the many thousands of Irish paupers who have landed here within the last three months, bringing with them a malignant fever, which is here very properly called "the Irish fever;" and many hundreds of them were suffering from diarrhœa and dysentery when they arrived, which will account for so many deaths from those causes. Everything which humanity could devise, and money carry out for their cases, has been adopted by the Select Vestry; but so many thousands of Irish are continually pouring in, and their habits are so disgustingly filthy, that little can be done as yet to stay the great mortality amongst them. Perhaps there is not a parallel case to Liverpool for the last two months in the history of the country.'

This statement reminds us of the documents written by eye-witnesses of the plague in its sweeping visitations two centuries ago. The number of deaths in the metropolitan districts is 15,289, also a greater number than in any previous corresponding quarter. The report states, that 'although the causes are to a certain extent accidental, and, as we may hope, transitory, it is evident that the health of towns in England is at present stationary, not to say retrograding.' As regards climate, London is shown to be no worse off than the surrounding parishes, and the excess of deaths is traced to atmospheric impurity. A comparison drawn between the metropolitan districts and an outlying district comprising Blackheath, Eltham, Sydenham, and Lewisham, shows the deaths in London to have been more numerous by 97,872, in the seven years ending 1844, than they would have been had the mortality not exceeded the ratio of the country districts. 'A considerable part,' we are informed, 'of the population of London is recruited from the country, immigrants entering chiefly at the ages of 15 to 35, in a state of good health. The sick and weakly probably remain at home; many of the new-comers too, unmarried, when attacked in London by slow consumption—the most fatal disease at the ages of 15 to 35—return to their father's house to die; so that the mortality of the great city is made to appear in the returns lower at those ages than it is. If we take children under 5 years of age, where neither these disturbing causes nor occupation interfere, the deleterious influence on health, of London in its present state, will appear undisguised in all its magnitude.' In this case it appears that, in the seven years 1838–44, the deaths of children under 5 years of age in London amounted to 139,593, while in the ratio of the outlying district above referred to, it would have been 80,632. In a fact so startling as a loss *in excess* of nearly 59,000 infant lives in seven years, we have an unmistakeable argument in favour of improved sanitary regulations.

The comparison is carried still further, so as to include the whole number of deaths; and we learn that, 'instead of the inhabitants of London "measuring out the whole period of the present existence allotted to them," it is found that in seven years 139,593 perished in infancy (under 5 years of age); 40,828 in youth (5 to 25); 109,126 in manhood (25–65); and that only 52,453 attained the age of 65 and upwards. Instead of death "coming upon them like a sleep," when the faculties are dulled by age and slow decay, it convulses tender infancy, falls with burning fevers upon man in his prime, snatches away the mother with the babe still upon her breast.' Thus, with a population of nearly 2,000,000 in 1844, we find that the total excess of deaths in London, to say nothing of sickness, was nearly 100,000. One hundred and thirty-four persons die every day in London; but were the great city as healthy as the surrounding districts, the number would be diminished by 38. After some remarks on the apathy of local authorities, and an exposure of the fallacy that London 'cannot be surpassed' for health and cleanliness, the Registrar states that, of the 36 metropolitan districts, the city within the walls stands ninth on the sanitary scale, and without the walls, including Whitechapel, stands last, 'the unhealthiest of the 36;' and, supposing the mortality to be represented by a shaded map, would be the darkest-coloured. 'A general idea,' he continues, 'may, however, be formed of the distribution of the poison which causes death. According to the latest researches, it is not a gas, but a sort of atmosphere of organic particles, undergoing incessant transformations; perhaps, like malaria, not odorous, although evolved at the same time as putrid smells; suspended like dust, an aroma, vesicular water in the air, but invisible. If it were for a moment to become visible, and the eye could see it from a central eminence, such as St Paul's, the disease-mist would be found to lie dimly over Eltham, Dulwich, Norwood, Clapham, Battersea, Hampstead, and Hackney; growing thicker round Newington, Lambeth, Marylebone, Pancras, Stepney; dark over Westminster, Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Southwark; and black over Whitechapel and the city of London without the walls. The district of St Giles's would be a dark spot in the midst of surrounding districts; St George's, Hanover Square, and St James's in Westminster, would be lighter than Marylebone and St Martin-in-the-Fields; part of the city of London within the walls would present a deep contrast to the city without the walls. This disease-mist, arising from the breath of two millions of people, from open sewers and cess-pools, graves and slaughter-houses, is continually kept up, and undergoing changes. In one season it is pervaded by cholera, in another by influenza; at one time it bears small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and hooping-cough among young children; at another it carries fever on its wings. Like an angel of death, it has thus hovered for centuries over London. But it may be driven away by legislation. If this generation has not the power to call the dead up from their graves, it can close thousands of graves now opening. The poisonous vapour may yet clear away from Lon-

don, and from all the other towns of the kingdom: some of the sunshine, pure water, fresh air, and health of the country, may be given to the grateful inhabitants of towns by the parting voice of the legislature.'

DELUSIONS AND ILLUSIONS.

We have now got into what the calendar terms summer, and are able to look back, with thankfulness that it is over, on what the poets call spring. Summer, indeed, deserves some compliment at our hands; for it is far better than the promise with which it sets out. Even in the 'sweet south' of London, 'Love, whose month is ever May,' begins operations with a procession of chimney-sweepers, who, in the midst of showers of sleet, leap round a leaping bush to keep themselves warm, while everybody else is cowering over the fire. The exercise, however, has no doubt some effect, as well as the music and the shouts. The year by and by grows warm, and the heart merry; and as the poor tawdry damsel of the procession, in muslin and spangles, vanishes down some murky court, 'in *thick* air,' the true goddesses of the season come forth and light up the world with beauty.

But we have not a word to say for spring. Instead of 'the winds of March taking the air with beauty,' they take nothing but tiles and chimney-pots, hats and umbrellas; and 'the voice of the April bird' was never heard by the very oldest inhabitant, except from a cage. Yet hear Miss Landon—

> 'Twas the first month of spring.
> Like a green fan spread the horse-chestnut leaves,
> A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,
> The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs
> Were covered with their blossoms, and the sky
> Was like an augury of hope, so clear,
> So beautifully blue.'

What a pity that all this is—gammon! Fans of leaves—yellow bloom—silver daisies—blossom-covered boughs—and cerulean skies, in the cold, shivery, gusty, gloomy, asthmatic month of February, when the ground is one mass of mud where it is not covered with snow! On the 14th of the same month, we are told,

> 'The breath of the morning is flinging
> A magic on blossom and spray;
> And Cockneys and sparrows are singing
> In chorus on Valentine's Day.'

But the curious thing is, that it is not the Cockneys and sparrows alone that mistake the season, but even the poets whose reputation rests upon their close observation of nature. Hear Thomson, for instance—

> ——'Forth in the pleasing spring
> Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
> Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm;
> Echo the mountains round: the forest smiles;
> And every sense, and every heart is joy.'

One would think, too, that the inspired ploughman ought to know something practically of spring; but whatever his knowledge might be, he makes the Queen of Scots assert that on the approach of that season,

> 'Nature hangs her mantle green
> On every blooming tree,
> And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
> Out o'er the grassy lea;'

that the sun cheers the crystal streams and azure skies; that the laverock wakes the merry morn, the merle makes the woodland echoes ring, and the mavis sings the day to sleep; and that the whole world is bright with the lily, the primrose, and the buds of the hawthorn and sloe. After this, it is no wonder that the fanciful ear of Coleridge should detect

> ——'The murmuring
> Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring!'

It would be easy to multiply quotations of this kind; but the fact is well known to all readers, that the spring of the poets is not the spring of the calendar; and, in fact,

> 'Their cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
> Their honey-blossoms, that you hear the bees at,
> Their pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale—
> Are things we sneeze at!'

The origin of the hallucination is obvious enough; although it is more difficult to account for its continuing so long—for Thomson and Burns reproducing the errors of Shakspeare and Milton. As for the tribe of poetasters, whose wooing of the muse usually commences with 'Hail, spring!' it is not more wonderful that they should keep together than the flock of sheep they find so indispensable. The ancients, to confess the truth, have not only stolen our best thoughts, but they have palmed upon us their own seasons: that is the whole secret. Anacreon might very well sing his divine ode to the rose, while 'invoking the wreathed spring;' neither was there anything out of the way in his exclaiming—

> 'When spring begems the dewy scene,
> How sweet to walk the velvet green,
> And hear the zephyr's languid sighs,
> As o'er the scented mead he flies!'

Horace, in like manner, may be justified in the welcoming he gives to spring, and Catullus applauded for his poetical description of the season in the farewell to Bithynia. But these poets sang of the climate of Greece and Italy; and we in England have no more right to their zephyrs, butterflies, and roses, than to represent their grapes as growing in ripe clusters from our quickset hedges. Our first attempts, however, in 'building the lofty rhyme,' were mere school exercises; and, in spite of the evidence of our own senses—in spite of our chattering teeth and blue lips—the imagery we found in the originals we copied has remained to this day an integral part of our poetry.

A great deal has been said and done about the rectification of the calendar: is it not surprising that no man of mould has yet arisen to set the poetical year to rights, and thus earn for himself a niche in the temple of fame next to those of Julius Cæsar and Pope Gregory? The two cases are precisely similar. In the former, it was found that natural and artificial time did not correspond; and as it was easier to alter the calendar than the sun, a law was made that a certain day, reputed to be such and such a day, should no longer be itself, but another. Thus the world hopped on to a new computation of mortal time, without suffering any inconvenience; for although a lady's eyes, we are told, have the property of 'misleading the morn,' the alteration in the almanac had not the slightest effect upon the revolutions of the earth. The poetical year is in like manner at variance with nature, and legislation is imperiously demanded. We would have all poets strictly charged to remember that spring, in these islands, is the season for high winds, snow, sleet, and rain, coughs, colds, and influenzas; and forbidden accordingly to introduce into it birds, bees, and flowers, tender tales and shepherds' reeds. There is to be no song but the milkmaid's; and that is to be sung only in the streets and lanes of London, to the tune of 'Me-oh!' A lady may shiver in this season, but not sigh; for it is manifestly in opposition to the customs of the stable sex to exhibit any external appearances contrary to real sentiments—

> 'June in her eyes—in her heart January.'

Lovers are not to be set walking in the damp grounds of April, coughing their tender secrets into each other's ears; and indeed the birth of the tender passion should be postponed till near the end of the following month, if not the beginning of June. In fine, Addison's warning to the fair to avoid the insidious softness of May, is henceforward to be considered obsolete; and no lady need think herself obliged to assume an air of coldness in the presence of her admirer, till she has left off her boa.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the poetry of the more northern regions, to be able to say at what degree of latitude the classical seasons stop; but, strange as it may appear, we have some notion that in Norway the descriptions of the Greek and Latin poets would be more true than in England. In that Baltic country, the year is no sooner disenchanted from the spells of winter, than the whole country is instantaneously converted, as if by some magical charm, into a garden in full bloom. On the opposite side of the same sea, on the other hand, the only season of beauty and delight is about three weeks of summer; but then these are three weeks for which even the other forty-nine are well worth enduring! There is nothing in the ancient poets that *ought* to satisfy a Russian of the province of St Petersburg; and for this reason, that the brief summer of the Neva has all the rich and glowing beauty of Italy, united, in an indescribable manner, with all the freshness and emerald greenness of the classical spring. It is manifest, therefore, that the poetical calendar of Russia ought to be different from that of Anacreon and Horace; but we have a strong notion, absurd as it may seem, that it is identically the same. The Russians have in all probability borrowed their poetry, just like their fashions, from the French; and the latter, down to the days of Béranger, would have thought it profanity to alter a tittle of the seasons they imported from the other side of the Alps. The tsar, besides, holds even the Gregorian reformation of the almanac in abhorrence, and dates by the old style to this day.

We have some hope that the change we suggest may at one time or other be adopted, since a like change appears to be surely, however slowly, operating in other provinces of poetry. In copying the ancients, we adopted, as a matter of course, their mythology. All Europe was Christianised but the poets, who, in spite of bulls, Smithfield, and acts of parliament, continued, and still to a certain extent continue, downright heathens — swearing by Jupiter and his fellows of Olympus, whom the early fathers reckoned demons, and invoking all sorts of goddesses, as if they were so many saints.

Something may be said in defence of this superstition of the fancy. It was highly convenient to have conventional images to express such abstract qualities as beauty, strength, and wisdom. A single word suggested, to all within the circle of the classical faith, a train of attributes which would otherwise have taken much labour to describe; and these words were things —form, colour, substance. They were like a universal coin, which passed current in the world as the representative of a certain value; and which the simultaneous consent of mankind continued to receive as the circulating medium, long after the dynasty had passed away by which it was struck.

There must have been something strangely fascinating to the rude mind of awakening Europe in this introduction to a class of beings, not different from men in feelings and desires, but how different in beauty, majesty, and power! The gods and goddesses were allied to man in the physical part of his nature, and he was allied to them in the spiritual; and thus it was that his converse with the immortals was attended by no shrinking of the heart, no curdling of the blood, such as throws so repulsive a character over the grosser superstitions of the north. His faith in them resembled faith in himself—

> 'Delightedly lives he 'mong fays, and talismans,
> And spirits; and delightedly believes
> Divinities, *being himself divine!*'

The slow progress of metaphysics, in an age when the whole human mind seems to be absorbed by physical science, may account for the numerous remains of this poetical faith that still exist. The day, however, is not distant when the whole heathen mythology will be left untouched in the poetry in which it is enshrined; and which will then be regarded as a rare and valuable antique, worthy of all honour and admiration, but unfit for the imitation of modern taste. Indeed a very considerable change has already taken place, as we may see by the vast leap there is between the straightforward honest orthodoxy of Virgil—

> 'Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate,
> And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;'

and the timid scepticism of Byron—

> 'Oh thou in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
> Muse, formed, or fabled, at the minstrel's will!'

But we must not touch, without discrimination, even the erroneous conventionalisms of poetry. Let us alter the poetical calendar, because it is wrong; and dispense with the heathen mythology as soon as we can, because it is inconsistent with the new regime the human mind is under: but those things must remain that are apparently truths, although false in reality. The poet, like the painter, must copy the external appearances of nature; and it is by no means his province to assume the functions of the philosopher, and correct the errors of vision. For instance, astronomy tells us that the sun is stationary, at least in so far as the system of which he is the centre is concerned, and that the phenomena of day and night are caused by the revolutions of the earth. Poetry, on the other hand, asserts roundly that the sun moves, glides, or rushes, as it may be, along the sky, and dives down into the ocean, or sinks and disappears behind the hills. Astronomy is right, but poetry is not wrong; for all this we *see* in nature. To describe the close of day as being caused by the horizon rising above the sun, instead of the sun descending beneath the horizon, would be true in science, but false in poetry; and even the philosopher, while admitting the fact, would burn the verses.

This is a specimen of an illusion, and illusions are the soul of poetry; but the other two—the falsification of the almanac, and the invocation of heathen gods—are rank delusions, and should be classed with punning, pocket-picking, and other offences against taste and morals.

BRITISH INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.

For some months past, great exertions have been made in order to induce the government to send a commercial mission to Japan. Whether success will attend these efforts or not, it is impossible for us to say; but the advantages likely to arise from a fortunate termination of the negotiations are so obvious, that few would attempt to deny them. Whilst this subject is under discussion, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to give as concise a narrative as possible of the intercourse that has already passed between us and the Japanese.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, great efforts were made by the Dutch to supplant the Spanish and Portuguese in their position in the Indian Archipelago. Private adventurers fitted out vessels, and every return of a fortunate enterprise from those parts inflamed the ambition of the merchants and mariners of Holland. In June 1598, five vessels were despatched from Rotterdam to the Indian Archipelago. At that time the English and Dutch were so closely allied, both by religion and companionship in danger, that many of our seamen were constantly found on board our neighbour's vessels. In the present expedition were two of our countrymen, whose names have descended to us—William Adams, and Timothy Shotter. The latter had previously circumnavigated the globe under the famous Cavendish.

After a perilous voyage of fifteen months, the expedition entered the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan. Disasters, followed disasters, and out of the whole fleet, one ship alone returned to Holland, and this was effected through the mutiny of the crew, who compelled the captain to desist from the further prosecution of the voyage. The ship in which Adams and Shotter sailed, after numerous calamities and sufferings, arrived off the coast of Japan in April 1600. The crew were enervated

by famine and disease, and the vessel was a mere floating wreck. On their arrival, the new-comers were seized and treated with severity, their cargo was plundered by the natives, and dispersed beyond recovery. The Spanish and Portuguese, apprehensive lest these men should be released, and having become acquainted with the riches of the Japanese empire, returned with their countrymen to enter into a commercial rivalry, exerted all their influence to induce the viceroy to crucify them, asserting that they were pirates. For some time the prisoners were kept in suspense; at last, after numerous interviews between the viceroy and William Adams, they were all released, and fifty thousand rials granted them as compensation for the loss of their goods. The only answer the monarch vouchsafed to their enemies was, 'that if they were pirates before they arrived in those seas, it was nothing to him; all he knew was, that they had behaved well since they had been within his territories.'

From a prisoner, Adams was raised to be a favourite of the emperor, for whom he performed various important services. Having been a master on board one of Queen Elizabeth's ships, he was qualified for the duty required of him. He built several small vessels for the viceroy after the English fashion, and gave him likewise lessons in geometry and mathematics. So high did he subsequently rise in favour with the monarch, that he granted him an estate, which enabled him to live in great splendour at the imperial court. Yet our countryman was not satisfied: he had left a wife and child in his old dwelling in Limehouse, and his heart yearned for them. At last he petitioned the emperor for leave to depart. He was refused. Again he solicited, and the monarch, although declining his request, bade him invite his countrymen and friends. He wrote several letters, which in time had their effect. The Spanish and Portuguese, finding all their arts unavailing, and that, instead of being disgraced, their enemy rose high into favour, began quickly to alter their demeanour; and to the honour of our countryman be it told, that, instead of using his influence against them, he exerted himself in their behalf whenever they desired any favour of the viceroy. This he was enabled to do, as he was at all times allowed free ingress to the most private apartments of the palace.

In 1609, the Dutch first visited Japan as merchants, and were introduced to the viceroy by Adams. They soon followed this up, and commenced that trade which has lasted to the present day. Adams now addressed a letter to John Saris, chief of the English factory at Bantam, to intreat him to take some steps to let his wife and children in England know of his being alive; and he added an offer of his services in case his countrymen should determine to open a trade with Japan. The result was, that in 1611 Saris was despatched by the East India Company in the *Clove*, with presents and letters from King James to the viceroy. After a long voyage, by Bantam and through the Moluccas, he arrived at Japan, and cast anchor at Firando. During his course through the Spice Islands, he found that the Dutch were endeavouring to render that trade a monopoly, and he experienced every opposition it was in their power to make. However, when he arrived at the Japanese port of Firando, the governor of the town treated him in the most hospitable manner.

William Adams soon joined him, and accompanied Saris to the imperial court. The privileges granted to the English were most favourable, and have never been revoked. A factory was established at Firando, and Richard Cocks was made chief, while William Adams received the next appointment. A brisk trade was soon commenced, and carried on with but few interruptions until the factory was abandoned. The Dutch, however, jealous of our growing power in those seas, and fearing lest we should obtain a stronghold in the neighbouring countries, exerted their influence against us, and, in order to get us into bad odour with the Chinese, plundered their junks, and gave out that the robbers were English. So far did they proceed, that in 1619, their admiral, Adam Westerwood, attacked the factory at Firando, and would have put our countrymen to death, had they not been succoured by the Japanese. The English were very weak, there not being one of them to a hundred of the Dutch.

On the 16th of May 1620 William Adams breathed his last, and from that time our influence began to decrease in the Japanese court. He made Cocks and a Mr Eaton his executors. Mindful to the last of his family in England, he left half of his estate to his wife and child, and the other half to a son and daughter he had in Japan. Cocks at the time wrote as follows:—'I cannot but be sorrowful for the loss of such a man as Adams was, being our main stay in those parts; he was in such favour with two emperors of Japan as never Christian was, and might freely have entered and had speech with the emperors when many Japan kings stood without and could not be permitted. This emperor hath confirmed his lordship to his son which the other emperor gave to his father.'*

The Dutch having, in 1622, discovered, or pretended to have discovered, a conspiracy of the Portuguese to subdue the Japanese empire under their sway, gave notice of this to the viceroy. A change of policy immediately ensued, and the Portuguese and Spaniards were expelled, and all the other foreigners subjected to more stringent rules. Disgusted with this, and also from not realising the profits they expected, the English East India Company determined for the present to abandon their factory at Firando. Orders were sent to their chief to place the English houses and sheds under the protection, or rather in the custody, of the governor of Firando, who was to preserve them till their return. Our countrymen then left the place, and have never since ceased to regret their want of foresight upon the occasion. They abandoned, without consideration, an opening for our trade, which it will require time and trouble again to restore to us.

Fourteen years afterwards (1637), Lord Weddell visited the port of Nangasaki with a British fleet; but all intercourse with the Dutch was steadily refused by the Japanese, who had already constructed and fortified the artificial island of Dezima, to which the Dutch were restricted. The English having touched at the Portuguese settlement of Macao, is supposed to be the reason of this refusal.

The next British arrival in the Japanese ports was that of the East India Company's ship *Return*, under Captain Simon Delbo. This vessel was despatched by the orders of the Company, to endeavour to re-establish their trade. The period chosen was very ill-timed; we were engaged in a fearful struggle with the Dutch, the only Europeans in Japan; and, what perhaps was still worse, Charles II. was married to a Portuguese princess. The very name of that people being detested in Japan, the Dutch did not fail to make use of this circumstance in order to inflame the jealousy of the authorities. On Delbo's arrival in 1673, he was required to give up all his arms and ammunition, which he immediately did. The next day he was visited by the principal persons of the town, who questioned him very closely. Among other things, he was asked how it was that the English had suffered so long a time to pass without attempting the reopening of the trade. Delbo told them of our civil and foreign wars, which, he alleged, had prevented our paying proper attention to our foreign commerce. Our countryman found that the Japanese were much better acquainted with the news from Europe than he was, which convinced him that the Dutch had given the information, as a Netherland vessel had arrived since he first reached their shores.

After waiting a month for an answer, the captain of

* This should be the viceroy, or acting emperor, with whom alone the Europeans came in contact. The titular emperor was by that time, as he is now, little more than a pontiff, and far too holy to engage in secular affairs.

the Return at last received this pithy reply, 'That the emperor's subjects could not be permitted to trade with those of a king who had married the daughter of his greatest enemy.' Delbo, finding it was useless farther to press the matter, asked permission to sell his cargo. This was refused. He then requested that he might be allowed to remain for the trade-winds; which was conceded. The captain was greatly pleased with the conduct of the natives, whom he describes as extremely courteous, and not less anxious that the trade should be reopened than he was. He felt no doubt that the Dutch were the cause of the refusal.

In 1779, the last expedition of Captain Cook coasted along the islands, and gave English names to several capes. Twelve years later (in 1791), Captain Colnet visited the Archipelago, but was refused all access to the shore. He, however, received every refreshment gratis. In the following year, great efforts were made to induce the East India Company to attempt the re-opening of the trade; but the committee appointed, influenced by antiquated notions of political economy, reported unfavourably of the scheme.

In 1796, Captain Broughton, in his majesty's schooner Providence, sailed among the islands on a voyage of discovery. Wherever he touched, he was received with great politeness by the natives; particularly as, being in a royal vessel, he made no efforts to trade.

In 1803, the Calcutta merchants, influenced, it is said, by the representations of Mr Fitsingh, a Dutchman who had resided in Japan, sent the ship Frederic to Nangasaki, under the command of Captain Toney, with a valuable cargo. The attempt, however, was futile, and the captain was ordered to leave the roads twenty-four hours after being refused permission to trade. In 1808, the English being at war with the French, who at that time were possessed of Holland, sought every means of injuring their opponents. The frigate Phæton entered the port of Nangasaki in search of Dutch ships, with orders to 'sink, burn, and destroy' every possession of the enemy. The Dutch state that the English behaved ill, and caused the death of the governor. A few years after, a great outcry was raised against our countrymen, some of whom published a defence. From the conflicting statements, it would appear that the English entered the harbour, and the Dutch resident came on board, who, knowing the prejudices of the Japanese, gave his word that he would not mention that the Phæton was a war-vessel. It appears, however, that he broke it; and no sooner was he set on shore, than he spread the news. The Japanese governor, in his fright, and fearful lest the barbarians might commit some mischief, for which he would be held responsible, ripped himself up, according to Japanese custom, and thus put an end to his fears and responsibilities at once. The English, however, merely demanded wood and water, which was readily supplied, together with some beef. The only difference which appears to have occurred between the natives and us was this, that we pressed them to take payment for the provisions sent on board, which they as steadily refused.

In 1813, Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Java, then a possession of Great Britain, despatched two vessels to Nangasaki. From some cause or other, the cargoes chosen were of inferior quality, and the scarcity of shipping was so great, that he was compelled to pay above 82,000 dollars for the freight of 298,000 dollars' worth of goods; the profits of the whole voyage were 44,000 dollars. The comparative smallness of the amount may be accounted for by the reasons before mentioned. Sir Stamford Raffles tried again on the following year to open up a commerce with Japan, but was unsuccessful.

Captain Gordon, the commander of a fifty-six ton brig, being on a voyage to the west coast of Siberia, resolved to endeavour to commence a traffic with that secluded region, which had so often baffled his countrymen. Accordingly, in June 1818, he sailed into the Bay of Yedo, along with several junks, and was close to the land, as night came on, without being recognised as a stranger. He expected now that he should be able to sail up to the palace without being discovered. Unfortunately, however, it fell calm, and he was compelled to cast anchor. In the morning, he was visited by numerous boats, at first containing only those whom curiosity prompted to come on board. Presently, however, several officials arrived, to whom the captain communicated his wish that he might obtain permission to return with a cargo suitable to the Japanese market. He was advised to remove his vessel, which was effected by their assistance. He was then requested to send on shore his arms, ammunition, and rudder, and to dismantle his vessel. With the latter demand he refused compliance, on account of the loss of time it would occasion. The brig was then surrounded by a strong cordon of boats and other vessels. During the first day, the vessel was crowded with visitors, who, however, were afterwards prevented by the guard from coming aboard. However, the shores were crowded with spectators, most of whom were females.

Four days after their arrival, they were visited by two interpreters, who were well acquainted with the Dutch language, and knew something of the English and Russian. With these intelligent men Gordon was in constant conversation. Their inquiries about the political state of Europe were numerous, and what appeared to interest them most, was the battle of Waterloo, which was then fresh in the minds of all men. Our countryman discovered that they were acquainted with the vaccination, having obtained this knowledge from Captain Golowuin. They, however, refused any trial of the vaccine matter, without the advice of their superiors. European seeds and cattle were offered them as gifts, but everything was steadily declined, as they alleged that unless permission was given to trade, they would not be allowed to receive any foreign goods. Two or three days after, fresh water was sent on board to fill the casks, which Captain Gordon construed very justly into a sign of his approaching departure. The Japanese employed in this task were very talkative, and chatted about London, which they conceived to be the seat of the arts, and the centre of refinement.

In the course of the same day the interpreters came on board, and in an official manner said, 'You have applied for permission to trade to Japan; we are desired by the governor of this place to inform you that this permission cannot be granted, as the laws of Japan interdict all foreign intercourse, with the exception of that which exists already at Nangasaki with the Dutch and Chinese; and the governor consequently desires you to sail with the first fair wind.' The captain was also told, in a demi-official manner, that the refusal was for fear of giving umbrage to the Russians, who might resent their granting to him what they had so often refused to them. Gordon pressed on them to accept some remembrance, but they were unable to receive it.

In a few hours afterwards, their guns, ammunition, &c. were returned on board, and the captain made preparations for his departure. On the following morning, having given a signal, about thirty boats commenced towing the brig out. As soon as they were clear of the bay, the captain dismissed them, and the English crew gave three cheers to the interpreters as they left the vessel. No sooner had they departed, than hundreds of boats put off from the shore, and crowded the vessel so much, that the captain was glad to see a guard-boat pull towards them to disperse the crowd, who, on observing its approach, fled in all directions. Presently some of them returned, a few of whom expressed their contempt of the boat when they saw it again in sight, whilst others fled immediately, declaring that their lives were in danger. In the course of that and the following day, above two thousand persons visited the ship. We would quote the captain's words with regard to the feelings of the Japanese. He says, 'If inclined to set any value on ideas which can be formed concerning the hearts of men, especially of men accustomed to disguise

their feelings, as we are informed the Japanese are, I would confidently say that our dismissal was regretted by all. This opinion does not arise so much from anything that has been said, as from the remembrance of the eager satisfaction with which everybody used to examine the several articles of my dress, particularly such as were of a fine quality, and the desire, very generally expressed, of purchasing similar articles on our return.'

The only account of any further visit of the English of which we know anything, is that of the brig Cyprus, and this rests on the doubtful authority of the convicts, who mutinied and seized the ship, and, after various adventures, arrived off the coast of Japan about the beginning of the year 1830. Having, it is supposed, committed some depredations on the coast, they were fired on by the Japanese. The Cyprus then steered for the coast of China, but sank on her voyage, in consequence of the injuries she had received. Four of the crew having previously left her, the remaining five reached Canton in the long-boat, where, we suppose, little information to be relied on could be obtained from them. They were then sent to England, and tried and convicted. It is said that they gave some extraordinary accounts before the select committee at Canton; but what these were, we have not been able to ascertain.

It will from this brief sketch be seen that we have never attempted the reopening of the trade in a manner suitable to the greatness of our nation. Every ship that has visited that empire for many years past has been so small and insignificant, as no doubt to confirm the Japanese in the opinion, industriously spread by the Dutch, that we are a dependency of Holland. Should the government determine on sending the mission, we trust it will be on a scale suitable to the grandeur of our empire.

A SECOND GLANCE AT HUGH MILLER'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

Our former paper on this volume overlooked its many rich geological descriptions, because we had found another department of its contents sufficient to occupy all the space we can spare at once. We now gladly recur to the book, for the purpose of completing our survey of it.

Mr Miller's history as a man of science is remarkable. Passing his youth as a stone-mason, he hewed out a knowledge of the rocks for himself; that is, of the *formation* which existed around his native place—Cromarty. But this formation he not merely studied. By his researches in it, and his work upon it (*The Old Red Sandstone*), he has been one of those who have obtained for it, what it had not a few years ago, a place in the range of formations, as a group of strata presenting peculiar fossils. To the attainments which this fact seems to indicate, Mr Miller adds powers of thought and of description which eminently qualify him for shining in the popular literature of the science. This will strikingly appear from his account of the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton.

'The town has been built in the neighbourhood of the Dudley coal-basin, on an incoherent lower deposit of new red sandstone, unfitted for the purposes of the stone-mason, but peculiarly well suited, in some of its superficial argillaceous beds, for those of the brick-maker. Hence the prevailing colour and character of the place; and such, in kind, are the circumstances that impart to the great majority of English towns so very different an aspect from that borne by our Scottish ones. They are the towns of a brick-and-tile manufacturing country, rich in coal and clay, but singularly poor in sandstone quarries.

'I took the Dudley road, and left the scattered suburbs of the town but a few hundred yards behind me, when the altered appearance of the country gave evidence that I had quitted the new red sandstone, and had entered on the coal-measures. On the right, scarce a gunshot from the wayside, there stretched away a rich, though comparatively thinly-inhabited country—green, undulating, lined thickly, lengthwise and athwart, with luxuriant hedgerows, sparsely sprinkled with farm-houses, and over-canopied this morning by a clear blue sky; while on the left, far as the eye could penetrate through a mud-coloured atmosphere of smoke and culm, there spread out a barren uneven wilderness of slag and shale, the debris of limekilns and smelting-works, and of coal and ironstone pits; and amid the dun haze there stood up what seemed a continuous city of fire-belching furnaces and smoke-vomiting chimneys, blent with numerous groups of little dingy buildings, the dwellings of iron-smelters and miners. Wherever the new red sandstone extends, the country wears a sleek unbroken skin of green: wherever the coal-measures spread away, lake-like, from the lower edges of this formation, all is verdureless, broken, and gray. The colouring of the two formations could be scarcely better defined in a geological map than here on the face of the landscape. There is no such utter ruin of the surface in our mining districts in Scotland. The rubbish of the subterranean workings is scarcely at all suffered to encroach, save in widely-scattered hillocks, on the arable superficies; and these hillocks the indefatigable agriculturist is ever levelling and carrying away, to make way for the plough; whereas, so entirely has the farmer been beaten from off the field here, and so thickly do the heaps cumber the surface, that one might almost imagine the land had been seized in the remote past by some mortal sickness, and, after vomiting out its bowels, had lain stone-dead ever since. The labouring inhabitants of this desert—a rude, improvident, Cyclopean race, indifferent to all save the mineral treasures of the soil—are rather graphically designated in the neighbouring districts, where I found them exceedingly cheaply rated, as "the lie-wasters." Some six or eight centuries ago, the Dudley coal-field existed as a wild forest, in which a few semi-barbarous iron-smelters and charcoal-burners carried on their solitary labours; and which was remarkable chiefly for a seam of coal thirty feet in thickness, which, like some of the coal-seams of the United States, cropped out at the surface, and was wrought among the trees in the open air. A small colony of workers in iron of various kinds settled in the neighbourhood, and their congregated forges and cottage-dwellings formed a little noisy hamlet amid the woodlands. The miner explored, to greater and still greater depths, the mineral treasures of the coal-field; the ever-resounding, ever-smoking village added house to house, and forge to forge, as the fuel and the ironstone heaps accumulated; till at length the three thick bands of dark ore, and the ten-yard coal-seam of the basin, though restricted to a space greatly less in area than some of our Scottish lakes, produced, out of the few congregated huts, the busy town of Birmingham, with its 220,000 inhabitants. And as the rise of the place has been connected with the development of the mineral treasures of its small but exceedingly rich coal-field, their exhaustion, unless there open up to it new fields of industry, must induce its decline. There is a day coming, though a still distant one, when the miner shall have done with this wilderness of debris and chimneys, just as the charcoal-burner had done with it when the woodlands were exhausted, ages ago, or as the farmer had done with it at a considerably later period; and when it shall exist as an uninhabited desert, full of gloomy pitfalls, half-hidden by a stunted vegetation, and studded with unseemly ruins of brick. And the neighbouring city, like a beggared spendthrift, that, after having run through his patrimony, continues to reside in the house of his ancestors, shall have, in all probability, to shut up many an apartment, and leave many a forsaken range of offices and outhouses to sink into decay.'

Thus does the man of genius proceed—associating

hard material facts with human interests—while the common mind can give but what directly strikes the eye.

Mr Miller, as we formerly remarked, is a man of decidedly religious character. His earnestness as such, in connection with his literary gifts, has placed him in command of the *Witness* newspaper, the champion of the Free Church of Scotland. It is therefore of some importance for science that its part should be taken by such a man. One chapter of his book is devoted to an able and eloquent defence of geology against those who have unwisely attacked it on so-called theological grounds. Another religious newspaper has, it seems, committed itself to the opinion that, 'for aught that appears in the bowels of the earth, the world might have been called into existence yesterday.' Hereupon Mr Miller writes as follows:—

'We stand in the middle of an ancient burying-ground in a northern district. The monuments of the dead, lichened and gray, rise thick around us: and there are fragments of mouldering bones lying scattered amid the loose dust that rests under them, in dark recesses impervious to the rain and the sunshine. We dig into the soil below; here is a human skull, and there numerous other well-known bones of the human skeleton—vertebræ, ribs, arm and leg bones, and those of the jaws, breast, and pelvis. Still, as we dig, the bony mass accumulates: we disinter portions, not of one, but of many skeletons—some comparatively fresh, some in a state of great decay; and with the bones there mingle fragments of coffins, with the wasted tinsel-mounting in some instances still attached, and the rusted nails still sticking in the joints. We continue to dig, and, at a depth to which the sexton almost never penetrates, find a stratum of pure sea-sand, and then a stratum of the sea shells common on the neighbouring coast—in especial, oyster, mussel, and cockle-shells. It may be mentioned, in the passing, that the churchyard to which I refer, though at some little distance from the sea, is situated on one of the raised beaches of the north of Scotland; and hence the shells. We dig a little farther, and reach a thick bed of sandstone, which we penetrate, and beneath which we find a bed of impure lime, richly charged with the remains of fish of strangely antique forms. "The earth, for anything that appears to the contrary, might have been made yesterday?" Do appearances such as these warrant the inference? Do these human skeletons, in all their various stages of decay, appear as if *they* had been made yesterday? Was that bit of coffin, with the soiled tinsel on the one side, and the corroded nail sticking out of the other, made yesterday? Was yonder skull, instead of having ever formed part of a human head, created yesterday, exactly the repulsive-looking sort of thing we see it? Indisputably not. Such is the nature of the human mind—such the laws that regulate and control human belief—that in the very existence of that churchyard, we do, and must recognise positive proof that the world was *not* made yesterday.

'But can we stop in our process of inference at the mouldering remains of the churchyard? Can we hold that the skull was not created a mere skull, and yet hold that the oyster, mussel, and cockle-shells beneath are not the remains of molluscous animals, but things originally created in exactly their present state, as empty shells? The supposition is altogether absurd. Such is the constitution of our minds, that we must as certainly hold yonder oyster-shell to have once formed part of a mollusc, as we hold yonder skull to have once formed part of a man. And if we cannot stop at the skeleton, how stop at the shells? Why not pass on to the fish? The evidence of design is quite as irresistible in them as in the human or the molluscous remains above. We can still see the scales which covered them occupying their proper places, with all their nicely-designed bars, hooks, and nails of attachment; the fins which propelled them through the water, with the multitudinous pseudo-joints, formed to impart to the rays the proper elasticity, lie widely spread on the stone; the sharp-pointed teeth, constructed like those of fish generally, rather for the purpose of holding fast slippery substances than of mastication, still bristle in their jaws; nay, the very plates, spines, and scales of the fish on which they had fed, still lie undigested in their abdomens. We cannot stop short at the shells: if the human skull was not created a mere skull, nor the shell a mere dead shell, then the fossil fish could not have been created a mere fossil. There is no broken link in the chain at which to take our stand; and yet, having once recognised the fishes as such—having recognised them as the remains of animals, and not as stones that exist in their original state—we stand committed to all the organisms of the geological scale.

'But we limit the Divine Power, it may be said. Could not the Omnipotent First Cause have created all the fossils of the earth, vegetable and animal, in their fossil state? Yes, certainly; the act of their creation, regarded simply as an act of power, does not, and cannot transcend His infinite ability. He could have created all the burying-grounds of the earth, with all their broken and wasted contents, brute and human. He could have created all the mummies of Mexico and of Egypt as such, and all the skeletons of the catacombs of Paris. It would manifest, however, but little reverence for His character, to compliment His infinite power at the expense of His infinite wisdom. It would be doing no honour to His name to regard Him as a creator of dead skeletons, mummies, and churchyards. Nay, we could not recognise Him as such, without giving to the winds all those principles of common reason which in His goodness He has imparted to us for our guidance in the ordinary affairs of life.'

This we conceive to be alike ingenious in conception and conclusive in argument.

After all, we are but at the dawn of scientific discovery, with the mists clinging to the ground all around us. A few years will see men looking back on much of the controversy here adverted to, much of the arguments on both sides, as weak and childish. We cordially echo a fine sentence of our author—and conclude with it—'Who among living men may anticipate the thinking of future generations, or indicate in what direction new avenues into the regions of thought shall yet be opened up by the key of unborn genius?'

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

It is calculated, both in and out of parliament, that at this moment the supply of food within the country is much smaller than we require to last us till next harvest; and that we have no certainty, nor even probability, of receiving any assistance of importance from abroad. This would be considered a very awful state of things, if it were possible for us to think of the national affairs as if they were our own. But what is all men's business, is nobody's; and like the individual who did not care about what became of the ship in a storm, since he was 'only a passenger,' we continue talking, with imperturbable calmness, of impending starvation. It is true the cry of 'Wolf!' is by no means new to our ears: and it is possible enough that, on the present occasion, it may turn out as unsubstantial as ever; but the circumstances under which it is raised are, to say the least of them, alarming; and we do think it the duty of every person of common sense to endeavour to 'realise' the idea in the American sense of the expression, in order to avoid, as far as possible, the risk of a more literal and terrible realisation.

It is too late, at least with reference to the present year, to think of substituting other vegetables for potatoes; and at anyrate, we are not sure that the facility of growth, by which some have been recommended, would be found in the long-run any real advantage.

What we must now do as a nation, is just what we should do as individuals under similar circumstances. We must economise the resources we actually possess, and make our stock of food go as far as possible. What is our stock of food? We are told that it is so many quarters of grain, and that the number of quarters is much smaller than we are in the habit of consuming in the given time. But if it can be shown that our habits have hitherto been grossly extravagant, that we have wasted more than we have eaten, then a remedy must of course be in our power, and for all that has come and gone, we shall be able to keep the wolf from the door.

It appears now to be a recognised fact, that for the sake of the mere colour, a considerable part of the population sacrifice a large portion of the substance, and not a little of the wholesomeness, of the bread; and the queen, and many of the high nobility, have set the example of determining to use in their establishments what is called seconds flour. This is very well, so far as it goes; and it is likewise very well to restrict the allowance issued to one pound a-day for each person, which is amply sufficient. But the bulk of the people already eat seconds bread, and *less* than a pound a-day of that; and the danger is too imminent, to be averted by economy among the few. It would seem, in fact, by a reference to the customs of other countries, that we are all less careful than we might be; and that we habitually neglect many things which would not only be a resource in time of scarcity, but a comfort in time of plenty.

To begin with small matters: our want of economy, and economical comfort, is impressed upon us by our observation of the daily proceedings of the French. In all families in France, from the lower up to the higher, middle ranks inclusive, there prevails the system of the *pot-au-feu*. The pot-au-feu is a common brown earthen vessel, or crock, which the servant, if there be one, places close to the fire the moment it is lighted. Into this all-devouring caldron she throws the bones and other fragments of yesterday's meal, with a sufficiency of water: but this is only by way of a commencement, for it would be hard to say what she does not throw into it. There is not a stray crust, or a fragment of food of any kind in the house, however trifling—not a morsel of butter too minute for separate service, or of fat or grease—not a drop of unappropriated milk—not even a cabbage leaf, provided only it be clean (which is the sole condition with all), that does not find its way into the pot-au-feu. Then the hedges and fields are ransacked for sorrel, and other wild vegetables; and, in short, this constant feeding of the constantly-simmering but never-boiling caldron goes on the whole day; servant children, master, and mistress, alike looking to it for a portion of their daily sustenance, great or otherwise, according to the means of the family, and the pretension of their style of living. In England, there is no such economy as this practised; and in London more especially, where soups are seldomer eaten than in Scotland, the water in which meat is boiled is more frequently wasted than otherwise. In the better houses, when there *is* soup, the meat is not presented; the two articles being considered incompatible as dishes, and the one only used in the manufacture of the other. Thus the author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau' is horrified at seeing both on the same table in Germany. 'With regard to the order of the dishes,' says he, 'that is unlike anything Mrs Glass ever thought of: after soup, which, all the world over, is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced; *of course* it is dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor Square cat would not touch with its whiskers.'

This kind of English intolerance is the reason why rice, beans, peas, and other substitutes for potatoes have not been successful among us. We do not object to give these articles a trial, but will not take the trouble to make it a fair one. Rice, for instance, is the most insipid food in the world when cooked *au naturel;* but for that very reason it imbibes more easily than any other the qualities of the juices with which it is mixed. Instead of being eaten *with* any kind of food, it should form a portion of the dish; in culinary language, it should be used to *smother* the morsel of meat. And the fatter this is, the better; for the rice absorbs the unctuous moisture, and, with the slightest trouble in the world, becomes the dish so well known to the Parisian epicure under the name of *riz-au-gras.* It may be useful to note here, that the best-flavoured rice is the cheapest—the small, broken, discoloured Indian grain. This is used by returned 'nabobs' of our acquaintance in preference to the American; and indeed we believe there are few of these gentlemen whose families are not provided with the article in one or more bags at a time. Beans, with the mere addition of what we should stigmatise as grease, together with the ordinary condiments, pepper and salt, are considered, on the continent, by classes far removed from the lowest, to form a luxurious dinner of themselves. All the vegetables we have named, together with Indian corn, are more nutritive than meat, and much more so than the turnips which formed the supper of Cincinnatus. And yet 'the noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity,' says Dr King in his *Art of Cookery,* 'were found to lie hid in turnips; for when Cincinnatus left the plough to take the command of the Roman army, and afterwards retired to his cottage, having brought home victory, the Samnite ambassadors came to him, and tempted him with a large bribe. They found him dressing turnips: on which they withdrew, convinced that it was impossible to prevail upon him who could be contented with such a supper.'

It is not long since details like these would have been considered undignified; but at a time when the greatest sovereign in the world puts her household on allowance, both as to quantity and quality, in so common an article as bread, we shall probably be excused for hinting to the people that they are not solely dependent upon the forethought of their queen; that there are many little ways in which they can themselves assist in keeping the wolf from the door.

We come now, however, to a much more important branch of the subject, although the parties in whose hands the power rests are not the whole nation, but a very great and numerous body. They are the cultivators of the land, from a few yards of ground up to the most extensive farm.

The most obvious economy of the kind we mean, is that which would appear to be obtainable from a change in the mode of using the seed-corn. Although the great cereal of the East—rice—is of much lower pecuniary value than wheat, a vast deal more trouble is bestowed upon it by the cultivator. It is first sowed in moist ground, and then transplanted separately into completely flooded fields. Indeed the broad-cast system is quite unknown in those parts of the world where grain is the most plentifully raised, and where it is still more emphatically than in Europe 'the staff of life.' When wheat is sown by scattering it in handfuls over the fields, as in England, a quantity is lost by the unavoidable irregularity of its distribution; and it is likewise certain that when the grains chance to be crowded, they interfere with the growth of each other, and render the crop less heavy. In order to obviate these disadvantages, some experimentalists sow their corn in drills, while others plant it by means of the dibble; and both affirm that the saving

in seed, and gain in the crop, are very considerable. A machine has been invented with rows of dibbles, each row eight inches, and each dibble six inches apart, and so contrived, as to drop the seed into the holes, from two to three inches deep. This depth involves another saving; for the grain thus escapes both the birds and the wind.

But hand-dibbling is of course the resource of the smaller occupiers; and in this way from eight to ten quarters of wheat per acre have been obtained. It would appear from the experiments that the crop is not in proportion to the quantity of seed, but that, on the contrary, two or three kernels are better than a greater number. The following was addressed some time ago 'to farmers' by a respectable citizen of London:—'At the end of August 1843, I planted in my garden thirty-two grains of wheat, at six inches distance, an inch and a half deep. The seed was of the first-rate quality. This seed produced this year thirty-two plants, having from ten to twenty-eight stems and ears each; the average number of ears was sixteen; the average weight of each plant $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounce. An acre of land would contain, at six inches distance, 174,240 plants; the produce, 304,940 ounces, or nearly 19,600 pounds; 320 bushels, or forty quarters per acre. The expense of dibbling would be more than saved by the diminished quantity of seed required. I do not mean to state that such a result would be obtained upon a large scale; but I think it is worthy of trial, when we know that the average produce is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarters per acre, and that it is possible to grow *forty*. It will be allowed that there is ample scope for improvement. Try a breadth in your fields an inch and a half deep; put one grain, and *one only*, in each hole; plant it at six or eight inches distant; be sure to plant good seed; get as much produce as you can, but *go for forty quarters per acre*.'

This, however, it will be observed, is in garden ground, although it shows (supposing it to be correct) a degree of productiveness that was never suspected to exist. The transplanting system has likewise been successfully tried, and, what is very remarkable, on the same spot of land, year after year—the result being not only a much heavier crop than usual, but a saving of seed more than equivalent to the price of the additional labour. But it will not be supposed that it is the mere dibbling or transplanting that prevents the exhaustion of the soil, and enables the farmer, with the aid of the usual manuring, to extract from it so trying a crop every year: it is the frequent hoeing—which these systems demand, and afford room for—the constant exposure of a fresh portion of the soil to the air. The air is itself *manure*, for it contains the principles of health and aliment; and a frequent loosening and exposure of the soil do more for the plant than the unreflecting would imagine.

> ——— 'The vital air
> Pervades the swarming seas and heaving earths,
> Where teeming nature broods her myriad births,
> Fills the fine lungs of all that breathe or bud,
> Warms the new heart, and dyes the gushing blood;
> With life's first spark inspires the organic frame,
> And, as it wastes, renews the subtle flame.'

Broad-cast fields must take their chance of a fair portion of the influence of this universal restorer, for there is no room for hoeing, and very little for weeding. We do not presume, however, to enter here into the scientific questions of farming: our purpose merely is to show in what manner a saving can be effected, in doubtful or disastrous years, of the food of man.

A curious illustration is given, in Hoare's treatise on the vine, of the true vitality of plants, and the faculty they possess of searching for food where the earth is in such a state as to enable them to send forth their fibres. A bone was placed at a little distance from a vine; and the plant, as if aware of the circumstance, by means of a sense analagous to the scent in animals, despatched a leading root in quest of the prize. The root performed its mission with fidelity. In passing through some strong clay that intervened, it suffered no obstacle to interfere with its errand, and amused itself with no throwing out of fibres; but on reaching its destination, it clasped the bone in its embraces, and gradually covered it with a minute and delicate lace-work of fibres, that no doubt sucked nutriment from every pore, to be duly transmitted to the parent trunk.

A still more wholesale saving than by means of the dibble, is advocated by Mr Mechi, the proprietor of an experimental farm in Essex, who has demonstrated that he is at least in earnest in his own views, by distributing gratuitously to the extent of very many thousands an account of his doings at Tiptree. 'I believe,' says he, 'I am quite correct in stating, that in our heavy land districts only fifty acres out of every one hundred are available to produce food for man, or profit to the farmer. Full twenty acres are consumed by the farm horses, twenty-five acres in long-fallows growing nothing, but involving an outlay of nearly L.5 for each acre, and from five to ten acres occupied by banks, ditches, and farm buildings, leaving the tenant the produce of from forty-five to fifty acres to pay all charges on one hundred acres. I think it is high time such a system should be altered; that by perfect drainage, economy of manure, and superior cultivation, twelve acres should keep the horses, and *all the rest* (save the homestead, and an external iron or wood boundary fence) be available for corn or roots. That this is perfectly practicable, is proved in Lincolnshire, parts of Scotland, and other highly-cultivated districts. It is an easy and profitable way of adding forty per cent. to our territory without the cost, cruelty, and trouble of conquest, military protection, or migration, with the still more pleasing reflection of not having to rend asunder those kindly ties of home, affection, and friendship, the want of which is bitterness in the cup of many an honest emigrant.' His remarks on fences are forcible, though not new. 'With regard to fences, there appears a sort of veneration for them entirely unaccountable. I object to them *in toto*, except such as are of wood or iron. The banks on which they stand are privileged receptacles for every description of noxious weed, insect, bird, and vermin. Unhoed, unploughed, unharrowed, they furnish an annual crop of seed-weeds, carried by winds and by birds on the land, that defies all the farmer's attempts to clean it; that renders long-fallowing necessary, and involves a perpetual expense in hoeing, and loss by superseding so much of the regular crops. In fact, in a variety of ways they involve a loss far beyond the annual interest for the repair of wood or iron fences, or charge for their gradual deterioration. I object even to well-regulated thorn fences, on the score of exhaustion by their roots, the expense of clipping, and the impossibility of disturbing the ground on which they stand. But my dislike amounts to positive indignation at seeing the generality of fences occupying one-tenth of the land that should grow our food, and employ our labour and our capital, spoiling another tenth by their supply of weeds and vermin; their interruption of air and light—to say nothing of the facilities they afford for fraud and neglect of duty, and the difficulties they interpose to a ready supervision by the farmer or his bailiff. If shelter is needed at particular seasons, it can readily be afforded by other means.' Thrashing machines he considers of importance, on account of the saving they effect in the grain. 'Thrashing machines are valued principally for their facility of conversion, and the quantity they perform. To me, their more perfect extraction of the grain, and prevention of fraud and neglect, are far more important considerations. A single grain of wheat in fifty, is two pounds in every hundred, or five shillings per acre; and an examination of straw, whenever we have the opportunity, gives us fearful evidence of what is lost by imperfect thrashing and shaking.'

We have now glanced generally at what appear to us to be some of the most important points for considera-

tion at a season like this. As for the naturalisation of exotic plants, and the extended cultivation of neglected ones, these things belong to the future. We are at present like a ship's company, with a voyage of a certain length before us, and an insufficient store of food according to the usual arrangements; and it behoves us to consider what we are to do. Most of us say practically, 'It is unnecessary yet to think of the length of the voyage; we have enough in the meantime for the day or the month, and before that is expended, who knows that we shall not make another port, or meet some friendly ship upon the ocean?' Others, again, speculate upon the precautions that are to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the danger at some future time; while others still are at once for putting the whole crew upon short allowance, and purchasing eventual safety with present hunger.

The last would seem at first sight to be the most rational plan—only that it is impracticable; and for this reason, that the rations are not distributed by a purser, but are open, conditionally, to all. It is, besides, we are inclined to believe, unnecessary. The stores we have may not be so abundant as in former years, but the deficiency is not greater than may be made up by better management. We have shown, on the authority of practical persons, that we do not exact from the great purser, Nature, one-half the rations she is prepared to give to the skilful, energetic, and industrious; and we have likewise shown, that we by no means turn to proper account even the comparative pittance we receive. Under these circumstances, it is our own fault if the wolf is at the door.

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY.

The Germans are now, perhaps, the most home-loving people in Europe. We do not refer to their love of country, but to that more close and concentrated patriotism which clings to the circle of neighbourhood, the house, the family, the old occupations, amusements, customs—to all things, in short, that are included in the simple but comprehensive and most beautiful English word, Fireside. Here is a book before us,* referring to the present day in Germany, which, to our sophisticated vision, would seem to present only pictures of the olden time. Its novelty and freshness are those of an ancient ballad; and the feelings it awakens gush up from the sealed fountains of our forgotten youth. The Christmas Tree—that literal tree, but how full of metaphorical meanings!—is planted in the German heart; and still therefore it blooms on the table, winter after winter, its branches heavy with the mutual presents that serve as annual tokens of affection among parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, friends, neighbours, and acquaintances. And pleasant is the talk round that Christmas Tree (the top branches of an evergreen pine), and merry the laugh, and soft the tear, and solemn the hymn of gratitude and praise; and delightful, too, are the tales with which the winter eve is passed away; for they are told by earnest lips, listened to by indulgent ears, and felt by kindly and loving hearts.

A picture of home life—and knitting book! This conjunction of literature and needlework will amuse the untravelled English; but to those who know Germany, where tales enliven, without interrupting industry, and where the ladies not unfrequently take their knitting even to the theatre, the association will be both natural and pleasing. It reminds one of the announcement of one of Leigh Hunt's journals, as being 'sold at the tobacconist's.' Of the value of the knitting department of the work, however, we confess our inability to form a correct estimate; and must, therefore, confine ourselves to the literature, which we do not hesitate to say is at least equal in interest to that of the English Christmas books. But the specimen we are about to give will do something more than support this opinion. It will show the *effect* of the Christmas Tree upon the character of the German women.

'A large party had met at the castle of Count Mansfeldt, at D——, amongst whom the Baroness Marbach shone conspicuous, by her fascinating manners, and truly domestic character. The baroness wished to prepare a surprise for her husband on his birthday, and secretly invited the company present to assemble at her residence, for that purpose, in three weeks' time. The novelty and mystery pleased us all very much; and the secret invitation was not communicated to any beyond the party invited—which was, however, a pretty considerable one, amounting to about ninety persons; for each person at D—— had a *carte blanche* to invite a party of their own friends to accompany them. Thus the *éclat* of the business was spared to the lady of the house; and no notes or answers being received, no suspicions were aroused.

'But some serious domestic matters had in the meantime diverted the baroness's thoughts from this impulse of a moment; and it literally so happened, that the festive day arrived, and with it ninety guests to be entertained, with no previous preparation on the part of the improvident hostess!

'The Baroness Marbach, with her husband and three children, were seated at their family dinner on the day in question, when a servant announced the first arrival of guests, in full ball costume. Such is our custom. An invitation for a certain day—however the evening is to close—is always attended early in the forenoon; and this party, who lived a considerable distance off, had set out, accordingly, in their own carriage at nine in the morning.

'As for ourselves, we had dreamt of little else but the delightful day we had anticipated spending at Rudel (the name of Baron Marbach's estate); and we amused ourselves on the way by projecting new games and plays, and promising ourselves to dance till daylight. We were the next arrival. Then another, and another carriage full of guests was announced; and the astounded baron believed his birthday must have been placarded. He turned to his wife for an explanation, when suddenly the whole truth flashed upon her mind; and turning deadly pale, she exclaimed, "Walter, what is to become of me? Three weeks ago I invited these guests, to celebrate your birthday, intending a surprise for you; but until this moment the circumstance never recurred to me. What am I to do? Most of my guests come from afar, and will require a substantial dinner."

"Never mind, my love," said the kind husband; "we must put the best face on the matter we can;" and laughing heartily, he led her to the reception-room, to meet her unexpected guests.

'With all her usual hospitality, and more than her accustomed grace, did the baroness receive us, while the baron made the announcement of his lady's lapse of memory amidst shouts of laughter, and declarations on the part of the young ladies that each would display her culinary acquirements, by producing an impromptu dish for the occasion. Aprons were in requisition from all the maids, and tied over the more costly dresses of the fair cooks. All was soon bustle and activity in the servants' hall; while those who had before been but slightly acquainted, grew all at once into intimacy, under these exciting and novel circumstances. The gentlemen were permitted to act as assistants, so long as their services were required; while the servants were despatched in all quarters for fish, flesh, and fowl, to meet the sudden demand.

'The elder ladies, after having partaken of luncheon, strolled into the park or gardens; and the gentlemen visited the stables and the farm until the appointed

* The German Christmas-Eve; or Deutscher Damen Weihnachts Körbchen. a Picture of Home Life in Germany; comprising Personal Recollections, Tales, and Sketches; with Descriptions and Directions for working upwards of One Hundred very beautiful and entirely original Patterns for Knitting. Illustrated by Numerous Engravings. By Madame Apolline Flohr. Edited by Mrs A. Montgomery. London: G. C. Caines.

dinner hour; when at five o'clock, the soup tureens smoked on the table with most commendable punctuality, and the host and hostess seated themselves at the middle of the table with their elder guests—this being the seat of honour—while the upper and lower ends were devoted to the young people, who had thus laboured for their dinner at least one day in their lives.

'Shouts of laughter echoed through the hall as each dish was analysed and criticised, or left unowned by the fair preparers of the feast, according as the judgment passed was favourable or otherwise. Pretended connoisseurs sought to discover the ingredients of many disguised dishes, ingeniously contrived to vary the paucity of the materials. Crabs had been tortured into hundreds of shapes, and baptised by a variety of appellations not hitherto applied to the crustaceous tribe; and the young gentlemen did not fail to put in their claim to a full portion of the praise awarded to the "neat-handed Phillises," whose ready slaves they had proved themselves in the morning.

'The Baroness Marbach's *quid pro quo* was not only productive of a most enchanting day of mirth, and a night of dance and song, but two of the fair cooks were happily settled in their own houses before many months had elapsed, in consequence of the *talents de ménage* they had that day displayed.

'Theresa Körner, on that memorable day, won the heart of a stately stranger by the grace of her movements in her assumed character, as much as by the delicacy and rich flavour of her tribute to the baroness's entertainment; and the young and blooming Esmelda —who had hitherto been considered by the parents of her lover, the young Count Herrman, as not sufficiently *distinguée* for their son — so gained upon their good graces, on this occasion, by the consummate skill she displayed in her dish of ortolans, that they needed no further solicitation to consent to the speedy union of the happy pair.

'Amongst the guests on this happy occasion there was an English lady, who expressed equal astonishment and admiration at the expertness of my countrywomen in all female domestic accomplishments; and related that, having expected to meet Frau von V—— (a most delightful woman) at a large party, she was surprised to receive, as an apology from her husband, the intelligence that his lady was attending to their *large washing* at home!

'The Baroness Marbach explained to the stranger that few German ladies, even of high rank, leave their homes on these occasions; which, however, do not occur (in well-regulated houses) more than twice or thrice in the course of the year, when from twenty to thirty women from the neighbouring villages are engaged for the operation.

'A composition of ashes and oil having been prepared some days before, the wearing apparel and house-linen for the family is then placed in an enormous vat, a coarse cloth is thrown over the whole, and the composition is then poured in till it reaches the top. Cold water is afterwards thrown on all, and it is allowed to run through the bottom by means of a tap; then warm water is poured in several times, and allowed to run off in like manner, the water each time being poured in at a higher temperature, until at length it is thrown in boiling, and is then allowed to remain in the vat twenty-four hours. By this process all wear and tear by rubbing are avoided, and the linen is much whiter than if cleansed by friction.

'After the clothes are considered sufficiently soaked, the vats are conveyed in wagons, drawn by horses, to a piece of clear water, where women stand in boats ready to receive the linen, and to rince it thoroughly; after which it is conveyed to the drying-ground. When brought home, the servants of the house starch and blue the necessary portion; but all the ladies, old and young, are expected to assist in hanging it out, and folding it for the mangle.

'Every lady is taught to iron and do up her own linen; although she rarely makes this her habit: and lover as well as husband is well aware that a domestic, good wife, will always superintend the *great washing*.'

We pity the reader who cannot relish these pictures!

TO RECOVER THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Lose no time, but do things quietly and orderly. Avoid all roughness, hurry, and crowding; and observe to regulate the heat and strength of all remedies. Let one intelligent person alone direct, while the necessary assistants implicitly obey. Send for medical aid, and in the meantime act as follows:—

1*st*, Convey the body carefully, with the face upwards, and the head and shoulders a little raised, to the nearest house or tavern. If to a distance, especially in summer, previously remove any wet clothes, rub the body dry, and wrap it in a blanket, or the garments of bystanders. A covering, such as a dry coat, even over wet clothes, will check further chilling from evaporation. A door or stretcher forms the best conveyance, and a folded jacket might be placed under the head.

2*d*, The body being removed to a warm room, near a fire, strip and rub it dry, and then lay it on a warm blanket or carpet, the loose sides of which are convenient to cover it, with a warm pillow for the shoulders, and two for the head, arranged on a table or mattress.

3*d*, Let six active persons only be in the room—namely, one on each side of the body, to rub it all over diligently, but not too roughly, especially near the heart, with warm dry cloths, or a flesh-brush; a third to apply warmth; a fourth to attend to the breathing; a fifth to the head, by constantly cleansing the mouth and nostrils, and turning it aside on vomiting; and the sixth to help generally, and give directions.

4*th*, To restore warmth and circulation.—Move a heated warming-pan, properly covered, several times over the stomach, heart, and spine. Apply warm flannels or a hot pillow across the stomach, and any heavier *hot* articles, such as bags or stockings of sand, salt, bran, or grains, bottles or bladders of water, bricks or oven-shelves covered, &c. to the armpits, sides of the body, between the thighs and legs, feet and hands. A strong hartshorn, or other stimulating embrocation, or turpentine, rubbed over the chest and spine, is highly useful. Fomentations and means for a warm bath should be got ready, but from frequent mismanagement, they had better be left to medical superintendence; as also the burning of cotton wool, or paper soaked in strong spirits or turpentine, on the pit of the stomach, and the use of electricity or galvanism. On an alarm of drowning, the neighbours should freely prepare for the event: sand, &c. can be quickly warmed in a frying-pan, and pillows, towels, &c. in an oven.

5*th*, To assist or restore breathing.—When beginning, or very weak, imitate it by alternately pressing the belly rather upwards, and the ribs downwards, about fifteen times in the minute, and occasionally hold some sharp scent to the nostrils, and irritate them with a feather dipped in vinegar, hartshorn, or mustard. If suspended, gently inflate the lungs with common or dust bellows, having the pipe introduced into one nostril, whilst the other and mouth are closed by an assistant, who should afterwards release them, and compress the chest for expiration; at the same time the upper part of the windpipe should be slightly depressed, and rather pushed back against the gullet, to allow a more certain access of the air. (A bent tube for direct communication with the larynx, having one end fitted by India-rubber to the nozle of a bellows, should be kept by every medical man.) A more ready plan, especially for children, but defective, from the air being less pure, is managed by a person taking a deep inspiration, and instantly blowing through the mouth or nostrils of the body, either at once by applying the mouth, or by a tube, closing whichever is free with one hand, whilst the windpipe is handled as above stated with the other: thus continue, now blowing into, and afterwards compressing the chest, until natural breathing is restored, or the case appears hopeless.

6*th*, Nothing should be given inwardly, by the mouth, unless the power of swallowing exists, and then only small quantities of *warm* ginger tea, spiced negus or ale, or weak spirit and water occasionally. A stimulating clyster, consisting of turpentine, mustard, pepper, ginger, with or without spirit, to half a pint of warm water, is advisable, and might early be administered.

7th, Means of recovery should be persisted in for at least two hours; and if any signs of life have appeared, to even double that time. When recovery seems established, rest should be enjoined; but a strict watch kept for some hours, as sinking is apt to happen from subsequent neglect.

Cautions.—Never shake the body, nor hold it up by the feet, or roll it on casks, as it is a mistaken belief that much water is swallowed. Never rub with salt or spirits, nor inject the smoke or infusion of tobacco. Never bleed, or inject drinks, but by medical advice.

In excessive intoxication, or mixed cases with drowning, the means of restoration are much similar—namely, warmth, friction, artificial breathing, loosening or removal of tight or wet clothes, &c.; but encourage vomiting, or use the stomach-pump, and give drinks of *warm* water, common or ginger tea—but no spirits, wine, or ale.

In all cases of apparent death, however produced, three objects ought to engage attention:—1*st*, To remove every hurtful cause; 2*d*, To regulate the temperature and circulation; and 3*d*, To restore breathing. It is only a popular fallacy to defer attempts at resuscitation until the coroner or other persons in authority view the body.

EGREMONT, *May* 1, 1847.

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

Under the head of 'Zoology,' in a late number of the Journal, it is said that it is a much-disputed question whether the vampire bat ever ventures to assail man, and it strikes me that a circumstance which came under my knowledge may be useful in any future notice you may make of that blood-sucker. I was speaking to a merchant in the island of Trinidad about a horse of a friend of mine having been reduced to a state of great weakness by loss of blood from a wound made by a vampire bat, when he gave me the following account of one of these creatures having attacked himself:—He said he had gone to a house which he had upon an estate in the interior of the island, and being detained until late in the day, he had a bed prepared in a large room, which he usually occupied on such occasions. As the night was hot, he allowed the mosquito curtains to remain suspended, instead of dropping them round the bed; and having extinguished his light, he was lying on his back admiring the moon's rays as they streamed through one of the open windows, when suddenly a large vampire bat flew into the apartment. It immediately occurred to him to try the experiment of baring his chest, and remaining perfectly quiescent, to see whether the monster would attack him. At first, it sailed along on noiseless wing from one end of the room to the other, passing outside the foot of the bed: after several turns, it changed its course, and passed between the canopy of the bed and his person; then it gradually shortened its sweep, sailing backwards and forwards within the space of a few yards, until at last it ceased to sweep past him altogether, but hovered immediately over him, moving its wings with rapidity, but without noise (and he described this agitation of the air as exceedingly soothing and grateful). He declared that he could not exactly distinguish the moment when the bat pitched on his naked breast, so softly did it alight, and so incessant was the fanning of its wings even after it had alighted. He was, however, soon sensible of a slight pain resembling the bite of a leech, and which he no sooner felt than he grasped the bat with both hands, and strangled it. At this distance of time (sixteen years), I could not venture to state positively what he said was the length the creature measured between the tips of its extended wings, but I think it was eighteen inches.—*From a correspondent.*

INFANCY OF COAL GAS.

It appears that Dr Clayton, dean of Kildare, was the first who decidedly obtained gas from coal by distillation. In a letter addressed by the dean to the Honourable Robert Boyle, and inserted in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1739, he says—'I got some coal, and distilled it in a retort in an open fire. At first there came over only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then, likewise, a spirit arose, which I could noways condense, but it forced my lute and broke my glasses: once, when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto, in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again alternately several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit, in order to which I took a tubulated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out and lighted it again several times; after which I fixed a bladder, squeezed and void of air, to the pipe of the receiver; the oil and phlegm descended into the receiver, but the spirit, still ascending, blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith, and might have filled an inconceivable number more, for the spirit continued to rise for several hours, and filled the bladders almost as fast as a man could have blown them with his mouth; and yet the quantity of coals distilled was inconsiderable. I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavoured several ways to condense it, but in vain; and when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and pricked a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would then continue burning till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder, which was the more surprising, because no one could discern any difference in the appearance between these bladders and those which are filled with common air.'

HAPPINESS AND RICHES.

It cannot be too early or too deeply instilled into the minds of the young and inexperienced, that the means and happiness of riches are, in a great degree, in every man's power. A blind belief in destiny, or fortune, acts as a powerful stimulus to indolence and indecision, and makes men sit down and fold their hands in apathy. Nothing is more common in the world than for people to excuse their own indolence by referring the prosperity of others to the caprice of fortune. Success, every experienced man knows, is as generally a consequence of industry and good conduct, as disappointment is the consequence of indolence and indecision. The difference in the progress which men make in life, who start with the same prospects and opportunities, is a proof that more depends upon conduct than fortune; and if a man, instead of envying his neighbour's fortune, and deploring his own, should inquire what means he has employed, or those he has neglected, he would secure a result to his wishes. But the great misfortune is, few have courage to undertake, and fewer candour to execute, such a system of self-examination. Thousands thus pass through life angry with fate, when they ought to be angry with themselves—too fond of the enjoyment which riches procure, ever to be happy without them; and too indolent and unsteady, ever to pursue the legitimate means by which they are attainable.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

DR COTTA.

Besides the great powers who dwelt in the palaces of Vienna, and to whose dinners and evening parties welcome and unwelcome guests thronged, there were others who were contented with the smallest space, where they might indulge in privacy and free conversation. Dr Cotta and his wife had, one might say, pitched a tent, so small and transient was their dwelling; but this tent was the centre of much that was going on. Cotta had come to Vienna as the representative of the German booksellers, in order to arrange some measure for securing a general copyright for all the German states: but under this humble guise he had many other objects in view, touching German affairs in general: many were the warnings and recommendations which found their way, through him, into the Augsburg Gazette, and into the Hamburg Observer. While he enjoyed the personal intimacy of several sovereigns, and of the greatest statesmen, his prudence and reserve, together with the power given him by the press, caused him to be trusted with the most important matters. This remarkable man, in spite of his wealth and influence, was simple and homely in his habits, always went a-foot, attended to everything himself, allowed nothing to stand in his way, and how small soever was the business on which he was engaged, he invariably looked to what was great and good in the end.—*Sketches of German Life.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 181. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1847. Price 1½d.

MORAL ECONOMICS.

It is commonly supposed that temperance and the revenue are on different sides—that the more alcohol the people consume, the richer will be the treasury. This might be true if the revenue depended exclusively upon alcohol; but since the fact is otherwise, it is an obvious fallacy. A people steeped in drunkenness are the worst possible payers of taxes. The more a man indulges in this way, the less he can indulge in any other way. He must limit himself even in what others consider necessaries—apportioning, like Falstaff, a halfpennyworth of bread to two gallons of sack. Taxation, direct and indirect, suffers from his prevailing propensity; and both customs and excise lose far more on the general account than they gain in the individual item.

It would seem, in fact, that a flourishing revenue is the best index to the happiness, and therefore to the temperance, of the people. But a revenue cannot be in a flourishing state which is not in due proportion to the means of the contributors; and this, therefore, has always been the grand problem—how to draw exactly as much from the people as they can reasonably afford to pay. Sometimes taxes are increased in order to augment the revenue, and sometimes they are diminished with the very same object; but in general, it will be observed that the impost rises in amount so long as the consumption of the article continues to extend. When this stops, it is a proof that the fiscal experiments have gone too far, and a change in the opposite direction is tried.

Alcohol, however, under its various denominations of wine, spirits, beer, &c. is supposed to be in a different category from other commodities. Government is called upon to abandon, with regard to it, the principles of political economy, and establish in their stead a new system of moral economics. They are blamed for every relaxation of duties, for every extension of licenses to sell; and at the present moment they are told, that to place the West Indian distillers more nearly upon a footing with those of the parent country, is only putting a new temptation in the way of an already intemperate people. If these views were correct—if it were in the power of the government to put down intemperance by means of fiscal regulations—then would our course be clear; but the problem is by no means so easily solved. High duties do *not* afford the antidote sought by the moralists; nor, even when amounting to a prohibition, do they limit the consumption. We find practically that comforts, conveniences, respectabilities, luxuries, are one by one abandoned as the forbidden gratification rises from our grasp, till the smuggler steps in with an almost unlimited supply. In this case taxation has done double mischief, by conferring a character of *genteel* upon the article (for in England everything that is expensive is genteel), and the smuggled potation, claiming consanguinity as it does with its legitimate brother, is not despised on account of its cheapness.

The puzzlement under which government has always laboured as to the best course to adopt for the safety of the revenue, and the encouragement of the home manufacture (for they never entered very deeply into the moral question), is both amusing and instructive. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the English became so much addicted to French wine and brandy, that our rulers were in great consternation as to the fate of our brewers and distillers. The plan they adopted in 1689, was entirely to prohibit the importation of these foreign drinks; but this had so little effect, that in a few years after they found they were only abandoning to the smuggler the profits that ought to have gone into their own treasury. They had now recourse to high duties; determining that if people would drink French alcohol, they should at least pay a large price for it. But smuggling was by this time an important trade, which flourishes as well upon high duties as upon actual prohibition; and after contending with it for the greater part of a century, they determined to take stringent measures with the enemy. In 1779, it was enacted that a vessel of any burden, however great, importing foreign spirits in casks of less than sixty gallons, should be liable to confiscation; while vessels of not less than 200 tons burden, sinning in the same way, even if found merely hovering about the coast within two leagues of land, were to share the like fate. But even this would not do; and in a few years they were obliged to compete with the smuggler by lowering their duties. In the meantime price appeared to have no effect upon the consumers of alcohol. When one menstruum went beyond their reach, they applied to another. When beaten from brandy, they took to rum; and from rum they fell back upon home distillations—which must always to a great extent defy the revenue officer. But the taste for foreign or colonial spirits was not to be balked by a trifle. In the latter half of the century, for instance, when the duties on rum were tolerably steady, the price paid to the planter, in consequence, it is to be presumed, of the greater demand, rose five shillings a gallon; and yet within this period the quantity of rum imported into London increased from 600,000 to 4,000,000 gallons!

Let us extend a little farther, however, the inquiry as to the effect of price upon temperance. Do we find those countries the most intemperate in which the various forms of alcohol consumed by ourselves are produced? By no means. The wine or brandy does comparatively little harm to those who manufacture it, and can drink it cheaply: it is only when burdened

with duties, and expenses of transit, that it becomes a true poison. The French are a sober people, with their common wine (which has more alcohol than the higher qualities) at a few sous a bottle, and their brandy at a few francs a gallon. In the United States there is less drunkenness than in Scotland; although, in the former country, the price of whisky is only from 10d. to 1s. 4d. a gallon. Of Canada the like may be said, where whisky may be bought for 1s. 6d., and rum for 2s. 4d. a gallon. In Norway the distillation of spirits is quite unrestricted, and the cost, therefore, to the consumer is about 1s. 2d. a gallon. In consequence of this, the intelligent traveller, Laing, 'expected to have seen a great deal of drunkenness and disturbance in an assemblage of four or five thousand people of two distinct nations:' but he saw quite the reverse. 'The only individuals,' he observes, 'I have seen thoroughly drunk, or in the state in which well-clad men may be seen staggering through the streets of Edinburgh every day, are the Laplanders.'

We have endeavoured to make some approach to the relative quantities of alcohol consumed in the countries already mentioned, but without the success which would tempt us to submit the calculations to our readers. The fact is, illicit distillation in England is carried on to an extent which makes figures useless. The enormous apparent increase of the consumption of spirits in 1831, after the reduction of the duty, was quite fallacious: it merely showed that a considerable number of private stills had been disheartened, and left off work. Were it otherwise, a more than *double* allowance of alcohol (for such was the increase!) would have thrown the whole country into a convulsion of drunkenness. In France, it is very little worth people's while to cheat the revenue in this way; and in the United States, Canada, and Norway, there can be no such thing at all.

Let us now just glance at Australia, which we shall find in a very different category from that of the cheap alcohol countries. The duty there ranges—or did so recently—on the different kinds of spirits from 3s. to 10s. 2¼d. per gallon; so that the price, adding a round sum for the cost of grain, must be great enough to meet the moralist's wishes. What is the result? That the annual consumption for every man, woman, and child in New South Wales is 3⅝ imperial gallons; whereas, even in intemperate England, the average is only a trifle more than one gallon! But this would seem to prove too much: it would seem to prove that although the exciseman and the customhouse officers are the great patrons of drunkenness, some other influence must likewise be at work to contaminate the growing empire in the Pacific. This is true: but there is a remarkable connection between the two influences. The great money value of alcohol in England renders it an article of first-rate social importance; and in establishing the colony, therefore, it was considered necessary to provide liberally for the cravings of intemperance. A regular ration of ardent spirits was served out to all free persons in the government service, great and small; and besides this, large quantities were issued periodically, free of duty, to officers of all ranks. It seemed, in fact, to be the grand ambition of government to keep the colony in a state of constant drunkenness; and so successful were they, that 'shortly after the commencement of the present century,' we are told by Dr Lang of New South Wales, 'it had become one grand scene of brutal dissipation and licentiousness, of lawless violence and rapine.' To this Dr Redfern adds in 1820: 'Eighteen years ago, the period when I arrived in the colony, it was lamentable to behold the excess to which drunkenness was carried: it was no uncommon occurrence for men to sit down round a bucket of spirits and drink it with quart pots, until they were unable to stir from the spot; and frequently did the settler involve himself so deeply in debt by drunkenness, that it terminated in his ruin.' Had spirits been as cheap in England as in America, and the other countries we have mentioned, government would not have considered them so essentially necessary to their colonists!

From the above examples, it would seem that high duties, instead of acting as checks to intemperance, do quite the reverse: it would seem, in short, that increased cost increases drunkenness. This may be partly owing to the enhanced price letting abroad a new element of disorder among the people—smuggling: but we must go still deeper in search of the whole cause of so apparently anomalous an effect. Who are the drinkers in this country? Those who can afford the luxury, or those who cannot? Among the upper classes, the people of hundreds or thousands a-year, there is hardly such a thing known as drunkenness; and it is only when we descend the scale of wealth, so far as to get within the line of penury and want, that the vice presents itself in any noticeable form. It cannot be said, therefore, that lowness of price is any encouragement to intemperance; for in the one case a bottle of spirits may be the tithe of a week's income, while in the other it is hardly discernible at all as an item in the expenditure. The difference between the two classes in this respect arises partly from the difference in their education and general knowledge; but principally, we fear, from the difference in their position as regards social happiness, or even harmless recreation.

In the case of the United States and Canada, the people, generally speaking, have plenty of work and plenty of food: they have, comparatively with the English, but little temptation to resort to intoxication; and spirits are so abundant and so cheap, as to have no factitious value in their eyes. This latter is a consideration of more consequence than is generally suspected. One would suppose the drinker, at least of the lower classes, to value the spirit on account of the alcohol it contains; but he values it likewise on account of the price. We were once, in threading our way along Drury Lane in London, interrupted by a crowd of women assembled, as they usually are in that street, morning, noon, and night, round a gin-palace. 'The gentlefolks,' remarked one old lady to her gossip as we passed, 'suppose that the likes of us drink only gin; but for my part I have not touched anything less than rum these three weeks!' In France, the same feeling prevails in a class a little higher. Brandy, being cheap, is vulgar; and a *petit verre* of rum is taken by way of a dram—a potion which the English palate rejects contemptuously in favour of brandy.

The French are not a better-informed people than the English, and the cause of their comparative sobriety is to be looked for partly in the cheapness of their alcohol, but chiefly in the multiplicity of their social recreations. They have no occasion to resort to drinking. The lower orders are almost uniformly gay and light-hearted; and their womankind (the natural enemies of drunkenness) are always with them in their social amusements. It is the wise policy of government to encourage this tendency to good-humour; and at public *fêtes* the state furnishes music, and other accommodations, that the people may dance gratuitously. In England, when a great lord desires to celebrate some event, he taps a hogshead of beer for his tenants, or turns a pond of water into punch: in France, he hires a few fiddles, and makes all the world happy with a quadrille.

'If there be a happy class of people in Europe,' says Mr Laing, 'it is the Norwegian bonder. He is the owner of his little estate; he has no feu-duty or feudal service to pay to any superiors; he is king of his own land, and landlord as well as king; his poor-rate and tithes are too inconsiderable to be mentioned; his scot or land-tax is heavy, but everything he uses is in consequence so much cheaper; and he has that which renders every tax light—the management of it by his own representatives, and the satisfaction of publicity and economy in its application. . . . He is well lodged, has abundance of fuel, and that quantity of land in general which does not place him above the necessity of per-

sonal labour, but far above want or privation, if sickness or age should prevent him from working. . . . He has no cares for his family, because he knows what their condition will be after his death: he knows that his wife succeeds to him; and as long as she remains unmarried, the only difference made by his death is, that there is one less in the family.' Why should the bonder (agriculturist) of Norway be intemperate? What inducement has he to stupify himself with a drug which he can buy for fourteenpence a gallon?

It has now been shown, we believe, that the fears of the moralists on the subject of cheap alcohol are, in all probability, chimerical; and indeed, that if there is any necessary connection between the price and the consumption of intoxicating drinks, it is of a very different kind from what is commonly supposed. We have shown, however, or rather we have repeated a well-known fact, that the intemperate of the present age are the poor and the ignorant, the gloomy and antisocial; and on this point it is impossible to dwell too long or too strongly. The remedies are not duties or restrictions of any kind, but the reduction of *all* taxation to the utmost limits the exigencies of the state will allow; the spread of useful and entertaining knowledge, by means of education and the press; and the cultivation of a cheerful and kindly spirit among the people, by the encouragement of social recreation.

YOUNG FRANCE.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

Tancredi P. Mathieu was a member of the Young France party. He was the son of an honest and simple-minded Parisian grocer, who allowed him a handsome income, and left him at perfect liberty to act as he pleased. His real name was Pierre Mathieu. Tancredi had been assumed for poetical and euphonious reasons. His friends, who knew his sensitiveness on this head, never gave him any other appellation. Like all members of the Young France party—that is to say, about ten or twelve years ago—Tancredi wore long curly hair, a narrow-pointed hat, white kid gloves, and a shirt-collar turned down with the most Byronian despair. Any one who looked on that shirt-collar could have told that its owner was a melancholy man—one 'whose young aspirations had been nipped in the bud by the chilling breath of an unfeeling world.'

Tancredi's existence had indeed been imbittered by various disappointments. In the first place, he was neither an unknown foundling, nor an exile, nor a persecuted man: he had enjoyed throughout life the most provoking and commonplace happiness. He did not even possess the comfort of having a tyrannical father. M. Mathieu the elder was a thoroughly easy and good-natured man. Satisfied with having given his son a good moral education, he allowed him to be the judge of his own conduct; and though he would certainly have been much better pleased to see him engaged in some profitable and useful occupation, he raised no opposition to his joining the Young France party, wearing long hair, and a pointed hat. Some persons kindly assured him that Pierre—they scorned to call him Tancredi—was on the high road to ruin. But M. Mathieu composedly replied that his son was only afflicted with a temporary mania then very prevalent amongst young Frenchmen, and that he did not despair of seeing him one day radically cured. This persuasion did not prevent the grocer from reasoning with his son; he even endeavoured to show him that he was acting very foolishly; but as Tancredi immediately assumed the tone and attitude of a martyr, and as his father—who, under the appearance of great simplicity, was nevertheless possessed of much tact and good sense—perceived that he longed to be persecuted for his opinions, he gradually dropped the subject, and left him perfectly free.

Tancredi keenly felt what he termed his father's injustice. He was at war with society—so at least he said—and he had a right to persecution. His friends all agreed with him that it was a hard case, but advised him, however, to bear with it patiently. Nor was this the unhappy youth's only cause of grief: another source of bitter regret lay in his personal appearance. Somehow or other he had inherited from his father the grocer a round, rosy, good-humoured face, of which he could not possibly get rid. Notwithstanding his constant efforts to infuse into it some slight portion of the poetical melancholy which, according to his own expression, 'was devouring his soul,' it always looked pleased, happy, and contented. To make matters still worse, he was remarkably fair, and inclined to corpulency. Gladly would Tancredi have sacrificed half his worldly hopes to be thin and sallow. Under these painful circumstances, he was not, nevertheless, without some comfort: one of his best friends had informed him that he was wonderfully like Marat. Like all generous spirits, our hero often forgot his own unhappiness in his philanthropic compassion for the ignorance and blindness of mankind at large: he was convinced that the world was not yet half civilised, and that the bourgeois of Paris especially were in a lamentable state of barbarism. As he was himself a bourgeois by birth, he conceived that his 'mission' must plainly lie in civilising his unhappy brethren; and as he happened to entertain for them the most thorough and hearty contempt, he was evidently peculiarly fitted for this delicate task.

The bourgeois are the middle classes of France. They chiefly consist of retired tradespeople, small capitalists, and *employés*, or clerks, in the offices of the government, from whom they generally receive a moderate salary for their services. They are a quiet and inoffensive race, but remarkably timid and cautious, and tenacious of their habits and opinions to an extraordinary degree. Seeing them so far behind their age, Tancredi generously resolved to devote himself to their improvement. Whether they were willing to be improved or not, was no consideration; indeed Tancredi did not care a pin on the subject. If he could not succeed in making the bourgeois better, he had little doubt of getting persecuted by them; so that, whichever way the wind blew, he felt pretty sure of reaping some benefit. These preliminaries being settled, he resolved to begin his attack on a little colony of bourgeois, which had been settling for the last century in one of the most quiet and retired streets of the Marais, not far from the spot where stood his father's house.

This street, which shall be nameless, very much resembled a country town. Though not possessing more than a dozen houses on either side, it was divided into several sets, which knew nothing whatever of one another. The most important set, and that which immediately drew Tancredi's attention, was Madame Jacquemin's, a lady who, with her husband, a retired dyer, inhabited a coquettish little house, ornamented with a grass plot in front, and a garden at the back, and situated in the most conspicuous part of the street. But notwithstanding these advantages, M. Jacquemin was an unhappy man. He had toiled all his life in order to enjoy his old age in peace; and instead of his fancied happiness, he now found nothing in retirement save ennui and weariness of spirit. It was in vain that he spent the day in walking up and down his handsome house, and about his pleasant garden; they could administer no pleasure to his mind. He would gladly have given them both for the dark and dismal shop of the Rue Saint Denis, where he had spent thirty years of his life in providing for his present discomfort. Madame Jacquemin, who bore her misfortunes with a truly heroic spirit, endeavoured to arouse her husband from his unhappy state. She took him to the play, but he invariably fell asleep before the close of the first act; she then wished to introduce him into fashionable society—a plan which failed signally; and finally, as a last resource, made him take in all the daily newspapers, and give parties twice a-week. M. Jacquemin never looked at one of his newspapers himself; but as

he nevertheless, and very judiciously, made it a rule that not one of them should leave his house, and as he very liberally invited his friends to 'come and look at the papers,' his *salon* was every morning converted into a kind of reading-room, over which he presided, and where, for two or three hours at least, he could once more fancy himself in his shop, surrounded by his customers.

His evening parties were not quite so amusing; because, as Madame Jacquemin often observed, 'they could not ask everybody.' Almost all their guests were inhabitants of the street; but there were of course vulgar insignificant houses, whose lodgers could, under no pretence whatever, be received or admitted by the dyer's wife. Good M. Jacquemin, who, in the fulness of his ennui, would gladly have opened his house to the whole world, was much annoyed by his wife's scruples, but nevertheless compelled to submit to them. Amongst the favoured few were M. Bonnet and his wife, a couple who resided on the first floor of No. 7, and who, as Madame Legrand, a waspish little widow, who lived above them, spitefully averred, gave themselves airs in consequence. But as there was a constant feud between her and Madame Bonnet, too much faith should not be placed in the lady's assertions. M. Bonnet was a melancholy-looking man, exceedingly nervous and timid, and employed at the war-office, whence he often came home in the evening blank with dismay, hinting at horrible tidings from Abd-el-Kader, or intimating the likelihood of a war with 'perfidious Albion.' Being considered a profound politician, and suspected of knowing much more of government affairs than he chose to tell, he was much respected everywhere save in his own family, over which Madame Bonnet, who was a very high-spirited woman, boasted that she alone held dominion. Her three daughters, who strongly resembled their mother, were very tall, very bony, and very spirited girls. Madame Legrand, the officer's widow, who tenanted the second floor of the same house, was likewise admitted at the Jacquemin parties. She was thin, withered, had no children, and was immoderately fond of animals. Whole generations of cats and dogs revelled in her salon and bedroom; cages of birds were hung up everywhere in her apartment; and golden fishes swam in vases filled with their native element on every window-sill. M. Laurent, a stout old bachelor, not unlike a full-blown rose, dwelt on the third floor. He had a mortal hatred against Madame Legrand and her menagerie, those of the canine race in particular. Of this fact the dogs seemed to have an instinctive knowledge, for whenever he came up or down stairs, they snarled and growled; and if they chanced to be on the landing, never missed the opportunity of flying at his heels. Though M. Laurent disliked animals, he had a passion for flowers and gardening: he had turned his apartment into a perfect conservatory, and the greatest portion of his time was spent in cultivating and watching over a certain patch of land, about as large as a dining-table, and termed his garden. M. Laurent was of course another of M. Jacquemin's *invités*.

But besides the inhabitants of No. 7, there were various other individuals admitted at the retired dyer's parties. Amongst these were several old ladies, who did an immense quantity of worsted work; and a mysterious family named the De Lorrains, and thought to be of noble extraction, who inhabited an old dreamy-looking hotel at the end of the street. They were six in all—were very pale, tall, and thin; they dressed meanly, accepted every invitation, and gave none in return. Some charitable soul indeed noticed that they never refused anything, not even the refreshments which were liberally handed round at the dyer's parties; and as to the cakes, it was actually suspected that they were so vulgar and ungenteel as to have an appetite for them. It was also known—it is wonderful how those things are always known—that in the coldest weather they had no fires. Sometimes, indeed, they indulged themselves in a fagot, to which they set fire with great ceremony; the youngest De Lorrain being always on such an occasion despatched in a great hurry to summon his father, in order that he might partake of the genial heat ere it was quite extinct. At first the De Lorrains were thought mean—then they were accused of being poor; but many defended them, and asserted that they were only misers. It then began to be reported that they were immensely rich, and their company was for some time eagerly sought. It is true their fortune, if they had one, was of no great use to anybody, not even to themselves; but who has not felt the sense of security, the comfort, which lies in having a rich acquaintance? As years, however, passed away, and they lived quite as meanly, and dressed as shabbily as ever, this impression wore off: they began to be looked upon as impostors, and there was some talk of discarding them altogether. But Madame Jacquemin, who was of a compassionate disposition, resolved to spare them, on account of their poverty and their gentle blood; they accordingly continued to be admitted to the soirées, where they acted a subordinate part, being patronised by every one. Such were the individuals who met at M. Jacquemin's parties; if their company did not afford him much amusement, it was not their fault. The retired dyer was very selfish: he plainly showed his visitors that he cared for no one but himself; yet, strangely enough, everybody sympathised with him, everybody seemed ready to administer comfort and advice.

The De Lorrains spoke of giving dinners as a very interesting occupation. Madame Legrand assured M. Jacquemin that taking to animals would cure him of his melancholy, and actually offered to lend him one of her dogs, and an old canary bird that had long ceased to sing, if indeed it had ever sung; but M. Laurent hinted that animals would sour his temper, and asserted that gardening would prove much more soothing, and talked of sending him down some choice flowers. Madame Bonnet recommended adopting some interesting and sweet-tempered child; not an orphan—you never know what kind of parents an orphan had; swindlers and thieves perhaps—but a child whose parents, honest respectable people, were still alive—and which, she sentimentally added, 'would prove the staff and comfort of his old age.' But M. Jacquemin loved private dinners best; he disliked animals; did not care for flowers; and never having had any children of his own, had conceived a mortal hatred for those of other people—Madame Bonnet's included. He felt, besides, all the rich man's dislike to an heir; and constantly refused to see his poor relations, lest they should think of his will. These were the individuals whom Tancredi P. Mathieu had resolved to civilise. When he was introduced to Madame Jacquemin at one of her soirées, he was forcibly struck by the lamentable amount of dulness which he witnessed. The old ladies were busy at their worsted work; M. Laurent and Madame Legrand were quarrelling over a game of piquet; the melancholy De Lorrains were engaged with dominoes; M. Jacquemin was displaying his hospitality by compelling his guests to swallow down immense quantities of cakes and lemonade; and M. Bonnet sat apart, wrapped in his own moody thoughts, which he occasionally condescended to communicate to some eager listener. When Tancredi appeared amongst the quiet circle with his long hair, pointed hat, and white kid gloves, he produced an immense sensation. He scarcely opened his lips, and was thought a prodigious wit. He seemed to entertain the most thorough contempt for the whole world, the individuals around him included; and they all agreed in audible whispers that he was a very superior sort of person—quite a genius: great geniuses always despise the world. Although both piquet and dominoes were neglected, the evening passed away with amazing swiftness. Every one had gathered around the stranger, who opened his mouth every ten minutes, and delivered some oracular sentence, received by his hearers with the utmost gravity.

From that day, Tancredi P. Mathieu became the acknowledged lion of the Jacquemin soirées, and of the Marais, which had never known a lion before. He was the object of every one's admiration: the De Lorrains alone looked upon him with a suspicious eye: they had an instinctive consciousness of a foe. It is true Tancredi did not even bestow a thought upon them, but, like many remarkable individuals, he showed an early inclination to tyranny, and betrayed certain destructive propensities, which threatened to break upon the quiet monotony of the bourgeois circle. Being, as he expressed it himself, 'of a spiritual nature,' he animadverted in strong terms against the material custom of eating in the evening: he recommended intellectual food; and Madame Jacquemin, who looked upon him as an oracle in matters of taste, immediately suppressed the refreshments and sweets she had hitherto caused to be freely handed round to her guests. Having thus victoriously asserted the triumph of mind over matter, Tancredi next banished both piquet and dominoes. Madame Legrand and M. Laurent, who had quarrelled over the former game for the last twenty years, both loudly protested against this new arrangement; but as their quarrels were only pleasant to themselves, every one agreed that piquet deserved its fate. Having thus deprived his disciples of their old amusements, our hero felt it his duty to provide them with others in their stead. A piano accordingly made its appearance in Madame Jacquemin's drawing-room. It is true nobody could play upon it—not even Tancredi; but that was evidently of little consequence, for towards the close of a very dull evening, he rose, and after vainly beseeching one of the accomplished ladies present to accompany him, at last sung, unaccompanied, but still standing near the silent piano, a pathetic Italian song, in which he bewailed his unhappy fate; for, as he afterwards condescendingly informed the company—who had not understood a single word—he was a forsaken and despairing lover. After thus initiating them to the charms of melody, Tancredi resolved to let them into sublimer mysteries, and accordingly fixed an evening, on which he proposed to read to Madame Jacquemin's guests a series of sonnets, which he had composed several years before, 'On the Prospect of being Compelled by my Father to become a Grocer.' This, it must be confessed, was a little poetical fiction, in which Tancredi had considered himself at liberty to indulge. Nothing was ever further from M. Mathieu's thoughts than to compel his son to anything he disliked, though he certainly had attempted to achieve, by persuasion, the profanation above alluded to.

The evening came, the company gathered around him, and Tancredi began his reading: he persevered for upwards of two hours, without manifesting the least symptom of fatigue. When he had finished, he looked up, and found himself alone, comparatively speaking. M. Jacquemin was fast asleep; the old ladies were nodding over their worsted work; Madame Jacquemin had early effected her escape, with several female friends; M. Laurent and M. Bonnet shook their heads, and exchanged ominous glances; the six De Lorrains alone were wide awake, looking at our hero with their fixed stony eyes, whilst their cadaverous and melancholy faces expressed the most absolute determination to sit out both him and his poetry. To increase the dismal appearance of the scene, the fire had gone out, the candles burned dimly, and wanted snuffing, whilst the loud snoring which proceeded from the vast arm-chair in which M. Jacquemin lay wrapped in the embrace of Morpheus, rather marred the melody of the poet's verses. 'I see they are not in a sufficiently advanced state of civilisation to appreciate the beauties of poetry,' thought Tancredi as he looked upon his audience: 'I must form their political principles.'

Unfortunately for the execution of this project, it happened that both M. Bonnet and M. Laurent had of late conceived strange notions of Tancredi's political character. His foreign name did not sound quite orthodox in their ear; then his pointed hat, shirt-collar, and flowing locks, struck them as being something portentous in their way. Philosophers well know what great meanings sometimes lie hidden under trifles. As to his poetical readings, they had a revolutionary air, in direct opposition to the old school of poetry, and also, they strongly suspected, to the established order of things. Who could tell of whom Tancredi Mathieu might be the agent, or what was going on in the bosom of the hitherto peaceful Marais? Nay, for all they knew, his pretended Italian love-song might be some revolutionary Marseillaise hymn, or *ça ira*, speciously clothed under a foreign garb! In short, the employé of the war-office, and the horticultural amateur, both agreed it was high time to keep their eye upon Tancredi, whom they began to consider as a dangerous political character.

It was under these inauspicious circumstances that our hero began his political campaign. He had not yet exactly determined upon the doctrines he meant to inculcate, but he concluded that he would soon find this out; and as he was not a little elated with the success of his previous efforts, he began his attack in the true spirit of knight-errantry, dealing out his blows right and left, without much minding where they fell. To wealthy M. Jacquemin he foretold that the day would come when the fortunes of the rich would be equally divided amongst the poor; with M. Bonnet he expressed a vast sympathy for Abd-el-Kader, and spoke of a European war as of a thing all but realised; to M. Laurent he manifested the profound contempt he entertained for horticulture, and insinuated that it would be done away with entirely under a new order of things; and when the other sneeringly inquired how the world would go on without geraniums or roses, and that *he* should like to know, Tancredi answered by dwelling on the charms of hemlock and the deadly nightshade, and hinted, with an ominous glance, that for some blighted spirits they possessed greater attractions than all the blossoms of 'Syria's land of roses.' Madame Legrand he had long mortally offended, beyond all hope of reconciliation, by expressing his ardent desire of seeing every dog hung, and every canary bird shot through the heart; in support of which philanthropic wish he had adduced so many plausible arguments, that the good lady felt convinced that if ever the Young France party prevailed, her menagerie was doomed. Tancredi's crowning exploit was to inform, in confidence, one of the old ladies, whose relations had all perished under the Reign of Terror, that he was wonderfully like Marat; upon which she uttered a fearful scream, and fell into fits; which was no sooner perceived by the other old ladies, her friends, than, out of mere sympathy, they followed her example, almost frightening Madame Jacquemin, at whose house the occurrence took place, out of her wits.

It was with this tact and discrimination that Tancredi endeavoured to civilise the bourgeois of the Marais; the nature of the feelings his discourse and doctrines excited must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is true that, had the worthy citizens known anything about either Tancredi P. Mathieu or the Young France party, they would have been conscious that the former was the most harmless of human beings, and that from the latter there was little or nothing to be apprehended. The Young France party, with their kid gloves, and hair carefully curled, may be the fit apostles of a revolution, but there is little fear of their ever making one. Ominous as their denunciations sound in theory, they are perfectly innocuous in practice. But of this the bourgeois knew nothing, and they received every word that Tancredi uttered as the real expression of his mind. The effect of his revolutionary doctrines was soon apparent; quarrels arose on every side. A spirit of discord had gone forth among the hitherto peaceful inhabitants of the Marais.

Madame Bonnet took it into her head to sympathise with Abd-el-Kader, who became the subject of daily dissensions between her and her husband; a new and

deadly feud sprang up between M. Laurent and Madame Legrand, the former of whom averred that his finest flower-beds were ruined by the widow's dogs. Rendered desperate by one of those disastrous events, and recalling to mind Tancredi's denunciations against pets of every description, M. Laurent, having provided himself with tackle and a fishing-rod, exercised his vengeance on one of Madame Laurent's unoffending golden fishes, by actually fishing it up through his bedroom window. The unhappy lady, who, hearing a suspicious noise against the highest window-panes, had rushed to the rescue, only arrived in time to see her finny favourite whisked up in the air, and vanishing into the enemy's precincts. Her first act was to snatch in her remaining treasures, who, quite unconscious of their companion's fate, were still gaily swimming along their narrow domain; the next was to scream for help, and then faint away in good earnest. When she recovered, she found herself surrounded by condoling friends; but nothing could soothe her wounded spirit. She declared that she never should forgive M. Laurent, against whom she vowed eternal hatred and vengeance.

But even greater evils—all springing from the same source—menaced the guests of M. Jacquemin. The worthy dyer, on whom Tancredi's speeches had made a profound impression, began to entertain serious fears for his safety. Lest his reputation of being a wealthy man should bring him into trouble, he determined to reduce his expenditure; and, as a first step, talked of discontinuing to take in the daily papers, and stopping the soirées altogether. This announcement spread a panic throughout the whole street. M. Jacquemin's house had become a place of public entertainment, which his guests had no inclination to find closed upon them. In this dilemma a general council was held; private dissensions were for a while forgotten, and it was unanimously resolved to strike at the root of the evil, and banish Tancredi P. Mathieu. The gaunt De Lorrains, who alone had from the beginning perceived the impending danger, proposed to signalise him to the mayor of the arrondissement as a dangerous individual; M. Bonnet offered to say a few words at the war-office; M. Laurent to give him a delicate hint in the language of flowers; Madame Legrand proposed a night attack on his person; and the old ladies were for handing him over to the public executioner at once. But Madame Jacquemin rejected all these plans as too violent and inhospitable, and resolved to intimate to him, as politely as possible, that if he chose to continue his visits, it must no longer be on his own terms, but on hers. Accordingly, when Tancredi came as usual to one of the evening soirées, his head full of mighty plans of poetical, social, and political reform, he could not, notwithstanding his abstraction, but notice that a great change had taken place. The piano, which had only been hired for a month, had vanished; M. Laurent and Madame Legrand were quarrelling over piquet to their heart's content; the De Lorrains, who were eating cakes and drinking lemonade, eyed him with defiance; dominoes were re-established in their supremacy; and the old ladies were as triumphantly engaged in worsted-work as on the night of his first appearance amongst them.

One glance told Tancredi that the bourgeois of the Marais had rebelled: his authority was no longer acknowledged; he was virtually dethroned. Even the most energetic minds must sometimes yield to the might of fate: thus it was with our hero. Vanquished, but unsubdued in spirit, he nevertheless saw the uselessness of resistance. Casting a glance of withering scorn on his late disciples, he spake not a word, but turned upon his heel, and left the drawing-room of Madame Jacquemin, inwardly passing the fatal fiat, 'for ever.' With signal ingratitude, every one uttered an exclamation of triumph on witnessing his exit. The remainder of the evening was spent in perfect enjoyment—harmony seemed quite restored; and it is averred that, notwithstanding the late painful circumstances that had occurred, the quarrels of M. Laurent and the fair widow were marked by unusual amenity.

The day after his defeat, Tancredi wrote to one of his friends a letter of seven pages, in which he related, with great seeming bitterness of spirit, his vain attempt to civilise a parcel of barbarians, and instil into their uncultivated minds a love of the fine arts, and a sound political creed. He ended by exclaiming against the cruelty of mankind, that would not allow him one moment's repose; and as he had little doubt that the malice of his antagonists would drive them to every extremity, spoke of exiling himself in some remote solitude, where his wounded spirit might perhaps at last find rest!

By return of post he received the following answer:—'Dear Tancredi—I am by no means astonished at your failure; you have met with a fate common to all great spirits; you ought not, therefore, to mourn, but to rejoice. Had you, however, consulted me on the subject, I could have foretold exactly what has happened. Whatever you do, never again attempt to civilise bourgeois. They are very worthy people in their way, but singularly obstinate. They like to enjoy themselves according to their own stupid old-fashioned manner. As they are fast disappearing from the surface of this earth, it is only an act of mercy to allow them to live unmolested. Henceforth heed them not, but turn all your efforts and energies on the rising generation. Give up the thought of going into exile: talents like yours should not be wasted away in a desert. Your devoted, Charlemagne Champion.'

But Tancredi was bent on being a persecuted man, and once in his life at least an exile. He announced to his father his intention of leaving the country for some time. M. Mathieu the elder heard him with much more composure than, from the painful nature of the communication, might have been expected; he even remarked that travelling would do his son good, and seemed to view the whole affair as one of minor importance. It was in vain that Tancredi endeavoured to impress upon his mind that he was going to leave the country perhaps for ever. M. Mathieu persisted in asserting that he was only going to travel, and very calmly bade him farewell.

In a few days Tancredi left Paris for Geneva. We will not dwell on the agonizing nature of his feelings when, having passed the frontier, he beheld from the diligence window the blue hills of his country — his native hills, as, forgetting his Parisian birth, he called them — vanish from his view. For three months he wandered on the shores of Lake Leman, and indulged in misanthropic reflections on the folly and ingratitude of mankind. At the expiration of that term—during which he had been, to say the truth, the prey to intolerable ennui—he gladly hastened back to Paris, without, however, informing his father of his intention. On a fine summer evening he bent his steps towards his father's house in the Marais: he still wore his pointed hat, and a travelling cloak enveloped his person: a porter who followed him carried his luggage. Without allowing himself to be announced, Tancredi, who loved dramatic effect, rushed into the parlour, where his father was seated reading the newspaper; and throwing back his cloak, discovered himself to the ex-grocer's astonished sight. Good M. Mathieu laid down the paper instantly, and uttered a very deep hem; but as he was not what is called a very nervous man, he did not seem otherwise affected, but kindly welcomed his son; and seeing that he looked as rosy and happy as ever, immediately gave orders for a substantial supper. Tancredi, who was rapturously gazing through the window on the starlit sky of his native city, of course heard or heeded nothing of those material concerns; 'his spirit was far away.'

'Well, Pierre, how did you like Geneva?' asked M. Mathieu, turning towards his son, whom he never called Tancredi.

'All places are alike to the exile; he is everywhere

alone,' moodily answered his son in the words of Lamennais.

M. Mathieu, who saw that Tancredi was still bent on being wretched, remained silent, and took up his newspaper once more.

'I suppose,' resumed Tancredi after a brief pause, 'the malignancy of their hatred is unabated?'

'Of whom are you speaking?' inquired his father with seeming surprise.

'Of M. Jacquemin, his wife, and all those whose ingratitude made me fly my native land.'

'Oh, they are very well, thank you; they were all inquiring after you only last week.'

'I know they hate me; yet I wish them no evil,' replied Tancredi, with the resignation of a martyr. 'I earnestly hope they are happy?'

'They are indeed quite happy,' answered his father.

Tancredi smiled incredulously. 'How can they be happy,' he exclaimed, 'when they are a prey to all the evil passions that disturb mankind! I endeavoured to reclaim and civilise them; I failed in the attempt, but I cannot think them happy!'

'Well,' said his father quietly, 'since you went to Geneva, I have seen a good deal more of them: I at first found them much irritated against you.'

'Ha! I knew it!' triumphantly exclaimed Tancredi.

'But I soon succeeded in pacifying them,' continued his father, without heeding the interruption. Tancredi looked as though he could have gladly dispensed with this instance of paternal solicitude.

'I, moreover, tried to make them happy; not perhaps according to the best manner, but according to that best suited to them.'

Tancredi's features expressed unqualified surprise: he seemed to wait for something else, but his father remaining silent, he at last said, 'Well, sir, I suppose, by making them happy, you mean making them better?' M. Mathieu nodded affirmatively. 'If so,' continued his son, 'pray how did you rid M. Jacquemin of his intolerable selfishness and sordid love of wealth?'

'M. Jacquemin,' quietly answered the father, 'is, as you say, selfish, and fond of money; but he is no miser: he has no objection to spend large sums, provided it is to please himself. Had I advised him, as you did, to divide the wealth he did not need amongst the poor, he would have looked upon me as a madman. When he complained to me of his great ennui, I advised him to settle in business some of his poor nephews and nieces, whom he had always refused to see, lest they should expect anything from him. He at first seemed very much opposed to this plan; but when I reminded him that after his death his fortune must belong to his relations, who would perhaps squander it away, and that it would be more pleasant for him to dispose of it, according to his own fancy, during his lifetime, he quite agreed with me, and immediately took steps to place his eldest nephew in a dyer's business, which he takes great delight in superintending. He has likewise provided for his other relations, with whom he occasionally quarrels, but towards whom he, nevertheless, behaves with much real kindness. He still takes in the papers, and has not discontinued the soirées; but as he now has little leisure, he is glad to lend out the former to his friends, and enjoys the relaxation of the latter much more than formerly: he is, upon the whole, a happier and a better man.'

'Humph!' almost contemptuously exclaimed Tancredi. 'I had embraced all humanity in my plan; yours, I perceive, is confined to making a few persons happy.'

'It is at least the more practicable of the two,' replied his father.

'And I suppose,' continued Tancredi, 'that you also succeeded in reconciling M. Laurent and Madame Legrand; who, with their insufferable love of flowers, and animals, and mutual antipathy, were enough to destroy all harmony wherever they appeared?'

'I did not endeavour to reconcile them,' answered M. Mathieu; 'but when M. Laurent informed me of all he had to suffer from his neighbour the widow, I advised him to marry her, upon which he told me in confidence that he had been thinking of it for the last ten years, and without waiting for a reply, launched out into her praises. In short, it ended by his requesting me to be the bearer of a letter to her, as he averred that he could not summon up courage to address her himself. I consented to undertake this task. On reading the letter, which was a very long one, Madame Legrand became greatly agitated, said something about a golden fish, but at last declared that she forgave him everything.'

'But they are not actually married!' exclaimed Tancredi.

'They have been so for the last six weeks,' replied M. Mathieu.

'And do you mean to say,' asked his son, 'that they no longer quarrel?'

'On the contrary, they quarrel every day; but as it may be safely asserted that it is more from the force of habit than from any other motive, they can be said to agree very well upon the whole. Very little is changed in their existence. They live in the same house; Madame Laurent still occupies the second floor with her animals, and M. Laurent the third with his flowers; they enjoy their game of piquet, and its accompanying squabble, every evening; and it is my firm belief that their greatest cause of complaint against you was the attempt you made to deprive them of that pleasure.'

Tancredi turned up his eyes to the ceiling, and in a tone full of indignation, began, 'Who will attempt to fathom the duplicity of man? Who——' Here he became suddenly silent, either overwhelmed by the vastness of the subject of his question, or induced to hold his peace by the aspect of the supper on the table.

Several days elapsed before Tancredi could be induced to accompany his father on a visit to M. Jacquemin. He at last expressed his consent, by declaring himself 'ready to face his enemies.' His father, who had learned to understand his enigmatical mode of speech, required no more. They accordingly called on the retired dyer the same evening: the Bonnets, Laurents, and De Lorrains, were all present; they seemed delighted to see our hero, and received him with the greatest cordiality. When his father commented on this circumstance, Tancredi smiled bitterly, and muttered something about the serpent being hidden by flowers. But the truth was, that since M. Mathieu had given M. Jacquemin's guests to understand that his son's mind had been somewhat disturbed by certain visions, prevalent amongst the youth of France, their anger had been turned into pity, which they now openly expressed. But of this Tancredi saw, or would see, nothing: they had hated him three months back, they must hate him still; and with this soothing unction to his wounded pride, he endeavoured to comfort himself.

Several years have elapsed, and no important change has occurred in the bosom of the little society we have attempted to portray. M. Jacquemin has forgotten the name of ennui since he followed his friend M. Mathieu's advice; his poor relations are in a thriving condition, and seem to feel much gratitude for his kindness. M. Bonnet still menaces his friends with an impending European war; but it has been noticed that they have now become quite accustomed to the prediction. Madame Bonnet, whose thoughts are all bent on matrimonial alliances for her daughters, has entirely forgotten Abd-el-Kader. M. and Madame Laurent quarrel less every day; it is strongly suspected by their friends that the time will come at last when they will not quarrel at all! The only great event which has occurred concerns the De Lorrains; it seems that, after all, they were immensely rich. A lawsuit, which lasted for several years, had prevented them from entering into the enjoyment of their fortune. The old hotel is shut up: its inhabitants have removed to a fashionable neighbourhood, where they live in style, and keep their carriage. Circumstances have wonderfully altered their outward appearance. They all have quite a bold and

prosperous air. They frequently invite their former patrons to their parties; but either the Jacquemin set are hurt at the long deception practised upon them, or they have not yet made up their minds to forgive the De Lorrains their sudden and unexpected prosperity; for, with the exception of the first invitation, which they only accepted out of curiosity, they have declined all other requests, taking in high dudgeon the splendour of the entertainment offered to them. It is, nevertheless, suspected that they will relent in time, if not for their own sakes, at least for that of their children, to whom, as Madame Bonnet observes, they will of course feel desirous of securing the comfort of a rich acquaintance. But Madame Laurent, who still entertains a grudge against her neighbour, declares that she has other designs on the De Lorrains, and is determined to keep her eye upon her. We must not forget to record that several of the old ladies have been cut away by the remorseless hand of death. It is worthy of notice, that those who still survive have never been able to forget Tancredi's unlucky likeness to Marat; they evidently look upon this circumstance as very suspicious.

This brings us naturally to our hero. Of him we have very little to say. He is, to all appearance, as rosy, and happy-looking, and miserable in reality as ever. His father, nevertheless, asserts that he has of late manifested symptoms of change. His hat is not quite so pointed, his shirt-collar is no longer Byronian, and his hair has actually been cropped quite close by the neighbouring hairdresser, who declares that he only followed his positive orders. But what looks more ominous still is, that the name of Tancredi has vanished from his cards, which now only bear plain P. Mathieu. Whatever may be the causes of this change — and whether it is to be attributed to his failure in not being able to become a persecuted man, or whether there is some other motive for it—it seems, nevertheless, very probable that a crisis in P. Mathieu's character is at hand. Some persons have been found who begin to think, like his father, that he may, after all, settle down into a sober, sensible individual: a supposition the more probable, that he actually has been heard to talk of marrying, and entering into business; and that, after all, his youthful follies were more fit subjects for good-humoured ridicule than for real apprehension — a remark which many individuals have actually applied to the Young France party itself.

PRINCE DEMIDOFF'S TRAVELS.

Since the multiplication of locomotive facilities, books of travels are said to have become very prosaic and commonplace affairs: nothing new or wonderful is to be seen or described. For those, however, who can dispense with the highly-stimulating qualities so often sought for in such works, the accounts of modern travellers, when not written in a mere guide-book spirit, will not be without interest. The man of science or the philosopher will see objects which the ordinary observer would pass by unnoticed; instances of which we shall find in the travels of the nobleman whose name is prefixed to this article, recently published in Paris.*

M. de Demidoff started from Paris with several associates, among whom were botanists, draughtsmen, and geologists, for Vienna; from whence they descended the Danube to Bessarabia, crossed the Black Sea to Odessa, and after journeys of many thousand wersts in the Crimea and other Russian provinces, keeping in view the scientific objects of the expedition, returned to France to give an account of their labours to the world. In this case, the narrative of the journey—its incidents and adventures—are confined to a single volume, and the scientific details fill the three others of which the work consists. We shall follow the party through the former, making such quotations as may best convey an idea of its contents. From Pesth the travellers pursue their journey down the river on board the steamer Francis I., a small and incommodious vessel, whose crew, we are told, composed of as many nations as individuals, obeyed the captain negligently, as might be expected from the necessity of delivering orders in four or five different dialects at the same time. No other sleeping-place was provided than that afforded by the damp deck, or mattresses spread on chairs in the confined cabin, which was infested with disgusting vermin, and served as dining-room, dressing-room, and dormitory. Stopping at the Hungarian village of Mohacs, 'no sooner was the landing-plank safely placed, than a number of women, old and young, miserable and half-naked; crowded the deck. The masculine duties of porters are here devolved upon the women; setting to work with noisy activity, they wheeled on board the hundred barrow loads of coal for our next day's consumption. These poor creatures, in their costume simple, yet far too short, present decidedly original characteristics. The men, who stood tranquil spectators of the rude labours of the women, wore the usual hats, and large and easy dress of the country. On the black muddy landing-place, an incredible medley of curious spectators was collected—men and ducks, intermingled with vehicles, waiting for passengers.' A day or two afterwards, the party landed to inspect the fortress of Peterwaradin, the Gibraltar of the Danube, while the steamer stopped to leave some merchandise at Neusatz, on the opposite shore. The two places are united by a bridge of boats, and the travellers had scarcely time to accomplish their object, when they saw the vessel approaching the opening made for its passage. 'We were,' to use the words of the narrator, 'fifteen or twenty persons on shore: Jews, merchants, a priest, and a young woman, a Parisian, going to Bucharest. We all ran along the bridge to the place where the boat was to pass; but the Francis I., generally so calm and sedate, shot through the opening like a flash of lightning, and left us far behind in an instant. We were immediately in alarm, believing ourselves abandoned on that dreary spot. The captain had shouted to us to follow him in a boat; the only one to be found was a miserable shell of pine, into which we were obliged to jump from a height of eight feet. I know not what folly seized us, but every one pushed and sprang off at the same time. The fair Parisian would have infallibly pitched into the water, if by a lucky chance she had not fallen heavily upon the priest, of two evils choosing the lesser. At last the boat, laden beyond measure with the trembling and excited crowd that remained standing, was left to the current, which turned it round and round as it drifted down the stream. When near the steamer, whose engine was stopped, all the coolness of a few of the party was needed to overcome the fears of the others, who were not good swimmers, and who, crowding all to one side, would have risked the loss of the whole company. We pacified the more timid by voice and gestures; and when safely on board, I saw the determination plainly imprinted on more than one set of features, never to attempt any more excursions in search of the picturesque, for which captain and crew have so little sympathy.'

Below the dangerous rapids of the Danube, while waiting the arrival of a larger steamer, the party visited the little Wallachian town, Tchernecz, about a league from the river. 'It is little more than one long tortuous street, bordered by stalls and penthouses, which narrow the passage. All the shops are dirty, displaying to the eye of the passer-by articles of food of the most repulsive appearance. It was Sunday, and all the inhabitants were unoccupied. The men squatted at their doors smoking, and the women at a little distance apart, without being completely isolated, sat quite at their ease on the ground on one leg, and, with their chins resting on the raised knee of the other, were lazily conversing with each other. Although strange, this posture is graceful: there is something careless about it,

* Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale et la Crimée, &c. Sous la direction de M. Anatole de Demidoff. Paris: Bourdin et Co.

quite in harmony with the languishing physiognomy of the greater portion of the young women. . . . We assisted in a Wallachian dance, full of character and originality: six men, linked together by the arms, and placed in a single line, execute a movement from right to left alternately, with a marching step, simple or complicated, according to the taste and talent of the dancer. The time is marked heavily, to the music of two shrill violins. The two principal performers, those who lead the band at right and left, rest the unoccupied arm upon a tall cane; and it is the part of these leaders especially to impart all the graces and embellishments to this severe and masculine dance. A young Wallachian sergeant acquitted himself in this important task with complete success. Holding his head proudly erect, he moved the whole chain of dancers with his powerful arm, casting from time to time a complacent look at his legs, which he shook with a vivacity and precision always faithful to the measure. The musicians were two gipsies, that numerous and vagabond race, known in Wallachia as Zinganis. One of these men was of so remarkable a beauty, that it was not without a lively sentiment of pity we saw the active and skilful sergeant strike him repeated blows with his stick; he, however, expressed no other feeling than that of stupid submission.'

Arriving at Bucharest, 'the city of enjoyment,' M. Demidoff counsels every traveller to pay his first visit to the excellent Turkish baths. 'These establishments, situated for the most part in the district watered by the Dombovitza, combine with the salutary effects of vapour and manipulation all the refinements with which the Orientals have surrounded the physical appliances of life. If the prophet was wise enough to raise a hygeinic prescription to the dignity of a religious duty, the true believers, on their part, have been sensual enough to convert it into one of those pleasures to which they abandon themselves with unqualified enjoyment. Nothing can be compared to the soft languor which takes possession of your fatigued limbs when, leaving the tepid vapour, after passing through a vigorous kneading, and a course of aromatic frictions, you find yourself stretched between luxurious sheets, while a pipe exhales around the odoriferous perfumes with which it is charged, and from time to time you are refreshed by the delicious coolness of iced water, coloured with a confection of roses. This beatitude of all the senses is, however, to be purchased at Bucharest for a trifling sum; and it is to be hoped that the French and German usages, continually encroaching on this city, will leave unchanged the only two things of which the Turk can boast, the only ones of which Europe may yet envy the civilisation of the East—baths and coffee.'

Bucharest is described as a large and busy city, where the population move about with somewhat more agility than is common in the East; the exterior of the houses, however, is very much dilapidated. A lively sketch is given of the crowds that throng the thoroughfares:—'That which most excites astonishment in this city,' writes M. de Demidoff, 'is the variety of faces and costumes, changing every instant among so numerous a population. The artisans of Bucharest, the labourers, and porters, do not appear to be afraid of work; but the chief source of life and movement is in the number of Jews by whom the city is inhabited. Active, insinuating, and never discouraged, they make all around them active; for they think nothing of difficulties and fatigues, so long as they have any hope of the smallest recompense. You no sooner see the broad-brimmed hat, and the black threadbare cloak of a Jew, than you may be certain of having at your service, if you will, an adroit, intelligent, and indefatigable steward, whom nothing disturbs, neither anger nor contempt: you may ask him, without fear, for whatever you want; he will answer you in German, Italian, perhaps in four languages; and for a few piastres, leaving all other business, he devotes his suppleness, silence, patience, eloquence, his virtues and vices, his soul and body, entirely to your service. And if you have once employed an Israelite in any trifling commission or temporary business, do not think it will be easy to get rid of him afterwards: henceforth he is yours, or you his; he will never lose sight of you; he follows twenty paces behind you in the street, and from that distance guesses your wants. He seats himself on the door-step where you enter; and on going out again, his acute look solicits your orders. He goes to sleep on your stair, or under your coach; constitutes himself the servant of your people; salutes your dog in the street; he is at hand, always at hand; you repulse him twenty times with rude blows, but he persists, and keeps near you. Some day, however, from caprice or some other motive, you want him. Scarcely is the thought formed in your mind than he, as it were, rises out of the earth before you, bending in all his humility, in the posture neither erect nor stooping, with submissive mien and attentive ear. This is the Jew's triumph; this is the moment which he has purchased, often by forty-eight hours of watching, fatigue, and humiliation. Scarcely have you spoken, than you are obeyed, and obeyed with punctuality, ingenuity, and respect. And when, after so much care and self-denial, the poor tattered vagabond receives his dear reward, the piece of money which he has followed, invoked, and been the slave to for some days, you see in his grateful look that he recommends you to the favours of the patriarchs, and is quite ready to resume the same toils for a similar recompense.'

Entering the dreary steppes of the Crimea, the travellers arrive at a post-house, where everything was in disorder. 'The bewildered inmates were moving about in apparent agony, running from room to room as though in extremity. Our arrival was hailed with acclamations; and every voice called out at once to know if, by any means, we could recall a dying woman to life. It was a grave case. On being introduced into the house, I saw,' pursues the prince, 'that the patient, the postmistress, was still in possession of an eminent degree of vital force; and that, if there were danger, it arose only from the effects of a superabundant dinner of the day before. The poor woman, in fact, was half-suffocated, and it was only by some sudden means that she could be saved. A medical inspiration came to my assistance. I had in my coach an excellent preparation of Seidlitz salts, which produced good effects everywhere, and I administered a strong dose to the sufferer. Notwithstanding the innocence of the remedy, my inquietude may be imagined; but after a short interval the medicine operated, and greatly relieved the overloaded stomach. We continued our journey, overwhelmed with thanks and admiration. A great physician could not have done better.'

The party with their escort form a singular procession on their way to Yalka. 'Nine men on horseback and five Tartars on foot composed our picturesque caravan. Our costume was materially changed from the time when our uniforms attracted so much attention upon the Danube. We had already yielded to the Tartar influence, which had imprinted its Oriental character upon our persons and vestments. We were ourselves struck by the strange physiognomy of the cavalcade; the horses on which we rode were low, and of sorry appearance, but the traveller soon learns to appreciate their excellent qualities. Indefatigable, and never disheartened, the smallest amount of repose or of pasture suffices to renew their strength. Their foot is as sure upon the rocky paths and edges of precipices as on the broadest and smoothest roads. Slow and cautious on a descent, they get over an ascent at full gallop. The Tartar saddle is a light but hard frame of wood, covered with a thick leathern cushion; and the rider, seated high, and supported by short stirrups, is so far above the animal, as to have no hold on his flanks. The Tartars, accustomed to this mode of riding, are very firm in the saddle, but a strange horseman requires some time to grow familiar with the novel exercise. We rode along, however, each one flanked by his bag-

gage: one with the portfolios and knapsack of the artist; on the shoulders of another the formidable hammers of the geologist; a third carrying the herbals, fowlingpieces, and the gauze nets so fatal to butterflies. Our pack-horses were laden with provisions, fishing-nets, cloaks, cooking utensils, small barrels of spirit of wine, and the light valises containing our city garments. Such was our grotesque procession, as it began to rise above the horizon of Yalka.'

At Cape Fiorente, the Cape Parthenion of the Greeks, one of the travellers narrowly escaped a fatal accident. He had scrambled with a companion down the precipitous face of the promontory, five hundred feet, to examine the strata of which it was composed. On attempting to reascend, by climbing from one rugged projection in the rock to another, overcome by fatigue, he lost consciousness, and was only saved from falling by the energetic efforts of his companion. The unfortunate geologist, it appeared, had placed nearly a hundredweight of specimens about different parts of his person; these, under the pressing exigencies of the moment, were thrown away, and after incredible exertions, the two adventurers arrived safely at the summit, to the great joy of the rest of the party.

All eastern towns are infested with dogs, and Kertch is no exception, being overrun with these useless, noisy, and often ferocious animals. They would soon become masters of the place were no attempts made to diminish their numbers. 'At Kertch the gipsies are the canine executioners. The method they adopt to accomplish their purpose is as follows:—One of these honest Zinganis, dressed, in virtue of his public office, in some second-hand cloak, walks through the various streets of the town, dragging by a rope over his shoulder the dead carcase of a dog. He moves slowly along, with inoffensive mien, but watchful eye, concealing an enormous cudgel under his mantle. No sooner does the executioner appear in the streets, than a horrible clamour rises in every quarter from the lean brutes, which recognise their destroyer, and perhaps also his victim. They rush from the houses and yards, following the impassable Zingani with furious howling. He, however, goes calmly on, until, at the fatal moment, one of the most daring comes within reach of his cudgel. Quick as thought follows the blow—a mortal one—which stretches another cur by the side of his slaughtered predecessor. In the evening the gipsy goes and holds out his funereal hand before a magistrate. For every head his fee is twenty-five copecks'—about twopence halfpenny.

With this instance of the Oriental method of attacking the health of towns question, we conclude our notice of Prince Demidoff's work. The volumes contain many details, alike interesting to the antiquary, the political economist, and the scientific inquirer, which our limits will not permit us to notice.

THE MERIT OF GOOD HEALTH.

In the *World*, a periodical of the middle of the last century, there is an amusing paper giving an account of an odd gentleman who apportioned his regards amongst his fellow-creatures according as they were hale and vigorous. The essayist, Mr Fitzadam, has gone down to visit a friend in the country; he finds him engaged at backgammon with the vicar of the parish, a robust man about fifty. He is surprised to meet a cold reception from the divine, who, however, warms a little towards him in the course of the evening, and meets him at an early hour in the morning to have a walk over their friend's grounds. We then have this gentleman's whimsicality fully developed.

'"These are indeed, Mr Fitzadam, very delightful grounds; and I wish with all my heart that the owner of them was less troubled with the gout, that I might hold him in more respect." "Respect! doctor," said I, interrupting him; "does a painful distemper, acquired by no act of intemperance, lessen your respect?" "It does indeed, Mr Fitzadam; and I wish in this instance I could help it, for I am under many obligations to your friend. There is another very worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood who presented me to this vicarage, but he has the misfortune to labour under an inveterate scurvy, which, by subjecting him to continual headaches, must of course shorten his days, and so I never go near him."

'I was going to interrupt the doctor again, when a coach-and-six drove by us along the road, and in it a gentleman, who let down the glass, and made the doctor a very respectful bow, which, instead of returning, he passed by him with a stately air, and took no notice of him. This instance of his behaviour, together with the conversation that had passed between us, raised my curiosity to a very high degree, and set me upon asking him who the gentleman was. "Sir," says he, "that unfortunate object is a man of eight thousand a-year estate, and from that consideration he expects the return of a bow from every man he meets. But I who know him, know also that he is dying of an asthma; and as (blessed be God for it!) I am in perfect health, I do not choose to put myself on a level with such a person. Health, Mr Fitzadam, is the only valuable thing on earth; and while I am in possession of that, I look upon myself as a much greater man than he. With all his fortune, he would rejoice to be the poor vicar of ——, with my constitution. I pull off my hat to no such persons. Believe me, Mr Fitzadam, he has not many months to live."

'I made no reply to this conversation of the vicar, and he went on thus—"You are an old man, Mr Fitzadam, and I believe were a little fatigued with your journey last night, which I mistook for infirm health, and therefore was wanting in the civilities that I should otherwise have shown you; but your conversation afterwards proved you to be a very hearty man, and I saw you resolved to continue so by your temperance, for which I honour you, and, as I told you then, shall be glad of your acquaintance. It is true you are an old man, and therefore my inferior; but you are healthy and temperate, and not beneath the notice of much younger men."

'In this manner we walked on, till we came to a hedge, where some labouring men were repairing the fences. My companion accosted them with the utmost complaisance and good nature. "Ay," says he, turning to me, "these are men worth mixing with. You see their riches in their looks. Have you any of your lords in town, Mr Fitzadam, that have such possessions? I know none of these lords," says he, "myself, but I am told they are all so sickly and diseased, that a man in health would scorn to pull off his hat to them." He then entered into a familiar conversation with the men, and after throwing them sixpence to drink, passed on.

'There now overtook us in the lane a company of sportsmen setting out for the chase. Most of them saluted the doctor as they passed. But he took no notice of any of them but one, whom he shook hands with over the hedge, and told him he intended taking a dinner with him the next day. "That gentleman," says he, "is worth as much health as any man in England; he hunts only by way of exercise, and never takes a leap where there is the least danger. But as for the rest, they are flying over every hedge and gate in their way; and if they escape broken necks in the morning, they are destroying themselves more effectually by intemperance in the evening. No, no, Mr Fitzadam, these are no companions for me. I hope, with the blessing of Heaven, to outlive a score of them."

'We came soon after to a little neat house upon the road, where the doctor told me lived a very agreeable widow lady to whom he had formerly paid his addresses. "She had at that time," says he, "as large a fortune of health as any woman in the country; but she has since mortgaged it to the apothecary for slops, and I have taken my leave of her. She was determined to be a

widow, and so married an officer, who had his head knocked off at Fontenoy. Those are a sort of men that I make no acquaintance with; they hold their lives on too precarious a tenure." "But they are useful members of society," said I, "and command our esteem." "That may be, sir," returned the doctor; "and so are miners in our coal-pits, who are every hour in danger of being buried alive. But there is a subordination of degree, Mr Fitzadam, which ought strictly to be observed; and a man in ill health, or of a dangerous profession, should not think himself on a level with people of sound constitutions, and less hazardous employments."

'I was determined to interrupt the doctor no more, and he went on thus:—"Mr Fitzadam, you may possibly think me an odd kind of a man, but I am no enemy to people of bad constitutions, nor ever withhold my bounty from them when their necessities demand it; but though I am doing them all the services in my power, I cannot consent to lower myself so far as to make them my companions. It is more in the power of the physicians to confer rank, for the gifts of fortune are nothing; health is the only riches that a man ought to set a value on; and without it, all men are poor, let their estates be what they will. If I differ from the common opinion in this particular, I do also in another. The tradesman or mechanic who has acquired an estate by his industry, is seldom reckoned a gentleman; but it was always my sentiment, that a man who makes his own constitution, has more merit in him than he that was born with it: the one is the work of chance, the other of design. And it is for this reason that I am seen so often with your friend; for though the gout is generally an impoverishing distemper, yet temperance and regularity may in time subdue it; whereas the gentleman who drove by us with six horses has an incurable asthma, which renders him, with his large estate, as poor as the beggar who is dying under the hedge. The more you think of these things, Mr Fitzadam, the more you will be of my opinion. A poor man in health is a companion for a king; but a lord without it, is a poor man indeed. And why should he expect the homage of other people, when the very meanest of his domestics would refuse to change places with him?"

'My companion was stopped short in his harangue by our arrival at my friend's house. We found him in good health and spirits, which greatly heightened the vicar's complaisance; and as I took care to conceal from him the complaints and infirmities of old age, I passed a very agreeable week, and was so much in his good graces, that at my departure he presented me with some Turlington's balsam, and a paper of Dr James's powder. "There," says he, "they may rob you of your money if they please, but for bruises and fevers you may set them at defiance."'

It occurs to us that there is a deep moral under all this drollery. Health is the primary ordination of nature. Diseases and infirmities only exist by reason of violations of that decree. There is, therefore, a presumption in favour of the man who is healthy, that he has acted a wise and rational part; whence of course arises merit, and praise is due accordingly. Perhaps one reason why we are not in the custom of commending a man for good health, is the fact that so many of us act in a way to produce the contrary condition, and feel that praise of the robust would be our own condemnation.

When we hear a man complain of his headaches or his dyspepsia, and know that his ailments are the unavoidable result of his inordinate application to business—which application is for no better object than to enable himself or his children to live in a handsomer house, and make a greater dash in the world—is sympathy truly due to him? Is not his loss of health, on the contrary, the very measure of his moral delinquencies, and a reason for putting upon him the stigma due to covetousness and mean ambition?

When a lady tells us by the words of her mouth, and the paleness of her cheek, that she is entirely out of health, is she truly entitled to pity, if we know that the evil is solely owing to the artificial, erroneous way in which she persists in living, contrary to all good advice upon the subject? It rather appears to us that she incurs a just odium, as one guilty of a kind of daily suicide.

Can an elderly man, bankrupt in bodily power, and full of vexing ailments, in consequence of his acting the debauchee in youth, with any face demand such compassion as we feel to be due to unforeseen misfortune? Are not his troubles rather the simple exponent of his vices, and a ground for something like that disrespect in which the vicar held the sportsmen?

Some are weakly or sickly in consequence of hereditary qualities. But if we may be proud of an ancestry for its rank, wealth, or unvarying good conduct, may we not also take some pride in one which has sent us a good constitution and a natural stock of health? And is it not, on the other hand, a discredit to be come of people who have, by their transgressions or neglect, incurred unsoundness, whether in body or mind? Even those diseases which, being endemic, may befall any of us—is there not a demerit connected with them, though of a more general nature, seeing that they come from a traditionary virus or miasma, which only expresses some horrible error of life in former generations of our race?

What is here said is not to be held as preclusive of the obvious fact, that bad health often arises in spite of every meritorious effort and care to the contrary. We may admit this, and yet keep in view that unhealthiness is more generally a preventible evil, and one incurred through our own fault.

But is there to be no relenting towards those who suffer from their own errors? Forbid it every beautiful emotion of our social nature! And it is so forbidden. Never will even the most direct cases of human wo, as a consequence of error, fail to draw the pitying tear and the soothing kindness. But let the error be at the same time seen and condemned, and never let the merit of good health be lost sight of in the ruth we show towards those by whom it has been voluntarily forfeited.

A PAINTING THREE MILES LONG.

There was a young lad of fifteen, a fatherless, moneyless youth, to whom there came a very extraordinary idea, as he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi. He had read in some foreign journal that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but that she had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it. On this thought he pondered, and pondered, till his brain began to whirl; and as he glided along the shores of the stupendous river, gazing around him with wonder and delight, the boy resolved within himself that he would take away the reproach from his country—that *he* would paint the beauties and sublimities of his native land.

Some years passed away, and still John Banvard, for that was his name, dreamed of being a painter. What he was in his waking, working moments, we do not know—probably a mechanic; but, at all events, he found time to turn over and over again the great Thought that haunted him; till at length, before he had yet attained his twenty-first year, it assumed a distinct and tangible shape in his mind, and he devoted himself to its realisation. There mingled no idea of profit with his ambition; and indeed, strange to say, we can learn nothing of any aspirations he may have felt after artistical excellence. His grand object, as he himself informs us, was to falsify the assertion, that America had 'no artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery,' and to accomplish this, by producing *the largest painting in the world!*

John Banvard was born in New York, and 'raised' in Kentucky; but he had no patrons either among the

rich merchants of the one, or the wild enthusiasts of the other, whose name has become a synonyme for all that is good, bad, and ridiculous in the American character. He was self-taught, and self-dependent; and when he determined to paint a picture of the shores of the Mississippi, which should be as superior to all others in point of *size* as that prodigious river is superior to the streamlets of Europe, he was obliged to betake himself for some time to trading and boating upon the mighty stream, in order to raise funds for the purchase of materials. But this was at length accomplished, and the work begun. His first task was to make the necessary drawings; and in executing this, he spent four hundred days in the manner thus described by himself:—

'For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing and recrossing the rapid stream, in many places over two miles in breadth, to select proper points of sight from which to take his sketch; his hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather. He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river. When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cotton wood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. Having killed his game, he would return, dress, cook, and from some fallen log would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him. Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the bar for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning; when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river, and then start fresh to his task again.'

When the preparatory drawings were completed, he erected a building at Louisville in Kentucky, where he at length commenced his picture, which was to be a Panorama of the Mississippi, painted on canvas, *three miles long;* and it is noted, with a justifiable pride, that this proved to be a home-production throughout—the cotton being grown in one of the southern states, and the fabric spun and woven by the factory girls of Lowell. What the picture is as a work of art, we shall probably have an opportunity of ascertaining personally, as it is understood to be Mr Banvard's intention to exhibit it in England; but in the meantime we must be satisfied to know that it receives the warmest eulogiums from the most distinguished of his own countrymen, and a testimony in favour of its correctness from the principal captains and pilots of the Mississippi. At a meeting in Boston in April last, General Briggs, governor of Massachusets, who was in the chair, talked of it with enthusiasm as 'a wonderful and extraordinary production;' and Mr Calhoun, president of the senate, moved a series of resolutions expressive of 'their high admiration of the boldness and originality of the conception, and of the indefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his Herculean work;' and these, being warmly seconded by Mr Bradbury, speaker of the House of Representatives, were carried unanimously.

The Mississippi is thus described in general terms in a pamphlet descriptive of the panorama:—'The Mississippi commences in many branches, that rise, for the most part, in wild rice lakes; but it traverses no great distance, before it has become a broad stream. Sometimes in its beginnings it moves, a wide expanse of waters, with a current scarcely perceptible, along a marshy bed. At others, its fishes are seen darting over a white sand, in waters almost as transparent as air. At other times it is compressed to a narrow and rapid current between ancient and hoary limestone bluffs. Having acquired, in a length of course, following its meanders, of three hundred miles, a width of half a mile, and having formed its distinctive character, it precipitates its waters down the falls of St Anthony. Thence it glides alternately through beautiful meadows and deep forests, swelling in its advancing march with the tributes of a hundred streams. In its progress it receives a tributary which of itself has a course of more than a thousand leagues. Thence it rolls its accumulated, turbid, and sweeping mass of waters through continued forests, only broken here and there by the axe, in lonely grandeur to the sea. No thinking mind can contemplate this mighty and resistless wave, sweeping its proud course from point to point, curving round its bends through the dark forests, without a feeling of sublimity. The hundred shores laved by its waters; the long course of its tributaries, some of which are already the abodes of cultivation, and others pursuing an immense course without a solitary dwelling of civilised man being seen on its banks; the numerous tribes of savages that now roam upon its borders; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations that are gone, leaving no other memorials of their existence, or materials for their history, than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its banks; the dim, but glorious anticipations of the future—these are subjects of contemplation that cannot but associate themselves with the view of this river.'

The general width of the river is a mile from bank to bank; but after receiving the Missouri, this diminishes instead of increasing; and the character it has hitherto preserved of serene magnificence, changes to that of a wild and headstrong turbulence. 'The bosom of the river is covered with prodigious boils or swells, that rise with a whirling motion, and a convex surface, two or three rods in diameter, and no inconsiderable noise, whirling a boat perceptibly from its track. In its course, accidental circumstances shift the impetus of its current, and propel it upon the point of an island, bend, or sand-bar. In these instances it tears up the island, removes the sand-bars, and sweeps away the tender alluvial soil of the bends, with all their trees, and deposits the spoils in another place. At the season of high waters, nothing is more familiar to the ear of the people on the river than the deep crash of a land-slip, in which larger or smaller masses of the soil on the banks, with all the trees, are plunged into the stream. Such is its character from Missouri to the Balize—a wild, furious, whirling river, never navigated safely, except with great caution.'

But the real greatness of the river is not obvious to the traveller. 'If it be in the spring, when the river below the mouth of the Ohio is generally over its banks, although the sheet of water that is making its way to the gulf is perhaps thirty miles wide, yet finding its way through deep forests and swamps that conceal all from the eye, no expanse of water is seen but the width that is carved out between the outline of woods on either bank; and it seldom exceeds, and oftener falls short of, a mile. But when he sees, in descending from the falls of St Anthony, that it swallows up one river after another, with mouths as wide as itself, without affecting its width at all; when he sees it receiving in succession the mighty Missouri, the broad Ohio, St Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red rivers, all of them of great depth, length, and volume of water; when he sees this mighty river absorbing them all, and retaining a volume apparently unchanged, he begins to estimate rightly the increasing depths of current that must roll on its deep channel to the sea. Carried out of the Balize, and sailing with a good breeze for hours, he sees nothing on any side but the white and turbid waters of the Mississippi long after he is out of sight of land.'

The features of the country through which the river

rolls are greatly diversified 'by wild rice lakes and swamps, by limestone bluffs, and craggy hills; occasionally through deep pine forests, and beautiful prairies; and the tenants on its borders are elk, buffaloes, bears, and deer, and the savages that pursue them.' Then comes the prairie scenery, extending for a hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri; then the forest scenery of the Ohio; and then the alluvion, broading from thirty to fifty miles, till at Balize it is supposed to be three times that breadth, and in great part a wilderness of cypress forest, stagnant lakes, and impenetrable cane.

The following is given as life on the Mississippi:—'The greater part of the commercial intercourse of the country is with New Orleans, by the river Mississippi, in boats. These are so various in their kinds, and so curious in their construction, that it would be difficult to reduce them to specific classes and divisions. No form of water-craft so whimsical, no shape so outlandish, can well be imagined, but what, on descending to New Orleans, it may somewhere be seen lying to the shore, or floating on the river. The New York Canal is generating monstrous conceptions of this sort; and there will soon be a rivalry between the east and the west, which can create the most ingenious floating river-monsters of passage and transport.

'But the boats of passage and conveyance, that remain after the invention of steamboats, and are still important to those objects, are keel-boats and flats. The flat boats are called, in the vernacular phrase, "Kentucky Flats," or "Broad Horns." They are simply an oblong ark, with a roof slightly curved from the centre, to shed rain. They are generally about fifteen feet wide, and from fifty to eighty, and sometimes a hundred feet in length. The timbers of the bottom are massive beams; and they are intended to be of great strength, and to carry a burden of from two to four hundred barrels. Great numbers of cattle, hogs, and horses are conveyed to market in them. We have seen family boats of this description, fitted up for the descent of families to the lower country with a stove, comfortable apartments, beds, and arrangements for commodious habitancy. We see in them ladies, servants, cattle, horses, sheep, dogs, and poultry, all floating on the same bottom; and on the roof the looms, ploughs, spinning-wheels, and domestic implements of the family.

'Much of the produce of the upper country, even after the invention of steamboats, continues to descend to New Orleans in Kentucky flats. They generally carry three hands, and perhaps a supernumerary fourth hand—a kind of supercargo. This boat, in the form of a parallelogram, lying flat and dead in the water, and with square timbers below its bottom planks, and carrying such a great weight, runs on a sand-bar with a strong headway, and ploughs its timbers into the sand; and it is of course a work of extreme labour to get the boat afloat again. Its form and its weight render it difficult to give it a direction with any power of oars. Hence, in the shallow waters, it often gets aground. When it has at length cleared the shallow waters, and gained the heavy current of the Mississippi, the landing such an unwieldy water-craft, in such a current, is a matter of no little difficulty and danger.

'All the toil, and danger, and exposure, and moving accidents of this long and perilous voyage, are hidden, however, from the inhabitants, who contemplate the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images and associations to the beholders. At this time there is no visible danger, or call for labour. The boat takes care of itself; and little do the beholders imagine how different a scene may be presented in half an hour. Meantime, one of the hands scrapes a violin, and the others dance. Greeting, or rude defiances, or trials of wit, or proffers of love to the girls on shore, or saucy messages, are scattered between them and the spectators along the banks. The boat glides on until it disappears behind the point of wood. At this moment, perhaps, the bugle, with which all the boats are provided, strikes up its note in the distance over the water. These scenes, and these notes echoing from the bluffs of the noble Mississippi, have a charm for the imagination, which, although heard a thousand times repeated, at all hours and positions, present the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that naturally inspires a wish to be a boatman.'

The scene at a landing-place towards the evening is striking. 'The boats have come from regions thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union. The surface of the boats covers some acres. Fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as invariable appendages. The piercing note of the chanticleer is heard; the cattle low; the horses trample as in their stables; the swine utter the cries of fighting with each other; the turkeys gobble; the dogs of a hundred regions become acquainted. The boatmen travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, agree to "lash boats," as it is called, and form alliances to yield mutual assistance to each other on the way to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore, to "raise the wind" in the village. If they tarry all night, as is generally the case, it is well for the people of the town if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening; in which case, strong measures are adopted, and the proceedings on both sides are summary and decisive. With the first dawn, all is bustle and motion; and amidst shouts, and trampling of cattle, and barking of dogs, and crowing of the fowls, the fleet is in half an hour all under weigh; and when the sun rises, nothing is seen but the broad stream rolling on as before. These boats unite once more at Natchez and New Orleans; and although they live on the same river, it is improbable that they will ever meet again on the earth.'

A stranger is surprised, it is added, by the mode of travelling in steamboats on this mighty river. 'He contemplates the prodigious construction, with its double tiers of cabins, and its separate establishment for the ladies, and its commodious arrangements for the deck passengers and the servants. Overhead, about him, and below him, all is life and movement. He contemplates the splendour of the cabin, its beautiful finishing of the richest woods, its rich carpeting, its mirrors and fine furniture, its sliding tables, its bar-room, and all its arrangements for the accommodation of a hundred cabin passengers. The fare is sumptuous, and everything in a style of splendour, order, and quiet, far exceeding most city taverns. You read, converse, walk, or sleep, as you choose. You are not burdened by the restraint of useless ceremony. The varied and verdant scenery shifts about you. The trees, the green islands, the houses on the shore, everything has an appearance, as by enchantment, of moving past you. The river-fowl, with their white and extended lines, are wheeling their flight above you. The sky is bright. The river is dotted with boats above, beside, and below you. You hear the echo of their bugle reverberating from the woods. Behind the wooded point, you see the ascending column of smoke rising over the trees, which announces that another steamboat is approaching you. The moving pageant glides through a narrow passage, between an island thick-set with young cotton woods—so even, so beautiful, and regular, that they seem to have been planted for a pleasure-ground—and the main shore. As you shoot out again into the broad stream, you come in view of a plantation, with all its busy and cheerful accompaniments. At other times, you are sweeping along for many leagues together, where either shore is a boundless and pathless wilderness. A contrast is thus strongly forced upon the mind, of the highest improvement and the latest pre-eminent invention

of art with the most lonely aspect of a grand but desolate nature—the most striking and complete assemblage of splendour and comfort, the cheerfulness of a floating hotel, which carries perhaps hundreds of guests, with a wild and uninhabited forest, it may be a hundred miles in width, the abode only of bears, owls, and noxious animals.'

Such are the impressions an American receives from the vast Mississippi; and we think it useful to present them here, by way of contrast to the caricatures of European travellers. But Mr Banvard's panorama, when it comes, will enable us, at all events, to judge for ourselves of the physical aspect of the river, and of the boats, and appearance, grouping, and costume of the passengers. We think, however, we may venture to assure him that his exhibition will be viewed with interest by 'the old country' from better motives than those of mere curiosity.

FRESH FACTS ABOUT ETHER.

A SHORT time since, when etherisation was first brought into notice in this country, we gave a short account of the process and of its effects. During the period which has elapsed since then, a number of interesting additional circumstances relating to the process have appeared, from which we design to select a few, in order to complete our notice of this wonderful and all-important discovery.

The apparatus may first engage our attention. The principles of the apparatus formerly described, have found a wide development in the multitude of mechanisms now to be seen in every instrument-maker's window, under the title of 'Ether Inhalers.' An important improvement has, however, been made upon them by an ingenious chemist in the metropolis, which was exhibited at the scientific soirée recently noticed in this Journal. The etherial vapour, if administered undiluted, can scarcely be breathed by any one without producing an irritating and annoying cough, and frequently this so materially interferes with the process, as to cause the patient to reject the vapour altogether, and prefer the endurance of unalleviated pain. It was also feared that the pungent acrid character of the vapour might do an injury to the lungs of delicate persons, if inhaled at once in its full strength. To obviate these effects, a two-way tap has been applied to the flexible tube through which the vapour is inspired, the effect of which is in a very simple manner completely regulative of the strength of the inspired vapour. By this contrivance the patient at first breathes little else than pure atmospheric air; by gradually turning the tap, less and less air gets admission into the tube, and more of the ether vapour, until at length the patient is drawing in, with all the eagerness this mysterious fluid inspires, the ether vapour, pure and strong, from the midst of the saturating sponge. When the full effect is produced, the tap is turned half-way back again, and thus a mixture of equal parts of air and vapour are supplied for the continuance of the process, if it is requisite to prolong it beyond two or three minutes. The remarkable simplicity of this addition is not less striking than its immense value. The second improvement is the administration of the vapour at an elevated temperature, by an instrument invented by Dr Snow. This apparatus is made entirely of tin, and when in use, is immersed in water of a proper temperature. The ether produces its effects more rapidly when administered by this means than by almost any other, as the warm vapour influences the system much more readily than when unwarmed. It also obviates the brittleness of glass apparatus; and an inhaler of this kind can be carried in the coat-pocket, so that a practitioner, armed with such an instrument, may carry about a cure for one, at least, of the many ills of which we are inheritors—physical suffering. Beyond these *addenda*, nothing fresh of importance is to be found among all the simple or complicated contrivances before the scientific world.

A curious chapter might be written upon the various effects of the vapour upon different physiological temperaments. It would contain some striking passages in a true serio-comic spirit. While the ordinary consequence of the inhalation is entire insensibility and prostration of the muscular powers, as formerly described, some singularities have occurred well deserving notice under the title of this paper. These have been principally manifested just at the commencement, or more frequently toward the conclusion of the process, when the patient is rallying from its effects. An old gentleman who had had a tooth extracted, rose from the operating-chair in an angry mood, and exclaimed, 'Now, sir, I will not be dictated to in this manner; and if you question my respectability—No, I'll tell you what——' when he awoke. A gentleman's servant was operated on in a similar manner: he too got up from the chair, and with some excitement shouted out, 'Now, gentlemen, it's all very well, but I wont stand it; and if there is anybody here——' And he proceeded to divest himself of his coat, manifestly desirous of a personal combat with somebody, when he awoke, and behold it was a dream. A boy who had one of his toes amputated, and thereby lost one important auxiliary for the Terpsichorean entertainment he became anxious to enjoy, cried out lustily, 'Come, let us dance the Polka!' Another was seized with the profuseness of affection commonly characteristic of the maudlin tippler, and insisted upon shaking hands all round; after which he melted into a deluge of lugubrious tears, which brought him to his senses. These cases are capable of indefinite multiplication. Perhaps the most curious fact of all in the history of the process, is one which received a slow belief at first, but has again and again been brought under the experience of every operator in extensive practice. We allude to those wonderful instances in which all the faculties exist unimpaired, sensation of pain only being utterly abolished. A person operated on at the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh affords an amusing, almost incredible illustration of this circumstance. After inhaling the vapour for a few minutes, he began denouncing the whole process as a piece of humbug, and addressing the wondering bystanders, gravely assured them it was a most complete failure: all the while the operation was going quietly on, altogether without his knowledge, and was completed in the midst of his ludicrous protestations that the plan was a miserable delusion: his amazement on the dissipation of the effects of the vapour may be more easily conceived than written. A young man about to have his leg amputated inhaled the ether, and the operation commenced. Not a feature altered, not a fibre quivered, and the operation was like one on a dead body. While the saw was traversing the bone, the poor fellow opened his eyes, as if awakening from a tranquil sleep, and said in a dreamy sort of way, 'You are sawing!' The tone was that of a casual observation from a bystander, not the exclamation of a man who at the instant was losing a limb. A while after, he recovered, and then said he both heard and saw the sawing of the bone, but did not feel it. A lady who was being operated on for a tumour, never once lost her faculties, and even requested a medical friend near her 'not to leave town without calling upon her;' yet she experienced not the slightest pain. Another was taken with a jocose fit, and winked, laughed, nodded, and took astronomical observations at the wonderers around him. It has been suggested that absolute unconsciousness is not necessary to secure insensibility; and a somewhat enthusiastic writer says he fully anticipates the time when the patient shall sit unconcernedly inhaling his ether, and giving directions as to the operation. We might suggest, perhaps, a few for his consideration. 'There now, cut a little deeper, or you wont make a good stump.' 'That's the wrong tooth; take out the next;' and such-like. The intoxicating agent was at first only suspected to be sulphuric

ether; it is now fully ascertained that such is the case. It is, however, worthy of remark that the ether requires some previous preparation before it is in an appropriate condition for use in the process of inhalation. Some remains of acid, and a little water, are generally to be found in ether sold by the chemists, and these must be removed according to art. The fact has not met with the notice it deserves; but it has been mentioned that a very curious diversity of effects is produced by the pure and the impure ether. When purified by being washed in water, and inhaled, it gave birth to feelings of the most blissful character; when, again, impure ether was inhaled, ideas of horror and gloom filled the mind. The subject deserves further attention.

There are some risks attendant upon the process, the mention of which will, we trust, confine its use in every instance to the direction of a medical practitioner. It may produce a state closely resembling apoplexy, or it may cause a condition called collapse, from which recovery may take place with difficulty, or not at all. Under proper medical superintendence, the process would be instantly arrested on the first appearance of dangerous symptoms; but if it were administered as an amusement, and pushed to the degree of insensibility, danger might arise, and its effects become altogether irremediable. The notion of the explosibility of the patient under its influence, if approached too nearly with a lighted candle, is a mistake: the experiment has been made, a light was held close to the mouth, but *no explosion* took place. With young children it is also stated there is some risk; but operations have been performed on them without the little creatures either suffering pain, or experiencing any bad consequences afterwards. To those who have inhaled ether for the fun of the thing, as the intoxicating vapour leaves a strong desire for more, we may be permitted to mention a danger of another kind. A gentleman possessed of considerable talent and enlarged intellectual powers having once inhaled ether, and experienced its wonderful expansive effects upon the mind, became possessed with the odd idea that, by occasional inhalations, he could continue to expand his mental powers indefinitely. He applied himself again and again so energetically to the task, as very shortly to require personal restraint. The ether withheld, he recovered; and being liberated, flew to his delusion once more, and is now in a melancholy condition of the most hopeless lunacy.

This important discovery has thrown open a new field of inquiry, or rather has re-opened an old one, before the medical world—the administration of medicines in a volatile state. An institution founded by Dr Beddoes, known as the Pneumatic Institution, existed many years since, in which such agencies were employed, but shortly fell into disrepute. It is yet possible that, in certain cases, and with certain medicines, the practice may now again be revived, but it requires much caution. Not only has etherisation banished pain from some thousands of operations upon the human subject, but, with the true benignant spirit of our day, its soothing influences have been extended to the brute. Horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs have breathed its luxurious atmosphere, and have undergone the most serious operations without evincing any suffering. Some curious experiments have been also made upon the relative tolerance of ether upon birds, quadrupeds, and fish. Gold-fish, linnets, and guinea-pigs have all been made insensible by its means; and on being pricked slightly, appeared unconscious of the injury. As was to be expected from their anatomical structure, birds are most rapidly affected; next to them, quadrupeds; and slowest of all, fish.

The inventors of etherisation could scarcely have ventured even to anticipate some of the remarkable purposes to which their process was to be applied. It has not only been employed in surgery, obstetric medicine, and the veterinary art, but it has also been used in medicine to produce relaxation of spasm, and also for the relief of violent attacks of *tic douloureux*, and painful affections of the nerves. It has been proposed to produce insensibility also in cases of malingering, where disease is feigned for the purpose of securing a discharge from service. Two cases are related, which show in a curious manner the protection it bestows upon the real, and the detection it affords of the sham invalid. The first was that of a young soldier recently enlisted, who professed his incapacity for military service on account of a diseased hip-joint: he was etherised, and the joint was really found to be stiff and immovable. The second, also a soldier, appeared sadly distorted by an aggravated spinal curvature; he was also made to inhale, and in four minutes his dreadful-looking spinal disease vanished, and his spine became like that of another man. On recovering, his shame and disgrace may be easily pictured.

We thus bring to a conclusion our brief outline of the most prominent recent facts known relative to this invaluable discovery. As it is still only in its infancy, the sphere of its usefulness may reasonably be expected to extend over a much wider department than it has hitherto reached of human misery and suffering.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Those at Aberdeen and Dundee have led to an examination of the subject, which is likely to have great effect. It is by no one taken up with greater enthusiasm than by the Hon. Miss Murray, one of the ladies immediately about the queen, and who has dedicated, by permission, a small book on education to her Majesty and Prince Albert.

This small but important work, like Horace Mann's 'Educational Tour,' will be extensively read. Its object is not so much mental education, as moral training—the one being sure to follow the other. When the late Captain Edward Brenton was establishing at Hackneywick, near London, an institution for changing the character of young male delinquents, Miss Murray was doing the same for females at Chiswick, and she had sufficient influence with Lord Cottenham, when formerly chancellor, to persuade him to draw an act for the purpose of providing for juvenile delinquents. The bill passed the Commons at the end of Lord Melbourne's administration; but the dissolution of the parliament prevented its ever reaching the Lords: still it is upon record, and must work its way. Patience and perseverance generally succeed; and when police shops are shut up, and constables no longer wanted, and prevention of crime substituted for cure by punishment, it can never be forgotten that this admirable lady has been a powerful coadjutor in the cause.

Miss Murray has had recourse to a letter from the celebrated Mirabeau, written in 1785, a copy of which she has put into the hands of many of our public men. It will, however, be well that it should not be limited to private circulation, and on that account it will be generally useful to lay it before the readers of the Journal.

'If due attention was bestowed upon the education and training of children belonging to the working-classes, governments might always have the source of the population at their command, and might not only renovate and reform, but give such agricultural knowledge and habits of industry, as would enrich and render their people prosperous. The vices of society are one of the causes which congregate men in cities; but the wisdom of enlightened rule should induce this tide to flow back again into the country, by bringing up the otherwise idle and mischievous population of children in pure and simple habits out of towns; and thus the fruits of corruption will themselves serve to arrest its progress, the mortality of early life will be lessened, and an increased population, instead of being to be dreaded, will be advantageous. The state, by them, and for them, would establish great agricultural colonies, would then value them as a parent in a natural position values his numerous family, not only as domestic treasures, but as the elements also of his future prosperity and of his worldly riches. I know not whether this may be thought a good speculation in England, but it would be one of my main resources in France. The government, in adopting destitute and ignorant children, would have two kinds of legitimate control over them—that of the sovereign, and that of the father; it would have an absolute power over their education, and over the produce of their early labour.

'How many experiments useful to the children themselves, and to the whole nation, might not an enlightened government make in the culture, training, and education of these infant colonists! If there are any means of peopling, reclaiming, and fertilising waste lands in Normandy, Champagne, and the deserts which lie between Bayonne and Bordeaux, I believe these means would be found in turning to account the children now beggars, or confined in the charitable establishments and prisons of the nation.'

When the extent of vagrant mendicancy in Ireland is borne in mind, one might fancy that this letter of the great French orator was the voice of an oracle, pointing out what a government might do. In Ireland there are five counties and seventy large towns without a bookseller's shop. Scotland, with a third of the population, has three times the number of booksellers, being in the proportion of 9 to 3.*

It is to the ignorance of the Irish that their miserable state is to be attributed. The greater half—the mass of the labouring class—have not yet derived any benefit from the discovery of the art of printing: all books are in English, and that language is unknown to them.

Listen to what a highly-esteemed English philosopher has written. Wordsworth, in his poem of 'The Excursion,' says—

'Oh for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation on her part to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey!
Binding herself by statute to secure,
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised; so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the aid
Of intellectual implements and tools—
A savage horde among the civilised;
A servile band among the lordly free.
This sacred right the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will.
* * *
This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed
To eyes and ears of parents, who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to Heaven,
It mounts to reach the state's parental ear,
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good; which England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred,
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.'

Higher individual authority than this cannot be quoted; and although nothing like what was expected has been gained, the events of the last few months have established some important principles:—1*st*, That it is a duty, as Wordsworth says, 'by statute,' to educate the people. 2*d*, That education is not limited to mental tuition; industrial habits, as well as teaching in various ways, will be established within a few years. 3*d*, The instructors, as well as the slayers of mankind, should be pensioned at the end of life, after they have done their work.

* These statistics of bookselling appeared in the 'Literary Gazette,' enumerating the towns, with the population of each, and was copied in the 'Times' of the 18th of December.

SEA-BATHING.

Sea-bathing, on account of its stimulative and penetrating power, may be placed at the head of those means that regard the care of the skin, and which certainly supplies one of the first wants of the present generation, by opening the pores, and thereby reinvigorating the whole nervous system. This bathing is attended with two important advantages. The first is, that besides its great healing power in cases of disease, it may be employed by those who are perfectly well, as the means most agreeable to nature for strengthening and preserving health. In this respect it may be compared to bodily exercise, which can remove diseases otherwise incurable, and which may be used also by those who are sound in order to preserve themselves in that state. The other advantage is, the noble, grand, and indescribable prospect of the sea connected with it, and which, on those not acquainted with it, has an effect capable of bracing up the nervous system, and producing a beneficial exaltation of the whole frame. I am fully convinced that the physical effects of sea-bathing must be greatly increased by this impression on the mind, and that a hypochondriac or nervous person may be half-cured by residing on the sea-coast, and enjoying a view of the grand scenes of nature which will there present themselves.—*Hufeland.*

NARROW ESCAPE.

Gustavus Count Von Schlabrendorf was born at Stettin on the 22d of March 1750. His father was Frederick the Great's minister in Silesia during the Seven Years' War. As the friend of Condorcet, Mercier, and Brissot, he was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror. His conversation and kindness, his generosity and advice, were the comfort of his fellow-prisoners. Schlabrendorf escaped death by a sort of miracle. One day the cart came as usual for its freight of victims, and his name was called out. He soon was ready, with the exception of his boots, which could not be found. At length he said to the jailor, 'Without boots, it is quite impossible for me to go. Let us see: you can call for me to-morrow; one day cannot be of much consequence.' The cart proceeded without him. Next day Schlabrendorf, ready booted, was waiting; but his name was not called. The jailor was not a brute, and said nothing. Schlabrendorf remained in prison ignored until Robespierre's fall.—*Sketches of German Life.*

LENGTH OF THE HUMAN HAIR.

The ordinary length of the hair of the head, as deduced from its measurement in women, ranges between twenty inches and a yard, the latter being considered as unusually long. But in some instances the length is much greater; as in the case of a lady in whom, I am informed, it measures two yards, and trails on the ground when she stands erect. When, however, hair is kept closely shaved, it appears to become persistent, and at the same time increases in strength and bulk. It has been calculated by a curious investigator (Withof) that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half in the week; this will give a length of six inches and a half in the course of a year, and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet which have fallen before the edge of the razor. Such an amount of growth appears in nowise remarkable, when we learn from Eble that in the prince's court at Eidam there is a full-length painting of a carpenter whose beard was nine feet long, so that, when engaged at work, he was obliged to carry it in a bag; and that the burgomeister, Hans Stomingen, having upon one occasion forgotten to fold up his beard, trod upon it as he ascended the staircase leading to the council chamber of Brunn, and was thereby thrown down and killed.—*Wilson on the Skin.*

APPAREL.

A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing that all men are not Œdipuses, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—*Feltham.*

EXAGGERATIONS.

Never to speak by superlatives is a sign of a wise man; for that way of speaking wounds either truth or prudence. Exaggerations are so many prostitutions of reputation, because they discover the weakness of understanding, and the bad discerning of him that speaks. Excessive praises excite both curiosity and envy; so that, if merit answer not the value that is set upon it, as it generally happens, general opinion revolts against the imposture, and makes the flatterer and the flattered both ridiculous.—*Anon.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 182. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1847. Price 1½d.

SCOTTICISMS AND SOLECISMS.

'The plague was in London, but they *wanted* it in Edinburgh,' says the Caledonian, little reflecting on what he is attributing to the people of the latter city. If told of the solecism he had committed, he would probably confess that he *thought shame* of himself, which would only be going wrong in another direction. Tell him so—he adds, 'Surely not; but I will *inquire at* my friend Diphthong the teacher.'

'Wrong again: say, inquire of. You have the example, however, of the Waverley novels before you: your countryman, Scott, always asked a question *at* a man. But tell me how you are to-day?'

'Oh, very *bad*, sir; very *bad*. I have got a dreadfully *sore head*.'

'I am sorry to hear you confess your wickedness, but I pity the unpleasant condition of your head. What was it owing to?'

'Oh, at dinner yesterday I took a *few soup*, and *they* always disagree with me, particularly *of late*.'

'Well, say, a little soup, and that soup has disagreed with you lately.'

'I'll try to remember; but so old a scholar as *me* is *ill to learn*.'

'So old an instructor as *I*, however, do not find any *difficulty in teaching*. I would fain have you corrected out of those errors you are so liable to fall into.'

'You are very *discreet*. *Will* I have a lesson from you to-day?'

'With all my heart.'

'Well, don't sit any longer *on the door*, but come *into* the fire, and let us proceed.'

'As a beginning, then, please to know that I might be kind or civil in offering my instructions, but not discreet. You ought to have asked me, "Shall I have a lesson?" And you should have told me to sit no longer *near* the door, but to come *towards* the fire.'

'Oh dear, how many errors! I don't think I can *mind* them all.'

'*Remember*, my dear sir, if you please.'

'Well, remember. We Scotchmen are certainly greatly *a*-wanting in the English language.'

'Say *wanting* now; and your acknowledgment is a graceful one.'

'I am always very much *put about*, when in London, feeling the liability to speak incorrectly.'

'For put about, *incommoded*. A Scotchman is not a ship.'

'Well, I'll *take tent* for the future.'

'What is that you'll take?'

'Oh, I mean I'll pay attention. Thereby hangs a tale. A Scotch physician of langsyne was visiting an old lady, whom he was obliged to put under some very strict regulations as to regimen. "Now, tak tent," he several times repeated as he was leaving her; meaning, "Pay attention to my rules." When he came back, a week or two after, he found the old lady almost gone, from a too liberal use of tent wine.'*

'The more need, then, for all of you to *tak tent* not to use so dubious a phrase again.'

'Oh yes, *we behove* to be careful.'

'What is that you say?'

'Oh, it behoves us to be careful.'

'Ay, it behoves you; but you do not behove, seeing, my dear sir, that behove is an impersonal verb. However, I must leave you, for I see it is twelve o'clock.'

'Oh, don't be in a hurry. The clock is *before*: it is only *half twelve* as yet.'

'More errors still. But even though the clock be *forward*, and it is only *half-past eleven*, I must go, having already rather exceeded my time. So good-morning.'

Let us imagine another conversation, the persons different, but their respective countries the same.

'How do you do, Tomkins? Glad to see you north of the Tweed at last.'

'Thank you, my dear friend.'

'What have been your movements?'

'We *left* on Friday last, and came here partly by *rail* and partly by coach.'

'But what did you leave?'

'Oh, why—what—ah, you're always so funny. We left London to be sure. We arrived in this *here* place last night.'

'Well, I never heard of Edinburgh being a *here* place before. What kind of journey had you?'

'All very well, but that the weather was *to* cold, and the man *as* drove the coach was rather uncivil. However, our fellow-passengers were *such nice* people. We *got along* with them extremely well.'

'Ah, I'm glad you got along with them. It would have been a great bore to be left with them at any place by the way!'

'Oh, you Scotchmen don't understand English; but I've no fault *to* you on that account. You can't help it.'

'Of course not. But where do you intend to go? The season is too far advanced, I fear, to allow of your visiting the Highlands.'

'Why, I was not *a-going to*. Besides, my *mistress has been*. I've *half a mind*, however, to go to Glasgow and the Falls of the Clyde. The Falls are *ever* so fine, I believe. By the way, *them* houses are *mighty* tall.'

'Yes, eight or ten storeys. We have many others almost as lofty.'

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* Sir John Sinclair, in his *Observations on the Scottish Dialect*, published in 1782, says very naïvely respecting *Tak tent*, 'As that species of wine is far from being a specific in every disorder, this is a phrase which, by the faculty at least, ought to be carefully avoided.'

'By the way, I see you have as many drunken people in the streets as ever. Here comes one very *fresh* indeed.'

'It is odd you should call a drunken man fresh. In Scotland, a man is said to be fresh when he is sober, as distinguished from being drunk. But both applications of the word are wrong.'

'Well, so I've been told by my friend Johnson in London.'

'Oh, how is Johnson, and what is he engaged in now?'

'Why, the last time I met him he was very well. He told me he is now *on* the Morning Chronicle.'

'*On* the Chronicle! Well, the Chronicle has a good load of him, seeing he is not under fifteen stone.'

'Oh, he's a great deal fatter now. Indeed he is so *stout*, that he is become quite weak in the legs. Calling on me lately, he *laid* down on my sofa the moment he came in. "Johnson," said I, "I'm sorry to see you *lay* there. I fear that beer and the debate have been too severe upon you lately?" At which he fell a-laughing. Ah, he is a *real* good fellow *is Johnson*.'

'I hope he prospers in his calling?'

'Oh, *getting on* famously. Hard worked, I daresay; but he *lays his account* with it. The last thing I heard of him was, that his wife's brother, a dreadfully rich fellow, had taken his son Alfred to *do for him*.'

And so forth. Now for a third conversation, with similar interlocutors, but both well-educated men.

'Your countrymen in Scotland are making great advances in the acquirement of correct English; but the Scotticisms still cling to you. Never do the very best of you entirely overcome the tendency to that kind of error.'

'Why, I'm not quite sure that you English are just to us in this respect. We are addicted to the use of many wrong phrases and forms of speech no doubt, but so are the provincial English—nay, even Londoners of the middle class; and it seems too bad to single out the Scotch for remark. I assure you we observe in the English—excepting only the most highly-educated class—a vast number of improprieties which do not beset our countrymen.'

'That may be; but I do not think there is any reproach meant. It only happens that you do commit many solecisms, and that an apt term for them has arisen.'

'I am quite sure that the English people are too good-natured to mean any offence. It would, therefore, be absurd to take any. But let us see now. There is a considerable number of so-called Scotticisms, about which, I think, some little doubt may be entertained, or which are represented by English phrases that appear to me no better.'

'Give me some examples if you please.'

'I shall, very willingly. A Scotchman, you are aware, speaks of having a watch *on* him, while an Englishman says *about* him. Now, it appears to me that a watch may more justly be said to be *on* a man, than *about* him. A Scotchman meets a friend *on* the street, at which the Englishman exclaims, "For Heaven's sake, say in the street!" But I more than suspect that *on* is the better phrase, seeing that the street is primitively the way or road; the Roman roads through England were all streets, though there was not a house upon them.'

'At least your second case is plausible.'

'But I have more cases. "Out of his judgment," says the Scotchman respecting an insane person. "Out of his senses," cries the Englishman, by way of correction. Now, I say that an insane man may more justly be described as out of his judgment than out of his senses. His senses, indeed, have nothing to do with the matter, except in being more or less affected, as it may happen, by the failure of the understanding.'

'I can't pretend to resist your reasoning on this point.'

'Again, a Scotchman is challenged for saying, "I'll cause my friend to join me in this undertaking." The Englishman tells him he ought to say *make*, instead of *cause*. But cause is in this case a much clearer and more correct phrase than make. The Scotch have a phrase of their own, which is better still: they say, "I'll *gar* my friend;" but as this is not in court, I'll say no more about it. So also we see "To *follow* out a train of reasoning," adduced as a Scotticism in the grammatical books, while it is impossible for me to find the least objection to it, or to discover the superiority of the equivalent English phrase, "To *trace* out," &c. In bread and milk, and bread and butter, there may be some slight advantage over the contrary collocation, in which the Scotch indulge; but what preference there is in the vinegar and pepper, for pepper and vinegar, or pen, ink, and paper, for paper, pen, and ink, I cannot perceive or imagine. Neither can I see any advantage in sugar-basin over sugar-bowl: indeed the utensil is generally much more like a bowl than a basin, and certainly our associations regarding bowls are more pleasant than those regarding basins. The head of the table, the foot of the table, I grant, are inappropriate phrases for what they are applied to; but can it be said that the English phrases, top of the table, bottom of the table, are more suitable?'

'Oh, but custom is everything in these cases. We constantly say, top of the table; sugar-basin; pen, ink, and paper; and so forth; and therefore any departure from these rules appears awkward.'

'Yes, but the question is, whose customs are to be observed? You do not consider the Frenchman guilty of a solecism because he speaks of surveying a man from foot to head—why, then, a Scotchman for similar peculiarities?'

'Well, if you are content to be aliens in language, I suppose you may be excused.'

'Thank you. I see the joke. But I am not done yet. There are some of these reprobated phrases which seem to me rather to be rejoiced in than otherwise. For instance, a Scotchman uses *enow* as an adjective for enough. "There are enow of potatoes to serve us all." This, I humbly submit, is a positive gain in language, seeing that it gives us the special word for the special idea. So also it is well for the Scotchman to have *swatch* for a pattern or sample, as applied to cloth, both pattern and sample being in use to express other ideas. The *airt* of the wind, for the *direction* of the wind, seems greatly preferable; both because it is a peculiar word, and because it refers to the point from which the wind comes. So also to airt a business, to be airt in it—that is, to guide a business, or have a share in directing it—seem good and eligible phrases. Allow me here to quote an anonymous writer of the last century. "We are taught on no account to make use of the word *byre*, to denote a house appropriated to the keeping of cows. In its stead we are taught to say *cow-house*, or *stable*, whichever we please. But if I use the word stable, I force a word which has a precise and appropriate meaning — namely, a house for keeping horses—to express another meaning, which tends only to occasion ambiguity and mistake; and if I use cow-house, it is certainly a degradation of the language, tending to impoverish it. By the same rule we ought to banish from the language the appropriate phrases, stable, kennel, sty, granary, scullery, laundry, and in their place say, horse-house, dog-house, hog-house, grain-house, dish-washing-house, clothes-dressing-house; and so on."

'I cannot deny that there is much force in all this; but surely I need not tell you that it is in vain to interfere with fashion in these matters?'

'Yes, but I will interfere with fashion; at least I will show you where I think fashion is wrong. I think her so in more respects than in the rejection of valuable words. Sometimes she makes gross corruptions in words which the so-called vulgar continue to use correctly. For example, we have now nettle-rash for the nettle-rush; the scarf-skin for the scurf-skin: changes utterly indefensible. The epidermis is entitled to the denomination of scurf-skin, from its being the deposi-

tory of those minute scales which we recognise as scurf. Scarf, signifying a loose vestment, can obviously have no concern in the case. The disease of rush is liable to that term, by reason of its being a thing that rushes out. The word rash, in such a case, is mere nonsense. There are many such corruptions; and I can imagine no class more worthy of reprobation, seeing that they take their rise with those who, from their superior education, might be expected to be the guardians of the language.'

So let the debate end. After all, language must ever be full of anomalies. Taking its rise during the ignorance of a people, it must necessarily involve many improprieties, too deeply woven into the texture to be separated. By and by, literature comes to steady and preserve it. Yet, even after that, a natural tendency to new phrases is perpetually seen at work amongst almost all classes: right or wrong, they force their way into recognition. Grammarians, being for the most part only finical about their little rules, fail in general to apprehend the natural forces which give birth to the expressions which they condemn as uncouth and wrong. Almost all those expressions could be shown to take form from some laws or plans of thought to which our minds are subject. So also do they treat such peculiarities as those called Scotticisms on too narrow a basis; not only failing to see the laws of thought at the bottom of them, but entirely overlooking the fact, that the people of the various Anglo-Saxon provinces, having come from different portions of the cradle-country in Teutchland, differences in their forms of speech may rather be mere diversities, than things standing in the relation of a standard and a departure from it.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

A MEXICAN TALE.

In the course of my travels along the western coast of Mexico, I found myself in the old city of Hermosillo, formerly capital of the province, which contains at the present time about seven thousand inhabitants. It is built on a plateau, sloping on one side to the ocean, and on the other terminating abruptly in the rocky cliffs bounding the Gulf of California, fifteen leagues distant. The navigation of the latter is difficult, in consequence of the rocks and reefs, which seem to forbid approach to the shore; from which circumstance it is a favourite resort of the smugglers or *contrabandistas*, as they are called in the country, who, while the 'duty-paid' merchandise is finding its way to Hermosillo in one direction, introduce their own illegal commodities on the other; a species of traffic which, notwithstanding the rigorous laws against it, finds friends in every part of the Mexican territory. Smuggling, in fact, is not confined, as in Europe, to a few bold adventurers, but, in proportion to the abundance or deficiency of funds in the public treasury, is shared in by all the officials of the government, from the highest to the lowest, as a means of compensation for uncertain pay.

Among the letters of introduction which I had brought with me to Hermosillo, was one addressed, '*Al Senor Don Cayetano;*' and after completing my most pressing business affairs, I inquired of my landlord, a Chinese, if he could give me any information respecting the senor. 'I know him,' was the answer, 'only to buy caymans' eggs and sharks' fins of him, things which I greatly relish; and which you shall taste some day, if Senor Don Cayetano should take it into his head to take a turn upon the lagoons, or a little cruise at sea. But if you wish, Senor Cavalier, I will undertake to convey the letter to him?'

I accepted the offer, at the same time asking—'And this is all you know about him?'

'All,' replied the Chinese, 'except a peculiarity that is talked about, but of which I am not certain, as I have been here only six months. It is said, however, that Don Cayetano cannot bear the sound from the Cerro de la Campana with tranquillity: the noise exasperates him; and when he is exasperated, he is—he is very impetuous. That is all I know, Senor Cavalier.'

Some days after this conversation, I walked to the top of the Cerro, a hill overlooking the town, and the only natural curiosity in the neighbourhood. The summit is crowned by several enormous blocks of stone, which, when struck, emit a clear metallic sound, that may be heard at a considerable distance, according to the wind. Having amused myself for some time by looking at the view, and awakening a few of the slumbering echoes, I descended slowly, as the sun disappeared, to the town, which, in the coolness of the evening, began to rouse from the lethargy produced by the heat of the day. Rockets rose in various quarters, describing their luminous curve in the air; fires of resinous wood, burning on iron tripods, shone brightly through the deepening twilight; while the cries of the venders of tamarind and rose-water, the clack of castanets, and the twang of guitars, mingling with the buzz of voices, formed a striking contrast to the previous quietness.

On entering the town by a narrow street, my attention was attracted by the chink of silver coin as I passed a small low house, probably one of the numerous gaming establishments so common in the South American states. Seeing through the window a group of men round an oval table, I entered. No one seemed to remark my entrance, so deeply were they interested in the casting of the dice. Among the players and spectators were to be seen representatives of every class of Mexican society; the greater part, however, wearing garments of coarse calico, which left their breasts and arms bare, showing the long and serpentine scars of the wounds received in their frequent duels, fought with knives, and whose countenances, seen beneath their thick and tangled hair, were enough to make an honest man shudder. After looking round for a few moments, an exclamation from one of the two players at the table, in whose hands the game appeared to be left, attracted my notice. The speaker was a tall and powerful man, cast in the mould of an *athlete;* his features were tolerably regular, but disfigured by an ugly scar down one side of his face from the forehead to the chin. With a malediction on the unknown individual who had been ringing the stones on the top of the Cerro as the cause of his loss, he seized his opponent's purse, and walked coolly from the room. In the second player I recognised a senator whom I had met elsewhere. He seemed somewhat disconcerted on seeing me; and coming hastily forward, endeavoured to account for being found in such company, by telling me that they were his constituents. With a glance at the group of villanous-looking countenances, I congratulated him on the respectability of his electors; and inquiring the name of the individual who had departed so unceremoniously, heard, much to my surprise, that it was no other than Don Cayetano. Before we separated, Don Urbano—that was the senator's name—made me promise to accompany him and some friends to witness an Indian festival, to be celebrated the next day at some miles' distance in the forest.

The following morning, at sunrise, we mounted our horses, and with Cayetano as guide, we rode for some distance across the low marshy ground towards the coast. Numerous lagoons here penetrate far into the land, some smooth and clear as crystal, others hidden beneath the forests of tall reeds, with which the whole region is overgrown, affording a hiding-place to the crafty jaguar and ferocious alligator. Swarms of screaming birds disturb the gloomy silence, mingled with the bellowing of alligators, and the loud sharp clapping, as they beat their tremendous jaws together in defiance. We were riding along a natural causeway, formed by the action of the waves, when Cayetano, who was some distance in advance, suddenly galloped at full speed down the slope towards the lagoons. 'By St Jago, Senor Senator,' said I, 'what is he going to do?'

Don Urbano cast a rapid glance in the direction to which the horseman was hastening, and replied, 'Look yonder; do you see that little field of reeds, not far from the last lagoon? The reeds are shaking, and unless I mistake, not with the wind, but with the movements of some skulking alligator; and as Cayetano has not yet recovered from his nervous excitement, he is probably going in chase.'

The course pursued by the rider, however, appeared to contradict this assertion. Instead of making directly for the reeds, he was moving from them at an angle; but turning all at once to the left, he gallopped straight to the spot indicated by the senator. His shout of defiance was answered by an angry growl, as an enormous cayman broke from the covert, and made for the lagoon with all the speed possible under its unwieldy bulk. The black and scaly back of the reptile was almost entirely covered with mud and weeds. In Cayetano's haste to cut off the fugitive's flight to the lagoon, he brought his horse within a dozen paces of the cayman: the animal reared in terror, and tried to turn aside, but a stroke of the spur kept him steady; and at the moment, the lasso, which Cayetano threw with a true aim, encircled the monster's head. The cayman opened its enormous jaws, which appeared armed rather with stakes than teeth, and gave a frightful roar, that made our horses tremble in dismay; but continuing its flight, its mouth was suddenly closed, and held fast by the running noose. For a moment the reptile hesitated whether to turn upon its enemy or push on for the water; urged probably by fear, it chose the latter course; but Cayetano had secured the end of the lasso to the elevated pommel of his saddle by a threefold knot, and the strength of the horse was a countercheck to that of the cayman. For several minutes the two animals pulled with all their strength in opposite directions; the alligator buried its claws furiously in the soft soil, which the horse's hoofs in turn ploughed into deep furrows. There was a brief interval of silence, during which nothing was heard but the clink of the spurs as they dug into the flanks of the panting horse, and the rattling of the cayman's scaly tail as it thrashed the reeds. Twice the horse was raised on his hind-legs by a prodigious strain, and twice the cayman, bent like a bow, showed its belly, changed from white to purple by terror and rage. At last a pull more desperate than the former brought the horse again on his heels, and the noble animal was just falling over on his rider when the girth suddenly snapped. Don Urbano grew pale at the sight of the risk incurred by his most influential elector, while I uttered a cry of alarm; but with the quickness of thought, no sooner did the saddle give way, than Cayetano, seizing the horse's mane, balanced the whole weight of his body on his arms alone, with the address of a circus rider, and an instant after was safely seated on the bare back of the animal.

'Bravo! my brave fellow,' shouted the senator, throwing his cap into the air.

The alligator turned heavily, and disengaging its jaws from the loop, prepared to rush upon its enemy; but with a few leaps the horse carried his master out of danger, and the monster, bellowing with savage delight as the air again entered its lungs, plunged into the water, and disappeared. Cayetano shook his clenched fist over the lagoon, then dismounting composedly, he made a shift to repair the broken girth, and rejoined our party.

'Caramba!' exclaimed the senator; 'what could you be thinking of?'

'I was exasperated,' answered Cayetano. Don Urbano seemed to be contented with this peremptory reply, and we resumed our route. I was, however, so struck by the extraordinary daring of our guide, as to feel desirous of knowing something more of him; and a week or two after the occurrence here recorded, I rode over to his cabin, about five leagues from the city, built in a pleasant situation near a lake, under the shelter of palm and tamarind trees. Reining up my horse at the half-open door, I announced my arrival in the customary phrase, 'Ave Maria purissima!' 'Sin pecado concibida,' answered a voice, which I recognised as Cayetano's. I alighted, and entered the cabin; the occupant was preparing his morning meal of wheaten cakes and small lumps of meat, cooked together on the embers of a wood fire burning in one corner. 'Ah! 'tis you, Senor Cavalier,' he said, without ceasing his occupation: 'welcome to my poor cabin. You find me busy with my breakfast; will you grant me the honour to do penance with me?' Declining to partake of the offered hospitality, I seated myself, while Cayetano ate his repast alone. The apartment was bare of furniture, but the walls were hung with nets, harpoons, and other utensils employed in pearl-diving and turtle-catching. Among these, however, a singular-looking garment attracted my attention: it was a kind of gaberdine, or rather a jacket with leathern suspenders, in which three enormous pockets were contrived at equal distances apart. Apologising to the owner for my curiosity, I inquired the use of the mysterious object. 'That?' said Cayetano; 'I'll tell you. Formerly we could put off to a ship with our silver ingots at any day or any hour: the custom-house officers even helped us, in spite of the laws prohibiting the exportation; but now the fellows are more severe, and we are obliged to do without them. For this I use my jacket. With an ingot in each pocket, and my cloak over my shoulders, I can get into my canoe in the teeth of the officers, without appearing inconvenienced by a weight which would bend a weaker man double. In this way ten trips suffice for the embarkation of 30,000 piastres, without my being obliged to share profits with any one. It is an increase of fortune for which I am indebted to Don Urbano's labours in congress.'

So the renowned Don Cayetano, to whom I had borne letters of recommendation, was no other than a smuggler or contrabandista! I was about to ask for an explanation of Don Urbano's congressional labours, when the trampling of horses' feet was heard outside, and a minute later two men entered. One, named Calzado, I had frequently met at the city; the other was a stranger. At the sight of the latter, Cayetano was seized with the same nervous tremor that I had noticed at the gaming-house; but immediately recovering himself, waited for the new-comers to open their business.

Calzado explained that a schooner, in which he wished to embark some silver, was at anchor off the island of Tiburon; and fearing that an information had been laid, he came to seek the contrabandista's assistance. The countenance of the latter brightened at the news; he took down his smuggling jacket and a harpoon from the wall, and went to saddle his horse. Calzado invited me to join the party, assuring me that I incurred no risk, and might be of great use to him. I had heard too much of smuggling exploits in this region not to close with the offer. We started immediately, the stranger leading a heavily-laden mule by the bridle. After riding some hours, we arrived on the cliffs overlooking the channel between Tiburon and the mainland. The cap of a mast was just visible over the tops of some trees on the island; and Cayetano, observing that no time was to be lost, with the assistance of the stranger, whom he addressed as Pepe, began to unload the mule. An ingot of silver, weighing about seventy pounds, was transferred to one of the pockets of his jacket; in the two others he placed a number of little skin bags containing gold-dust; and apparently at his ease under the heavy and precious burden, scrambled with Pepe down the steep face of the cliff to a hollow in the rocks, where a flat-bottomed canoe lay concealed. As they left the shore, I could not help admiring the dexterity with which Cayetano steered the frail vessel among the rocks and reefs which render the navigation of the channel, here about a league in width, a service of peculiar danger. Calzado was in a state of almost painful excitement. As we sat together on the top of the cliff, I inquired if he was not afraid to intrust property of so

much value to individuals of so desperate a character as the contrabandistas; to which he answered, that by one of the singular contradictions frequently observed in human nature, these men, ready to take human life on the slightest affront, would yet shrink from appropriating the property of others; 'besides,' he added, 'I know Cayetano, and the fanaticism with which he defends what he calls the honour of his name.' I expressed a desire to hear the story, which he related briefly as follows. About a year previously, the contrabandista had married a woman whom he passionately loved; but she proved faithless. The house in which they lived was not far from the Cerro, on the top of which a confederate was stationed to give notice of Cayetano's return from his expeditions, by striking on the stones, with whose singular properties you are acquainted. The confederate, after a time, proved false to his employers, and communicated the facts to the deceived husband; and a few nights afterwards the stones again rung, but with so dismal a sound, and accompanied by so fearful a yell, that all who heard it shuddered. A month later Cayetano returned home with the scar on his cheek as you now see it; but the lover of his wife was never seen again; and not long after, Cayetano's house was burned down, and his wife perished in the flames. The contrabandista was tried for the offence; but such is the way in which the law is administered in this country, that he escaped punishment; not, however, without a caution from the judge to avoid reappearing before him under similar circumstances.

'And what became of the confederate,' I asked, 'who caused all this tragedy?'

'He is at this moment in yonder canoe with Cayetano,' replied the Spaniard; 'and from the manner of the latter, I tremble for the result.'

All at once my companion whistled with such piercing shrillness, as to reach the ears of the two men in the canoe. Cayetano paused, and looked round; a boat, well manned, had just doubled the point towards which he was rowing. It was the custom-house boat; and as soon as the contrabandista ascertained its true character, he made a gesture of contempt with his harpoon, and darted off in another direction—one which could only be selected under the most desperate circumstances, as it led directly across the most dangerous part of the reef, where the water foamed and chafed among the sharp rocks as in a gale of wind. In the Spaniard's anxiety for the safety of his ingots, he fell back half senseless upon the grass; I snatched up his telescope, and watched the movements of the canoe through the glare of the setting sun. Cayetano held on his way, the light vessel bounding from wave to wave like a bird. All at once I saw Pepe rise pale and trembling, and then fall on his knees: at a menacing gesture from Cayetano, he sunk lower in the canoe, still raising his hands towards heaven. For a moment the scene was hidden by a sheet of foam, and I imagined that a shriek was heard above the roar of the waters. It passed, however, with the quickness of thought: the canoe rose perpendicularly on the face of a wave, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks: a dark body was hurled to the inside of the reef: I saw Cayetano throw out his arms, and then, the sun sinking below the horizon, the sudden night of the tropics hid the whole scene from my view.

The Spaniard's distress now gave way to rage, and he broke out into the most furious threats against the contrabandista. Notwithstanding the darkness, we remained sitting in the same place, when I fancied I heard a noise a little lower down the cliff, and a minute afterwards a head, dripping with water, appeared above the bank. It was Cayetano, still whistling the *Riego march* as when he set out. My companion drew his knife; but I succeeded in persuading him to listen to the other's explanation.

'Silence!' said the contrabandista: 'your gold is safe.'

'Where?'

'Ah, *caramba!* at the bottom of the sea. But don't be uneasy; you have only to look on the other side of Point des Ames, where the water is quiet, and there you will find the mark. 'Twas Pepe's fault. Have I ever deceived you?'

Cayetano lit a cigar, and rode off gloomily, notwithstanding his assumed indifference. Just then a boat from the schooner appeared on the beach below us; we hastily embarked, and doubling the Point named by the smuggler, found, after some difficulty, a large piece of cork floating, which I remembered to have seen in his hands. It was attached to a line, which for some time resisted all efforts made to pull it in. At last, by the united strength of the boat's crew, a heavy mass rose to the surface: it was the dead body of Pepe, clothed with the jacket containing the ingots, and pierced through with the harpoon. In eager haste the Spaniard emptied the pockets of their contents, and the corpse was suffered to sink again to the bottom. The fatal treasure was safely placed on board the schooner, after which we returned to the shore.

Cayetano's vengeance was now complete. But all that I had seen and heard made a powerful impression on my mind. The scenery, which in the morning appeared so attractive, now seemed blackened by crime. I was glad to escape from it, and rode back to the city, regretting that so fine a country should be occupied by so lawless a population—offering so striking a contrast to those of the civilised states of Europe.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE week before last, we followed the trail of Sir George Simpson to the shores of California; and we now set forth in his wake for the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific.

'"Whilst we were at dinner," says Captain King, the friend and companion of Cook, "in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska, the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe, a solitary, half-worn pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us."' ''Tis sixty years since!' and now the new adventurer, in putting a girdle round the earth, meets at the same island with native pilots, who speak English like their mother tongue, in front of a large and flourishing town of nine thousand inhabitants. Twenty years ago, Mr Stuart describes one of the queens as banqueting on a living cuttle-fish, held to her face with both hands, while its snaky arms writhed and twisted round her head. Sir George's supper with Governor Kekuanaoa was somewhat different. 'We were received by the governor in his hall of justice, an apartment large enough for the church of a considerable parish, being sixty feet long, thirty broad, and about thirty-five or forty feet high, to the ridge pole of the roof.... The chiefs were all handsomely attired in the Windsor uniform, their clothes fitting to a hair's-breadth: so particular, indeed, are the aristocracy in this respect, that they have imported a tailor from England for their own exclusive benefit. Supper being announced, the chiefs, each taking one or two of our party by the arm, conducted us across an open area to another apartment of considerable size, built in the European fashion, and handsomely furnished with tables, buffets, chairs, sofas, &c.; the whole, or nearly the whole, being of native wood and native workmanship. The main table would have done no discredit to a London mansion, covered as it was with glass and plate, and lighted with elegant lamps. The fare was very tempting. It consisted of fruits of all kinds,

sweetmeats, pastry, Chinese preserves, &c. with excellent tea and coffee: the latter, which had been grown in Woahoo by the governor himself, being fully equal to Mocha. Our plates, by the by, had been marked with our names, and we had been told to take our seats accordingly, his excellency sitting at one side among his guests. In fact the whole proceedings blended the most punctilious regard to etiquette with the cordiality of natural politeness, beating, out and out and over again, all that we had seen in California, in every respect, in room, in furniture, in equipage, in viands, in cookery, and in dress. Nor were our native companions themselves so decidedly inferior as civilised vanity might fancy. The chiefs, especially our host, were men of excellent address; and as they spoke English enough to be understood, we soon forgot that we were sipping our coffee in a country which is deemed uncivilised, and among individuals who are classed with savages.'

Some of the chiefs have houses built in the European fashion, of wood, stone, &c. occasionally of two storeys, with tinned roofs, balconies, verandas, and *jalousies;* and these are enclosed within small gardens of ornamental plants. The native houses, on the other hand, are so light, that it is common to remove them from place to place. They are made of a framework of bamboos, covered with grass; and having pointed roofs, and no opening but a single door, look like hayricks. 'The houses are commonly separated into sleeping and sitting compartments, by means of curtains hung across from wall to wall; but everything, whether exposed to view or not, whether within the house itself or merely within the surrounding enclosure, is scrupulously clean and neat, presenting in this respect a wonderful contrast with the filth and confusion of most of the native lodges of the continent. At whatever time of the day we dropped into a house, we found no difference in any of these particulars; there was never any unpleasant smell about the premises, all the refuse of fish, vegetables, &c. being regularly carried to a distance.' The furniture consists of straw mats laid upon the earthen floor, and piled upon each other when meant to serve as beds; together with a few gourds or calabashes for dishes.

The dress of the females is now according to the somewhat ascetic taste of the missionaries, consisting of a single garment, like a bathing wrapper; but, by way of a contrast, they retain a coiffure of flowers and leaves, which is described as elegant and becoming. On Sunday, however, they are caricatures of the English and American ladies of the place—flaunting in silks and satins, bonnets and parasols, and, above all, shoes and stockings; while a belle of this distinction is not unfrequently seen arm-in-arm with a gentleman whose entire walking costume consists of a *malo* twelve inches by three. This scantiness of apparel, however, is usually caused by scantiness of cash. When the treasury is replenished, these same gentlemen, 'so long as their cash lasts, lounge and saunter all day in the sunshine, habited in military surtouts, with frogs, &c. all complete, in white trousers, which fit them like their skins, in fashionable boots, in round hats, and in kid gloves of some gay or delicate colour, with their snowy wristbands turned back over their cuffs, the whole dandy being finished off with cane and eye-glass. In process of time these bucks relapse, as a matter of course, through all the stages of worse-for-the-wearishness, shabbiness, and dilapidation, down to the *malo*, with perhaps a garland on the head and a *kapa* on the shoulders.

'In form they are commonly handsome, strong, and well limbed; while in height they are in general something above the average standard of Europeans. On the whole, they are, as a race, considerably above mediocrity both in face and in person. The women in particular are decidedly pretty. They have a most lively expression of countenance, and are always smiling and attractive; and their figures may even be admitted to be beautiful and feminine, seldom inclining when young either to corpulency or to the opposite extreme; limbs and busts well-formed, and hands, feet, and ankles small and delicate; while their gait and carriage, though somewhat peculiar, are yet, on the whole, noble and commanding.' This description, however, applies to the mass of the people, the aristocracy being remarkably tall and corpulent. With the latter, shampooing stands in place of exercise, promoting circulation and digestion without exhaustion or fatigue; and under such treatment they thrive so surprisingly, that they remain in perfect health, even when they have become so unwieldy as to be unable to walk. The people are gentle and harmless, obedient and submissive, faithful and courageous, and singularly industrious.

The Sandwich group contains 1000 square miles, or 640,000 acres of productive land, to which there is only a population of 88,000. This population is mainly supported upon *poi*, a preparation of the root of the *kalo*, of a brown colour, but otherwise resembling in appearance beet. 'It is reared in small enclosures, which, with great care and labour, are embanked all round, and constantly covered with six or eight inches of water; for, like rice, the kalo will not flourish in dry land.' And so productive is the plant, that a single square mile is said to be capable of feeding 15,151 persons; or, in other words, the whole population might be subsisted on six square miles; and this by the labour of one twenty-fifth part of their number. Supposing, however, that every person, without distinction of age or sex, required half an acre, 'there would still remain, even on that liberal and extravagant supposition, about 600,000 acres for objects not immediately connected with the maintenance of the natives.' The value of the land may be imagined from the fact, that an acre yields an average of a ton and a-half of sugar; so that the whole country is capable of producing several times the quantity consumed in the United Kingdom. But it is the position of the islands which has made, or will make, their fortune. 'For all practical purposes, the Sandwich Islanders are on the direct route from Cape Horn to all the coasts of the Northern Pacific. With respect to Kamschatka and the Sea of Ochotsk, this is evident at a glance; with respect to Japan, when its ports shall be opened, vessels will find their advantage, even without regard to refuge or refreshment, in deviating to the right of their straight course, in order to make the north-east trades above the equator as fair a wind as possible; and with respect to California, and the north-west coast, the apparently inconvenient deviation to the left is rendered not only expedient, but almost necessary, by the prevailing breezes which have just been mentioned. . . . . But the group as naturally connects the east and the west, as the south and the north. Lying in the very latitude of San Blas and Macao, with an open sea in either direction, it crosses the shortest road from Mexico to China; while, considering its great distance to the westward of the new continent, but more particularly of its southern division, it may, without involving any inadequate sacrifice, be regarded as a stepping-stone from the whole of the American coast to the Celestial Empire. . . . . The position of the Archipelago, as just described, is the more valuable on this account—that it neither is, nor ever can be, shared by any rival. If one makes no account of the comparative vicinity of mere islets, which are worthless alike for refuge and refreshment, the Sandwich Islands form perhaps the most secluded spot on earth, being at least twice as far from the nearest land as the lonely rock of St Helena. . . . Already have the Sandwich Islands begun to be a common centre of traffic for some of the countries which they serve to link together. . . . When the ports of Japan are opened, and the two oceans are connected by means of a navigable canal, so as to place the group in the direct route between Europe and the United States on the one hand, and the whole of Eastern Asia on the other, then will the trade in question expand in amount

and variety, till it has rendered Woahoo the emporium of at least the Pacific Ocean for the products, natural and artificial, of every corner of the globe. Then will Honolulu be one of the marts of the world, one of those exchanges to which nature herself grants in perpetuity a more than royal charter.'

It is melancholy to think, however, that this brilliant future is predicable only of the islands, not of the islanders. These are vanishing, as elsewhere, before the advance of civilisation. New luxuries have awakened new wants; and in order to satisfy these, the lower classes have been ground down by the chiefs to such a condition of starvation, that they have come to look upon their children as rivals and enemies. 'In 1824, Mr Stuart wrote thus:—"We have the clearest proof, that in those parts of the islands where the influence of the mission has not yet extended, two-thirds of the infants born perish by the hands of their own parents before attaining the first or second year of their age."' Since then, the tyranny has been more in form of law, and regular taxes have taken the place of capricious exactions: but the effect remains the same. The diseases of Europe, and the depravity of the women, contribute likewise to thin the population; and the result is the extraordinary and pitiable spectacle of a nation rapidly vanishing from the face of the earth, 'because its ordinary wear and tear is not recruited from the ranks of a rising generation.' Our author's account of these interesting islands is the most intelligent and comprehensive we have yet received; although it certainly occupies a space singularly disproportioned to the general subject of the book, filling as it does more than a third of the second volume.

From the Sandwich Islands Sir George sailed for Sitka, the chief seat of the Russian-American Company, where he had a flying journey before him of *five months* through the dominions of the czar! Hitherto he has been in England. 'I have seen the English citizens of a young republic, which has already doubled its original territory, without any visible or conceivable obstacle in the way of its indefinite extension; I have seen the English colonists of a conquered province, while the descendants of the first possessors, however inferior in wealth and influence, have every reason to rejoice in the defeat of their fathers; I have seen the English posts, that stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean; I have seen English adventurers, with that innate power which makes every individual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country, monopolising the trade, and influencing the destinies of Spanish California; and lastly, I have seen the English merchants and English missionaries of a barbarian Archipelago, which promises, under their care and guidance, to become the centre of the traffic of the east and the west, of the new world and the old.' Thus England and Russia, with the sole exception of the Swedish peninsula, girdle the globe together. But Sir George, we apprehend, miscalculates the grandeur of the latter country, by far the greater part of which is a desert.

Our traveller at length bade a final adieu to the American continent, and sailed for Ochotsk. During the voyage he learned 'that whales of huge size, some of them a hundred and twenty feet in length, are extremely numerous in the Sea of Kamschatka and about the Aleutian islands, and that they are frequently killed by the natives by means of spears and arrows shod with stone. As these whales are by far too large to be dragged to land by the savages, the plan is merely to wound the monster as seriously as possible, and then to trust to the winds to strand him in a few days. On or before the third day he generally dies, for however powerful to resist his persecutors at the moment of attack, the whale, when wounded, is by no means tenacious of life in proportion to his size and strength.' The pursuit of the otter is likewise a great resource of the natives. 'It is not uncommon for the Aleutians to make long voyages in their small baidarkas, often going fifty or sixty miles from land to hunt the sea-otter. For this purpose they keep together in fleets of perhaps a hundred baidarkas each. Proceeding in calm weather to some spot known to be a favourite haunt of the animal, they form their little vessels, end to end, in a line; and as soon as any symptoms of the game are perceived, a single canoe approaches, while, if all is right, one of its two inmates holds up his paddle as a signal for the others to range themselves in a circle round the spot. Meanwhile, the creature must rise to breathe; and no sooner does he show his nose, than off fly the arrows of the nearest hunters. If he escapes, as is generally the case, from the first attack, another ring is formed round the place where he may be expected again to appear; and so the process is continued, till the victim is exhausted and destroyed. All these movements are executed with an incredible degree of silence, the hunters being so skilful as to prevent even the dip of the paddles from being heard by the object of their pursuit. These distant expeditions are not unattended with danger. The baidarka, being merely a frame of bones with a covering of skins, cannot withstand the action of the water for many days together; and if it springs a leak, or is otherwise injured, its tenants have nothing but certain and immediate death before them, for no other vessel can take more than its own complement on board; and calling their comrades around their sinking craft, they send kind messages to their wives and families, and then lie down to die without a single effort at self-preservation.' These hardy people meet the fate of other 'natives.' 'The Aleutian islands are now far less valuable than they once were. The human inhabitants hardly muster one to ten of their early numbers, having been thinned, and thinned, and thinned again—for here there is no mystery in the case—by hardships and oppression. They were ground down through the instrumentality of the natural wealth of their country; they experienced the same curse in their fur-seal and their sea-otter, as the Hawaiians in their sandal-wood, and the Indians of Spanish America in their mines of silver. To hunt was their task; to be drowned, or starved, or exhausted, was their reward. Even now, under better auspices and more humane management, the Aleutians are, in every respect, servants of the Russian-American Company, acting as labourers at the establishments, and as hunters throughout the whole country from Behring's Straits to California, while they almost entirely feed and clothe themselves without obtaining supplies.' Nor is Kamschatka better off. 'The favourite maxim of most of the public officers, great and small, in Siberia, is, that "God is high, and the emperor far off;" and of this watchword the Kamschatdales are sure, from their unfortunate place on the map, to enjoy the fullest benefit.' So far from making a profit by this oppression, the emperor loses; paying five thousand roubles a-year beyond the amount of the local revenue to the persons who take the trouble of plundering his subjects.

'The Sea of Ochotsk is completely land-locked, being in this respect, as well as in size and general situation, not unlike Hudson's Bay. The waters are shallow, not exceeding, about fifty miles from land, an equal number of fathoms; and rarely giving, even in the centre, above four times the depth just mentioned.' The population of the town of Ochotsk 'is about eight hundred souls, though, forty years ago, it amounted, according to Langsdorff's estimate, to about two thousand. The diminution is ascribed, and with great appearance of truth, to the circumstance, that the town has since then been supplanted as a penal colony by the mines—a change which the neighbourhood has had no reason to regret; for the convicts, always the worst of their class, were continually escaping, to prey on the public, like so many wild beasts. A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived. Not a tree, and hardly even a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town; and in the midst of the disorderly collection of huts is a stagnant marsh, which, unless when frozen, must be a

nursery of all sorts of malaria and pestilence. The climate is at least on a par with the soil. Summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbour; and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter, in which the cold, unlike that of more inland spots, is as raw as it is intense.' Sir George saw little of the people of this dreary place. In summer, if the weather be fine, a dread of the noxious vapours of the marsh keeps them at home; and if the weather be not fine, then the rain and wind have the same effect. In winter, the cold of course is too severe for frequent exposure; although walking in snow-shoes a trifle of eighty or ninety miles a-day is esteemed a recreation by the gentlemen.

Leaving Ochotsk, they set forth in a caravan, under the guardianship of some of the Yakuti tribe, for Yakutsk. 'If there is anything in earth or air more formidable to these poor fellows than a Cossack, it is the "Spirit of the Forest"—a personage invested, in their imagination, with almost unlimited power, whether for good or for evil. In the branches of the trees along the road were suspended numberless offerings of horse-hair, the gift being probably selected as an emblem of what the giver valued most; the extemporaneous songs seemed to be dictated by the hope of conciliating the great unknown; and at supper, the first spoonful was invariably thrown into the fire, to purchase a sound sleep from the genius of the place. As every locality has its own elf, the Yakuti, when on a journey, have no respite—soothing one object of terror after another, and only multiplying their tormentors as they increase their speed.' On their way through this remote nook of Asia, they were constantly meeting with numerous travellers and rich caravans, although some such scene as the following occasionally reminded them that they were not exactly within the precincts of civilisation:—'While crossing a point of woods, we were surprised to hear loud shouts from some party a-head of us. Our Yakuti, however, returned the cries, while our horses, apparently as intelligent in the matter as their owners, grew very restive. To increase our perplexity, the fellows who had begun the commotion were now seen, still vociferating as loudly as ever, with a band of cattle scampering wildly before them; and our curiosity was soon tinctured with fear, when we observed our attendants making ready their knives for some desperate work. We did not know what to make of all this, till at length we perceived a huge she bear and her cub making off, apparently as much frightened as any of us, at a round trot. We now ascertained that the bears are both fierce and numerous on this road; and as the natives have no firearms, they let Bruin get pretty much his own way, excepting that they do sometimes propitiate him, as if he were himself the "Spirit of the Forest," by all sorts of grimaces and obeisances. Two horses had been killed in the neighbourhood only the day before, very probably by the same animal that had caused the present alarm. Before the two brutes were out of sight, we passed the herd of cattle, the drivers riding the bulls with as much indifference as if they had been on horseback.'

The town of Yakutsk enjoys a temperature which keeps its cellars frozen all the year round, although for a short time in summer the thermometer stands at 106 degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade! It is, nevertheless, a great emporium both of the fur and ivory trade; the materials of the latter being the bones of an extinct animal preserved in the frozen soil of Eastern Siberia. 'Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers, crumbling under the thaw, gave up, as it were, their dead; and beyond the very verge of the inhabited world, the islands lying opposite to the mouth of the Yana, and, as there was reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, literally teemed with these most mysterious memorials of antiquity. The ivory again fetches from forty to seventy roubles a pood, or from 1s. to 1s. 9d. a pound, according to its state of preservation. The tusks are found to be fresher as one advances to the northward—a circumstance which seems to corroborate the notion that the climate has had something to do with their continued existence in an organic form. Though, in mere amount, this branch of commerce is of comparatively little value, yet it is well worthy of honourable mention, as having in a high degree promoted the progress of geographical discovery. It was in the eager pursuit of the bones of the mammoth that most of the northern islands were visited and explored—islands which, when taken in connection with their mysterious treasures, invest the Asiatic coast of the Arctic Ocean with an interest unknown to the corresponding shores of America.'

The voyage up the Lena was uneventful, unless a dance may be considered worthy of record. 'The music was the screeching of some half-dozen old women; and the floor was occupied by only one man and one woman at a time. First, the lady would endeavour to escape from her lover with an amusing display of coyness and coquetry; and then the gentleman, in his turn, would draw off, while his mistress would strive, by every winning way, to coax the truant back again. At the conclusion of each dance, the fair performer gave me three kisses, conferring the same favour on each of the other strangers, excepting that our Cossack appeared to me to get, or perhaps to take, a double dose. All the people, whether drunk or sober, carried their civility to excess, kissing my hand frequently, and even the ground on which I had been standing, and showering on me their perpetual benediction of "May you never want bread and salt!"' Farther on, the travellers suffered a little from hunger and cold; 'for we had started in the heat of the day, without shoes, and with no other clothes, in fact, than our shirts and trousers. The peasants, taking pity on our forlorn state, made a grand fire for us, and offered us a share of their own supper, which consisted of black bread, a little salt, and a dish of cold water, which, that it might look as like soup as possible, was taken with a spoon. Immense piles of the unsavoury cakes rapidly disappeared; and each person, as he finished his meal, bowed to some images that stood against the wall of the best room, of which the door was open.' It is worthy of remark that on the banks of the Lena nettles are cultivated as greens for the table.

Irkutsk, the metropolis of Eastern Siberia, 'presented a fine appearance, with its fifteen churches and their spires, its convents, its hospitals, and its other public buildings. But this favourable impression vanished as we approached; and we were disappointed at seeing so little bustle in the wide streets, and so many edifices going to decay.' From this place Sir George had looked forward to a trip to Kiachta and Maimatschin, the Chinese and Russian outposts, where the traffic between the two countries is carried on; but, for some reason not clearly explained, his design was frustrated.

Beyond Irkutsk, they found themselves in the midst of the convict population of Siberia, with whom the native peasants contrasted favourably. 'Not only are the peasants of Siberia remarkable for their civility, but all grades of society are decidedly more intelligent than the corresponding classes in any other part of the empire, and perhaps more so than in most parts of Europe. The system on which Siberia has been, and continues to be colonised, is admirable alike in theory and in practice. The perpetrators of heinous crimes are sent to the mines; those who have been banished for minor delinquencies are settled in villages or on farms; and political offenders, comprising soldiers, authors, and statesmen, are generally established by themselves in little knots, communicating to all around them a degree of refinement unknown in other half-civilised countries.

'The villages are very numerous, not only on the road, but as far back on either side as we could see; and the people all looked healthy, comfortable, and happy. In any place where the post-house was out of

repair, our police officer used to pounce on the best house for our use; and as the owners would neither make any demand nor accept any remuneration, we were generally obliged to compromise the matter by forcing a small gift on the host's wife or daughter. The dwelling in which we breakfasted to-day was that of a person who had been sent to Siberia against his will. Finding that there was only one way of mending his condition, he worked hard, and behaved well. He had now a comfortably-furnished house and a well-cultivated farm, while a stout wife and plenty of servants bustled about the premises.' Sir George considers Siberia 'the best penitentiary in the world.' 'When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with a lot of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, and agricultural implements, and also, for the first year, with provisions. For three years he pays no taxes whatever; and for the next ten, only half of the full amount. To bring fear as well as hope to operate in his favour, he clearly understands that his very first slip will send him from his home and his family, to toil, as an outcast, in the mines.' The mines and washeries, however, for which there is now a mania, are unfavourable to the settlement and cultivation of Siberia; although it is supposed they will ultimately support the agriculture they now embarrass, by affording a regular and extensive market for its produce.

The fine old city of Tobolsk, the ancient capital of Siberia, is admirably situated on two sides of the Irtish; but its buildings present a melancholy spectacle of dilapidation and decay, and the population and trade are rapidly diminishing, in consequence of the general government of the province being transferred to Omok. From this place a single chapter brings the traveller to London, his journey round the world having been accomplished within the space of nineteen months and twenty-six days. We now close these interesting volumes, in the belief that the extracts we have made will induce all who have it in their power to refer to the book itself.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Many writers, the poets especially, have loved to dwell upon the subject of natural music—to trace it even in the inanimate creation—expatiating on it by the way with a reverent gladness that is quite contagious. But it is chiefly among the little feathered musicians, for which our island is so famous, that they have found their choicest examples of melody; and from the saucy chirrup of the sparrow, to the exquisite trill of the 'bird forlorn' taken as the subject of the present paper, the note of almost every bird that flies has been instanced as illustrative of endearment, joyousness, sorrow, or wo—in short, of all the manifold shades of feeling, according to the mood of the writer. Honest old Izaak Walton, with his keen relish of nature, says, 'But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"'

The nightingale belongs to the *genus* warbler: its general appearance, resembling that of the lark, is familiar to most persons. It is, however, somewhat larger than the latter bird, being nearly seven inches in length. All over northern Europe, its name is characteristic of the period at which it sings; but in the south, rather of its music and colour. Our present appellation is derived from the Saxon—night, and *galan*, to sing; or the night-singer. Nightingales are natives of warm climates. They are never found in Europe during the winter, but in the summer are met with as far north as Siberia and Kamschatka. Their habits are peculiar, for, without any apparent cause, they frequent one country or district in great numbers, while in the parts immediately adjacent none are ever seen. They are abundant in Germany, and rare in Holland; and are altogether unknown, except by name, in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It is, however, worthy of remark, that the ancient Britons had a name for the nightingale. In England, the birds appear to confine themselves to particular places, being seldom heard farther north than Yorkshire; and in the west, avoiding the counties of Devon and Cornwall. The people in some parts of the country pretend to account for this peculiarity by saying, that where there are no cowslips there are no nightingales. They are also said to sing better in some counties than in others. Bird-fanciers in the metropolis prefer the birds taken in Surrey to those of Middlesex.

In common with the cuckoo, the nightingale begins to sing immediately after its arrival in April. We read in Warton—

> 'The nightingale, so soon as April bringeth
> Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
> While late bare earth proud of new clothing springeth,
> Sings out her woes.'

In June, the magic voice becomes hoarse and discordant, and in that month the birds cease their song. The males come first, and during the first fortnight are much sought after by trappers, as it is difficult to rear them with success after they have once paired. They generally choose a cheerful aspect for their nests, and, if possible, near water. They build on the lower branches of shrubs and bushes, sometimes on a tuft of grass, or on the ground, and lay five or six greenish-brown eggs. For a long time it was believed that the singing of the males was chiefly to divert the female during the period of incubation, which lasts about three weeks; but, according to modern naturalists, their song is the natural result of an intense love of harmony; and it appears to be certain that they possess an ardent spirit of emulation. 'Oh, nightingale!' writes Wordsworth—

> 'Oh, nightingale! thou surely art
> A creature of a fiery heart:
> These notes of thine, they pierce and pierce—
> Tumultuous harmony and fierce.'

Whatever may be the vocal excellencies of other birds, they are all united in the nightingale; and philosophers have vied with poets in praise of the delicious music. Much, however, depends upon its being heard in the absence of the sun, when no other sound disturbs the solemn quietude that falls upon the country. Shakspeare, who makes Antony call Cleopatra 'his nightingale,' says—

> 'The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren.'

Belon, an old French writer, observes in quaint language, 'Can there be a man so deprived of judgment, as not to take admiration in hearing such melody come out of the throat of such a little wild bird? And knowing so proud a voice, such resounding music issues from so small a tube, that human industry cannot approach it. But besides this, the better the nightingale is, the more pertinently doth he persevere in his song without weariness or giving up the enterprise: life, in sooth, would fail him sooner than voice.' Belon seems to have anticipated certain expressions in Crashaw's splendid poem, 'Music's Duel,' where the nightingale trails

> 'Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
> A clear unwrinkled song: then doth she point it
> By short diminutives,
> That from so small a channel should be raised
> The torrent of a voice, whose melody
> Could melt into such sweet variety.'

Buffon, in his natural history of this bird, says in eloquent language, 'When this Coryphaeus of the spring prepares to sing the hymn of nature, he begins with a

timid prelude, and feeble, almost undecided tones, as though he wished to try his instrument, and interest the listener. But gaining confidence, he gradually becomes warm and animated, and displays in their fulness all the resources of his incomparable organ: brilliant throat-notes; light and lively trills; volleys of music, in which the precision equals the volubility; subdued interior murmurs, scarcely appreciable to the ear, but well adapted to set off the brilliance of the appreciable tones; sudden roulades, rapid and sparkling, articulated with the power and severity of perfect good taste; plaintive accents, cadenced with languor; sounds poured out without art, but filled with soul; sounds, enchanting and penetrating, genuine sighs of love and voluptuousness, which, issuing apparently from the heart, make every heart palpitate, and excite in all endowed with sensation the most soothing emotions and delicious languor.'

In juxtaposition with the French philosopher's prose, we may place the verse of a Dutch poet, Loots, who says enthusiastically—

'Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along;
Love-sick warbler! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
Or a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies.
Or—when rising shrill and shriller—
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day;
Till—all sunk to silence round thee—
Not a whisper—not a word—
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard:
Tell me—thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?'

Attempts have frequently been made, but in vain, to note down the nightingale's melody. Bechstein fills nearly a page of his book with a number of incomprehensible-looking words, which he considers as conveying an idea of the sounds. One of our writers, however, comprises them in much smaller space, and pretends that the melody is contained in the following words: 'Sweet—sweet jug—jug sweet—sweet jug—pipe rattle—bell pipe—swat, swat, swat, swatty—water bubble—scroty—skeg, skeg, skeg—whitlow, whitlow, whitlow.' But the endeavour to reduce the 'complaining notes' to writing must always be futile. Yet there are instances on record of individuals who could produce so perfect an imitation by singing or whistling, that the birds themselves were deceived, and alighted on the mimic's shoulder.

Melancholy is supposed by the poets, probably on account of the associations of the hour at which the notes, wild and lively in themselves, are heard, to be the prevailing characteristic of the nightingale's song, and most writers dwell upon this imaginary sadness. Milton says—

'Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy;
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evening song.'

The poet, who addresses one of his sonnets to the nightingale, seems, in fact, to have entertained a most eloquent love for the bird: he makes frequent mention of it in Paradise Lost; in their bower, Adam and Eve, 'lulled by nightingales, embracing slept;' and he tells us, in those touching lines on the loss of his sight, that he

—'feeds on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.'

In the latter lines we seem to have a reference to the solitary habits of the birds. They live much alone, arrive and depart singly, and, while pairing, seek the most secluded places, into which they permit no intrusion; and on the occasions when they sing during the day, it is exceedingly difficult to detect the spot in which they are hidden.

The nightingale's voice may be heard over a circle of a mile in diameter, nearly the distance at which the human voice is audible. Possessed of such exquisite powers, they are much prized as cage-birds, but are not easily domesticated, owing to their delicate and sensitive nature. They are only to be reconciled to their imprisonment, by rendering their restraint as much as possible like liberty. They require to be treated with great tenderness; and if placed in an open cage, or in a northern aspect, they frequently worry themselves to death. But when accustomed to their captivity, they sing all the year through, except in the moulting season; and their music is then said, by a strange contradiction, to surpass that of their wild state. They may be taught to introduce variations into their song, and to take part in a chorus. In Aleppo, during the spring months, nightingales are hired by the evening to sing at concerts and other entertainments. It is, however, difficult to imagine that the singing can possess the same charm as when the birds are in perfect freedom, mingling their luscious notes with the leafy murmur of shady woods.

'How passing sad! Listen, it sings again!
Art thou a spirit, that, amongst the boughs,
The live-long day dost chant that wondrous strain,
Making wan Dian stoop her silver brows
Out of the clouds to hear thee? Who shall say,
Thou lone one, that thy melody is gay?
Let him come listen now to that one note,
That thou art pouring o'er and o'er again
Through the sweet echoes of thy mellow throat,
With such a sobbing sound of deep, deep pain!'

The nightingale was little likely to be left out of the glorious mythology of the Greeks. According to the fable, Progne, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, who was married to Tereus, king of Thrace, had a great desire to see her sister Philomela. To spare his wife the fatigue of a voyage to Athens, Tereus offered to go and bring the maiden to his court. He, however, became enamoured of her, and at the end of their journey committed such an outrage, that in order to prevent the crime from becoming known, he slit the fair Athenian's tongue, and kept her in close confinement. But she, working with her needle upon canvas, contrived to send intelligence to Progne, and in revenge the sisters killed Tereus' son Itys, and cooked the child's flesh for the father's dinner. Discovering what was done, he drew his sword to kill the guilty pair, when the gods appeared, and doomed Tereus to take the form of a vulture; Progne became a swallow, and Philomela was changed to a nightingale, to lament incessantly over her wrongs. Such is the origin of the popular belief that the nightingale's tongue is split.

It is a little remarkable, as the male bird only sings, that authors generally speak of the nightingale in the feminine gender; a sacrifice of zoological accuracy to poetical expression. A passage in Chaucer's poem, 'The Flower and the Leaf,' is a striking exception to the mournfulness so universally considered as characteristic of this bird. The contest is going on in the forest, when

'The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood rong
So sodainly, that as it were a sote
I stood astonied; so was I with the song
Thorow ravished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;
And ayen me thought she song even by mine ere.'

Buffon relates an instance of a nightingale that lived seventeen years: it began to turn gray at the age of seven; at fifteen the quill-feathers of the wings and tail were entirely white, his legs were greatly increased in size, and the feet became gouty, and it was often necessary to clean and sharpen the upper half of his bill. There were no other appearances of age, for the bird, we are told, was always lively, always singing as in the

prime of his youth. So strong is the disposition of nightingales to migrate, that even when domesticated, they exhibit an extraordinary degree of restlessness at the migratory periods in spring and autumn. They are also said to manifest strong likings and dislikings, and to be so sensible of attachment, as to pine away and die on the death of any person with whom they have been familiar. Such is their horror of discordant sounds, that Belon, whom we have before quoted, says this feeling was taken advantage of to entrap them. A cat was fastened to a tree, and a string, tied tightly round some part of the animal, was carried to a distance along the ground; when the string was pulled, the cat squalled, and the nightingales flocking round in high indignation, were easily taken by bird-lime.

Many strange things have been recorded and spoken of the nightingale. From its singing all night, our forefathers considered its flesh to be a specific against drowsiness; and that if the heart and eyes were placed under the pillow of a person in bed, he would be unable to sleep; hence we find the nightingale adopted as the symbol of vigilance. Many curious lists of drugs and decoctions are to be met with in the works of old writers, the marvellous virtues of which would incite the birds to sing. Chaucer again tells us—

> —'Howe lovirs had a tokining,
> And among 'hem it was a commune tale,
> That it were gode to here the nightingale
> Moche rathir than the luedè cuccoo sing.'

Among other singular freaks, nightingales were said to rear only such of their young as displayed any musical talent. Most readers have heard of the famous dish of every talking and singing-bird known at the period, prepared at a cost of nearly L.7000, for the tragedian Claudius Esopus, and of the feast of nightingales' tongues provided for Heliogabalus. A white nightingale, valued at six thousand sesterces, was once presented by the Empress Agrippina to one of her friends. According to Pliny, some nightingales belonging to the two sons of the Emperor Claudius spoke Greek and Latin, and made new phrases every day to divert their masters; and Gesner gives an account of two others belonging to an innkeeper at Ratisbon, which conversed all night in German on the politics of Europe. He takes care, however, to qualify the story, by adding that the birds did no more than repeat at night the conversations they had heard during the day: even with this qualification, the tale remains sufficiently marvellous. Attempts have frequently been made to naturalise the nightingale in places to which it was a stranger. A gentleman near Swansea procured a supply of eggs from England, and distributed them among the nests of birds in that neighbourhood in the hatching season; but although the nightingales were contented to remain in their new locality during the first summer, they never returned to it in subsequent years. A similar experiment, which equally failed, was tried by Sir John Sinclair in Scotland.

In Moscow, the bird-fanciers keep large numbers of nightingales for sale; the average price is fifteen roubles. They are so abundant in Warsaw, that the streets are filled with their music. In some parts of Europe they are still fattened for the table; but the man who could relish a nightingale must have a strangely-perverted appetite. In Prussia, any person keeping one in a cage becomes liable to a tax.

The nightingale, although timid, is not suspicious, and is easily deceived by decoys, and captured. 'The nightingale-catcher,' says Mr Jesse, 'is generally a stealthy, downcast vagabond, most justly detested by all owners of groves, plantations, and hedgerows, possessing any good taste, within twenty miles of the metropolis. I knew one of these men who passed much of his time in the spring in the pretty lanes of Buckinghamshire, trapping the "merry nightingales" as they

> "Answered and provoked each other's song."

He was a hard-featured, uneducated man, looking very like a veteran poacher; in which occupation, I was informed, he was very expert. . . . I have seen a nightingale, a few days after it was caught, take its food out of his lips; but he kept his method of taming a secret. . . . Poor fluttering bird,' continues the writer quoted, after recording a successful capture, 'your large dark eye is full of fear and misery, and your tender frame can ill sustain those desperate but ineffectual struggles for liberty. And what must be the sensations of the captive? for surely such a marvellous creation must have sensations and feelings somewhat more acute than those of the vulgar sparrow, or the pert chaffinch, and more akin to its nature and worth.'

HOUSEHOLD SURGERY.

In a recent number of the Journal, at the suggestion of a correspondent, we published, in more minute and practical detail than usual, the formula of treatment of the apparently drowned; and at a season of the year when so many plunge into the water for health, and so many more for pleasure, the memorandum may perhaps be found of some utility. But at all seasons of the year there are emergencies of various other kinds occurring, in which a little knowledge, and the coolness and presence of mind that accompany a consciousness of knowledge, may be of essential service; and we are well pleased to see that a surgeon of standing and character has now come forward to enlighten non-professionals as to what ought to be done, and the best way to do it, in the absence of the doctor.* Mr South sets out by advising us to get the doctor always when we can; but it is vain to preach upon this text. There are hundreds of accidents and complaints that have been the property of old women, and other amateurs, from all antiquity, and that never by any chance get into the hands of the regular practitioner till the others have coddled them up into something worth his while. It is of great importance, therefore, to bring this home-practice under the laws of science; and in sifting out from Mr South's collection, as we are about to do, the cases that most frequently occur, together with the treatment he recommends, so far from desiring to set up for a Goody Buchan on our own account, we design to call the attention of our readers to a useful and sensible book, which they will do well to make acquaintance with.

Let us first look into the home-doctor's shop. Poultices were treated as matters of consequence by Abernethy, who described them as of two kinds—the evaporating or local tepid bath, and the greasy. Tepid bathing, by means of a poultice, he held to be the most soothing of all local applications, but effective only when the patient is kept in bed. To make it—'Scald out a basin, for you can never make a good poultice unless you have perfectly boiling water; then having put in some hot water, throw in coarsely-crumbled bread, and cover it with a plate. When the bread has soaked up as much water as it will imbibe, drain off the remaining water, and there will be left a light pulp. Spread it, a third of an inch thick, on folded linen, and apply it when of the temperature of a warm bath.' The *drying* of this poultice is not a defect, as our worthy grandmother supposes, but the very thing that is wanted—the proof of evaporation; and as this goes on, warm water must be dropped upon it, to keep up the action. Poppy, carrot, and horse-radish poultices are all bad: the juice only of these substances should be mixed, when wanted, with the bread poultice. 'The linseed-meal or greasy poultice is, on the same authority, to be made in the following manner:—Get some linseed powder, not the common stuff, full of grit and sand. Scald out a basin; pour in some perfectly boiling water; throw in the powder, stir it round with

* Household Surgery, or Hints on Emergencies. By John F. South, one of the Surgeons to St Thomas's Hospital. London: Cox. 1847.

a stick, till well incorporated; add a little more water, and a little more meal; stir again, and when it is about two-thirds of the consistence you wish it to be, beat it up with the blade of a knife till all the lumps are removed. If properly made, it is so well worked together, that you might throw it up to the ceiling, and it would come down again without falling to pieces; it is, in fact, like a pancake. Then take it out, lay it on a piece of soft linen, spread it the fourth of an inch thick, and as wide as will cover the whole inflamed part; put a bit of hog's-lard in the centre of it, and when it begins to melt, draw the edge of the knife lightly over, and grease the surface of the poultice.' The irritating poultice, to be used in cases where a blister is unnecessary or inconvenient, is made simply of mustard and water, mixed as if for the dinner-table, and put within the folds of a piece of fine muslin, so that only the watery part, oozing through, touches the skin. When this poultice is removed, the part should be sponged with warm water, and then gently dried with a soft kerchief. In the case of a child, it should be taken off in two or three minutes after the skin reddens. Cold poultices are disapproved.

'Fomentations are warm fluids, applied for the purpose of encouraging perspiration on the skin, and thereby to diminish inflammation, and to render the skin yielding, so that the swelling which accompanies inflammation may be less painful, by the greater readiness with which the skin yields than when it is harsh and dry.' The usual practice, therefore, of rubbing, dabbing, or pressing, is improper. The patient must be as well defended as possible from exposure to wet, by having something placed under him; and then a piece of thick flannel, or blanket, after being saturated in the warm fomentation, is to be instantly wrung, and laid liberally on the part of the body affected, and covered with oiled silk or a jack-towel, to keep in the warmth. This process is to be repeated every ten minutes or so, for hours if necessary. The foot or hand may be fomented by mere immersion, the heat of the fluid to be kept up by the addition, from time to time, of more which is hot. Warm water makes of course the readiest fomentation, and is generally the best.

The object of lotions (or washes) 'is to lessen the inflammatory condition of a part by diminishing its increased heat, which is one of the signs of inflammation;' and they are of two kinds—cooling, and stimulating. The cooling lotion acts by means of evaporation, and should be applied by dipping a single piece of linen in the wash, and laying it upon the part, which of course is to be kept uncovered. As the evaporation goes on, the linen is to be kept moist with the lotion by means of a sponge. A spirit wash is made of half a gill of spirits of wine, or a whole gill of ardent spirits, to a pint of water; and a vinegar wash, by mixing one-fourth of vinegar with three-fourths of water. In case of severe pain, a tablespoonful of laudanum may be added to a pint of lotion. 'Stimulating washes are employed for encouraging sluggish sores to heal. They are usually applied by dipping lint in them, which, being then put on the sore, is confined with a roller.' The black wash is the most valuable of this kind, and is composed of a drachm of calomel in half a pint of lime-water.

Liniments are chiefly used to remove swellings, and are applied by rubbing *gently* with the flat of the hand for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time. In the case of a large joint requiring the operation, the two hands are to be used, one at each side, and moved alternately up and down at the same time, making each hand travel half round the joint. One-third of hartshorn to two-thirds of oil make a good liniment for stiff neck and lumbago; another is an ounce of camphor rubbed down in four ounces of olive oil; and a third, called opodeldoc, is composed of three ounces of hard white soap and an ounce of camphor, put into a bottle with half a pint of spirits of wine, or other strong spirit, and as much water, and shaken from day to day till dissolved. But the best is the mustard liniment, made of 'an ounce of fresh flour of mustard put into a bottle with a pint of spirits of turpentine, and shaken daily for two or three days.' After this, the liquid is fit to be decanted for use; and its advantage is, that it may be made to act slightly or severely, according to the length of time it is rubbed: to tickle, prickle, or smart the patient, or take off his skin, whichever he likes.

Ointments are of use merely to protect wounds from their coverings, from the air, and from filth, and the simpler they are the better. The common dressing for a blister 'consists of a quarter of an ounce of white wax, three-quarters of an ounce of spermaceti, and three ounces of olive oil, melted together.' Elder-flower ointment, for anointing the face and neck when sunburnt, 'is made of fresh elder-flowers stripped from the stalks, two pounds of which are simmered in an equal quantity of hog's-lard till they become crisp, after which the ointment, whilst fluid, is strained through a coarse sieve.' Plasters may be bought in the roll, and spread at home with a hot knife, when the parties are far from the druggist's shop.

We now come to the operations of household surgery, beginning with bleeding and blistering. The best mode of bleeding to be adopted by an unprofessional person is by cupping, which is easily learned, although we have no room for the directions. In the absence of a proper instrument, a common cup, or a tumbler (if of a bellying shape, so much the better), may be turned down upon the part, after the air has been rarefied with lighted tow or paper. The skin rises into this, and is afterwards to be wounded with a lancet or sharp knife in half-a-dozen places. When leeches are inconveniently fastidious in their appetite, the skin may be scratched with a needle-point till the blood comes, which will generally be irresistible. A warm bread-and-water poultice, renewed every half hour, is better for encouraging the bleeding than sponging with warm water. Bleeding in the arm with a lancet is a delicate operation, owing to the neighbourhood of the great artery, and must be learned from a regular practitioner. It is, besides, in much less use than formerly after common accidents—such as a fall or a blow. The chief thing to be attended to in blistering is, that the plaster should never be suffered to remain on a child under ten years of age longer than till the skin has become well inflamed, which will be in three or four hours at most; and that if any of the disagreeable effects of blisters are feared, they may be easily avoided by covering the plaster before application with tissue paper.

The convulsion fits that so frequently carry off children are usually caused by the constitutional disturbance incidental to their cutting their teeth; and the 'remedy, or rather the safeguard, against these frightful consequences is trifling, safe, and almost certain, and consists merely in lancing the gum covering the tooth which is making its way through. Lancing the gum is very easily managed; and any intelligent person, after seeing it done once or twice, will do it very effectually. Cline taught a mother of a family to do this; and after lancing her children's gums she never lost another, at least from that cause; for, so soon as the teething symptoms appeared, she looked for the inflamed gum, lanced it, and they ceased. The operation is performed with a gum-fleam, the edge of which must be placed vertically on the top of the inflamed gum, and moved along, pressing firmly at the same time till the edge of the fleam grate on the tooth, and the business is finished.

'The best application for a bruise, be it large or small, is moist warmth; therefore a warm bread-and-water poultice, or hot moist flannels, should be put on, as they supple the skin, so that it yields to the pressure of the blood beneath, and thereby the pain is lessened.' In the case of a serious bruise, a dozen leeches may likewise be necessary, but only for an adult, and they may require to be repeated two or three times. With regard to the bruise technically called 'a black eye,' warm bathing and patience are the only remedies. For

the benefit of those who may feel tempted to do what usually gives rise to this 'accident,' the doctor merely repeats the advice given elsewhere 'to persons about to marry'—Don't.

An ordinary cut or chop with a knife, chisel, axe, &c. even if it severs a finger or a toe, is only dangerous to the irritable or intemperate. 'The corresponding edges of the wound are to be brought together as perfectly as possible, and while thus held, some strips of plaster are to be laid across the wound, with small spaces between every two, so as to allow the escape of an oozing fluid, which often continues for some hours. The edges of the wound should not be dragged tightly together, but merely kept in place by the plaster; and if the wound be in the finger, arm, toe, or leg, it is better that the ends of the plaster should not overlap.' If common sticking-plaster be not at hand, court-plaster will do; or thin bands of tow may be wrapped round the part, and smeared with gum-water. Or if nothing else is at hand, a bit of linen rag, by absorbing the blood, constitutes itself a plaster as the moisture dries. The dressing is to be left on for several days, unless the wound grow painful and throb; in which case it is to be taken off by the aid of warm water or a soft poultice. If the discharge is inodorous, straw-coloured, and creamy-looking, you may apply the plaster again; if otherwise, the wound must be poulticed till these wholesome signs appear. A bruised cut must be poulticed with bread and water to moderate the inflammation, and then with linseed meal, till new flesh grows instead of that which has been *killed* by the blow. The latter comes away in appearance like a piece of wetted buff-leather. Scratches are often *fatal*, in consequence of soap, pearl-ash, or filth of any kind getting into them, and should therefore be kept covered. Pricks with a thorn, &c. are likewise dangerous, occasionally producing locked jaw. Poulticing, leeching, &c. must be had recourse to if serious appearances occur; with a smart dose of calomel inwardly, and some hours after, castor oil.

When blood is coughed up, it is known to come from the lungs by its frothiness, if in small quantities, and its pure bright redness when more plentiful; and when vomited from the stomach, by its dark colour. In either case, all that non-professionals can do is to cup or bleed, and keep the patient cool in bed. When the discharge is from the lungs, the fainter he is the less danger. Bleeding from wounds is stopped by pressure on the part; or, if necessary, the ends of any little artery that may be severed, are to be tied with a thread; or when the bleeding is important and continued, the main artery that supplies the limb may be stopped till medical assistance is obtained: in the case of the arm, by pressing the thumb behind the middle of the collar-bone; and in the case of the leg, below the crease of the groin. When the bleeding is below the middle of the upper arm, or thigh, a stick tourniquet will answer the purpose. It is merely a handkerchief passed two or three times round the limb above the wound, and twisted as tightly as may be necessary by means of a stick.

Scalds and burns are frequently dangerous; and in them 'remember, that as it is always hoped the scald or burn is confined to inflaming or blistering the skin, it is of the utmost importance not to burst the blister by tearing the skin, nor to let out the water it contains by pricking it.' The clothes, if any, over the part must be cut away, but only so far as they will come easily. The patient, if severely injured, must be kept warm; and if he continues to shudder or shiver, a little hot wine and water, or spirits and water, should be administered. 'The object in treating scalds and burns is to keep up, for a time, the great heat or high temperature to which the injured part has been raised by the scalding or burning, and to lower this by degrees to the natural heat of the body. The best and readiest dry materials to be applied are flour, or cotton, or cotton-wadding; the wet are—spirits of turpentine, spirits of wine or good brandy, lime-water and oil, lime-water and milk, milk alone, or bread-and-milk poultice; and all these wet applications must be made of sufficient warmth to feel comfortable to the finger, but not hot.' When the blisters become uneasy, after the lapse of perhaps from thirty to fifty hours (for the pain moderates in a few hours after the accident, unless it has been very severe), they must be carefully cut and dressed. The treatment of the opposite accident, frost-bite, is analogous. 'In restoring a frozen person, or a frost-bitten part, the object is directly the reverse—that is, to keep the cold, which by its exposure the body has acquired, and to withdraw it by slow degrees till the body has recovered its natural heat. If the person or part be brought suddenly into a hot room, or put in a warm bath, he or it will be killed outright. "The frozen person," says Chelius, "should be brought into a cold room, and after having been undressed, covered up with snow, or with cloths dipped in ice-cold water, or he may be laid in cold water so deeply, that his mouth and nose only are free. When the body is somewhat thawed, there is commonly a sort of icy-crust formed around it; the patient must then be removed, and the body washed with cold water mixed with a little wine or brandy: when the limbs lose their stiffness, and the frozen person shows signs of life, he should be carefully dried, and put into a cold bed in a cold room: scents, and remedies which excite sneezing, are to be put to his nose; air is to be carefully blown into the lungs, if natural breathing do not come on; clysters of warm water with camphorated vinegar thrown up; the throat tickled with a feather; and cold water dashed upon the pit of the stomach. He must be brought, by degrees, into rather warmer air, and mild perspirants, as elder and balm tea (or weak common tea), with Minderer's spirit, warm wine, and the like, may be given to promote gentle perspiration."' Frost-bitten parts should be bathed or rubbed with cold water or snow.

For sprains, warm moist flannels applied to the part, and a bread-and-water poultice on going to bed, are recommended; but this, in our humble and unprofessional opinion, is only adapted to cases in which the patient thinks proper to look forward to weeks of such coddling. We have before now cured ourselves in a few hours of a severe sprain of the ankle-joint, attended with swelling, by fomentations of water as hot as we could bear them.

'Broken limbs should not be set, as it is called—that is, bound up with roller, splints, and pads—for the first three or four days, as for some hours after the accident the part continues swelling, and if bandaged up tightly whilst this is going on, much unnecessary pain is produced; and if the bandages be not slackened, mortification may follow, which I have known to occur. It is best then, at first, only to lay the broken bone in as comfortable a posture as possible, and nearly as can be in its natural direction; and it may be lightly bound to a single splint, merely for the purpose of keeping it steady. The arm, whether broken above or below the elbow, will lie most comfortably half-bent upon a pillow. The thigh or leg will rest most easily upon the outer side, with the knee bent.' In the case of broken ribs, a flannel or linen roller, about six yards long and two hands'-breadth wide, must be wound tightly round the chest. Bleeding should not be had recourse to, unless the patient complains of pain, or is troubled with cough. 'The bowels should be cleared with a purge, and twenty drops of antimonial wine, with a teaspoonful of syrup of poppies in a glass of water, given three or four times a-day. After a few days, the person will find himself much more comfortable sitting up than lying in bed.' But the special treatment differs so much as regards the different parts broken, that we can only refer generally to Mr South's book.

A dislocation is reduced by the limb being returned to its place from which it has slipped out; and the chief difficulty lies in the instinctive or involuntary resistance made by the patient. A great part, therefore,

of the operator's dexterity consists in his putting the sufferer off his guard at the critical moment.

Having already described the treatment in a case of stifling by drowning, we shall now only say on this subject, that when the catastrophe occurs by hanging, there is little or no hope after a few minutes' suspension. 'The body should be stripped, dashed with cold water, blood should be taken from the arm, and stimulating liniments rubbed perseveringly on the chest.'

Choking, by attempting to swallow too large a piece of food, 'may usually be overcome by taking large draughts of water, and making great efforts to swallow. Sometimes, if a bone or pin be near the top of the throat, it may be got out by pushing the finger far down, and hooking it up with the nail. But if below the reach of the finger, the best thing to try for immediate relief is to take some crust of bread, or some hard apple into the mouth, chew it coarsely, get down two or three mouthfuls without swallowing it completely, and then to swallow quickly three or four gulps of water, which acts like a rammer to the bread, and forcing it against the bone or pin, not unfrequently carries it down into the stomach, and there the matter ends.' The buttons and other small matters a child sometimes swallows are rarely attended by any troublesome consequences, although the source of so much alarm to parents.

We have now run through this most useful volume; but although the passing hints we have collected from it will be advantageous of themselves to many of our readers, we are in hopes that they will only stimulate another class to possess themselves of the work.

DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

The attention which is now being paid by the richer classes to the physical wants, the social and domestic comforts, and consequently the moral and intellectual advancement of the humbler and labouring portion of society, is one of the distinctive and most pleasing characteristics of the present day. The efforts making, in and out of parliament, by public bodies and private individuals for the sanitary improvement of towns—the working population in which, in their crowded and ill-ventilated dwellings, are influenced now by domestic annoyances, noxious odours, and demoralising circumstances, the evil tendencies of which cannot be over-estimated—are a very gratifying practical result of the spirit which now prevails. In Liverpool, much is *doing*, or is *about* to be done, in the right direction; but if we cross the Mersey, and take a walk through Birkenhead, we find that much *has been done*. The public parks, the wide streets, the attention to drainage and sewerage, all bespeak an attention and foresight much to be commended; but the cottages erected by the Birkenhead Dock Company for the residences of the workmen, will long remain as monuments of the commencement of a new era, which, we trust, will bring with it health, happiness, comfort, ay, and comparative wealth, to the industrious people of this country. These cottages are built near the foot of Bidston hill, overlooking Wallasey marsh, and adjoining the upper end of the great dock at Birkenhead. At a distance, they have a strong and very imposing appearance. The buildings are erected on the plan of the houses in Scotland, each tenant occupying a 'flat;' and as they are four storeys in height, eight families are accommodated in each house. Of course there is a common staircase for the use of the eight families; but the stairs once ascended, each residence is quite distinct. Most of the cottages consist of three apartments—a kitchen and two bedrooms. The kitchen is fitted up with a grate, oven, &c. There is also a small scullery, containing sink-stone, water-pipe, with the water constantly on, bunker for coals, shelves, &c. Adjoining is a water-closet, through which, to prevent offensive effluvia, all water from the pipe and sink-stone passes; and there is a dust-hole in each scullery, into which sweepings, cinders, and all rubbish may be brushed, the occupants having no further trouble with them. The bedrooms are supplied with iron bedsteads and wash-stands. Each room has a ventilator at the bottom and top; and the windows are so constructed, that they can be easily opened for the further admission of air. There is also a cupboard in every cottage, and all the apartments are neatly papered, painted, and fitted up with shelving, iron hooks for clothes, &c. The building is fire-proof, there being no possibility of the fire in one flat extending. In fact, beyond consuming the furniture in the flat, little damage could be done to the building by any fire which broke out. The roof of each house is flat, and covered with asphalte. It is also surrounded by a parapet wall several feet high, and will form an excellent playground for children, who will thus be placed beyond the danger of accidents from horses and carts. It may also be used for the drying of clothes; and the workmen, at the close of their day's labour, may, in the summer time at least, pleasantly spend an hour or two in smoking their pipes, in reading, or in enjoying the extensive prospect before them. The rent of a cottage on the top storey is 3s. 9d. a-week; on the third storey, 4s.; on the second, 4s. 3d.; and on the first, 4s. 6d. There are cottages with two apartments, the lowest rent of which class is 2s. 6d.; and others of four rooms, which of course are a little dearer. In all, there are about three hundred cottages already built. Between each pile of building there is a space of eighteen feet. When it is taken into consideration that there are no back premises from which any nuisance can arise, this may be considered a wide space; yet still, if there be any fault at all, this may be considered as one. If it were a rule that the space between each pile should not be less than the height of the buildings, it would be much better. As an improvement, however, upon the cellar and cottage residences of the crowded districts of this town, they are admirable.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

[We lately visited the Birkenhead Cottages, as they are called, and can testify that this is a correct description of them. Only one important circumstance is omitted—that the buildings are at such a distance from the mass of the town (upwards of a mile), that they are not as yet convenient houses for working-men connected with Birkenhead, and accordingly few of them are occupied. A gardener employed at his labour near the wayside stated the case to us briefly and justly, when he said, 'A working-man must live near his work.' As a necessary consequence of the paucity of inhabitants, no shops are yet opened at the place; and thus the few people who do live in the cottages are exposed to some inconvenience in obtaining the necessaries of life. Owing to these circumstances, we fear that the cottages are for the present a failure. They can serve the contemplated end only when the town and its works come out to this place; and even after all, the men engaged at the works which now exist will remain unbenefited.

The plan of the houses is, however, excellent. Perhaps no other can rightly be adopted for the dwellings of working-men in large towns, this being the only one which admits of a multitude being healthily placed on a comparatively small space. It is simply the *floor plan*, so prevalent in Paris and Edinburgh, and exemplified in the Temple Chambers and Inns of Court in London. It has its inconveniences, but is also attended by some advantages even for the middle classes; above all, *one*—that of requiring no ascent of stairs to pass from one apartment to another. Once *in* the house, you move about it with an ease and facility unknown to the occupants of those *houses upon edge* which constitute the bulk of the most modern streets and squares in London. For females, who seldom go abroad above once a-day, but who have occasion to pass from room to room every now and then, the convenience of the floor system is unspeakably great; and we should wonder that it had not been adopted long ago in London, did we not know how long it is before new habits are learned, or old pre-

judices overcome. For architectural effect, we may add, the floor system is infinitely preferable to that of narrow independent houses. It also abolishes, to shopkeepers, the monstrous inconvenience of having to take a house along with the place of business, whether it be needed or not.*

Whatever, then, be the success of the Birkenhead experiment, its utility as a model, and as showing what goodly dwellings can be furnished to the working-classes at a moderate charge, is very great. We hope, however, to see houses of this kind for the most part built in the very places heretofore occupied by unhealthy tenements. There a double good would be accomplished. Before such structures can be seen rising in many places, good harvests must have done their proper work in facilitating human labour. We may add, that before working-men can hope to attain houses at a ratio of rent not exceeding that of the middle classes, it will be necessary that some plan be adopted for securing the landlord in his returns. We have always been aware that insecurity in this respect was a means of greatly increasing rents to the working-classes; but we never knew till lately how high, in some instances, this increase is carried. A gentleman who takes charge of the incomes of a number of persons in humble life, lately adopted the plan of leasing for them a group of houses, insuring the payment of the rent. They were obtained at *thirty per cent.* below the usual rates. The extent to which honest and careful men thus suffer for the negligent and unworthy, is surely much to be deplored. Perhaps the evil might be in a great measure overcome, and a needful encouragement at the same time given to speculators, by a plan of mutual guarantee amongst operative tenants for the faithful payment of rents.]

COURTING IN FRENCH HOLLOW.

It is a pity that American fun, like Irish fun, has a patois of its own, which it is not a little difficult to understand. The patois, indeed, was originally part and parcel of the joke; but the best joke in the world will not bear a hundred times telling. In a book before us, just published in Philadelphia, called 'Streaks of Squatter Life,' there is a good deal of cleverness, and some genuine humour; but it is spoiled for the European palate by an impracticable dialect. Perhaps the following is the most readable article (with the exception of 'the Pre-emption Right,' an excellent tale, chiefly in good English, which is too long for our pages), and we give it to show how Jonathan 'progresses' in a kind of writing peculiar to American literature:—

'Courtin' is all slick enough when everybody's agreed, and the gal aint got no mischief in her; but when an extensive family, old maids, cross daddy, and a romantic old mommy, all want to put thur fingers into the young uns dish of sweet doin's, and the gal's fractious besides, why, a fellar that's yearnin' arter matrimony is mity likely to git his fires dampened, or bust his biler.'

Thus reasoned Tom Bent to a select party of river cronies, who were seated around him upon the boiler deck of a Mississippi steamer, as she sped along one bright night in June, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bayou Teche. The subject was courting, and on that particular question Tom was considered an oracle; for, besides having a strong penchant for the fair sex, he had run many risks to ingratiate himself in their affections. Tom was now fast falling into the sear and yellow leaf of bachelorism, and although he had vowed unalterable affection to at least one fair one in each town between the mouth and the rapids, he still remained in unblessed singleness.

'How about that afarr of your'n with old Fecho's gal in St Louis, Tom?' inquired one of the circle.

'What, that little French gal?' inquired Tom, with a grin. 'Well, that thar was a salty scrape, boys; and though the laugh is agin me thar, I'm blessed if I don't gin you the sarcumstince.' So Tom squared himself for a yarn, wet his lips with a little corn juice, took a small strip of Missouri weed, and 'let out.'

'That gal of old Fecho's wur about the pootyest creatur, fur a foreigner, I ever took a *shute* arter; her eyes jest floated about in her head like a star's shadow on a Massissippi wave, and her model was as trim as the steamer Eagle; 'sides, her paddles wur the cleanest-shaped fixin's that ever propelled anythin' human, and her laugh rung like a challenge-bell on a "fast trip"—it couldn't be beat. She run into my affecshuns, and I couldn't help it. I danced with her at some on the balls in Frenchtown, and thar I gin to edge up and talk tender at her, but she only laughed at my sweet'nin'. Arter a spell, when I cum it strong about affecshun, and the needcessity of towin' side and side together, she told me that her old daddy wouldn't let her marry an American! Ef I warn't snagged at this, I wouldn't say so. The old fellar wur a sittin' on a bench smokin' and lookin' on at the dance, and I jest wished him a hot berth for a short spell. "Well, Marie," said I, "ef I melt the old man down, will you gin in?"

"Oh," says she, "you so vair strong at de vat you call *coax*, I shall not know how to say von leetel no.'

'So havin' fixed it all with her smooth as a full freight and a June rise, I drew up alongside of the old fellar, jest as he had cleared his chimley for a fresh draw of his pipe. Old Fecho had been a mountain trader, was strong timbered, not much the worse fur wear, and looked wicked as a tree'd bear. I fired up, and generated an inch or two more steam, and then blew off at him. "That's an onconscionable slick gal of your'n, mounseer," says I, to begin with; and it *did* tickle his fancy to have her cracked up, 'cause he thought her creation's finishin' touch—so did I!

"Oui, sair," says old Fecho, "she vair fine leetel gal, von angel wizout de ving; she is, sair, mine only von *fille*."

"Well, she is a *scrouger*," answered I; "a parfect high pressure, and no dispute!"

"Vat you mean by him, eh? vat you call s-c-r-r-r-ouge, eh? vat is he, sair? My leetel gal no vat you call von s-c-r-r-r-ouge, sair!" and here old Fecho went off into a mad fit, jest as ef I'd called her bad names. I tried to put down his "safety-valve," but he would blow off his wrath, and workin' himself into a parfect freshet of rage, he swore he would take the little gal off home; and I'm blessed ef he didn't. As soon as I eyed the old fellar startin', I got in his wake, and follered him, detarmined to find out whar he located; and arter an eternal long windin' through one street arter another, down he dived into French Hollow. Jest as he wur about to enter a house built agin the side of the hill, the old fellar heered my footsteps, and turnin' round in the darkness, he shouted—"Ah ha! von sneak Yankee

* A 'Suburban' correspondent of 'The Builder' proposes the introduction to the metropolis of the system which has been found to work so well in, and, in fact, in great measure to constitute, the northern 'City of Palaces,' Edinburgh. In London, as observed, persons not prepared to give more than L.30 a-year have no choice between the most paltry 'lath-and-plaster' cottages — so raw, damp, and undrained, and full of green wood, as to be little better than a domicile 'under the greenwood tree' itself—or unfurnished lodgings in houses not built for the purpose of accommodating separate families, and where the intermixing of the landlord and his lodgers is most unpleasant. In fact, in the metropolis itself, the great body of the middle classes are actually without appropriate or class dwellings altogether, for the green-wood cottages are suburban more than urban residences. The projector, however, in the meantime recommends that a handsome building, like those in the Temple, but with more domestic conveniences, should be erected in a convenient suburb, and let out in chambers; and the first experiment might be made in the following manner:—Let a builder of capital procure plans and elevation from a competent architect; and having found a suitable piece of land, announce that, as soon as he had the names of a sufficient number of parties willing to rent (say thirty sets of chambers), he would commence the first block. The subscription of parties, willing to engage for a year certain, would be filled up in a week. The Bank of England clerks would alone supply a score of tenants, and all the government offices a tithe of poor proud couples. Eventually, perhaps, the economy of a public kitchen and joint-stock cook might be arranged by some of the tenants on the club system.

doodel, vat call my leetel gall von s-c-r-r-r-ouger; I shall cut you all up into von leetel piece vidout von whole."

'You know, boys, I aint easy skeer'd, but I own up that old fellar did kind a make me skeery; they told sich stories about the way he used to skin Ingins, that I gin to think it was about best to let him have both sides of the channel ef he wanted it, so I didn't darr go to see Marie fur a long spell. One day I felt a strong hankerin', and jest strolled along the holler to git a glimpse on her; and sure enough thar she wur, a-leanin' out the winder, smilin' like the mornin' sun on a sleepin' bayou. I sidled up to the house, and asked her ef I darr cum and sit up with her that evenin'. I told her I was jest fritterin' away all to nothin' thinkin' on her, and a small mite of courtin' would spur me up amazin'; and then I gin her sich a look, that she fluttered into consent as easy as a mockin'-bird whistles.

"Oh, *oui*, you shall come some time dis night, when *mon pere* is gone to de *cabaret;* but you must be vair quiet as von leetel rat, vat dey call de mouse, and go vay before he come back to de *maison*."

'In course I promised to do jest as she said. I kissed my hand to her, and said *aur ravoir*, as the French say for good-by, and then paddled off to wait for night. I felt wuss than oneasy until the time arriv, and when it did git round, I gin to crawl all over. I swar I was a little skeered. Hows'ever, it warn't manly to back out now when the gal was expectin' me, so I started for the Hollow. I think a darker night was never mixed up and spread over this yearth. You remember, Bill, the night you steered the old Eagle square into the bank at Milliken's bend? well, it wur jest a mite darker than that! A muddy run winds along through the ravine whar the house stands, and I wur particularly near floppin' into it several times. A piece of candle in the winder lighted me to whar the little gal was awaitin', and when I tapped at the door below, she pattered down and piloted me up to the sittin'-room, whar we sot down and took a good look at each other. She looked pooty enough to tempt a fellar to bite a piece out on her. I had all sorts of good things made up to say when a chance offered, and here the chance wur, but cuss me ef I could get out the fust mutter. Whether it wur skeer at the idee of the old Frenchman, or a bilin' up of affecshun fur his darter that stuck my throat so tight, I'm unable to swar, but thar I wur, like a boat fast on a sand-bar, blowin' some, but makin' mity little headway.

"Vat is de mattair wiz you, mounseer?" said Marie; "you look vair much like de leaf in von grand storm, all ovair wiz de shake!"

"Well," says I, "I do feel as ef I wur about to collapse a flue, or bust my biler, for the fact of the matter is, Marie, they say your old daddy's a tiger, and ef I get caught here, thar'll be suthin' broke—a buryin' instead of a weddin'; not that I'm the least mite skeered fur myself, but the old man might git hurt, and I should be fretted to do any sich a thing."

"Oh, *mon amie*, nevair be fear fur him; he is von great, strong as vat you call de gentleman cow?—von bull. But, *mon Dieu!* what shall I do wiz you, suppose he come, eh? He vill cut you into bits all ovair!"

"But, my angel," ses I, "he sha'n't ketch me, fur I'll streak it like a fast boat the moment I hear steam from his scape-pipe: the old man might as well try to catch a Massissippi *catty* with a thread-line, as get his fingers on me." I had no sooner said so, than bang went the door below, and old Fecho, juicy as a melon, came feelin' his way up stairs, mutterin' like a small piece of fat thunder, and swarin' in French orfully. I know'd thar warn't much time to spare, so I histed the winder, and backed out. Jest as I was about to drop, Marie says to me—"Oh, *mon Dieu!* don't drop into de *vell!*" and instanter shut the winder. My *har* riz on eend in a moment—"don't drop into the well!" I'll tell you what, boys, a souse into the Massissippi in ice time warn't half as cold as her last warnin' made me. It was so etarnal dark, that I couldn't begin to tell which side of the buildin' I wur on, and that wur an all-important perticuler, fur it wur jest *three* storeys high on one side, towards the Hollow, and it warn't only *one* on the side next the hill—in course, all the chances wur in favour of the *well* bein' on the low side. I'd gin all I had then to know which side was waitin' below fur me. I looked up, as I hung on, to see ef thar warn't a star shinin' somewhare, jest to give a hint of what *was* below; but they'd all put on thar nightcaps, and wouldn't be coaxed from under the kiver; then I'd look below, and listen, until I made sartin in my mind that I could hear the droppin' of water, somewhare about *fifty feet* below me! Old Fecho was a-tearin' through the room, and a-rippin' out French oaths, in an oncommon rapid manner, and declarin' that he knew some one had bin thar, fur he'd been told so. Two or three times he appeared to be a-rushin' for the winder, and the little gal would coax him back agin; and then he'd cuss de Yankee doodles, and grit his teeth most owdaciously. Well, ef I warn't in an oneasy situation all this time, then I'm more than human—my arms jest stretched out to about a yard and a-half in length, and gin to cramp and git orful weak. I couldn't, fur the life of me, think on any prayer I'd ever heerd: at last, jest as one hand was givin' way its hold, I thort of a short one I used to say when I was a younker, and mutterin'—"Here I drop me down deep, I pray the Lord my bones to keep!" I sot my teeth together, drew a long breath, shut my eyes, and let go!—Whiz!—r-r-r-ip!—bang! I went, as I supposed, about fifty feet; and didn't I holler, when I lit and rolled over, and the water soused all round me! "Murder! Oh, get me out! Oh-o-o-o, mur*der!*" The people came a-rushin' out of their houses with lights, and sich another jargon of questions as they showered at me—askin', altogether, who'd bin a-stabbin' me? what wur the marter? and who'd hit me? I opened my eyes to tell 'em I'd fell from the third storey, and broke every bone in my body, when, on lookin' up, thar wur the old Frenchman and his darter grinnin' out of the top winder about *ten feet* above me! The fact wur, boys, I'd dropped out on the hill-side of the house, and jumped down jest *four feet* from whar my toes reached—I had lit on the edge of a water-pail, and it flowed about me when I fell over! Arter old Fecho told them the joke, they pretty nigh busted a-larfin' at me. I crawled off, arter firin' a volley at old mounseer of the hardest kind of cusses; and from that day to this I han't gone a-courtin' in French Hollow!'

The present number of the Journal completes the seventh volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

*

END OF SEVENTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.

CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME VIII.

Nos. 183 to 208. JULY—DECEMBER, 1847.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

1847.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 183. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1847. Price 1½d.

'A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.'

What is the *use* of Beauty? Is it intended merely to amuse the fancy for a time, and then pall, fade, and be forgotten? In a system where nothing else is lost, where all is fitness and coherence, and where each part, however minute, seems as necessary to the whole as a single link is to the continuity of a chain, is this quality alone without definite meaning or permanent purpose? Analogy is against the supposition; and we must either set down beauty as an unmeaning superfluity in the scheme of creation, or else assign it an importance commensurate with the space it occupies in our thoughts.

The impressions we receive from external objects are sufficiently well understood in their momentary effects. It is customary, for instance, to say that the beauty of some still and solitary landscape, coming in amidst the conflict of the passions, tranquillises the unquiet bosom, and smooths the wrinkled brow. But if this is correct in the particular application, may we not deduce from it, as a result, that a habitual exposure to similar influences will have a permanent effect upon the mind? We derive pleasure from a beautiful picture; and if seen for the first time, the feeling is exaggerated by surprise and suddenness. At subsequent visits, such adventitious circumstances grow fainter and fainter, and our pleasure becomes more and more calm; till at length—supposing the object constantly present—we view it without any apparent emotion at all. But it is a mistake to suppose that the effects of this form of the beautiful have disappeared with their external phenomena. We feel the picture, without seeing it. We breathe in its invisible presence an atmosphere of beauty, as unconsciously as we inhale the vital air.

Beauty, therefore, is not a mere toy of the fancy, but an important agent in human progress. It is not a luxury, but a necessary. It is not adapted for one class, but for all. It would be untrue to say that beauty is not studied as an art: but hitherto it has been studied from false motives, and in a mean and contracted spirit. Governments and municipalities exercise what architectural taste they may possess, from some vague idea that a combination of the elegant with the useful is necessary to their dignity and character. Rich men lay out their parks and gardens, and fill their houses with agreeable objects, to gratify their own instinctive yearning after the beautiful; and if they extend their care to a cottage or a hamlet, it is merely because these are adjuncts of the physical picture. But no one fancies that beauty is, in reality, a public good—that it should be followed as a moral virtue—that it should be taught and disseminated as a powerful means of making mankind happier and better.

We met, the other day, with an illustration of the influence of natural scenery upon the human mind, which we could hardly have hoped for. It occurs in a little work entitled 'Settlers and Convicts in the Australian Backwoods,' written by a hard-working self-taught mechanic, who was struck with the effect of the localities in which they laboured upon the character of the *convicts*. 'Inanimate nature,' says he, 'is universally lovely in these wildernesses; and a cheerful unprejudiced eye may often observe strange assimilations going forward, in the human character, to the faultless still-life around, which God has retained under his own more immediate control.' There is deep, however unconscious, philosophy in this remark. The beauty of external nature is, in truth, the immediate work of God, intended to act morally upon the mind of man. But the mind must to a certain extent be *prepared* to receive its impressions. Beauty, for instance, has had no more effect in civilising the Australian savage, than in taming the kangaroo; whereas, within the heart of even the worst European convict, there is a hoard of gentle feelings and holy recollections which, buried though they be under the accumulations of vice, and folly, and wo, may be drawn forth by the congenial influences of nature.

This of itself is a sufficient answer to those, if any such there be, who inquire, What is the use of beauty? Such persons, we presume, would measure the utility of a public park by the extent of its area, by the number of cubic feet of fresh air it presents to the lungs of the people—ignorant that the health of the visitors depends in as great measure upon the picture presented to the eye. They would throw open the national galleries, the cathedrals, and the palaces, in order to improve the mind by facilitating the study of styles of art, ignorant that the tendency of such exhibitions is towards a still more important improvement—that a spirit of beauty hovers amid these pictured walls and fretted vaults, with healing on its wing!

All these are large objects—hills and valleys, woods and waters, parks, museums, collections of pictures, and sublime or elegant edifices; and their influence will be obvious in proportion. A walk or ride in a picturesque country, or sail on a river or on the sea, are not merely beneficial to the body, as is commonly supposed, but likewise to the mind. Neither do they act upon the one through the other. The one inhales its aliment or medicine by means of the lungs, or imbibes it by the pores of the skin; while the other depends upon entirely different faculties for those images of peace or joy whose province it is to heal the spirit, by elevating it above bad and anxious thoughts. Similar wholesome images will be induced by a museum of specimens, a collection of pictures, or a concert of music, where there is no fresh air for the nourishment of the body; and the view of a fine cathedral, even when the visitor is a wholly uninformed person, will come in as a more im-

portant moral adjunct than is commonly supposed to the great truths enunciated at other times from its pulpit.

But great objects are not accessible on all occasions. Few of us, in this hard-working country, can very often walk, or ride, or sail, or go anywhere in search of what is called, however erroneously, mere amusement. Beauty, however, is not confined to places or things: it is omniform and ubiquitous. It exists in the plot of ground before the cottage, as well as in the garden or park; in the flower-pot on the sill—in the tuneful cage hung up by the window—in the picture on the wall—in the form of an article of furniture—in the colour and shape of a gown or cap. It is a mistake to blame even the very poorest for the indulgence of taste—or rather it is a mistake not to cultivate taste in them as a means of moral improvement. Extravagance in dress, or anything else, has nothing to do with the question of beauty; and, at anyrate, the extravagance of the poor is usually confined to matters of quite another kind. Preach to them, if you will, of the virtue of economy, the uses of time, the madness of intoxication; but spare the flower—the bird—the picture—the something—the nothing—which serve as bonds between them and the universal spirit of beauty. Touch not with irreverent hand the household gods that consecrate the homes of the poor!

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

No one can have failed to observe that cleanliness and neatness go hand in hand. A woman who is careless of the form and becomingness of her dress, is always an economist in soap and water, if in nothing else; and a slattern—a despiser of the virtue of beauty—is as bad as a pestilence at the fireside. She cannot be careless of her dress and person, without becoming careless of her husband, children, household, and generally of all her moral duties. In the present day, more especially, there is no excuse for inelegance in dress, nature and simplicity being the rule of fashion. 'We are inclined to think,' says the Quarterly Review on this subject, 'that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favourable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully, and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play.' Such being the female costume, a peasant may exercise as much taste in regard to it as a peeress; and as for colours, thanks to the perfection of our manufactures, the two parties are pretty nearly equal.

There is nothing that shows more completely the connection between external and internal beauty, than the impressions we receive from the human face and form. Habitual bad temper gives the effect of ugliness to the loveliest features; and habitual good temper renders the plainest agreeable and attractive. And these, be it observed, are the qualities of the features themselves, and do not depend—as is the case with those of an inanimate object, when a change takes place in the impressions we receive from it—upon the mood of mind of the observer. The handsome features are admitted to be correctly chiselled, and the plain features to be irregular, if not grotesque; but the character of both is changed by something we call *expression*. This expression is the spiritual part of beauty. An inanimate object gives us more or less pleasure, according to the state of mind in which we view it; but, strictly speaking, it has in itself only one expression, one form and degree of beauty; while in a human being, in whom spirit dominates over matter, the physical part takes its character almost exclusively from the mind within.

The contempt which some people affect for physical beauty of face and form, is not only irrational, but in a certain degree impious. Such beauty is of a higher kind than that of a star or a flower, on which even the most stolid think it decorous to bestow their admiration; and when sanctified and sublimed by the holy light from within, it is undoubtedly the most admirable of all the works of God. But the pleasure it gives is entirely dependent on the kind and degree of this intermixture of the esoteric and exoteric: a fact which may be placed in a sufficiently obvious light, by supposing a face of absolute perfection in the mould of the features, yet destitute of one ray of intelligence—the face of an idiot. This face excites horror instead of admiration. The deprivation of moral beauty has a similar effect to that of intellectual beauty; and in less extreme cases than those of utter fatuity or depravity, while fully admitting the physical advantages that may be possessed by the features, the pleasure we derive from them is in exact proportion to that more ethereal loveliness perceived by the mind, like all its other ideas, through impressions made upon the senses.

Upon these principles might be explained and reconciled certain varieties in Love, which are usually treated, at least by the grave, as irrational or ridiculous. The love of a child has no reference to form or feature. It selects its object by means of an instinct which penetrates beyond the surface, and finds no difficulty in doting upon age, ugliness, and disease. The youth gradually forsakes the idols of his infancy as he grows up; and the young man, whose natural perceptions are entirely obliterated in the school of the world, attaches himself franticly to mere physical beauty. In the course of years—perhaps not till many years—a change ensues. He finds that he has been worshipping a phantom, grasping at a shadow—that his love was a mere delusion, and his happiness or misery nothing more than a feverish dream. Then comes the triumph of mind over matter. Then do the plainest features become luminous with love in the eyes of the *rusé* man of the world. But judging no more by the unerring instinct of childhood, he is frequently deceived; and on such occasions he feels a pang far more terrible than that with which he had started from the golden visions of youth. But all is at length past—instinct obliterated, the lessons of experience forgotten; and the old man returns, with imbecile energy, to the illusions of early life, to dote once more upon physical beauty.

We have now run through a few of the common forms of the beautiful; but the catalogue is capable of almost infinite extension, and might be crowded with such incongruous images as are heaped together by a modern French poet, in his definition of the kindred word 'charm:'—

'A charm? It is a vision wove
By passion—an enchantment deep—
The first sweet kiss of bashful love—
The smile that lights an infant's sleep:
It is a yellow leaf the wind
Bears wildly from the withered bough—
The calmness of the thoughtful mind—
The paleness of the thoughtful brow—'

And so on through a multitude of things, all distinct

from each other, but all adapted to excite emotions of pleasure or admiration.

But our object is to show the use, permanence, and importance of beauty, as a medicine both for mind and body; and to suggest that, in cultivating the taste, we advance the moral improvement of the people. In this point of view there is philosophical truth, as well as poetical elegance, in the line of Keats, which serves as a title to these desultory remarks—

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

THE GARDEN OF THE GLACIERS.

Being at Chamouny, and the weather beautifully fine, I determined to lose no time, but to visit the Jardin immediately; for I had heard, from authority I could not doubt, what a gratifying excursion it was. Accordingly, on Monday, July 22, 1844, we left Chamouny, at an early hour in the morning, for the Montanvert, which we reached in such good time, that, after a moderate halt, we were able to set forth again at a quarter past eight o'clock. We were only two in party, but we were attended each by our guide; I by Ferdinand Tissay, who accompanied me to the Buet; and my companion by the celebrated Joseph Coutet. After half an hour's rough walking, we had to pass some precipitous faces of slaty rock, called Les Ponts, where the footing is very narrow, though firm, and where a fall would be attended with certain destruction. These once past, it became our object to launch ourselves on the ice of the Mer de Glace, a matter not always easy of accomplishment—for the glacier, far from presenting a smooth unbroken surface, running up to a regular and gently-sloping shore, is rather to be likened to a tempestuous sea, with gulfs and chasms fixed between it and its inhospitable iron-bound coast; and our search for a smooth point of ingress was precisely analogous to the waiting of seamen for a lull, before launching a boat through the breakers. At last we found a smooth bridge of the unmelted winter's snow, reaching from the side of the rocky glacier-bed to the ice, by means of which we set foot on the Mer de Glace itself, and forthwith commenced the usual and inevitable marchings and countermarchings, to which the countless impediments of the glacier give rise. But before we proceed with the narrative of our day's excursion, it would perhaps be better to give some general account, however brief and slight, for the benefit of those who never have seen or set foot upon one, of what a glacier actually is. It may make the detail of our narrative more intelligible.

First, then, glaciers manifestly can exist only among snow-clad mountains; but snow-clad mountains do not necessarily produce glaciers. Why they do not, is not now the question. However, high mountains in every part of the world are covered with snow; for the fact is, that the atmosphere becomes colder as we ascend; so that, at a certain height called the snow-line, above the earth's surface, snow is always lying. This height is greatest at the equator—namely, 16,000 feet; which, in the Swiss Alps, is diminished to 8700 feet above the sea. In very high latitudes, the natural covering of the earth is snow. But it must be borne in mind that snow always lying on any spot does not lead to the inference that snow never melts there. If the snow never melted, a perpetual progressive accumulation would be the result. The position of the perpetual snow-line is nowhere the line of perpetual congelation. The snow-line is determined solely by this circumstance, that in the course of a year the snow which falls is just melted, and no more. Now, a snow-clad mountain is not a glacier. The common form of a glacier is a river of ice, filling a valley, and pouring down its mass into the valleys yet lower. It is not a frozen ocean, but a frozen torrent; wherefore the appellation of the Mer de Glace is calculated to convey an erroneous notion of the great glacier stream to which it is applied. Its origin or fountain is to be sought for in the ramifications of the higher valleys and gorges, which descend among the mountains perpetually snow-clad. But what gives to a glacier its most peculiar and characteristic feature is, that it does not belong exclusively or necessarily to the snowy region already mentioned. The snow disappears from its surface in summer as regularly as from that of the rocks which sustain its mass. It is the prolongation or outlet of the winter world above. Its gelid mass is protruded into the midst of warm pine-clad slopes and greensward, and sometimes reaches even to the borders of cultivation. The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice; and many persons now living have seen the full ears of corn touching the glacier, or have gathered ripe cherries from the tree with one foot standing on the ice.

The lower end of a glacier is usually very steep and inaccessible. The mean or middle portion is a gently-sloping icy torrent, from half a mile to two miles wide, more or less undulating on its surface, and this surface more or less broken up by crevasses, of a width of from a few inches to many feet, and of a length which sometimes extends from side to side of the glacier. This, its middle portion, too, is covered with blocks of stone, which move along with it, or rather are borne down upon its surface. The motion of the glacier is inferred from the subsistence of the ice in valleys where the daily waste is immense, and where yet the glacier maintains its position; but its progress is also well-marked by the displacement of great blocks of stone upon its surface, which, from their size or figure, cannot be mistaken, and which may be watched from year to year descending the icy stream, whose deliberate movement they mark, as a floating leaf indicates the speed of a current of water! These rocks are detached from the cliffs, and may be seen to fall almost every summer's day, in consequence of the loosening of the icy bands which hold together fragments previously wrenched asunder by the irresistible expansion of freezing water. The stony borders now described are called moraines; which further have the epithets lateral or medial applied to them, according as they are formed by blocks detached at the sides of the glacier, or by blocks detached from the promontory or common point of meeting of the sides of two glacier streams that unite in one; a point manifestly in or about the middle of the new glacier stream resulting from the union.

Persons who have never seen a glacier, may naturally suppose that its middle or lower part is fed or increased by the snows which fall annually on its surface. This is an error; for the snow as regularly disappears and melts from the surface of the glacier, as it does from the surface of the ground in its neighbourhood. Here and there, in shady nooks, we see patches of the last winter's snow, of a dull, dead white, and without an approximation to the character of ice. In whatever way the middle and lower glacier may be maintained, it is most assuredly not by the assimilation into its substance of the fallen snow of winter. The case, however, differs in the higher ice world; and thither our excursion to the Jardin is about to lead us. Of these upper regions it is to be observed, that the snow disappears more and more tardily as we ascend, until we reach a point where it never disappears at all; in a word, until we reach the snow-line upon the glacier.

There are an immense number of additional most interesting phenomena connected with glaciers. But the main points respecting them to be borne in mind are, that they are the outlets of the vast reservoirs of snow

of the higher Alps; that they are icy streams, or rather *bonâ fide* streams of ice, in constant flow, however slow their motion; and that the existing state of human knowledge concerning them, as put forth by the highest known authority on the subject,* amounts to this: that a glacier is an imperfect fluid or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts.

To resume, then, our narrative. As soon as we fairly set foot on the great glacier of the Mer de Glace, we began our course in apparently interminable windings amongst crevasses, blocks of stone, glacier tables, and moraines, of which latter impediments we had to force a passage over three distinct embankments which follow the stream of the great glacier, the Mer de Glace, from the lesser and higher Glacier de L'Echaud. Glacier tables are very singular phenomena. When a large block of stone lies on the surface of the glacier, its area and thickness defends a portion of the surface of the ice from rain and the heat of the sun's rays; in a word, defends the ice immediately under it from causes of thaw, which act on the exposed ice all around; so that, whilst the general neighbouring surface of the glacier in the summer sinks down, the particular spots underneath the greater blocks remain comparatively unchanged; that is, stand up above the general surface, surmounted by the blocks of stone that were in the first instance their protection; in fact, their umbrellas. Hundreds of these tables are to be seen, standing up like enormous mushrooms, all over the glacier. That the glacier should be rent and torn in countless crevasses, is very conceivable, when we consider that it is an imperfect fluid, pressing, slowly yet forcibly, through a rocky mountain-channel of ever-varying width. The phenomena of moraines have been partially explained above. They are so far analogous to the glacier tables, that they are not what they at first sight appear to be—an embankment solely consisting of immovable rocks—but are a bank or ridge of the smoothest ice, strewn with rocks, in a state of nice equilibrium; the bank of ice having originated from the protection afforded it by the mass of rocks from the ordinary causes of thaw. Single small stones, on the other hand, lying on the surface of the glacier, do not protect it from causes of thaw; and besides, becoming heated by the sun's rays, they melt their way into the ice, and disappear in deep holes, like small wells, which they have themselves originated. All we here saw or did in the course of our walk was highly interesting; for we had never before set foot in these regions of eternal ice. At half-past ten we arrived at the foot of the Couvercle, which it is necessary to ascend. The weather was so fine, and the air so clear, that out of pure indulgence we sat down here for twenty minutes to look about us, and thoroughly enjoy the scene. We had now a most sublime view of Mont Blanc, of the Great and Little Jorasses (little by comparison), of the Aiguille du Géant, of the Col du Géant, and of the countless towering Aiguilles of the entire chain of Mont Blanc. Trees we had now left far below us, but verdure not entirely. The scenery was made up of peaks and precipices, eternal ice and snow, diversified here and there with some scanty sheep, or rather, perhaps, chamois pasture.

Next we commenced the ascent of the Couvercle, during which we obtained admirable and astonishing bird's-eye views of the crevasses of the Mer de Glace below us, and of the junction of the Glacier du Taléfre with the Mer de Glace, into which it falls in a style of extraordinary magnificence. The glacier is here brilliantly white; and by the extreme steepness of its descent, it is torn and disrupted into countless fantastic blocks, obelisks, and pyramids of ice, tossed about capriciously, as if by the wild supernatural agency of the spirit of the mountain. From some points of view, though this particular portion of the Glacier du Taléfre can scarcely have a fall of less than 2000 feet (a mere guess, however), one is tempted to compare it to a frozen cataract. But this comparison soon fails to hold good; and the idea that suggests itself is rather that of an enormous mass of crystals, gigantic out of all measure, yet endowed with the regularity and beauty of a specimen in a cabinet of mineralogy. This is in accordance with what I have not seldom had occasion to remark; namely, that when an object of our contemplation vastly exceeds all our ordinary notions of grandeur, there exists a tendency in our minds to compare it with something incalculably less, and even meaner; and that, strange to say, such comparisons are generally far from being inapt. I have heard the epithet *chaotic* applied to this and to other glaciers, but it is surely as unfitting an epithet as can be applied to a natural process in regular action. With this, then, together with other glorious objects alternately in sight and alternately hidden, after a steep ascent, we arrived at a plain of perpetual snow; and after passing, with some difficulty as to footing, over the snow that fills the theatre of precipices whence the Glacier du Taléfre issues, we arrived exactly at seven minutes after twelve at the Jardin, in three hours and fifty-two minutes from the Montanvert.

The height of the lower part of the Jardin above the sea Professor Forbes gives as being 9042 English feet, and that of the highest part as 9893 English feet.

The Jardin (or *Courtil*, as it is called in the patois of the inhabitants of Chamouny) possesses little beauty of its own. It is a mass, or rather a not inconsiderable extent of barren rocks, interspersed with scanty verdure, and adorned with a few wild Alpine flowers. It does not appear, when you first arrive at the spot, that it is indeed insulated in the midst of the icy desert of the glacier, although you may afterwards ascertain that it is so. The outlet in this vast encincture, from whence the glacier issues, has been compared to a volcanic crater with a side blown out. The view all around you is the most rugged, savage, and solitary that can be conceived; and the interior recesses of Mont Blanc, as you look over the great glacier of the Tacul (another glacier stream tributary to the Mer de Glace), are beyond description grand. With the exception of the scanty verdure growing around us, nothing was visible but rocks, ice, and snow. The weather, as I have before noticed, was exquisitely beautiful; and we remained at the Jardin an hour and a half, enjoying the brilliant calm sunshine, which at times was almost too hot, notwithstanding the fresh air from the glacier. Whilst we were eating our luncheon in this wild place, two large crows kept flying round and round, evidently watching us; and as soon as we were on the move, they flew to the spot where we had been sitting, in order to pick up the fragments of our meal.

At the Jardin is a broken bottle full of cards and papers, with the names of persons who have visited the spot written thereon. At about half-past one we began our descent. Soon after we left the Jardin, I managed inadvertently to dislodge a large stone, which, as the words of my journal run, surmounted a bank of ice covered with gravel—in other words, a large stone of a moraine; and in order to avoid grave mischance, I had to make a run for it, on a soft slope of snow, on which walking was not altogether an easy matter. The result, as might have been expected, was a fall; and besides that, I rolled some way down the wet and steep descent. This was a fair specimen of the way in which the most serious accidents may occur; but I saw the danger of coming in contact with the stone, and was prepared for anything rather than encountering the full career of the Sisyphæan burden I had let loose. Coutet and the rest good-humouredly rallied me on my extraordinary activity. At length we came to the foot of the Couvercle, and once more set foot on the Mer de Glace; and made the best of our way to the little auberge on the Montanvert, which we reached at five minutes before four o'clock, having descended from the

* Professor Forbes of Edinburgh.

Jardin in two hours and twenty-five minutes, and having been absent from the Montanvert seven hours and forty minutes. We then returned, all together, to Chamouny.

VULCANISED CAOUTCHOUC.

Several years have elapsed since our last notice of the wonderful material, caoutchouc.* During this period our consumption and the importance of the article have expanded in an equal and surprising ratio; and we should be at a loss at this moment to mention any other substance as taking a more varied and peculiar ratio in utility to man. Its wonderful cohesive force, its property of resisting compression, its impermeability, its elasticity, and its facile accommodation to a host of the wants of mankind, render caoutchouc a substance of great interest at all times. Latterly, however, a new method of treating the material, bestowing upon it a vast increase of its valuable peculiarities, besides endowing it with some new properties, has been discovered. We therefore believe it will interest our readers to offer some account of this new process, which has received the title of 'Vulcanisation, or Conversion.'

Caoutchouc is imported into England in the form of plates and tablets, as well as in the pyriform bottles more familiarly known. Some specimens of the liquid, from which the material is prepared, have also been brought in hermetically-sealed flasks. In this condition it resembles a thick yellow cream; and when applied as a varnish, covers the substance over with an impermeable coating. Since the first introduction of this material to the present hour, it has been an insoluble problem to chemists to restore solidified caoutchouc to its primitive condition: the ordinary solvents of the substance producing a liquid which has few properties in common with the natural fluid, besides that the solution exhales an offensive and pungent odour for a considerable period after its application. Immediately on exposure, the liquid product of the tree separates into two parts, and caoutchouc rises to the surface like the cream of milk. It would, therefore, appear probable that a chemical influence is exerted by the air upon the fluid, since it remains in a great degree unaltered if the access of air is prevented. To render the imported caoutchouc applicable to the purposes of commerce, it requires to undergo a certain amount of preparation. The eminent French chemist, M. Dumas, thus describes this process:—The caoutchouc is taken in the pyriform or tablet condition, and is first pressed between two cylinders, while a current of warm water is permitted to flow over it; in this manner the foreign ingredients and impurities are removed. It is then put into a hollow cylinder, and, by mechanical aid, is subjected to a violent kneading process, during which a large amount of latent heat is evolved; by this means it eventually becomes quite soft, and may be moulded into whatever form is most desirable for the purpose intended. It is then cut by machinery, with the assistance of a constant current of warm water, into sheets; or these may be cut from the masses, as imported, without the preparation described by M. Dumas; or into a delicate elastic thread; or it is cut into shreds for the formation of the solution. At an early period of its introduction into England, caoutchouc was sold to artists at *a guinea* the ounce; it is now procurable, retail, at from three to four shillings the pound. Caoutchouc is soluble in ether, rectified oil of turpentine, naphtha, or oil of coal-tar, and in the bisulphuret of carbon. Of these, the latter, and the offensive liquid naphtha, are the solvents most frequently employed. Messrs Beale and Enderby of London have discovered a new liquid for its solution, obtained by the destructive distillation of caoutchouc itself; an oily fluid is the product, and has the property of readily dissolving the substance from which it is procured. As a certain weight of caoutchouc put into the still yields a weight of the oil nearly equal to itself, there is not much loss in the process.

The applications of unvulcanised caoutchouc have of late years been very numerous. In solution, it has been applied for coating over cordage and cables, to protect them from the destructive influence of salt water. An early application of the same liquid was in the manufacture of the invaluable impermeable cloth; of this a new variety has made its appearance within the last few months. Those valuable little articles known by the foolish name of India-rubber *corks*, are also a production of recent date. They are formed of small stoppers of cotton, coated externally with a thin caoutchouc membrane. They are in some respects vastly superior as stoppers to cork, in others they are inferior to it. In the laboratory, sheet India-rubber is quite indispensable; it supplies the place of a mass of expensive and easily-deranged mechanism of brass-joints and unions: it is easily made into a flexible tube, by taking a narrow ribbon of the membrane, slightly moistening the edges with turpentine, and laying them together over a glass tube; they immediately adhere with surprising tenacity, and in a few minutes the elastic tube is completed. Caoutchouc, in fact, may be said to have contributed in no small degree to the perfection of the experimental chemistry of the day, its economy and utility being equally appreciated in labours which always involve a considerable outlay, and offer, in the generality, few remunerative returns beyond the acquisition of truth. In mechanical surgery caoutchouc is equally serviceable, forming elastic bandages, impermeable plasters, flexible tubes, and the recent elegant substitute for a poultice—a kind of half-sponge, with an India-rubber back to it; besides forming instruments of many kinds of great value but small cost. Among the most important applications of caoutchouc, is its use in the formation of the celebrated marine glue. The caoutchouc is dissolved in oil of tar, or naphtha, and to the solution is added a certain quantity of shell-lac; these are melted together, and by their union, form the almost invincible adherent in question. The masts of ships have been united by it, and then forcibly fractured; and on examination, it has turned out that the fracture has taken place, not at the junction, but in the very fibres of the wood itself. Our readers are probably familiar with the other experiments made at Woolwich upon the strength and tenacity of this material, the most striking of which was, that a ball of wood, sawn in half, and united by the glue, was fired from a cannon, and was found with the union absolutely unshaken in the least. It was even projected that an entire vessel might be constructed by its assistance, without the use of nails and bolts, or at anyrate their use might have been in a considerable degree dispensed with. It may be mentioned here as probable, that in some measure caoutchouc contributes to the elaboration of silk, the mulberry leaves upon which the silk-worm feeds yielding caoutchouc in great abundance. It is possible that it will not be long ere we shall have caoutchouc formed artificially for the purposes of commerce. Dr Ure mentions that linseed-oil, rendered very dry by being boiled with a metallic oxide, and exposed to the air for six or seven months, became very much like caoutchouc, was wonderfully elastic, and possessed other properties resembling that substance.

To return, however, to the more immediate subject of our notice—vulcanised caoutchouc. Mr Brockedon, whose name is well known as connected with the subject of which we are treating, describes the process by which caoutchouc acquires its new properties to be the following, the merit of which is due to Mr Hancock:—The caoutchouc is immersed in a bath of fused sulphur, heated to a proper temperature, until, by absorbing a portion of the sulphur, it assumes a carbonised appearance, and eventually acquires the consistency of horn. The same condition can, however, be produced by either kneading the India-rubber with sulphur, and then ex-

* See No. 453 of our former, and No. 33 of our current, series.

posing it to a temperature of 190 degrees Fahrenheit, or by dissolving it in any of the common solvents, as turpentine, holding sulphur in solution or suspension. A similar process is that of 'conversion,' only in this case the caoutchouc combines with sulphur under a different agency. The bisulphuret of carbon, mixed with sulphur, is in this instance made to act upon the India-rubber, and causes it to undergo a change on the surface; but it cannot be penetrated to any great depth by such means, and the process therefore becomes inapplicable to masses of any density. The *rationale* of these operations appears to be, that the India-rubber forms an actual chemical compound with the sulphur; becomes, in short, a sulphuret of caoutchouc, the properties of which are thus enumerated:—The new compound remains elastic at all temperatures, while ordinary caoutchouc becomes inelastic and rigid at a few degrees above the freezing point of water; vulcanised caoutchouc is not the ordinary solvents, neither is it affected by heat within a considerable range of temperature. Finally, it acquires extraordinary powers of resisting compression, with a great increase of strength and elasticity. Some interesting experiments have been made upon this new compound. Most of our readers are familiar with the construction of the powerful spiral spring in use for the 'buffers' of railway carriages, to moderate the effects of concussion; their ordinary strength is such as to demand a pressure equivalent to three tons and upwards, to compress the spiral close together. Mr Fuller has invented a form of spring, in which vulcanised caoutchouc takes the place of the steel, and the surprising result is, that the India-rubber springs are more than *three times* the strength of the metallic; that is, they will resist, at the height of their tension, a pressure equal to from *five to ten tons*. A more forcible evidence of the strength of this material was obtained by firing a cannon ball through a mass of vulcanised caoutchouc, and it was found literally broken to pieces, while there was scarcely a perceptible rent in the caoutchouc itself.

Gifted with these new powers, vulcanised caoutchouc has already been called into extensive employment for the most various and opposite purposes. It forms, in hydraulic engines of all kinds, one of the most valuable materials for 'washers,' applying itself so accurately to the surfaces between which it is placed, as to prevent the slightest leakage, other things being equal. In this capacity, and from its power of resisting heat, it has also been proposed for the use of steam-pipe joints. It forms an admirable spring, more docile and more equal in power than those of steel: it has been for this purpose applied to locks and window-blinds. It may be here mentioned parenthetically, that by proportioning the ingredients, the material may be rendered harder or softer at will; and that for some purposes it is used in the former, for others in the latter condition. It is manufactured also into the most elaborate ornaments,* being superior to leather in the sharp outline and bold relief of their detail. It is formed into a tubing of great strength and flexibility, well adapted, the consideration of expense excepted, for fire-hose, and for any apparatus required in conveying steam, water, or gas. We have seen this tubing wrapped together, twisted, and knotted into every conceivable shape, and instantly resume its contour as soon as it was liberated from its restraint. This tube promises to become invaluable in the construction of life-boats, superseding those made of canvas, which were slowly destroyed by the influence of sea water. A curious use to which it has been put, is as a substitute for the iron tire or hoop of the carriage-wheel: the advantages it is said to afford are a much lighter draught, and an absence of noise. In dry weather, the first postulate may be granted; but in wet, and upon the greasy streets of the metropolis, the wheels act like suckers on the pavement, and cannot fail to increase the draught of the vehicle; besides, noise itself is a *safe* nuisance, and could not very comfortably to pedestrians be altogether dispensed with. Its most important application is in its use in railways, and, as has been mentioned, in railway carriages. It is laid between the rail and the sleeper, and thus prevents the rails from indicating any traces of pressure. The useful little articles 'elastic bands' are made of this substance. Besides all these applications, it is proposed to apply it as a coating to protect the wires of the submarine telegraph from the influence of the sea water: it forms impervious bottles for ether, inkstands, trouser-straps, gloves, boots, surgical bandages, and a number of other articles, for which its nature almost seems to have been expressly designed.

* We are indebted to the report in the *Athenæum* of Mr Brockedon's paper for many of these particulars.

THE ARMENIAN LEPER.

Towards the close of one of those long bright sultry days which succeed each other with such unvarying sameness during the summer of Asia Minor, a caravan consisting of a string of some thirty or forty camels defiled slowly through the beautiful vale of St Anne. This magnificent valley, at the entrance of which lies the city of Smyrna, in all the pride of her Oriental beauty, is of vast extent, and remarkable for its luxurious vegetation. It stretches many miles into the interior of the country, closed in on all sides by lofty mountains.

The picturesque procession having wound through the last deep ravine, at the steady undeviating pace of the untiring camel, at last emerged into the open country, and came to a halt. It was here that the travellers, who had availed themselves of the protection of the caravan so long as their path was the same with its appointed course, were to separate from their companions, and choose each his track over the wide desolate plain that lay before them. These were chiefly Europeans; and amongst the number were two young Englishmen, who, having heard that somewhere in this direction the remains of a temple had been lately found, had set out in quest of it, although with only an indefinite idea as to the locality of the ruins.

The tinkling of the camel bells was scarcely lost in the distance before the adventurers began to bethink themselves of the admonitions they had received from their companions. The night had fallen so suddenly, that it seemed as though the darkness had been absolutely hurled down upon the earth from the depths of the dark blue sky. No indications of the ruins they sought presented themselves; and what was more, the Smyrniotes had not left them in ignorance that no human habitation existed within a distance of very many miles.

For a time they wandered recklessly on, thinking they would find a couch quite soft enough among the low aromatic shrubs which clothed the desert where they were roaming; but soon the idea of quitting their saddles at all was tacitly given up, notwithstanding the fatigue of their jaded horses; for on all sides, now far off, now so near that they started involuntarily, rose the ominous howling of the beasts of prey, whose numbers render the vicinity of Ephesus so dangerous. They were now greatly at a loss how to proceed, or in what manner to pass the night till the returning day should enable them to shape their course in safety, when suddenly they perceived a faintly-twinkling light gleaming on the plain at a short distance before them.

Greatly surprised at a sight so unexpected in this dreary solitude, they gladly hurried towards it, and soon distinguished in the dim starlight the dark outline of a heap of ruins, where broken arches and prostrate columns lay mingling together. They had no doubt that this was the temple they were in search of; but the light which now appeared to burn steadily in the interior was not so easily accounted for. Advancing to the spot, they dismounted; and having fastened their horses to a pillar, proceeded to explore the ruins, which

were of considerable extent, on foot. Guided by the mysterious ray, which brightened as they approached, they at length reached a large rudely-constructed aperture, through which they could perceive a small lamp placed in a niche of the wall, which strongly illuminated a very singular chamber. The broken pillars, with large stones brought from some other part of the building, had been so disposed as to form a circular wall, whilst the roof had originally been a part of that of the temple itself: a window and a door facing each other had been fashioned with considerable skill; and a couch, composed of the long leaves of the Indian corn, carefully dried, showed that it was the habitation of a human being. Directly facing them, the occupant of this strange apartment himself was seated, intently engaged on some absorbing employment, whilst a large book lay open at his side. He was a man seemingly of some fifty years of age, with a mild and pleasing countenance, which was stamped with a peculiarly calm and peaceful expression. His dress was that worn by the Armenians of the lower orders; and his long beard and flowing hair rendered his appearance strikingly picturesque.

The intruders gazed at him for a few minutes, and then advancing, were about to enter the apartment to crave his hospitality for the night. At the sound of their footsteps, the solitary man suddenly started from the ground, and as soon as his eye fell on the strangers, careless of the customary forms of eastern politeness, he held out his hands as though to ward them off, and exclaimed, 'Stand back! At your peril come no farther!' He spoke in Italian; and the Englishmen, half-smiling at the idea that he probably took them for robbers, answered in the same language, 'You need not fear; we will not injure you.' A smile, in which there was intense melancholy, passed over the lips of the solitary.

'You will not injure me, I well believe,' he answered in a low sad voice; 'but I should harm you.'

'How!' exclaimed the strangers, instinctively grasping their pistols.

'Not willingly,' continued he. 'There is no danger for you, if you do not touch me; and if you require food and shelter, as I imagine you do, most gladly will I now afford you both. It has been my privilege to prepare a resting-place for travellers benighted like yourselves upon the plain, and it is my greatest joy when they avail themselves of it.'

The Englishmen looked at one another; for the manners and language of the solitary were by no means in accordance with the meanness of his dress and appearance. But he gave them no time for reflection: taking the lamp from the wall, he gathered his garments closely round him, and passing them at as great a distance as he could, said, 'Follow me; for at your peril you must not enter here!' They obeyed; and leading them to the door of a room somewhat similar to that he had quitted, he stood aside, and signed to them to enter. It was furnished with several couches of dried leaves, covered with panther skins; and in the centre stood a small table, roughly constructed of uneven wood. When the travellers had completed their survey, they found that their singular host had retired, leaving the lamp on the threshold; but in a few minutes he reappeared, carrying several vases of fresh water, and a large basket filled with grapes and other fruits, just gathered—a circumstance which seemed also somewhat unaccountable in the midst of a desert plain. These he placed at the door, and requested them to lift the provisions themselves on the table. As he stooped, the light of the lamp shone full in his face, and the strangers suddenly started with an involuntary feeling of loathing, as they became aware of the strange and deadly whiteness which characterised it. The solitary perceived and understood the movement; he crossed his arms on his breast (an attitude indicative in the East of entire submission), and said calmly, 'Even so; I am a leper.' The travellers had been long enough in the East to be aware of the virulent nature of this dreadful disease, and of the unfailing certainty of its communication by contagion, though the touch by which it is conveyed were only from the garment of the afflicted person. They now, therefore, understood and appreciated the generous precautions of their unhappy host, and complied with his request to sit down and partake of the repast he had provided, whilst he himself sat on the ground at the door, in order to supply any wants which might occur to them.

Whilst availing themselves gladly of the refreshment they so much required, the travellers continued to look with deep interest on the sufferer, seemingly so patient under such a grievous trial; and but for the dread of reawakening his sorrows, they would have inquired into the details of a history that could not fail to be most striking. He was himself, however, the first to open the subject.

'You now understand,' he said, 'why it is that I live among these solitary ruins, an outcast and an exile, not from my country only, but from all mankind. My disease is the incurable leprosy, for which there is no hope till its power over my mortal body shall be replaced by the corruption of the grave itself. Living, I shall never more know the friendly pressure of a fellow-creature's hand; and dying, my fainting head must not even make its last resting-place on the bosom of a stranger!'

'What a fate!' exclaimed the Englishmen with the accent of pity.

'What a blessed—what a noble fate!' exclaimed the leper enthusiastically, 'if I thereby fulfil the purpose of my creation, as ordained by the All-Wise, whose prerogative alone it is to draw out good from evil! Inglesi, you look surprised to hear the poor forlorn leper speaking thus; but you are young, and your eyes are yet dazzled with the false glitter of this world's perishable joys. If you please, I will tell you the story of my life, and so accomplish a part of the end for which I suffer, if it teach you hereafter, when adversity shall stand upon your threshold, to open wide the door, and welcome to your hearth and home that destroyer of all selfish peace and blind security!' The strangers signified their satisfaction at the proposal; and the leper, drawing as near to them as he could consistently with their safety, began at once to relate his history.

'I am an Armenian by birth, as my dress sufficiently indicates; but you would not guess, from my appearance now, that I was the only child of the richest diamond merchant of Broussa, a fair Asiatic town, whose name, it maybe, you have scarcely ever heard. I was sole heir to all his wealth, and from my earliest infancy I dwelt in his splendid habitation, surrounded by every luxury which a pampered fancy could desire. He died when I was quite a boy, and I remained under the care of an uncle, who, being in fact dependent on me for support, was abundantly careful to gratify my every wish. This injudicious treatment might have been my ruin, had not my own inclination fortunately led me in a course that saved me from falling into idleness and dissipation. You are aware that we are Christians; the foundations of the Armenian church having been laid in the earliest days of an organised Christianity, and continuing with the same forms and ceremonies to the present day. From the first dawn of my reasoning powers it was my ambition to become a priest; not so much, however, from any particular vocation, as from the certainty that by this means alone I could have an opportunity of gratifying my studious propensities and passionate love of reading. Those only of the young Armenian men who are destined for the church receive any kind of education; and such was my intense desire for knowledge, that when, as a candidate for the priesthood, our libraries (which are extremely ancient) were opened to me, I went far beyond the regular routine of study incumbent on me as such, and devoted my whole time to the pursuit of science and learning. Having acquired all the more important languages of the East—the Sanscrit, Hebrew, and

others—I became desirous of gaining also those currently in use in Europe; and for this purpose I made a journey to Italy, for Broussa has little or no connection with the civilised world, and, more than any other town in Asia Minor, has retained its national characteristics and primitive customs. On my return I was admitted to the priesthood; and none could have been less qualified than myself for this high calling, as far as humility and self-denying virtue are requisite for it; but the authoritative power with which it invested me, suited well with my aspiring views; and this, along with my immense wealth and great reputation for learning, soon placed me in such an elevated position amongst my townsmen, as gratified to the uttermost my worldly ambition and inordinate pride. Ah! my friends, mine was then the leprosy of the soul—far worse than that which now afflicts my mortal body! Whilst the motives of my best actions sprung from no pure source, I avoided all outward contamination with the most haughty and fastidious care. Too slothful, and too greedy of man's applause, to practise ascetism and retirement from the world, I mingled freely with those of my fellow-men who would admire my knowledge and laud my seeming sanctity, whilst I turned away from all the sinful and degraded without an attempt to reclaim them. To such a height did I carry my abhorrence of all things unclean, that I neglected, in consequence, one entire portion of my duties as priest; this was the care of the leper hospital, established at some distance from the town as a refuge for the victims of that fatal malady, to which a retributive justice has now consigned myself. It is true, in flying from the very sight of these miserable beings, and scrupulously avoiding all contact with them, I only obeyed the custom of the country, and the still more universal law of self-preservation—that which actuates yourselves even now; but it is a rule of the creed I professed that a man should give his life for the brethren, if need be; and therefore that was in me a crime which in others was not so. But the hour of reckoning with me was at hand. There is a certain festival in the Armenian church, when it is customary that the priest should address the people. This was ever for me a day of exultation and vain display, for then only could I manifest the extent of my knowledge, and startle with the thunders of my eloquence.

'I loved, in my arrogance, to tower over all that kneeling crowd, and show them what I myself must be in the high standard of virtue I presented for their example! The last time I performed this duty of my calling, the subject I chose was that of charity; and I found an ample field for my stern disdain and bold comparisons, in pointing out to them the wide difference between my own high theories respecting this universal law, and the practical system of its performance in Mohammedan countries, where the master of scores of tortured and crouching slaves erects an hospital for cats, or commands that, after his death, a little reservoir for the rain-water shall be hewn out on his tombstone, that the birds may come and drink. I showed them how, virtually, they had all renounced the common brotherhood which binds in one the human race; how, daily, their rude hands tore asunder the fraternal tie between man and man! And when I had concluded, I passed with haughty step through the ranks of my humbled listeners, and went out to a grove of cypress near the town, to indulge in the pleasant reflections which arose abundantly from my gratified vanity. I had wandered on for some time, wrapt in thought, when a deep groan, sounding near me, caused me to turn round, and I perceived an unhappy wretch, evidently in great suffering, vainly endeavouring to crawl to a stream that flowed near him, where he might quench his thirst. At a glance—as quickly as you, Inglesi, perceived the malady in me—I saw that he was a leper, and I could easily account for his forlorn situation in this wood, which was near the hospital I have already mentioned. In Asiatic towns, when it is discovered that a man is afflicted with leprosy, especially if it be that species of the disease which is incurable, he becomes, for all his friends and relatives, as one dead, and even those nearest and dearest to him renounce him as utterly as though he were a perfect stranger. Instantly, lest with an hour's delay the contamination should spread, he is driven forth, not only from house and home, but from all human habitation, and left to find his way, in the first agonies of his complaint, to the only refuge left to him, if he perish not on the road, as many do.

'No sooner did this victim of so terrible a doom distinguish the footstep of a man, than, lifting up his voice, he implored of me, by every sacred name, to find means to give him to drink, for that he was perishing of thirst. But I, heedless of his misery, gathered carefully my robes around me, and fled from his presence with abhorrence. As I did so, suddenly, like a warning voice, I seemed to hear, re-echoed back upon my ear, the words which I myself had spoken but an hour before—the burning words, wherein I showed how charity meant love, and sternly announced that on every human being that law of love was laid, commanding them to cherish one another even to their own detriment! My friends, a man may hear the exhortations of another, and callously continue in his sins; but when by his own words he is judged, when his better self stands forward to condemn him, his conscience must be seared, more even than mine had been with all my pride and folly, to enable him to remain in obstinacy. I had been about to leave a fellow-creature to perish in the worst of agonies. I paused—I turned—I hesitated. Then it occurred to me that I could, without much peril to myself, enable the sufferer to reach the water's edge, by taking off my scarf, several yards in length, and giving him one end to hold, whilst the other, grasped in my hands, would enable me to drag him to the streamlet. How little I merited the blessings the leper invoked upon my head as he saw me turn! How he seized my girdle with the energy of one whose life depended on this aid! till slowly, and by toilsome degrees, I drew him to the river's brink. Alas! the effort had so exhausted him, that when there, he was incapable of standing on his feet to descend the bank and drink. I had again turned to leave him. I imagined I could do no more, though I saw that, with the water almost rippling to his feet, he could not obtain one drop for his parched lips. I moved away, despite of his cries. With one desperate effort he threw himself forward. He grasped my robe! I uttered a cry of horror! He seized my hand! Maddened with terror, I tore myself from his grasp. I flung him from me with a violence which sent him rolling backwards amongst the stones; and I fled, as though I were pursued by demons. For the next week, what a life was mine! For ever haunted by one ghastly fear, which embodied all I ever had most dreaded, this much of good was in me even then, that I avoided the personal contact of my friends and servants, lest, even before the disease declared itself, some contagion should spread: and wo is me! never before had the human voice seemed so sweet to me, or my soul so yearned for human sympathy! My heart seemed to swell, even to bursting, with tenderness for those whose friendly hand I dared not touch; and at last the struggle of my feelings was so violent, that I was seized with a raging fever, and became delirious. Inglesi, from that unconsciousness I awoke in the leper hospital! During my illness, the fatal disease communicated to me (as it could not fail to be) by that one touch of the leper's hand had declared itself, and nothing could save me, loved, respected as I had been, from the common doom of my fellow-sufferers: the curse was upon me which for ever separated me from the sympathy of human beings! This only they did for me, in consideration, perhaps, of the position I had held before—they had me conveyed in safety to the hospital, and did not throw me out on the roadside to perish, as was but too customary; but there they left me, and from that hour I existed no more for all who had known or loved me!

And I awoke to know this, to feel it; to shrink, and shudder, and moan, as I thought that henceforward my sole companionship was to be with those loathsome beings whom I had ever avoided with such deep abhorrence. I was one of them! Freely they gathered round me, and touched me, and placed their terrible deformity, in which I shared, before my very eyes! I could not bear it; I was maddened by the sight. One night I made my escape from the hospital, and fled back towards the town where I had dwelt, so blessed with all that earth could give. I well knew I never could regain my position, or the wealth of which my uncle had taken possession, according to the law; but I had a yearning to look on human faces not disfigured by that dreadful taint, and I rushed wildly onward to the gates, with a faint hope that I might enter unperceived. All fled at my approach, as I had fled when *he* implored me; and when I reached the town, I was driven back with curses. I turned to fly, and they pursued me, trying to stone me to death; but I was fired with all the energy of my despair, and escaped far into the desert, where at least if none were near to comfort, there was no leper's hideous face to torture me! It was night: a cloudless heaven was above me, a changeless wilderness around; and I was alone, struggling in a solitude which should be mine eternally, till I went to seek companions among the mouldering dead! Then the full horror of my sentence caused my brain to reel. I flung myself down upon the desert sands; I raved, I wept, and, in my despair, gave way to the most impious thoughts.

'In this mood I lay till morning dawned, and then I rose to look upon the scene around me—a wide, uninterrupted field of burning sand, where the sunbeams revelled in unbroken splendour. One prominent object only met my eye. Close to me grew a tall and graceful palm-tree, towering up against the deep blue sky. I advanced, and passed my arm round the slender stem, for I seemed to have a sort of companionship with it. Like myself, it was a lonely, solitary thing; and surely its existence in that vast desert must be useless, as my own would be henceforward. But as I looked on it, I was struck with wonder and admiration. In my happier days, I had been too much engrossed with my ambitious occupations and absorbing selfishness to have time to study the marvellous perfection displayed in the minutest works of nature, and now I gazed with almost childish delight on the exquisite beauty of every leaf on those long feathery branches, and the perfect adaptation of each delicate fibre or fold of veined bark to the purpose for which it was intended. The tree was thickly laden with fruit; the ripe dates strewed the ground all around me. I easily gathered a sufficient quantity to allay the hunger which had assailed me; and I then perceived that there grew, beneath the protecting shade of the lonely palm, several low bushes of the pitcher plant, whose bright green leaves do so marvellously take a vase-like form, and catch every drop of rain or dew till they have secreted a cool delightful draught, which has saved the life of many a wayworn traveller in the desert. With this I quenched my thirst, and with all my wants thus satisfied, I sat down at the foot of the friendly palm, and fell into deep meditation.

'This fair tree, alone in the desert, whose existence I compared to my own, had abundantly proved that it was not a thing created in vain, were it but for the relief it had even now afforded to my sufferings; and there was to me something ennobling in the idea, that the germ of the vegetable life might have been placed in the sand, and passed through the various stages of its mysterious growth and fruition, till it came to be this stately palm, with the sole purpose, as ordained by the Creator, of hereafter alleviating the pangs of one of His human creatures. Be this as it might, it was impossible for me not to perceive, as I continued to examine all the perfections of its formation, with eyes opening for the first time to the actual wonders of nature, that the consummate wisdom therein displayed had been exercised for some one fore-determinate purpose, and that this purpose was good. Moreover, that guiding Power which had directed the symmetrical outline of each tiny leaf upon my desert tree, had doubtless in like manner ruled every passing event in the life of reasoning beings. In that case, if all things on earth were tending to the great consummation of the overcoming of evil by good, the individuality even of suffering might well be forgot in the joy of adding our petty efforts to so glorious an end. My past life rose up before me, with its vanity, its utter egotism, its evil, fostered continually in my own breast, and disseminated by my influence on others. Surely thrice welcome the leprosy which had torn me from my stronghold of pride and ambition, and cast me out into the desert, to be alone with—thought! My friends, I will not weary you with all my reflections during the long days when my mind was disciplined in that wilderness, till I learned to comprehend that, by the victory which one individual obtains over the germ of evil in his own bosom, the whole human race is advanced a step. Face to face with Truth, in the immensity of that solitude, I beheld all things in their real light, and became at last what I now am—most happy in trusting submission.

'After a time, I found that my friendly palm-tree was no longer sufficient for my wants; and besides, I was desirous of so regulating my future life, that I might be enabled, so far as my infirmity would permit, to perform my share in the great duty incumbent on every man—the continual endeavour to benefit his kind. I travelled on for many days, seeking a suitable resting-place as near as might be to the haunts of men—of those for whom I desired to live, though for ever cast out from amongst them. I came at length to this spot, and fancied that it seemed, as it were, prepared as a habitation for me; every facility was here afforded me of providing all that was necessary for my daily wants. The soil was good, and would readily admit of cultivation; and if I could establish a certain degree of communication with a village which lies at no great distance, I might thus obtain the seeds and implements which were requisite to make it yield the fruits you now see before you. I required but little; and I looked forward to a life of solitude without dread. The mosque belonging to the village stood, as those places of worship usually do, at a little distance from the habitations of the people; and I repaired thither next morning, keeping at a distance, where it was not possible I could injure any one. At break of day, as I expected, the muezzin appeared to sound the call to prayers; and when he had concluded, whilst he still stood on the minaret's gallery, I drew near, and addressed him without danger to himself. He willingly entered into the arrangement I proposed, and agreed to bring the provisions then necessary, as well as everything else I required, to a certain stone on the plain, where he was to find in exchange a magnificent diamond ring that still remained on the hand none had dared to touch. By this means I was enabled to establish myself, with all the comforts you now see around me, in this my home. Years have gone by since then: my vines yield fruit, my garden flourishes, and I am contented, or rather I am most happy, for I have found it possible, Pariah as I am, to link myself to the beloved human race, by the power of conferring benefits. My daily occupation is to weave the long reeds which grow on the banks of the stream into baskets and mats. These I cast on the bosom of the friendly rivulet, and its gentle waters bear them down to the village through which it flows; from thence they are withdrawn by the peasants, who sell them at the neighbouring town; and more than once, when the fructifying rains have delayed their beneficent dews, the produce of my work has saved them from famine.

'Inglesi, you have listened patiently to this my tale, and now you must lie down to rest. To-morrow you return to the world, and it may be that, when you mingle with its dazzling pleasures, and are allured by its vain hopes, you will appreciate them at their true

value, remembering how an inward conviction in faith and trust could make a solitary leper thrice blest in a desert.'

Whether the Englishmen profited by these admonitions, the record sayeth not. Next morning they departed, to take their part in the stir of life again, but the Armenian leper still dwells alone among the ruins of the temple.

POETS AND FLOWERS.

THE former paper on this subject was confined almost exclusively to our older poets: the present selection will be taken from recent and existing writers; and in pursuing our researches, we cannot but be struck by the endless diversity of ideas and reflections to which the brilliant succession of floral tribes conduces. Johnson tells us, in his sententious style, that 'there is something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of the treasures of nature. The cold and darkness of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the succeeding season, as well for what we have escaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower which a warm situation brings early to our view, is considered by us as a messenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.' Cowper says—

> 'That man, immured in cities, still retains
> His inborn inextinguishable thirst
> Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
> By supplemental shifts, the best he may.
> The most unfurnished with the means of life,
> And they that never pass the brick-wall bounds,
> To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
> Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
> Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
> And watered duly. There the pitcher stands,
> A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there;
> Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
> The country, with what ardour he contrives
> A peep at nature, when he can no more.'

The poet truly calls the love of nature—of flowers—a 'burning instinct;' for although, in many instances, it is stifled and concealed beneath the husk of gainful pursuits, yet in a thousand others it is a glad and beautiful source of enjoyment. The 'long green box of mignionette,' as described by Tennyson, cheers the lone dweller in many a close and gloomy alley; its odorous companionship recalling the memory of days passed where fields were green and skies were blue. The writer just quoted observes that

> ——— 'the dull
> See no divinity in grass.'

But all are not dull; and the verdant turf refreshes the eyes and soothes the feet of thousands, to whose last resting-places it will one day afford a perennial covering.

One of Tennyson's most beautiful poems, 'The May Queen,' contains a vivid manifestation of the influence of flowers. The dying girl laments—

> 'There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane;
> I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
> I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high;
> I long to see a flower so before the day I die.'

Although not remarkable for extraordinary beauty, we think highly of the first flowers of the season, and prize them above some of the more gaudy varieties that come after: their early advent is, in fact, the only claim to notice of many that otherwise would be disregarded. Thus Wordsworth tells us of the celandine, that it

> ——— 'comes
> Like a careless prodigal;
> Telling tales about the sun,
> When we've little warmth, or none.'

In another place he observes—

> 'Birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
> Make all one band of paramours.'

And elsewhere, in a beautifully philosophical and poetical spirit, declares—

> 'And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.'

According to an old writer, 'the cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others. The employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably more goodwill has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever. The pleasures, the ecstacies of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent; and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.'

Mrs Barbauld has some pleasing lines to the same effect:—

> 'Flowers, the sole luxury that nature knew,
> In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
> To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned:
> The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind;
> The tougher yew repels invading foes;
> And the tall pine for future navies grows;
> But this soft family, to cares unknown,
> Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
> Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
> They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.'

Flowers have a language, natural and conventional: with the former, they announce the passage of seasons and the flight of hours; the latter is best understood in the sunny East. There the lover selects his floral messengers, and sends to his mistress a graceful compliment, an earnest assurance of constancy, a warning, or a doubt: a thousand emotions may be conveyed by the mute ministers, a thousand similes found in their forms and hues. With what grace Moore gives utterance to Nourmahal's impatient desire for a wreath in 'The Feast of Roses:'—

> 'Anemones and seas of gold,
> And new-blown lilies of the river,
> And those sweet flow'rets, that unfold
> Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;
> The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
> That in the gardens of Malay
> Is called the mistress of the night,
> So like a bride, scented and bright,
> She comes out when the sun's away;
> Amaranths such as crown the maids
> That wander through Zamara's shades;
> And the white moon-flower, as it shows
> On Serendib's high crags to those
> Who near the isle at evening sail,
> Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;
> In short, all flow'rets and all plants,
> From the divine Amrita tree,
> That blesses Heaven's inhabitants
> With fruits of immortality,
> Down to the basil-tuft that waves
> Its fragrant blossom over graves,
> And to the humble rosemary,
> Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
> To scent the desert and the dead.'

The pedestrian tourist, while wandering over the land in search of the picturesque in landscape scenery, or time-hallowed ruins, well knows the pleasure derived from the sight of flowers clustering round the springs, that, as they run—

> ——— 'preach
> A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds,'

near a dusty road; fringing the little water-courses on some steep hill-side, or relieving the cool gloom of wooded alleys. The writer of the present article well remembers his first view of Scotland. He had walked through the wildest scenes of Northumberland, and after a halt on the fatal field of Chevy Chase, toiled up

the long ascent of the Carter Fell to the highest summit of the Cheviots. From this point the view is most impressive; hill upon hill stretching away for miles, until lost in the blue and distant mountains, and covered so thickly with heather and gowans, as to resemble broad rolling ocean waves of purple and gold. It was a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten; that left no doubt on the mind with respect to its influence as a source of poetic inspiration. It was no longer difficult to sympathise with Burns's enthusiasm on the subject of heather, or to appreciate the beauty of such lines as those by Mrs Grant:—

'Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.'

And Scott, describing Marmion's prospect from Blackford Hill:—

'On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.'

Scott is known to have painted from the life: he did not introduce flowers for mere effect, unless they were to be found in the localities he described. The scene on the shores of Loch Katrine afforded free scope to his pen:—

'Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride.'

Dreary, indeed, is the land to which nature has denied flowers: the arid deserts of the torrid zone are not altogether deprived of their presence; and even amid the ice and snow of the polar regions, we find them struggling into existence—asserting, as it were, their right to beautify and adorn, though ever so humbly. The fuchsia and clematis grow in abundance in the forests of New Zealand; with the latter, the native girls braid their hair on festive occasions. The gorgeousness of flowers in tropical climates is scarcely to be imagined by the inhabitants of countries farther from the sun. The rock lily of New South Wales grows to a height of thirty feet, crowned by a profusion of brilliant scarlet flowers. How different this from the

—'fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!'

Or the water lily, as described by Mrs Hemans—

'Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river queen,
Crowning the depths as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.
Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell.'

Shelley also has sung of the lily in musical verse: growing in the garden with the sensitive plant and other flowers was—

—'the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.'

Hood, who in some of his lyrics so much resembles the moral teachings of Herrick, says—

'The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree.
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.'

And with what a Shakspearean spirit and beauty does he represent the fairies supplicating grim Saturn to spare their lives, urging their attentions to

'The widowed primrose weeping to the moon,
And saffron crocus, in whose chalice bright
A cool libation, hoarded for the noon,
Is kept; and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,
Our every godchild, by whatever name—
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!'

Of all the poets, Keats appears to be the most imbued with the *floral feeling*: flowers are so exquisitely blended with his subjects, that it seems like sacrilege to disturb their harmonious proportions by the singling out of fragments. 'The poetry of earth,' he tells us, 'is never dead.'

—'I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;
Ah! sure no tasteful nook could be without them!
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round their roots, to keep them
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.'

Lilies have always been considered as emblematic of purity and humility. Ben Jonson says delicately of one of his characters, that she

—'looks as lilies do,
That were this morning blown.'

And a living authoress, Mrs Robert Browning, writes in one of her sonnets, 'a thought lay like a *flower* upon mine heart;' an expression of as much truth as beauty. In another place she introduces to our notice

—'lilies white, prepared to touch
The whitest thought, nor soil it much;'

and elsewhere sets before us the following 'Lesson from the Gorse:'—

'Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms!
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth, that beauty liveth still!'

Her lament of the flower-spirits on the banishment of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, is a most harmonious strain of mournful music:—

'We linger, we linger,
The last of the throng!
Like the tones of a singer
Who loves his own song.
We are spirit-aromas
Of blossom and bloom;
We call your thoughts home, as
Ye breathe our perfume;
To the amaranth's splendour
Afire on the slopes;
To the lily-bells tender,
And gray heliotropes!
* * *
To the rose in the bower-place,
That dripped o'er you sleeping;
To the asphodel flower-place,
Ye walked ankle-deep in!
We pluck at your raiment,
We stroke down your hair,
We faint in our lament,
And pine into air.'

It would be easy to fill a volume with all that poets have written concerning flowers; the harvest is, in fact, so abundant, as to render the task of selection one of some difficulty. Flowers are associated with the loftiest and with the humblest names: for the roses to decorate a single supper, Cleopatra paid L.200. Such was the lavishness with which the Romans indulged their taste for flowers, that sumptuary laws were enacted to restrain it. Verres, when governor of Sicily, made the tour of the island reclining on a couch of roses, shaded by festoons of choicer flowers. The horticultural history of a people would perhaps form an interesting in-

dex to their civil and political history. Herbs and the commoner flowers would be at first in request; but with increase of wealth, and acquisitions of conquest, costly exotics would be cultivated, and nature distorted to suit the freaks of fashion. There is much in the history of the past to make us say with the poet—

> 'Despise not thou the wildflower! Small it seems,
> And of neglected growth, and its light bells
> Hang carelessly on every passing gale:
> Yet it is finely wrought, and colours there
> Might shame the Tyrian purple; and it bears
> Marks of a care eternal and divine.
> Duly the dews descend to give it food;
> The sun revives it drooping, and the showers
> Add to its beauty; and the airs of heaven
> Are round it for delight.'

MR MILNE ON THE POTATO FAILURE.

Mr Milne is known for his scientific papers, in which we usually find general conclusions arrived at by induction from a great collection of facts. Having turned his attention to the investigation of the Potato Failure of the two last seasons, we are here furnished with a set of observations on the subject, drawn up in the author's usual lucid and painstaking manner.* We learn that the theory of the disease having been produced by *insects* is inadmissible, because it showed itself before there was any appearance of insects. *Fungi* must equally be rejected, for those in the tubers were of different species from those in the leaves: such vegetation appears to have been a result, not the cause, of the disease. The evil could not spring from any over-cultivation of the plant, for specimens brought directly from Peru were affected equally as others. It could not be because the plant has come to the close of its existence as a species, seeing that the disease attacked many other plants, as pease, cabbage, tansy, spinach, and even elms and oaks. Then the weather, the temperature, rains, are all in like manner discarded, because, from a vast amount of evidence collected by Mr Milne, it appears that the disease was irrespective of all such conditions. The weather of 1845 and 1846 appears to have been noway extraordinary, and in the latter year vegetation was everywhere abundant till the time when the potato disease began to show itself.

Mr Milne arrives at the conclusion that the cause was atmospheric, and he deems it probable that the evil lay in some deleterious *substance* diffused through the air at the time of the disease. There are facts, he thinks, even to show to a certain extent the properties of this substance. 'In the first place, it is a substance, the injurious effects of which have been prevented by screens, shelter, and other modes of protection.' In several cases glass frames placed over the plants saved them from the disease, while other plants close by were destroyed. There were several instances of the crops of indolent farmers being saved, while those of careful farmers suffered; and this could be attributed to no other cause than that the potatoes, in the former set of cases, were screened by the weeds which had been suffered to grow over them. In a field which had potatoes sown with barley, 'several of the ungathered tubers had grown in the corn, and not a single plant of these was even in the slightest degree diseased.' Mr Colin Campbell's overseer at Craignish states, that 'potatoes planted on the farm with different manures, and on various soils, were alike tainted. I, however, observed, that when they were sheltered by a stone wall or trees, or when overgrown with weeds, they were not diseased, and have continued sound.' Such experiences are reported from so many other quarters, that Mr Milne regards it as established, that potatoes were saved 'where screened from the external air, or rather from the *blowing on them* of the external air.' 'The effects,' he says, 'seem analogous to what occurs to vegetation near the sea-shore, where it is much exposed. It is of course not the oxygen or nitrogen of the atmosphere which, on the sea-coast, produces an injury to vegetation not produced elsewhere; nor is it the mere cold, because places at a high level inland are exposed to more cold than at the sea level, and yet show none of the peculiar effects on vegetation observable on the sea-shore. There must, therefore, be some particular substance or substances in the sea air to blight the leaves of trees and plants, unless sheltered. These may either be the salts of the sea-water, which are always floating in greater or less abundance upon the winds that come from the sea, and which, being arrested and absorbed by the leaves, may cause their blight and death; or it may arise from the presence of chlorine gas, supposed to be liberated, under certain circumstances, from the chloride of magnesium, which exists in sea-water; and which gas is known by direct experiment to be exceedingly injurious to vegetation. I do not say that chlorine gas, or the saline vapour of sea-water, are the substances which proved injurious to the potato crops; I refer to them merely in illustration of the principle, that when vegetables are injured by the blowing of air, and in circumstances when the mere air would produce, by blowing, no injurious effects, it is probable that there must be some other substance than the ordinary elements of the atmosphere to cause these effects.'

Mr Milne adduces another set of facts, showing that the disease travelled from the south-west to the north-east, taking three months to go from the south of Ireland to the Orkneys. He quotes a correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, who tells that his potatoes were affected first on the south-west side of the plants. There is also a curious fact reported by an Aberdeenshire gentleman. Two fields under his observation were affected partially; in the one case, by lines of blight athwart the field; in the other, by the blight of one side, leaving the rest sound; and the direction of the blight in these cases was from south-east to north-west. For some time before, the weather had been very sultry, 'with a light fog or haze travelling very slowly over the surface of the earth, *from the south-east to the north-west*.' Supposing a deleterious substance carried by the wind, it readily occurs, says Mr Milne, that any obstruction, such as trees and other prominent objects, might turn it aside from particular portions of the surface.

Mr Milne then proceeds to remark, that the crops near the Welsh copper-works were comparatively exempt from the disease, the more so the nearer to the works, although the smoke of the furnaces is generally unfavourable to vegetation. There was also less experience of the disease in situations close upon the sea-shore than in inland places. A crop reared on land newly reclaimed from the sea, and out of which no means had been taken to wash the salt, was a luxuriant one. It was also remarked that potatoes manured with soot and guano (substances containing much ammonia) were comparatively sound. 'From these various facts,' says our author, 'I infer that the substance in the atmosphere which injured the potato crops was some acrid gas or vapour, capable of being neutralised or altered in its nature by chlorine, common smoke, and the fumes of arsenious and sulphurous acids.'

The question arises, Were there any unusual appearances in the atmosphere about the time of the potato failure? It appears, according to Mr Milne, that there were. Extensive and very peculiar fogs prevailed, accompanied by much thunder and lightning. A gentleman in Yorkshire reports that about the 25th August there was one night a dense fog, attended by extreme heat, and the next morning the potato fields had precisely the disorganised appearance they have after a night's frost. They soon became black, and the disease followed in a few days. An Orkney farmer

* Observations on the Probable Cause of the Failure of the Potato Crop in the years 1845 and 1846. By David Milne, Esq. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1847.

'observed a very dense fog resting in patches on certain parts of the island; at times it was so defined, that he could point out the exact measure of ground over which it rested. It hung low over the ground, and had the appearance of a light powdering of snow. In passing, it fell down on his small farm, and he *smelt it very unpleasant;* exactly like, he says, the bilge water of a ship, a sulphurous sort of stench. After the wind rose and cleared off those clouds or lumps of fog, there remained on the grass over which they had hung, as well as on the potato shaws, an appearance of gray dew or hoar-frost. The next morning he noticed the leaves of his potatoes slightly spotted. In two days the shaws began to droop and wither, turning pale-yellowish. He now observed that the tubers in the ground, under the diseased plants, were covered by minute white specks, which soon became small maggots; and before ten days, not a shaw was in his potato patch, more than if it had been a bare fallow, while the stench of the rotten potatoes was very bad. This was one of the spots where the fog bank had rested most palpably. But everywhere through the island, the disease, after the fog, began in spots and corners of fields, and spread more slowly over all.'

After quoting other observers of the fogs, Mr Milne remarks that there was something extraordinary in them. 'In the first place, they appeared at an anomalous season of the year—that is, at a period when the temperature of the air generally exceeds that of the earth and water. In the second place, they continued for longer periods than they usually do, even in spring. In the third place, some persons were sensible of a peculiar odour or smell accompanying them.' He adds—'In regard to the connection of these fogs with the potato disease, it certainly does not follow, because two extraordinary things happen simultaneously, or closely in succession, that they are connected. But the probability of their being so, is enhanced by the considerations formerly submitted, as to the existence of *some* extraordinary substance in the air which must have produced the disease; and the presumption is further strengthened by the fact, that in 1845, when there was no failure of potato crops in the Highlands and the Orkneys, there were no fogs; whilst in 1846 there was a universal failure, and simultaneously with the disease, the prevalence of peculiar fogs in the Highlands.'

In the latter part of his pamphlet, Mr Milne shows how small an infusion of deleterious matter in the atmosphere is sufficient to injure vegetation. He also remarks the unusual mortality of both man and beast during the last two years as probably connected with the same cause. While, he says, it is for experienced chemists to ascertain the nature of the substance which seems to have produced the potato failure, he may observe that 'the gases which apparently neutralise it, or counteract its noxious effects, are all those which are remarkable for their antiseptic properties, and some of which are commonly used to stop contagion. Dr Ure observes, that "malaria, or morbific and putrescent miasmata, consist chiefly of hydrogenous matter as their basis, and are best counteracted by *chlorine.*" Liebig, in his "Chemistry and Physics in Relation to Physiology," p. 53, says, that "free or combined ammonia, the almost invariable product of putrefactive processes, is found, during many contagious diseases—as, for instance, typhus—in the surrounding atmosphere;" and we know that ammonia may be decomposed by chlorine (Ure's "Dictionary of Arts"). In like manner it is known that sulphurous and arsenious acids are pre-eminently useful in counteracting putrefaction (Liebig, do. p. 50). It may, therefore, be inferred, that the substance in the air which these several gases neutralised was similar to what, under the convenient name of miasm, is found to be injurious to the vitality of plants and animals. The true nature of miasmata, though guessed at by chemists, has never been ascertained. But it is believed that, like the exhalations from marshes, and the pollen and odoriferous dust from flowers, they are, as Dr Graham says, "highly-organised particles of fixed matter, which find their way into the atmosphere, and remain for a time suspended in it," and when so suspended, they can be dissolved and neutralised by gases of the nature before described.'

Should additional investigation settle the question in this manner, may we not hope to see, among the arrangements of agriculture, apparatus for neutralising such infusions of noxious matter, when they happen to arise?

THE STRANGER OF THE BALL.

A BALL was about to take place in a small country town on the west coast of Scotland, and as the town boasted only one barber of any eminence, it may be supposed that his hands were full. Indeed Duncan could not by any possibility have got through his business, had it not luckily happened that he had just provided himself with an assistant. The assistant was from London; though only from an 'establishment' in a lane leading out of Goswell Street. No matter: he was from London; and the fact was a tower of strength to the concern. The young man was a smart, vain, ignorant, impudent Cockney; and on finding himself all on a sudden in such wonderful demand, he gave himself a thousand ridiculous airs, at which even the anxious and expectant fair ones could not refrain from laughing.

At the period referred to, it must be told—the time when our respected grandmothers were young ladies—a ball could not by any possibility be got up without the assistance of the hairdresser. He was the *primum mobile* of the whole affair. The toes in those days were as nothing compared with the head; and the preparation of the latter for the scene was a task which could only be intrusted to the hands of a professional artist. We might wonder how it was possible for one pair of hands, even when assisted by another pair, to dress the hair of a whole townful of ladies—if we were not aware of the heroic endurance of the fair sex in extraordinary exigencies. The fact is, the labours of the barber began at daybreak on the morning of the day before that of the ball; and those who were obliged to submit to the operation on that day, rather than put in jeopardy, by lying down, the edifice he had constructed of dust, grease, and hair, sat up all night in a chair.

In the town in question, a certain young lady—not *our* grandmother, we beg to say—was on the present occasion one of these victims: but a very unwilling one. On the first intelligence reaching her of the day for the ball being fixed, she had hastened to the spot from a place at some distance where she had been on a visit; but railways, unluckily, not having as yet been invented, she did not arrive till Duncan was engaged, body and soul, for every minute of the actual day, up to the very tuning of the fiddles. Now Miss Bella, though an angel in beauty, was the very opposite in temper. She was proud, arrogant, and imperious; and this unfortunate casualty, though charged in the first instance upon the barber exclusively, seemed at length to be the effect of nothing less than a conspiracy of the whole population. But it was needless to fret or fume. The barber could not, and the other young ladies would not, give way; and at length Miss Bella was constrained to take her place among the penultimates.

This was an unhappy occurrence for the Cockney, who, for his sins, was doomed to dress the spoiled beauty's hair. She was not at any time very condescending to her inferiors in station; but on the present occasion she discharged all the vials of her pride upon the unfortunate young man, till she nearly set him crazy, vanity and all. Her temper, it may be supposed, was not improved by her being obliged to sit up the whole of the night as motionless as a wax doll: but, sustained by the heroism of her sex, she did come through the trial; and as on the next day the hours wore on towards the evening, a wild and feverish gaiety

gradually took the place of her ill-humour. She at length found herself in the ball-room, blazing with beauty, with a pyramid of hair such as Goswell Street had never seen in this world, and her sufferings were entirely forgotten. It was remarked that Miss Bella never looked so handsome, and never moved so gracefully: but some of her own sex discovered a dash of scorn in her gaiety, which detracted, they said, from the effect of her beauty; and others declared that there was something strangely flighty in the movements both of her limbs and eyes. Perhaps all this arose from envy.

But, unluckily, the grand element in the success of a ball was wanting: there was no adequate number of dancing men. The few as yet present were her discarded swains—for she had refused half the bachelors in the town; and these, either in spleen or mortification, kept out of her way. By and by all her own party had been led out; and Miss Bella was exposed to the frequent interrogatories of her affectionate friends—'Why don't you dance?' Still she was not cast down. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes blazed, and she met such impertinent questions with a haughty smile.

'Why don't you dance, Bella? Don't you mean to dance to-night?' said her good-natured companions, gathering round her.

'Yes,' replied Bella, turning to them with a gay fierceness—'I will dance to-night, if my partner should be the——'

How she meant to have finished the sentence, no one can exactly tell: but there was a gleam in her eye while she spoke which frightened her audience, and they drew back with a faint scream. In drawing back, some of them nearly trod on the toes of a gentleman who had just entered the room: at least no one had observed him till that instant. He was a young and handsome man, with the most exuberant curls and whiskers in the world, of a jetty blackness, and contrasting strangely with the waxen colour of his cheek. The eyes of the stranger, for no one in the room knew him, were fixed admiringly upon the beautiful Bella; and walking straight up to her, he asked her to dance. He had not been presented to her; she did not know his name; and yet—with an obliviousness of conventional rule quite foreign to her character—she at once accepted his arm, and in another moment they were whirling together through the dance.

This incident occasioned much conversation. Miss Bella and her partner were decidedly the handsomest couple in the room; and they continued dancing together half the evening. Who was he? From appearances, 'military' seemed most likely; yet not one of the officers of the neighbouring garrison knew him. He was not a resident in the town: it was ascertained that he had not bespoken a bed at either of the inns: he had no horse nor equipage. How did he come? How did he mean to go? The mystery appeared unfathomable; and when at length Bella's uncle made his appearance, at a late hour in the evening, many of the company gathered round him, to tell eagerly how his niece had been dancing so long with an utter stranger, and to advise him at least to ascertain the gentleman's name.

The uncle thought the proud and high-spirited Bella might very well be left to herself in a case of the kind; but still he could hardly avoid taking some notice of the affair. The couple were at this time standing near the door, with several others, to enjoy the cool air; and as they saw the eyes of so many of the company directed towards them, Bella, with perhaps some feeling of awkwardness, as she recollected her imprudence, turned away from her partner.

'Niece,' said the old gentleman, going up to her, 'I shall request the pleasure of being introduced to the gentleman you have danced with.'

'I did not catch his name,' replied Bella; 'the master of the ceremonies will doubtless do what is necessary, unless the gentleman himself—where is he?'

'Where is he?' repeated the uncle.

'Where is he?' echoed the rest of the company. The gentleman had disappeared.

This is a simple statement of the affair as it really happened; but it is hardly necessary to say that a thousand circumstances were added to it by rumour, till at length it was reported and believed that Bella, in despair of a partner, had summoned a certain very old young gentleman to dance with her, who had come at her bidding, and at length vanished in smoke. Even without these adjuncts, however, the thing was mysterious enough; and the proud girl found herself subjected to so many taunts, that she hardly stirred out of her house for some time after the ball.

At length another wonder occurred, to arouse anew the attention of the town. This was the sudden disappearance of the Cockney barber. Duncan, when questioned on the subject, was very close and mysterious; and he was likewise averse to holding frank communication touching the absence, discovered at the same moment, of the plantation of jet-black curls and whiskers of a waxen bust in his shop-window. These were now currently said to bear an astonishing resemblance to the decorations of the stranger of the ball!—and, proceeding from one impertinence to another, Miss Bella was at length complimented with the title of 'The Barber's Bride.' Some old ladies, however, were still disposed to adhere to the supernatural theory; for how otherwise was it possible to account for the change which took place in the haughty beauty? Miss Bella became, from that day, an absolute personification of meekness and gentleness; and acquiring a perfect horror of the vanities of fashion, ever afterwards appeared in a plain crop of curls!

THE INTERIOR OF AUSTRALIA.

The old and new worlds are almost tired of this newer world of the Pacific, where only the sea-coasts, we have been told, are fit for human settlement, while the interior, for a space of at least thirty degrees of longitude, is a series of deserts, watered by lakes that turn periodically into swamps, and rivers that lessen as they run, till they finally sink in the earth, and disappear. Such, at least, has been the experience of Captain Sturt, who, in the midst of unparalleled difficulties, endeavoured, and is still endeavouring, to intersect the vast country from south to north, from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The mighty river, or inland sea, which was the object of his quest, and in the existence of which he entertained a firm belief, receded as he advanced; and when last heard of, he had accomplished two-thirds of his journey, arriving at some degrees beyond the tropic of Capricorn, with still nothing more than Hope in the distance.

But while this is the case in the very middle of the new continent, great discoveries are taking place to the eastward, midway between Captain Sturt's line of route and the distant shores of the South Pacific. There Sir Thomas Mitchell, it appears, has wandered by the banks of noble rivers—one of which he believes to have its estuary in the Gulf of Carpentaria—and in the midst of plains as rich, and hills as picturesque and romantic, as any that are to be found on the most beautiful part of the coast. The world has been too impatient. Australia will yet realise its earlier dreams, and become the site of great empires. Even the central wastes may yield to human industry, as population closes in upon them from all sides of the compass.

But pleasant as such anticipations may be, they are somewhat vague and shadowy. This is truly affirmed to be a practical age; which means that we work much, and speculate little. Progress, progress, is our grand object. Another generation will perhaps ascend the hill-tops, to observe the course of the country through which they are journeying, but it is our genius to push blindly, untiringly on. Let us in the meantime, therefore, follow Sir Thomas Mitchell, without burthening ourselves with the task of posterity.

The letters of the surveyor-general, as given in substance in the 'Launceston Examiner,' are not so precise as could be wished; indeed it is hardly possible to obtain from them any distinct idea of the system of rivers he attempts to describe. After the junction of the Macquarrie with the Darling, he visited the Narran Swamp, 'a wonderful provision of nature for the supply and retention of water in a dry and parched country.' It appears to be fed chiefly by the Narran River, but also by minor branches of the Balonne, which discharges its main waters into the Darling. This division of so important a river as the latter is likewise advantageous, as it serves to irrigate 'from one principal channel extensive regions of rich earth beyond the Darling, while the surplus or overflow, instead of passing, as in common cases, to the sea, is received in the deep channel of the Narran, and thereby conducted to that extensive reservoir, where, on rock or stiff clay, and under eververdant polygonum, it furnishes an inexhaustible supply for the support of animal life.'

Proceeding beyond the farthest point marked in the maps, he traced the Balonne flowing in broad, deep, and extensive reaches. 'From Mount Abundance,' he says, 'in longitude 148° 40′ east, latitude 26° 39′ 30″ south, I again perceived that the fine open country in which I then was extended eastward as far as the eye or telescope could reach, and that it was watered by a river from the northward, distinctly marked by the smoke of the natives' fires. That river was still the Balonne, according to the natives; and from Mount Bindango I was able to intersect the summits of the isolated range in the centre of that splendid region, placing it in longitude about 149° 2′ east, and in latitude 26° 23′ 32″ south. To mark the epoch of this discovery, I named it on my map the Fitzroy Downs, and the range in the midst of them I distinguish as the Grafton Range.'

He next came upon the river Maranoa; which was subsequently discovered by Mr Kennedy to join the Balonne. Its banks were of rich pastoral land, of the nature of open downs.

'Continuing my ride north-west, I again found a chain of volcanic summits connected with a mass of table-land, which I named—finding none of the aborigines there—Hope's Table-Land. Mount P. P. King, a pointed volcanic cone, longitude 147° 37′ 40″ east, latitude 25° 9′ 10″, is near the head of that river, which we followed down until it turned, as all the others had done, to the south-west. I reached an extensive grassy valley, which terminated on a reedy lake in a more open country. The lake was supplied by springs, arising in a swamp at the gorge of the valley, which supported a flowing stream of the purest water. The country is adorned by hills of the most romantic form, presenting outlines which surpass in picturesque beauty the fairest creations of the painter. Several pyramids mark the spot where the springs were first discovered, and whence I now write. Lower down appear over the woods isolated rocks, resembling ruined castles, temples, and Gothic cathedrals. Others have apertures through them; and the trees being also very varied and graceful in form, and rich in colour, contribute so much to the beauty of the scenery, that I have been induced to distinguish river and lake by the name of a painter. We lost two days in vainly endeavouring to pass to the westward, through dense brigalow scrub; but on a ride I took north-westward, I was more successful, for after forcing my way through ten miles of scrub, I came to what seemed to me the finest region on earth: plains and downs of rich black mould, on which grew in profusion the *Panicum lævinode* grass, and which were finely interspersed with lines of wood, which grew in the hollows, and marked the courses of streams: columns of smoke showed that the country was too good to be left uninhabited; and, in fact, on approaching the nearest river channel, I found it full of water. This river I named Claude, in honour of the painter of quiet pastoral scenery; and to the downs and plains, so favourable to flocks and herds, I gave the name of the Mantua Downs and Plains. I returned to the party on the Salvator, crossed that river with it in latitude 24° 31′ 47″ south, and conducted it, cutting our way through ten miles of scrub, to the banks of the Claude. These two rivers join at a considerable distance lower down, and form the Negoa; a river which, according to the natives, pursues a north-east course to the sea, and therefore probably has its estuary on the shores of Broad Sound or its vicinity.

'We were obliged to make a bridge for the passage of our carts across the Claude, and then we crossed a plain upon which grass grew almost as thickly as it grew in Australia Felix; then another stream, also full of water, was crossed, and we ascended undulating downs, on which fragments of fossil wood were abundant in a very rich soil. Beyond these—the Mantua Downs—a range of broken summits appeared, and was certainly ornamental, but which we found to be only the upper part of a very intricate and difficult sandstone country, wherein the beds of the gullies were at a much lower level than the downs and plains. I endeavoured to penetrate to the westward of these, but found the country on that side quite impervious. We found a very favourable outlet from that difficult country by a pass, in the gorge of which stood a rock so much resembling a tower, that at first sight few would believe it the work of nature only. The glen we then entered (named from the tower at its entrance, Glen Turret) was very extensive, and contained abundance of good grass.'

All this, however, was of little consequence to the object of the surveyor—the discovery of a great river flowing towards the Gulf of Carpentaria; but in a letter from the Balonne, dated November 9, 1846, we have at length some hint of the consummation so much desired. His first view of what he fondly imagines to be *the* river, was in longitude 146° 42′ 25″ east, latitude 24° 50′ 35″ south.

'On ascending the range early next morning, I saw open downs and plains with a line of river in the midst, the whole extending to the north-north-west as far as the horizon. Following the little stream from the valley in which I had passed the night, I soon reached the open country, and during ten successive days I pursued the course of that river, through the same sort of country, each day as far as my horse could carry me, and in the same direction, again approaching the Tropic of Capricorn. In some parts the river formed splendid reaches, as broad and important as the river Murray; in others, it spread into four or five channels, some of them several miles apart; but the whole country is better watered than any other portion of Australia I have seen, by numerous tributaries arising in the downs. The soil consists of rich clay, and the hollows give birth to water-courses, in the most of which water was abundant. I found at length that I might travel in any direction, and find water at hand, without having to seek the river, except when I wished to ascertain its general course, and observe its character. The grass consists of panicum and several new sorts, one of which springs green from the old stem. The plains were verdant; indeed the luxuriant pasturage surpassed in quality, as it did in extent, anything of the kind I had ever seen. The myall-tree and salt bush (*Acacia pendula* and *salsolæ*), so essential to a good run, are also there. New birds and new plants marked this out as an essentially different region from any I had previously explored; and although I could not follow the river throughout its long course at that advanced season, I was convinced that its estuary was in the Gulf of Carpentaria; at all events, the country is open and well-watered for a direct route thereto. That the river is the most important of Australia, increasing as it does by successive tributaries, and not a mere product of distant ranges, admits of no dispute; and the downs and plains of Central Australia, through which it flows, seem sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food. I crossed the river at the lowest point I reached,

in a great southern bend, in longitude 144° 34′ east, latitude 24° 14′ south, and from rising ground beyond the left bank, I could trace its downward course far to the northward. I saw no *callitris* (pine of the colonists) in all that country; but a range showing sandstone cliffs appeared to the southward, in longitude about 145° east, latitude 24° 30′ south. The country to the northward of the river is, upon the whole, the best; yet in riding ninety miles due east from where I crossed the southern bend, I found plenty of water and excellent grass.'

The other rivers surveyed—in number, seven—were all of considerable importance; and Sir Thomas believed that an investigation of the mountain-ranges in which they originate would enable him to construct 'such a map of those parts of Australia, as may greatly facilitate the immediate and permanent occupation of the country, and the extension through it of a thoroughfare to the Gulf of Carpentaria, to which the direct way is thus laid open.' He named the great river, 'watering the best portion of the largest island in the world,' the Victoria.

To the Gulf of Carpentaria we must look for the solution of the mystery of Australia. This mighty basin, at the extreme north of the new continent, is the receptacle of so vast a body of water, that the Indian voyagers are said to be able to fill their casks with fresh water when as yet the low land is barely visible from the deck. The head of the gulf consists of an expanse of alluvial soil, covered with luxuriant herbage, and stretching inland to an unascertained extent, which has been appropriately named by Captain Stokes 'Plains of Promise.' 'Whether the rivers, or rather water-courses, discovered here by the Beagle,' says Mr Earl, 'are independent channels, or the embouchures of one large river which carries off the waters of a great extent of country, and which, like the mouths of the Indus, become partially closed during the dry season, is a point of the deepest interest, and which will probably not long remain undetermined.' The same acute observer adds, as a proof of the rapidity with which the land is gaining on the sea, that it has outstripped in its advance even the progress of tropical Australian vegetation, 'the period that has elapsed since its elevation above the level of the waters not having been sufficient to allow the forest-trees to overspread the face of the country.'

Whether the Victoria River, the discovery of which is reported above, will prove to be the grand Australian stream or not, it is as yet impossible to say; but it is at least satisfactory to know that we have advanced so far in the question as to render much longer delay in its solution improbable.

THE CHEAPEST BREAD YET.

We have been favoured by Mr S. Brown, of Finedon, near Higham Ferrers, with a sample of bread, which he states is in constant use on his farm. It is made of flour and mangel wurzel, in equal quantities, by weight. The mangel wurzel is pared, cut into slices, and boiled so as to mash well. The usual quantity of yeast must be used, and little or no water is required. It must stand some time after mixing, and then be baked as other bread. If the loaf sent to us be a fair sample, we should call it good household bread. The saving to families would be very great, the price of mangel wurzel being only a farthing a pound. Fifty per cent. at least would be saved by the use of this bread.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE TRUE ELIXIR VITÆ.

Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful or better calculated to prolong life than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of cheerful and good men, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of nature. A day spent in the country, under a serene sky, amidst a circle of agreeable friends, is certainly a more positive means of prolonging life than all the vital elixirs in the world. Laughter, that external expression of joy, must not here be omitted. It is the most salutary of all the bodily movements; for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time; promotes digestion, circulation, and perspiration, and enlivens the vital power in every organ.—*Hufeland.*

BUSINESS AND LEARNING.

If any man maintaineth that learning takes up too much time, which might otherwise be better employed, I answer, that no man can be so straitened and oppressed with business, and an active course of life, but may have many vacant times of leisure, while he expects the returns and tides of business, except he be either of a very dull temper, and no despatch, or ambitious (little to his credit and reputation) to meddle and engage himself in employment of all natures and matters above his reach. It remaineth, therefore, to be inquired, in what matter and how those spaces and times of leisure should be filled up and spent; whether in pleasures or study, sensuality or contemplation; as was well answered by Demosthenes to Æschines, a man given to pleasure, when he told him, by way of reproach, that his orations did smell of the lamp, 'Indeed,' said Demosthenes, 'there is a great difference between the things that you and I do by lamplight.' Wherefore, let no man fear lest learning should expulse business; nay, rather, it will keep and defend the possessions of the mind against idleness and pleasure, which otherwise, at unawares, may enter to the prejudice both of business and learning.—*Bacon.*

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

The general principles by which men are actuated who bequeath fortunes to public charities are *fear* and *vanity* more than benevolence, or the love of doing good, which will appear from the following considerations:—1st, If a man were possessed of real benevolence, and had (as he must then have) a delight in doing good, he would no more defer the enjoyment of this satisfaction to his death-bed, than the ambitious, the luxurious, or the vain, would wait till that period for the gratification of their several passions. 2dly, If the legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable donation of any consequence, it is scarcely possible to arise from benevolence; for he who hath no compassion for the distresses of his neighbours whom he hath seen, how should he have any pity for the wants of posterity. 3dly, If the legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the injury of his family, or to the disappointment of his own friends in want, this is a certain proof that his motive is not benevolence; for he who loves not his own friends and relations, most certainly loves no other person. Lastly, if a man hath lived any time in the world, he must observe such horrid and notorious abuses of all public charity, that he must be convinced (with a very few exceptions) that he will do no manner of good by contributing to them.—*Fielding.*

REVERENCE FOR TRUTH.

The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, *I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart.* The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar, made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation, and gave so great offence, that Euripides was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of even the smallest hint that might open a way to perjury. —*Addison.*

CONTROVERSY.

I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one: I will suffer a hundred rather than return one; I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found, that to strive with my superior, is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 184. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE DICTATOR; OR TWO SCENES IN PARAGUAY.

SCENE THE FIRST.

In the vicinity of the city of Assumption, the capital of Paraguay (that irregular country, which, from the policy of seclusion so long pursued by its government, has been termed the Japan of South America), are scattered many country-houses belonging to the more wealthy citizens, who retire thither when their business is over, to escape from the scorching heat and stifling dust of the open, unpaved streets. To many of these villas farms or plantations of considerable extent are attached, which, cultivated by servants, supply the market of the capital, and thus afford a revenue to the proprietors. It is to one of these mansions that we would transport the imagination of our readers; and as this power—namely, the imagination—is lord of time as well as of space, we shall expect it to bear us company as far back as a period of forty years ago, when Paraguay was under the sway of a Spanish governor appointed by the viceroy of Buenos Ayres. At that time there stood, about a league north of the little city of Assumption, a dwelling of small dimensions—in fact a mere cottage—but beautifully situated, and surrounded by fields of sugar-cane, maize, tobacco, and cotton, all in full cultivation. The house was built, after the fashion of the country, of sun-dried bricks, covered with plaster, and whitewashed. Along the front was a deep veranda, the pillars of which were slender stems of forest trees, stripped of their branches and bark, and whitewashed, but with many rough knots and inequalities where the boughs had been hewn off. These served to sustain the vines which, planted at their feet, ascended with many a winding clasp, and covered them with their luxuriant leaves. Then, reaching the roof of the veranda, the vines spread and interlaced, until the whole was buried in a mass of verdant foliage, which contrasted beautifully with the snow-white walls of the cottage and the ruddy tiles of the sloping eaves. In the rear of the cottage was a long, low building, appropriated to the servants and the offices, and extending to a *corral*, or enclosure, in which the cattle and horses were kept. Directly in front of the porch were two tall trees, of the tatayiba, or wild mulberry, with slender stems and a profusion of light, glossy leaves; while before, and on each side of the house, was an orchard, or it might rather be called a thicket, of fruit-trees. The broad dark leaf of the fig hardly allowed its abundant fruit, in all stages of growth, to meet the eye, but the sunny orange and yellow lime gleamed from the depths of their verdant canopy, like—to use the odd but striking simile of honest Andrew Marvell—

'Like golden lamps in a green night.'

It was late in the evening. The full unclouded moon shone on the scene here described, lighting up the white walls of the humble cottage and the verdant masses of the orange grove. The tall sugar-cane and the rustling maize-stalks waved their tasselled heads and slender leaves in the soft night-wind. Now and then might be heard the sullen hooting of a distant owl, or the harsh scream of a paroquet disturbed in its uneasy slumbers. All other sounds were hushed. The cattle were asleep in the corral, the fowls at roost on their accustomed trees. From the darkness and silence which prevailed, it appeared that all the inhabitants of the cottage were at rest, except in one room, which was lighted up, and into which we will make bold to enter. It was very simply furnished, as is usual throughout Spanish America. The brick floor was covered with fine straw matting. To the whitewashed walls were fastened a few ordinary pictures and engravings. Some light cane chairs were placed around the room, and at the farther end was an elevated dais or *estrada*, covered with the skins of the jaguar and puma, and serving as a lounge for visitors, or a couch for the siesta or afternoon nap. In the centre of the room was a table, made of the wood of the urandig-pitai, a native tree equal to the finest rosewood. Two candles stood upon it, and numerous papers—some folded, and tied with tape, others open—were scattered over it.

A young man sat beside the table, deeply engaged in the perusal of one of the documents. He was dressed like a wealthy *haçiendado*, or gentleman farmer. His jacket of blue cloth was adorned with silver buttons, hanging by little chains of an inch in length. His vest of white satin, elegantly tamboured, was open so as to show the embroidered front of his cambric shirt. His green velvet small-clothes, tied round the waist by a blue satin sash, were loose at the knee, allowing the ruffled ends of his muslin drawers to appear beneath them. They were met by white cotton stockings, and buskin boots of untanned horse-skin. The age of the wearer was apparently about twenty-five. He had the brown complexion, the dark eyes, the black, glossy hair, the thick beard and mustaches, which were proper to his Spanish descent. His handsome features wore an expression of deep sadness, and his brow was occasionally knit, as with indignation, while his eye glanced over the paper which he held. Just behind him, in another chair, but leaning on the back of his, with her eyes fixed earnestly on his face, sat a young woman of extreme beauty both of form and feature. It was a style of beauty, too, which is commonly thought peculiar to northern, or rather to cold climates, but which is, in fact, frequently seen in the interior of South America. Her chestnut hair clustered in natural ringlets round her fair face, and her dark blue eyes looked out with changeable lustre from beneath their

long brown eyelashes. Her slender form, betokening extreme youth, was attired in a simple robe of white muslin, bound at the waist by a ribbon, which was clasped with a golden buckle. It was easy to see that the natural expression of her countenance was bright and cheerful, as of one accustomed to a life of great happiness; but at this moment her look was constrained and anxious, and her eyes were fixed earnestly upon the young man, whose attention was engrossed by the manuscripts. At last she spoke, as if unable to endure the silence.

'Do you think there is any hope, Enrique?'

The young man started, and throwing from him the papers which he held, exclaimed in a tone of mournful bitterness, 'What a fool am I to pore over these long-winded pleas, rejoinders, judgments, and all their legal trash, as if they could have any influence on my cause! Do I not know that it was lost from the beginning! It is gold that has done it all—bribery, corruption! The pleading of an angel would not avail against such arguments. We are lost—utterly ruined!'

'Surely, Enrique,' replied his companion, 'the judge cannot allow his friendship for Don Manuel to bias him to so frightful a degree? All the city knows that Prieto's claim to your patrimony is utterly unfounded; and your evidence, too, is so strong.'

'Listen, Rosita,' said the young man, 'to what I heard this morning from my friend Gomez. How Gomez learned the facts, he would not inform me; but he assured me that I might rely upon them. A year ago, when Don Manuel Prieto gave his daughter in marriage to young Echeverria, he said to him, "Carlos, choose which you will of my houses in town, or my estates in the country, for your residence, and it is yours." Echeverria answered, "I will not rob you of any of your splendid residences or your great plantations. Give me only a little cottage, with an orchard and a few fields about it, like that of Enrique Gonsalez, and I shall be happy." Then Prieto said, "If that be all you require, you shall have the very house and farm you speak of." Thereupon he came to me and offered me a large price for the property—its full worth, and even more. I refused, instantly and positively, to sell my patrimony, which was endeared to me by the recollections of childhood. Why should I part with it at any price? Besides, Rosita, it was at that very time that I was preparing to lead you, my lovely, blushing bride, from your own happy home to the house of my fathers. Was that a time to sell my homestead? I told the old man flatly that all his fortune would not tempt me. Now, this is what I learn from Gomez. When Prieto returned home, he was bursting with fury at his failure, inasmuch as he had given his word to his son-in-law, and had expected that his doubloons would accomplish everything. He swore a solemn oath, that if it cost him his whole fortune, he would have my house and land, and that I should yet beg of him a pittance to save me from starvation.'

'Santa Maria!—Blessed Virgin! Can this be?' exclaimed the young wife in astonishment.

'This—this,' continued Gonsalez, 'is the origin of this sudden and outrageous suit, which at first I considered to be intended only for my annoyance, and as a mode of petty revenge. But it now appears too clearly that he is determined to push it to extremity; and his measures have been taken with such consummate skill, that no resource is left to me. The judge is gained. Every advocate has his retaining fee. I have even begun to doubt my own paid lawyer, Ramirez, who has suddenly become very cautious and cold.'

'Ramirez! He leagued with the enemy! Oh, Enrique, surely your suspicions mislead you?'

'I fear—I greatly fear: at all events he gives me no hope.'

'And is there no one,' asked Rosita, 'whom you can trust?'

'Not one of the whole court,' replied her husband in a tone of despair. 'The only advocate who cannot be bribed, and of whom lawyers and judges alike stand in awe, has long been my implacable enemy.'

'The Dr Francia?'

'Yes; ever since that unhappy affair of Gomez and Paredes. I remember well the terrible scowl he wore when he said to me, "You have wilfully crossed my path; you have injured one who never forgets a favour or an offence." Since that time, he has done all in his power—openly and fairly I admit—to thwart, annoy, and injure me. Nor have I been slow, I confess it, to retaliate. He is an intimate friend of Prieto's. Oh how he must exult in my approaching ruin!'

'Not, surely,' said Rosita, 'if he be the honest, upright man he is proclaimed to be. His integrity must revolt at such injustice.'

'There are many esteemed very honest,' replied Gonsalez, 'who will rejoice in a result attained by evil means, provided they are not responsible for the evil-doing. But,' he continued, rising from his chair, and pacing the room with hasty steps, 'what is it to me who exults or who laments over my unhappy fate? What is certain is, that in three days we are driven forth, to beg or starve, from this house, in which I fondly hoped to spend a long and happy life with thee, my beloved. Ah, Rosita! what day-dreams have been mine of the pleasant future which awaited us here, but which will never be ours to enjoy! It is not for myself that I grieve. I can struggle with the current. But when I think that I have drawn you from the peaceful shelter of your paternal roof in Villa Rica to this distant city, to share in my desperate fortunes, I am ready to go mad with remorse and rage.'

'And this is the way you treat me!' replied the young wife in an offended tone. 'When I, poor, foolish creature, was thinking that my presence and my love would be some alleviation to your misfortune, you do your best to distress me by calling them an aggravation. Come here, sir,' she continued, seizing him by the hand, and pulling him with gentle force to a chair by her side—'sit down by me, you treacherous man, and tell me what you married me for. Was it only to have me in your house like a great doll, prettily dressed, for a plaything and a show? Or was it merely that I might keep you company, and entertain your friends in *tertulias*,* and make your *maté*,† and see that your clothes were in order, and your dinners well cooked? No, sir; your *ama de llaves*‡ did these things quite as well as I. Well, then, was it to be your helpmate, to love you in joy and in sorrow, to comfort you, to toil for you, to pray for you, to believe that there was no unhappiness where you were, and to make you believe so too? Oh, Enrique! you do not know me. You are a man: well, am not I a woman?'

'You are an angel, I believe,' said Enrique, interrupting her rapid speech by clasping her round the waist.

'Let me alone. I say I am a woman: and are there

* Evening parties.

† Paraguay tea, made from the leaves of a tree peculiar to that country.

‡ Housekeeper; literally, mistress of keys.

not poor women as well as poor men? And do not women have to toil and suffer as much as men? Yes, truly, and a great deal more. Now, Enrique,' said the lovely pleader, leaning with her clasped hands on her husband's shoulder, and looking fondly in his face, 'listen to my plan, which I have formed while you were poring over your musty papers. When we leave our dear home, which I shall regret as much as you, for I have had my day-dreams too, Enrique'—and a tear, unbidden, stood in her bright blue eye—'but when we leave it, you shall hire a little hut, and a little piece of ground, such as we can find for twenty dollars a-year, like that which old Antonio lives in—the old Mulatto, who talks all the time with his Indian wife, who never says anything: just like me, you know.'

'But where are we to find our twenty dollars, you dear little St Tacita?' interrupted Enrique, smiling in spite of himself.

'Hush with your impertinent inquisitions. You are worse than a lawyer. Why, my earnings are worth more than sixty dollars; so there is three years' rent at once. You shall cultivate the ground, and raise your yams, your maize, and your pine-apples, your water-melons and your musk-melons, your sugar-cane, and, above all, your cotton; while I shall take care of the house—which wont be much, you know; and then I will pick and card your cotton, and spin and weave it, and cut it, and make it up, and tambour it so, that the governor himself shall be only too happy to give a hundred dollars for a shirt from my fingers. Moreover, every Saturday I will go into the market, like the other *paisanas*,* with my donkey, and my panniers filled with all the good fruits that you will raise, and all the nice and pretty things that I can make—my tarts and pies, my bouquets, my toys and *cigarrillos*!† Ah, I think I see myself in a corner of the market-house, in my white petticoat and embroidered vest, with my little *rebozo*‡ on my head, seated in state on my mat, with all my wares about me. I am sure I shall draw all the custom. Buy a water-melon, senor? Buy my candles, senorita—elegant mould candles? Here's your nice new-laid eggs! Here's your beautiful onions! Here's your fine white yams—yams—yams! Ah, buy a pie, ma'am, baked this morning, I assure you; or a bunch of elegant flowers, for the dear good saint;§ or a sweet pretty little doll for the charming little senorita; or a little whip for the dear little senorito to whip his beautiful little horse with?' The lively Rosita mimicked so admirably the tones and manner of the market-women of Assumption, that her husband shouted 'Bravo!' and clapped his hands, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. It was a delightful scene; and it ended by his clasping once more his lovely wife to his bosom, and thanking Heaven that he had one treasure of which Prieto could not deprive him.

At this moment they were startled by a loud knock at the outer door. 'Who can it be at this hour?' said Enrique.

'Some messenger from the city perhaps,' replied his wife. 'Here, Rossi,' she said, opening the door of the apartment, 'go and see who it is that knocks.'

Rossi, their trusty Mulatto servant, who was nodding in the passage, arose, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and proceeded to obey the commands of his mistress. He returned in a minute with his eyes wide open, and every trace of drowsiness banished by consternation. 'Oh, senor! oh, mistress!' he stammered; 'it is that man, Dr Francia! Shall I let him in?'

Rossi knew well the inveterate enmity between his master and the doctor, which was indeed notorious to all the city and neighbourhood. 'Dr Francia!' exclaimed Gonsalez, no less astonished, and much perplexed. 'What can he want with me?'

'Perhaps he comes from Don Manuel to propose some compromise,' suggested his wife. 'Pray see him by all means.'

'Well, Rossi, desire the doctor to enter. We shall know our fate.'

Rossi returned to the door, and shortly afterwards a hasty step was heard in the passage, and the person of whom they spoke entered the room. His tall erect form was clad from head to foot in scholastic black, with the exception of his ample cloak of crimson cloth, which was wrapped around his shoulders after the Spanish fashion. He might be above forty years of age. His face was long, with strongly-marked features; thin lips firmly closed, dark piercing eyes, and a swarthy complexion, but with that peculiar tinge of sallowness acquired by close confinement and study. His dark hair was drawn back from his capacious forehead, and fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. His whole physiognomy conveyed a strong impression of intellect and firmness. He waited for no salutation, but spoke at once. 'Senor Don Enrique, I know that my presence here is as unwelcome as it is unexpected.'

'I am honoured,' began Gonsalez; but the doctor interrupted him with a hasty motion of the hand.

'I do not come to bandy compliments, senor; but on an errand of duty. You are now engaged in a suit with my *friend* Don Manuel Prieto (he pronounced the word 'friend' with a strong emphasis), by which you are about to lose this house and estate. From what I learn, it appears that his suit is an atrocious outrage on law and justice, and is likely to be gained by a violation of every legal and honest principle. Is this the truth, senor?'

'It is,' replied Gonsalez eagerly, 'as surely as that there is a just God in heaven!'

'This must not be, Don Enrique,' replied Dr Francia. 'I cannot allow the law, that noble science to which I have devoted my life, to be so perverted to an engine of fraud and oppression. I am the friend of Don Manuel; I am, and shall ever be, your enemy. But I am more the friend of right, and the enemy of wrong. I offer you my services. Will you trust me with your cause?'

'With my life!' exclaimed Gonsalez, astonished and overjoyed. 'Oh, senor, under what a load of obligation do you lay me!'

'Under none,' returned the lawyer hastily. 'I serve the cause of justice. We are enemies now and ever!'

'Surely, senor, not now?' exclaimed Rosita. 'Not after this?'

'Madam,' replied the doctor coldly, 'neither my friendships nor my enmities are like a cloak, to be put on and off at pleasure, and thrown aside when worn out. These, I perceive, are your documents,' he continued, sweeping from the table the pile of papers which lay upon it, and collecting them under his arm within his cloak. 'Have no further anxiety, Don Enrique; your cause is safe. I do not think that Don Pedro de Sarmiento will dare to trifle with *me*!' he said proudly, drawing up his stately form to its full height. 'Let him beware: if he turns to the right or left, he is lost. Judge of appeal as he is, royal auditor as he styles himself, I will drag him from his seat to ignominy and ruin. What! is it come to this, that a corrupt judge and venal advocates shall twist the law with impunity to their own vile ends, and rob us of our fortunes without redress? I, José Gaspar Francia, say that this thing shall not be. Farewell, sir; I repeat it, your patrimony is safe. Adieu, madam; I kiss your feet;' and bowing with ceremonious politeness, the great lawyer abruptly turned, and departed as hastily as he had come. He left behind him glad hearts and joyous countenances.

'How much better are the grim doctor's acts than his words!' said Rosita. 'Surely he cannot be in earnest when he speaks of enmity?'

'Dr Francia seldom speaks in jest,' replied Enrique;

* Peasant women.

† Little cigars made of tobacco, cut fine, and wrapped in a slip of paper or maize leaf.

‡ A sort of scarf, thrown over the head or round the neck at the pleasure of the wearer.

§ It is common throughout Spanish America to have an image of the patron saint in the best room of the house, and great care is taken in dressing and adorning it with jewels and garlands.

'but what matters his enmity after this? I defy him to do me as much harm hereafter as he now does me good!'

Ill-founded confidence! Alas! there came a time when Gonsalez would have given house and land, and all his hopes of worldly prosperity, to buy even the miserable boon of eternal banishment from the country in which Dr Francia dwelt!

SCENE THE SECOND.

Twelve years have elapsed since the scene just described. We must now ask our readers to accompany us to the Casa de Gobierno, or government house, in the city of Assumption, the capital of the free and independent republic of Paraguay. It is a large low edifice of whitewashed brick, with no pretensions to elegance or state. At one extremity of it is a room of moderate size, very poorly furnished. A long table which occupied the upper end, close to the wall, supported a double row of books, and several astronomical and surveying instruments. At a small round table, in the centre of the room, was seated a youth of pleasing intelligent appearance, engaged in writing; while a tall elderly man, dressed in black, but with a crimson cloak thrown around his shoulders, walked slowly up and down the room in deep thought. It was Francia, no longer a simple doctor of laws and advocate, but, by the election of his fellow-citizens, and the force of his indomitable will, supreme dictator of Paraguay, the absolute ruler of the country. There was little change to be perceived in his appearance, except that his hair was slightly grizzled, and his countenance gloomier than ever. At length the young man ceased writing, and after glancing timidly towards the stern dictator, as if to ask permission, he said, 'May it please your excellency, the letter is finished.'

'Read it,' said Francia.

The young man read the document, which was a letter directed to the public authorities of Buenos Ayres, positively refusing to enter into any treaty, either of commerce or alliance, with them. When he had concluded, the dictator said, 'Very good. Transcribe it, and bring it to me for my signature. You have a good style, Villarino, and your compositions please me.'

'Ah, your excellency,' stammered the youth, much gratified by a speech of commendation from his stern master, 'if the supremo would but allow me to speak.'

'Well, what is it?' inquired Francia, turning and directing a piercing gaze at his secretary.

'I am proud to obey your excellency's commands, whatever they may be,' said the young man; 'but may I not venture to express a wish that my honoured master would regard the foreign policy of our country in a somewhat different light?'

'Well, go on!' said the dictator in a deep harsh tone, observing that the secretary hesitated.

'I shall be miserable if I offend your excellency,' continued the young man; 'I only thought, that possibly, without perplexing ourselves by foreign alliances, we might cultivate an advantageous commerce by exchanging our surplus productions for their cheap and useful wares.'

'Have you finished your lecture?' inquired Francia with a tone of bitter sarcasm, and a ferocious scowl.

'Ah, pardon!—pardon!' exclaimed the unhappy youth; 'I meant not to offend.'

'When I took you for my secretary,' continued the unrelenting dictator, 'and favoured you by my countenance, I trusted that you had at least the sense not to burn your fingers by thrusting them wilfully into the fire. So you are a political economist, senor! and aspire to be a partner in my government. Do you know how I treat such intermeddlers?'

'Pardon my folly, my lord!' cried the youth, still more and more terrified. 'I will never offend again!'

'Out! away with you!' thundered Francia, stamping violently on the floor. 'Quit my presence now and for ever! Remain in your house till further orders. I will take care that you never repeat the offence.'

The unfortunate secretary slunk terror-stricken from the room, while the excited dictator paced up and down like an enraged tiger in his lair. His eyes glared, and his brow was knit. 'Shall I never find a tool,' he said, 'who will not erect himself into an adviser?' Suddenly the door opened. 'Ha! thou villain, wouldst thou assassinate me?' cried the despot, rushing to the table, on which lay two loaded pistols and a drawn sword.

'Oh, Senor Excelentissimo, it is only your poor servant,' said the new-comer in a piteous tone, dropping on his knees; 'I thought I heard your lordship's excellency bid me enter.'

'Ha, Estevan! is it thou? Beware how thou rushest so hastily into my presence, or thou mayest chance to repent it with a bullet in thy fat carcase. Well, what news?'

The person addressed was a little, plump, round-faced man, with an air of good-humour and sly cunning on his oily features. He might be, from his appearance, a small shopkeeper, or perhaps a publican. Scratching his head, as if to collect his scattered senses from the shock of his first reception, he replied, 'I have not much to tell your excellency, but I learn that Don Domingo Saavedra and Don Vicente Valdez meet frequently, and in private, at the house of Don Fernando Pinto.'

'Ha! well, that corresponds!' said Francia. 'What more?'

'Manuel Artigas says, that if you compel him to pull down his house to form your new street, he shall expect compensation.'

'He shall have it—free lodgings in the public prison. I will have no grumblings at my plans for the improvement of my capital. Anything more?'

'The old Pelado says that you can drive out the Franciscans to-day, but your own turn may come to-morrow.'

'He says so?—the scoundrel! I have long borne with his mutinous expressions. Good! No one suspects you of communicating with me, Estevan?'

'No, your excellency; thanks to my little office and my management.'

'Well, go! Be faithful, and you shall meet with your reward.'

The spy departed, and the dictator ringing a bell, a sergeant of the guard entered. 'Sergeant,' said Francia, 'you will take a file of men, and arrest Manuel Artigas without delay, and commit him to the public prison. This will serve him for lodgings while his house is pulled down, and teach him discretion. Tell him so. You will then proceed to seize the old Spaniard, Ruiz Palacios, commonly called the Pelado; iron him with a double bar, and have him ready for the banquillo* to-morrow morning, as a warning for all traitors.'

'Yes, your excellency. I have to report that the French merchant, Latour, is at the point of death. He is with his family at the house of his father-in-law, Don Pedro Cortina.'

'Very well. Place a guard in the dwelling, and also in his warehouse, and the moment he dies, seize his property for the use of the state. Our treasury is getting low; and whatever happens, my faithful troops, who love me like children, shall not want their pay. You may go, sergeant.'

The soldier departed on his errands of terror, enchanted with the favour shown by his master to the body to which he belonged, and by means of which the crafty despot secured his ascendancy over his fellow-citizens, and maintained his arbitrary power. A low knock was then heard; and after a reiterated command to enter, the door was gently opened, and a man appeared, dressed in the garb of a cura, or parish priest. His face was pale, and his look constrained and downcast.

* The 'little bench' or stool on which criminals are seated for execution.

'Well, Pai* Melindez, what word from your penitent?' inquired the supremo.

'Dona Teresa informs me that, from the expressions let fall by her lover, she is more than ever convinced that some plot is going on in which Saavedra and Vicente Valdez are concerned. But she cannot acquire any certainty with regard to their designs.'

'Have you warned her that her salvation depends on bringing you a full and accurate report of all she sees and hears on the subject?'

'Yes, your excellency.'

'Well, then, I warn you, Pai Melindez, that your salvation—do you understand?—depends on your bringing me a full report of all you see and hear on that and every other subject.'

'Yes, your excellency; I endeavour to do my duty,' answered the poor priest submissively. 'I was this evening at the country-house of Don Enrique Gonsalez, where there was a large tertulia, to celebrate the recovery of his charming wife, after the birth of their fourth child. A lovely family is that of Don Enrique.'

'Pah!' interrupted the dictator with a scowl. 'What is this trash about lovely children and charming wives, with which you are stuffing my ears? Beware, Senor Cura; tell me what is important for me to know, and remember that I have other sources of information to check you if you play me false.'

'Don Enrique spoke of your excellency, and of the noble manner in which you rescued his patrimony from the clutches of his villanous enemies.'

'Ha! well?'

'He said that he could not conceive how the Dictator Francia and Dr Francia the advocate should be the same man.'

'Don Enrique has a feeble imagination,' said the despot in a dry sarcastic tone. 'Well, what else? There was more of it?'

'Yes, your excellency,' replied the unhappy priest, twitching at the sleeve of his cassock, and hesitating with a look of distress; 'he said that if you continued to add to your prisons, and the number of their inmates, you would shortly not have subjects at large sufficient to guard those in confinement.'

'He said that!' exclaimed Francia, pausing for a moment. 'The fool! The senseless, babbling idiot! I have spared him so long, because I considered him too weak an enemy to deserve more than contempt. And yet, not appreciating my clemency, he must talk!—must express his idle, worthless opinions about my state policy, and do his best to excite disaffection against me. He shall learn, and his associates shall take warning, that I have yet faithful subjects enough to keep watch over all traitors. Begone, Sir Priest!'

The curate departed, and the little tinkling bell summoned a sentinel, whom Francia directed to call the Captain Orbegoso. In a few minutes the captain made his appearance—a ruffianly-looking soldier, with immense whiskers and mustaches, and dressed in a blue uniform, with red facings, a blue sash, and epaulets. He held in his hand a letter, which the dictator instantly remarked.

'Ah! A petition from my children—my soldiers?' he inquired.

'No, your excellency; it is a letter which was found on the table of poor Villarino. They have just brought his body home from the river.'

'What! drowned?' exclaimed Francia astonished; and snatching the letter, he tore it open, and read as follows:—

'TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE SUPREME DICTATOR.

'It is now two years since your excellency deigned to cast your eyes on me, and consider my poor abilities worthy of your service. I appeal with confidence to your excellency to attest the fidelity, the assiduity with which I have devoted myself to the duties of my office. For a single inconsiderate observation, intended for the benefit not less of your government than of our common country, I am driven from your presence, and threatened with the same doom which has overtaken so many worthier citizens before me. I understood but too well the meaning of your excellency's last words. But the name of Villarino shall never, through me, be sullied by the infamy of the banquillo or the state-prison. I do but anticipate my fate, which was sure to overtake me. I spare you the annoyance—may I say the pain?—of directing my punishment. In return, I will venture to hope that, if hereafter any member of my family should be so unfortunate as to incur your displeasure, you will pardon him, remembering that you have already had one voluntary victim in the unhappy JOAQUIM VILLARINO.'

The letter fell from the hands of the dictator. An unwonted expression of regret lingered for a moment on his harsh countenance; but it soon passed away, and recovering himself, he observed, loud enough for the captain to hear him, 'The poor fool must needs meddle with matters above his sphere; and finding that his impertinence offends me, he sees fit to leap into the river. Well, so be it. Perhaps he is right. He has saved me trouble. Sooner or later, it must have come to this. No government can endure the officious interference of unqualified subjects, and it is necessary,' he continued, looking steadily at the officer, who quailed beneath his glance, 'to repress it by any means whatsoever. Orbegoso, you will take with you twenty dragoons, and proceed to the house of Don Enrique Gonsalez: arrest him instantly; drag him, if need be, out of his bed; convey him to the prison in your barracks; have him heavily fettered, and place him in the dungeon heretofore occupied by Pedro Garcia, who died this morning. There let him rot, as a warning to all impertinent babblers who cannot restrain their tongues from wagging on forbidden subjects. Go!'

The officer made his obeisance, and departed. The dictator, seating himself quietly at the table, lighted a cigar, and was soon absorbed in a book, utterly regardless of the misery which in a few short hours he had spread around him.

Some of our readers may share in the doubt of poor Gonsalez—whether it can be possible that the bold, upright, incorruptible advocate described in the first of these scenes, could have become the heartless wily dictator, the suspicious tyrant, who has just been seen ruling a miserable people through the agency of hireling troops, of degraded spies, of jailors and executioners, and all the customary apparatus of despotism. Those of them, however, who have read the admirable 'Letters on Paraguay' by the Messrs Robertson, will be aware that all the important incidents of the narrative are strictly true; the only liberties here taken with them being in the minor details and descriptive portions of the story. The Dictator Francia is one of a long list of examples which prove the baneful effect of arbitrary power on the possessor. Before he became the ruler of Paraguay, he was esteemed the only man in the country fitted to govern it—so high was the confidence in his sagacity, his firmness, and, above all, his integrity. Had he not been trusted with unlimited command, it is probable that he would have made a most excellent executive governor. But having once acquired a dictatorial power, his unbounded pride and ambition incited him to use every effort to retain it. Then followed a prætorian soldiery, an all-pervading espionage, severe exactions to supply a failing treasury—rebellions, conspiracies, proscriptions—the dungeon, the torture, the ignominious death. Such, by the teaching of history, and the experience of all nations, is the regular and inevitable sequence of results which flow from the establishment of an irresponsible authority. No benevolence is so hearty, no honesty so pure, no humility so lowly, as not to yield at last to the

* *Pai*, which signifies 'father' in the Guarani or native Paraguayan tongue, is the term by which priests are usually addressed in that country.

engrossing sway of the passion for domination. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that the restraints of constitutional forms are, at least, quite as valuable to rulers as to their subjects; for if the latter have to fear the injurious effects of arbitrary power upon their external and temporal prosperity, the former have still more to dread its subtle and lasting influence upon themselves.

RISING AND SINKING OF LAND IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

In the temperate regions of the earth, we are so accustomed to associate the idea of perfect stability with the ground on which we tread, that we are prone to incredulity when told of upheavals of the land, which cannot be immediately referred to the action of volcanoes or earthquakes. And when travellers have witnessed one of the latter convulsions for the first time, their description of their sensations presents a singular mixture of bewilderment and alarm, jostling long-settled convictions. Startling, however, as may be the phenomena of earthquakes, the subsidence or elevation of hills, draining or formation of lakes, diversion of rivers, they only represent on the sudden what has in all time been effected by the slow and silent, though not less sure, operations of nature in various parts of the world. That such changes have taken place in past ages, many persons are willing to believe; but they incline to doubt the existence of similar movements in the present period. They have heard or read of beds of marine shells being found at elevations and places far remote from the sea, or of ancient vessels dug up far below the soil; but these things have been conveniently referred to the Deluge, or some sudden inundation, under the impression that since those events no farther commotion has happened. But the observations of scientific men testify to the alterations continually going on over large portions of the earth's surface, not less remarkable than those due to the violence of earthquakes.

Mr Lyell was the first to make these phenomena popularly known in this country, in his 'Principles of Geology,' a work which we are greatly pleased to see republished in a *seventh* edition, abounding as it does with sound and comprehensive views likely to do good service to the cause of geological science. This writer directed attention to the gradual elevation of the land in Sweden and adjacent portions of the north of Europe; and a summary of his observations, as amplified in the new edition, will serve to convey an idea of what is known of this interesting phenomenon.

We may premise that instances of upheaval and submergence are more general than is commonly supposed. Many changes of level are to be traced in the valley of the Rhine. In Sicily, shells, identical with those now existing in the Mediterranean, are found at a height of three thousand feet above the sea level. Calabria presents similar appearances. The latter country, it is thought, is slowly rising—a point not yet determined, owing to the comparatively short period during which observations have been made. In the bay of Baiae, fish are now caught on certain parts of the coast, which, in 1807, were dry land: the depression goes on at the rate of one inch in four years. Places on the coast of Asia Minor are slowly increasing their distance from the sea; and according to Von Hoff, a German writer, the island of Tahiti gains in height every year. Mr Darwin has shown that the bed of the Pacific Ocean has undergone frequent upheavals and depressions, the coral reefs being sometimes elevated into mountain-ranges, at others sunk fathoms below the level at which they were formed. In 1822, a portion of the South American continent, equal in extent to the British isles, was raised; and similar movements are still going on. To turn to our own country: The town of Brighton once stood, where the chain-pier is now built, on a beach which the sea had abandoned for ages. In Shetland and Cornwall great changes have occurred within the memory of man. Evidences of upheaval are apparent on some parts bordering the estuary of the Clyde. In the Isle of Arran a circle of inland cliffs is distinctly visible. A large portion of Lincolnshire was once covered by the sea, where cattle now graze; while on the opposite coast of Yorkshire, towns which were busy ports in the fourteenth century, are now covered by the waves. At one part of the Norfolk shore there is a depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, where, fifty years ago, stood a cliff fifty feet in height.

Many other facts might be adduced, were more required, to prove the existence of constant change. The results may appear small, when compared with the agencies at work, and the long ages required to produce them; yet when looked at as the means by which nature provides for the duration of her empire, we shall find reason to estimate them at their full value.

About the beginning of last century, Celsius, a celebrated Swedish naturalist, gave it as his opinion that the waters of the North and Baltic seas were slowly subsiding, the decrease amounting to nearly four feet in one hundred years. The fact he showed had been noticed by ancient writers, according to whom Scandinavia was formerly an island, but towards the ninth century had become part of the continent by the retreating of the waters. In common, however, with the early astronomers, who were deceived by *apparent* motions of the stars, so these writers, and Celsius himself, were deceived by the apparent subsidence of the sea. The speculations gave rise to a controversy, in which it was argued that as there was no proof of a rising of the ocean in other regions, there could be no sinking in the north. Playfair suggested that the appearances were due rather to an elevation of the land —an opinion confirmed by Von Buch, who, after exploring Sweden in 1807, expressed his conviction 'that the whole country, from Frederickshall in Norway to Abo in Finland, and perhaps as far as St Petersburg, was slowly and insensibly rising.' This declaration from so eminent an authority led to a more critical examination of the subject. Marks had been chiselled in the rocks on various parts of the Baltic shores, to serve as an index of the water-level. These were inspected by a commission in 1820–21, and a report was presented to the Royal Academy of Stockholm, in which the subsidence of the water, subsequently to the incision of the marks, was clearly demonstrated; at the same time new marks were made.

In 1834, Mr Lyell set out for Sweden, to convince himself, by actual observation, of the truth or falsehood of the theory advanced. He first visited the famous castle of Calmar: the bases of two projecting towers were once washed by the sea, but now they are above the sea-level, having risen four feet in as many centuries. He also examined the marks cut by direction of the commission in 1820–21, and found them in all cases from four to five inches above the surface of the water, which, when first cut, they exactly indicated; and after careful consideration of the facts, and inquiry among the most eminent Swedish engineers, assured himself that the evidence in favour of a rise of the land was altogether conclusive. The absence of tides in the Baltic, and the peculiar configuration of the coasts of Sweden and Norway, render the determination of the upheaval a comparatively easy task. On reference to a map of those countries, a range of small islands will be seen a short distance from the mainland, and following its indentations; these islands, locally termed skär (*skair*), are rocky and precipitous, and by repelling the violence of the waves, leave the space within comparatively calm. The natives take advantage of this circumstance for their short coasting voyages; and by passing frequently through the intricate channels, become perfectly acquainted with every rock. Notwithstanding the slowness of the upward movement, it is sufficient to derange the navigation: channels are narrowed, twisted, or altogether filled up. Rocks which formerly were sunken, are now several feet above the

surface of the water, and, by the resort of sea-birds and other accumulations, in time are converted into islands. As the process goes on, the hollows between dry up, and become pastures surrounded by fir-clad cliffs. Instances of this transformation have occurred, within the memory of living witnesses, both on the eastern and western coasts of Sweden. With regard to this change, Mr Lyell observes, 'My attention was frequently called to low pastures from one to three miles inland, where the old inhabitants or their fathers remembered that boats and ships had sailed. The traveller would not have suspected such recent conversions of sea into *terra firma;* but there are few regions where a valley newly gained from the sea may so rapidly assume an air of considerable antiquity. Every small island and rock off this coast is covered with wood; and it only requires that the intervening channels and fiords should dry up, and become overspread with green turf, for the country to wear at once an inland aspect, with open glades and plains surrounded by well-wooded heights.'

While rowing to examine a marked rock forty miles to the north-east of Upsal, the boatmen pointed out rocks, from one to two feet above the water, which, when boys, they remembered to have been below the surface; and a channel then nearly dry, as one through which heavily-laden boats once passed. So accustomed are they to the natural evidences of the rise, that they detect them without reference to the artificial marks, but attribute the change rather to subsidence of the sea than to elevation of the land. At Löfgrund, a mark cut in a rock in 1731 was found to be nearly three feet above the present water-level. In the sixteenth century, the port of Gothenburg was twenty miles higher up the firth on which it is built than the place where it now stands, and, according to appearances, the waters are still retiring. At Gefle, Mr Lyell states, preparations were being made to remove the harbour nearer to the sea, in consequence of the increasing shallowness of the water. At some parts of the coast both of Sweden and Finland, reports are current among the villagers of wrecks and anchors dug up at places far in the interior; and the grass crops of meadows near the sea are said to be insensibly increasing with the gradual elevation of the land. Mr Lyell travelled across Sweden from the east to the west coast, on the summit-level, and found everywhere the same appearances as on the coast. The whole country affords incontestable evidence of upheaval, but varying in different districts, being greatest towards the north, where the rise has been from six hundred to seven hundred feet, near Christiana four hundred feet, and at Uddevalla two hundred feet. The elevation, however, has been neither uniform nor continuous; what is now rising was once sinking, interrupted by long intervals of rest. Near Uddevalla, on the western coast, on removing a shelly stratum from a mass of gneiss more than one hundred feet above the sea-level, barnacles were found clinging so firmly to the surface, that portions of the newly-exposed rock came away on detaching them. Other zoophytes were also met with in considerable numbers, of the same peculiar dwarfish structure as those at present existing in the Gulf of Bothnia. The finding of similar shells at places seventy miles from the sea in the interior of the country, divests the instance here referred to of anything like an accidental character; and proves most satisfactorily that this portion of the continent has lain for a long period below the sea, while accumulations have formed above it. Perhaps the most interesting fact noticed by Mr Lyell, is the discovery of a wooden fishing-hut, at a depth of sixty-four feet beneath the surface of the soil, during the excavations for a canal to unite Lake Maeler with an inlet of the Baltic. The structure was about eight feet square; the walls crumbled away on exposure to the air, but the floor-timbers remained sound. There was a rude stone fireplace in the centre, with fragments of half-burnt wood, and outside, a heap of wood piled up for fuel: not a particle of iron appeared to have been used in the construction of this singular building. It was compactly buried in fine sand, on which coarse gravel and large boulders in wavy strata were superimposed. It has been shown that the submergence, if caused by a sudden inundation, would have left the boulders, as the heaviest portion of the materials, at the bottom, instead of where they are now found, at the surface—a position in which they have been deposited by floating ice. And we learn from this remarkable fact, that since the building of fishing-huts in Sweden, the land where the canal is dug has sunk during a period long enough for the deposition of strata sixty-four feet in thickness by the sea, and has subsequently been raised to its present elevation.

Observations on this interesting phenomenon have been made in Sweden for about a century and a half, and we see no reason to doubt their correctness. They are still carried on under the direction of Berzelius and other members of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, with a view to determine the direction of the upheaval. As yet, the evidence is in favour of an oscillation or see-saw motion from south to north. In 1749, Linnæus measured the distance of a large stone from the water, at Trelleborg, on the coast of Scania, the southern extremity of Sweden; it then lay one hundred feet farther from the sea than when measured in 1836—eighty-seven years later. In the seaports of this part of the country, the streets are in many instances below the level of the water—a situation in which they were not likely to have been built—and artificial mounds have been made to prevent the encroachments of the waves. It would thus appear that while the north is rising, the south is sinking; the proportion of dry land increases in the former, and diminishes in the latter. The changes to be brought about by such, as yet, mysterious movements, it is impossible to foretell. A similar phenomenon has been observed on the west coast of Greenland, where a tract six hundred miles in length is slowly subsiding. Low islands and buildings gradually disappear; and the native Greenlander, it is said, has been taught by experience to desist from building his dwelling on the verge of the ocean.

The area of upheaval comprised in Sweden and the adjacent countries is of great extent, and may be much larger than as yet appears by the observations. According to the present data, it extends from Gothenburg to Torneo, and as far as the North Cape, but increasing towards the north, where, being covered by the ocean, its detection becomes difficult, if not altogether impossible. In length it embraces one thousand miles, and probably half that distance in breadth; and should the elevation still continue at the same rate, the upper portion of the Gulf of Bothnia, and a large extent of the sea on the west of Sweden, between Uddevalla and Gothenburg, will become converted into dry land. According to Humboldt, the bottom of the sea, now forty-five fathoms below the surface, would begin to emerge at the end of twelve thousand years.

Various hypotheses have been put forward to account for the phenomenon described in the present paper. Some writers refer all disturbances in the crust of the earth to the action of an immense central fire; others, on the contrary, attribute them to chemical agencies—decomposition of water, and magnetism. We need not call in the aid of so tremendous a power as that to be derived from an interior fire, only a few hundred miles less in diameter than the globe, to effect that which daily experience teaches us may be effected by a power similar to that exerted by the hydrostatic press; and it is well known that the passage of voltaic currents generates heat to a degree sufficient to account for volcanic and other convulsions. Experiments have been made in America as to the expansion of rocks by heat, from which, according to Mr Lyell, 'a mass of sandstone, a mile in thickness, which should have its temperature raised 200 degrees Fahrenheit, would lift a superimposed layer of rock to the height of ten feet above its former level. But suppose a part of the earth's crust, one hundred miles in thickness, and equally expansible, to

have its temperature raised 600 or 800 degrees, this might produce an elevation of between two and three thousand feet. The cooling of the same mass might afterwards cause the overlying rocks to sink down again, and resume their original position.' All the facts hitherto adduced tend to show that no geological period has been one of continued repose. In whatever quarter of the world we look, the same indications speak to us of the mighty changes which have been and are still in action in most intelligible language. 'It seems to be rendered probable,' writes Mr Lyell, 'that the constant repair of the land, and the subserviency of our planet to the support of terrestrial as well as aquatic species, are secured by the elevating and depressing power of causes acting in the interior of the earth; which, although so often the source of death and terror to the inhabitants of the globe—visiting in succession every zone, and filling the earth with monuments of ruin and disorder—are nevertheless the agents of a conservative principle above all others essential to the stability of the system.'

'LIKE IS AN ILL MARK.'

This is a Scotch proverb, which the lawyer would do well to keep in mind in his investigations of evidence, and the man of science in his endeavours to interpret nature. To be misled by resemblances, is one of the most common forms of error. A remarkable example has lately come under public attention in the northern section of the island.

The Scotch Presbyterians use a version of the Psalms dating from the Civil War, rugged and literal, though not without some merit. About seventy years ago, the refined taste of the Robertsons and Blairs prompted an addition to the national psalmody, in the form of hymns and translations of scripture; and ultimately the church adopted a group of about sixty such spiritual songs, which have ever since been generally used in Presbyterian places of worship. Of the *Paraphrases*, as these compositions are popularly called, many are possessed of considerable merit, a few being the production of John Logan, whose works are generally admitted into collections of the British poets; while others are the work of two private clergymen, Morrison and Cameron, who might have better ranked in the same list than not a few of their contemporaries who do.

About two months ago, a manuscript volume was brought to light in Edinburgh, containing this cluster of new psalmody, at an early stage in its preparation, with emendations in three different hands of writing, giving a glimpse of the process through which the poems went before they appeared in their present state. One of the hands was neat and feminine; the second, a rough but formal hand; the third—to quote a newspaper notice—'masculine, massy, mysterious: such a hand as at once arrests the eye of the autographologist, and which catches even the uninitiated, like some strongly-marked countenance, which, once seen, is never forgotten.'

The various literary gentlemen who saw the volume, did not for a moment hesitate to express their belief that this last hand was that of Robert Burns. The only point it seemed to them necessary to be anxious about was—the date. The Paraphrases having been finally arranged in 1781, could Burns have had a share in them? He might, for he was then twenty-two years of age—an obscure flax-dresser, indeed, at Irvine, but believed to have been even then known amongst the provincial clergy, some one of whom might have had an opportunity of consulting him on this subject. Then the nature of the emendations in the 'massy, mysterious hand,' was such as to argue the master of the lyre. On this point we may quote the able journalist who first called attention to the subject.

'In the amendments on the Paraphrases, we find unmistakeable marks of the "deep mouth." At how slight an expense of words, for instance, is the following stanza (the 2d verse of the 50th paraphrase) redeemed from feebleness and commonplace, and rendered instinct with elegance and vigour! We find from the manuscript that it had originally stood thus:—

> "Those bodies then, corrupted now,
> Shall uncorrupted rise:
> Mortal they fell, but rise to live
> Immortal in the skies."

The magician touches it, and it takes straightway the exquisite form in which we now find it vested in the Assembly's version—

> "Those bodies *that corrupted fell*,
> Shall uncorrupted rise;
> *And mortal forms shall spring to life*
> Immortal in the skies."

In some instances we see a broken figure disentangled from the debris in which it had lain, and then repaired and set up in its integrity, as if by a breath. Thus, the 26th paraphrase had begun—

> "Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring
> Of ever-flowing bliss."

The poet breathes upon it, and it becomes—

> "Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring
> *Where living waters flow*."

In other cases the smallest sprinkling of words works a mighty change. Thus, the 4th and 5th verses of the 6th paraphrase had originally run as follows:—

> "Though in his garden to the sun
> His boughs with verdure smile;
> Though deeply fixed, his spreading roots
> Unshaken stand a while;
> Yet when from Heaven his sentence flies,
> He's hurried from his place."

As re-written in the hand of Burns, and in part adopted by the committee, the passage runs thus:—

> "*Fair in the* garden to the sun
> His boughs with *blossoms* smile,
> *And*, deeply fixed, his spreading roots
> Unshaken stand a while;
> *But forth the sentence flies from Heaven*,
> *And sweeps him from his place*."

In the second line here, the original words, "boughs with *verdure* smile," must have been preferred by the committee to the more euphonous "boughs with *blossoms* smile" of the poet; and in the concluding line, we find a "*that*" substituted for the "*and*." The reader will detect similar re-alterations, which are hardly improvements, in the following stanzas of the 48th paraphrase. We first give them in the original of the manuscript volume:—

> "Now let our souls ascend above
> The fears of guilt and wo;
> God is for us our friend declared,
> Who then can be our foe?
> He who his Son, his only Son,
> For us gave up to die,
> Will He withhold a lesser gift,
> Or what is good deny?
>
> Behold all blessings sealed in this
> The highest pledge of love,
> All grace and peace on earth below,
> And endless life above.
> Now who shall dare to charge with guilt
> Whom God hath justified,
> Or who is he that shall condemn,
> Since Christ the Saviour died?
>
> He died, but he is risen again,
> Triumphant from the grave,
> And pleads for us at God's right hand,
> Omnipotent to save."
> Then who can e'er divide us more
> From Christ and from his love?

The passage in the rendering of Burns runs as follows:—

> * * *
> "*The Lord Almighty is our friend*,
> *And who can prove a foe?*
> He who his Son, his only Son,
> Gave *for mankind* to die,
> Will He a lesser gift *withhold*,
> Or what is good deny?

Behold *the best, the greatest gift,*
Of everlasting love;
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And *perfect bliss* above.
Where is the Judge that can condemn,
Since God hath justified?
Who shall presume to charge with guilt
For whom the Saviour died?

The Saviour died, but rose again,
Triumphant from the grave,
And pleads *our cause within the vail,*
Omnipotent to save."
Then who can e'er divide us more
From *Jesus* and his love?'

After all, the handwriting formed the only solid ground on which Burns could be believed to have intermeddled with the making of hymns; for though he published translations of one or two of the psalms, and entered, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, into the poetical aspect of religious life in the vale of poverty, it did not appear as if he were the kind of man likely to have assisted the General Assembly of the Scotch Church in any of its purposes. A holograph so peculiar that no one could say he had ever seen anything like it, seemed evidence sufficient, and so the matter rested for a time, as if a curious new chapter had been satisfactorily added to the life of the marvellous bard of Coila.

It at length appeared that the conclusion was premature. Several gentlemen, possessing original letters of Logan the poet, looked them up to examine the handwriting. To the surprise of those who had first pronounced for Burns, the holograph of Logan proved to be nearly the same! There was a slight difference in point of force or boldness between the writing of the emendator and the common hand of Burns—the former being the weaker—and a few of the characters, particularly the capital letters, were invariably formed differently. Now the handwriting in the volume was more near to the degree of strength or massiveness presented in Logan's writings than to that of Burns's. The special peculiarities, too, were all identical with those in Logan's writings, and different from those of Burns's. It therefore became manifest that Logan, who avowedly wrote several of the Paraphrases, had also been employed in amending them. Burns, consequently, for anything that appeared, had had nothing to do with them.

We have thought it not amiss thus to chronicle the mistake; because, next to seeing how truth may be attained, it is well to see how error may be fallen into, and by what cautions it may be avoided. Every day we are adopting misapprehensions from real or fancied resemblances. Let the old Scotch proverb be kept in view—*Like is an ill mark.*

HOPPING IN KENT.

The long bright summer of this year, 1846—a summer which many old people declare to have been unequalled in warmth and beauty by any their memories can recall—is now ended, and we have reached the equinox once more. I am just now making holiday in a large old Kentish farmhouse, which 'beats all creation' in a peculiar style of old-world beauty. It is an ancient manor-house—part of it is in ruins, uninhabitable but by bats, owls, and ghosts. The inhabited parts of the house are of three different periods of building: outside, you admire the tall, various-fashioned chimneys, the pointed gables, the ivy-covered walls and old casements, and the picturesque no-design in the whole gray, time-hallowed edifice; and inside, you admire the steps *up*, and the steps *down*, into sundry rooms; the Gothic arched bedroom doorways; the oak staircase and doors; the slanting old floors; the huge chimneys; the queer closets; and, above all, the great kitchen fireplace, with a chimney as big as a small room, where you can sit, six or eight together, within the ingle, and push the great logs of wood about with your feet, while you chat or watch the thick wreaths of smoke as they glide up the chimney, and circle round hams and bacon, and tongues, remains of the defunct denizens of the farm-yard.

Dear old L—— Court! (for it retains its ancient aristocratic designation) each year that I visit you, your beauty seems to grow dearer to me. This sweet place, with its hamlet or village of the same name, lies in a quiet, open valley, unknown to the general traveller through the country. It is a great way off a high road; and excepting the few cottages in the village, and the small house of the clergyman, there is no building near, except indeed the church, which stands apparently *in* the garden, but which is really parted from it by a low wall. As I look up from my paper now, the quaint old garden—in this part about twenty yards wide—is all that separates the room in which I sit from the churchyard wall; and immediately on the other side of that rises the old church-tower, covered with ivy, which is now in full blossom.

I almost hope that you are, like myself, a dweller in the land of bricks and chimney-pots—so will you relish the rustic festival the better. But I daresay you are not so much of a Cockney as I was when I first visited L—— some seven years ago. I was then too ignorant of the beauties of nature to enjoy them properly: I hardly knew a dandelion from a dahlia; and I certainly did not know *hops* when I saw them. Since then, my love of nature has increased with my knowledge of her; and this, my first visit to L—— during the hopping season, has given me great pleasure; and I will tell you all I have learned about 'hopping,' if you are disposed to listen.

It was between nine and ten o'clock at night, and quite dark, when I arrived here, about a fortnight ago. As we drove along through the narrow green lanes, I observed, here and there, in fields, or on a sheltered spot near the road, bright fires blazing, round which stood or sat groups of men, women, and children, eating, or drinking, or idly resting. Near the fires were to be seen the oddest-looking little huts—just like gigantic dog-kennels made of new straw. I had never seen a gipsy encampment like this; besides, the people, though wild and ragged enough in most cases for gipsies, had not, as far as I could judge by the fire-light, in our quick passage by them, any of the physical peculiarities of the Egyptian tribe. I inquired who these people were, and was informed that they were 'hoppers.' 'Stranger hoppers—from London chiefly.' On further inquiry, I learned that in plentiful hop seasons, like the present, the hop-growers are glad of more assistance than they can obtain in their own neighbourhood, for picking the hops; that poor persons (many from London) come down into the hop-growing country, with their children, in search of employment in the hop-gardens. Their employers generally have a few trusses of straw made up into little huts for them to sleep in during the week or two that they remain. At night they light fires of broken hop poles, and warm themselves while their supper is cooking. They pass the night in these straw huts, and the whole day, from six in the morning till six in the evening, in the hop-gardens. When the weather is as mild and beautiful as it has been during the last three weeks, there can be no hardship in this *al fresco* life; though, in some severe seasons, when the hops are not fit to pick until later in the year, and when the rains are abundant, the poor hoppers have not a very comfortable existence. This year, however, they have in most cases, I should think, derived great benefit from the change from the narrow alleys and courts of London, to the pure air and rural toil in the hop-gardens. It was quite delightful to see how a week or two's rusticating coloured the cheeks, and brightened the eyes, of the puny things which Dickens calls 'town-made children.' And I daresay they will remember through the dreary winter, in Shoreditch, the wonders of the country which they saw while they were 'out hopping in Kent.' One sweet little girl, who told us that 'mother kept a fruit-stall opposite the Catholic chapel in Moorfield, and that they

lived in an attic in Half-Moon Street, Bishopgate,' seemed to look forward with great pleasure to the time next year when, 'please God she lived,' she 'should come again to pick hops at L——.'

May I venture now to tell how we pick hops at L——, and indeed wherever they grow in England; and, as travelled folks tell me, in Belgium too? Well, then, you must imagine before you a large hop-garden —say of twenty acres—full of regular rows of very tall poles, all encircled to the summit with rich graceful wreaths of hops. The plants, which belong to the Nettle order, resemble in general appearance a vine; but, instead of grapes, are furnished with loose drooping panicles, and bunches of imbricated scales, containing small seed-vessels. The latter, which are the flowers, and likewise fruit, as it may be called, of the female, constitute the hops, and are first of a green or greenish-white colour, then yellow when ripe, darkening into brown. Parties of pickers, consisting of men, women, and children, are stationed in different parts of the garden, each with a large bin before them; which bin is made of a poke or hop-sack, opened on one side, and fastened roughly over a framework of broken hop-poles. Into this bin the busy fingers of the group let fall the fragrant hops, as they strip them from the long wreaths, cut or torn off the poles. Some of the men are called pole-pullers, and it is their business to pull up the poles from the ground, and to supply the different sets of pickers with fresh poles as fast as they want them. This is the hardest work in the garden, next to carrying away the well-filled sacks when the day's work is done. Twice a-day—generally about the pickers' dinner-time, and again when they have finished for the day—a person employed by the proprietor, or perhaps the proprietor himself, goes to each set of pickers and measures their quantity of picked hops. This is done in a bushel-basket: there is a black line drawn inside this basket, at the height of half a bushel; and it is the custom, in measuring hops, to reckon as a whole bushel what remains in the bin at last, if it reach above this black line in the basket—namely, if it exceed half a bushel, this bushel, by sufferance, is called a 'catch.' It is amusing to see the excitement which prevails at the close of the measuring, in expectation that 'there will be a catch.' For my own part, I felt much better pleased when we had 'a catch,' than when we picked an exact number of bushels in our bin: there was all the satisfaction of getting the best in a bargain, which honest folks, let them say what they may to the contrary, cannot help enjoying. The measurers are often very expert, and empty in a few minutes the bin which it has taken a whole family as many hours to fill. As they are measured out, they are poured into a poke; when the poke is full, it is tied up, and carried off to the 'oast-house.' Here fires are kept up night and day, while the hops are being picked, to dry them as fast as they come in. Sulphur is put into the furnaces, that its fumes may improve the colour of the hops, which should be of a pale brownish-yellow hue. When they are thoroughly dried, the hops are heaped up on the floor of a large upper chamber; and here is carried on a process which is most ridiculous to the looker-on. This is treading the hops into the sacks, so as to press them into as small a compass as possible, each sack being made to hold a certain weight. The way it is done is thus:—There are circular holes cut through the floor of this chamber into the empty space below it; a poke is fastened by the mouth round each of these holes, so that it hangs down loosely below. This being strongly adjusted, a man begins to fill the poke with the dried hops, which lie around on the floor. Having thrown in a certain quantity, he springs into the poke himself, and forthwith begins to jump round and round in the sack, treading down the hops. To see the grave faces of the people who perform this ludicrous work, greatly enhances its effect. Their heads keep bobbing up and down like a Jack-in-the-box; and every now and then they stretch up a hand, and seizing the handle of a huge rake, which they keep within reach, they bring down a fresh mass of hops on their heads, and tread it down under their feet. By continuing this absurd dance in the poke, they rise gradually out of it; but the same jumping goes on until the sack is full, and the treader's whole figure is seen jumping on a level with the floor, going round and round, in an uncouth dance, with all the solemnity of a spinning dervish. No description can do justice to the drollery of this part of the business of preparing hops for the market. When the poke is well filled, the indefatigable jumper ceases his jumping, the mouth of the sack is loosened from the floor of the oast-house, fastened up securely, and lowered by some machine to the ground beneath, where it stands ready for transportation to market.

The rate of payment to the pickers in the hop-garden varies with the state of the season. This season is a fruitful one; and in a good garden the hops are *tallied*, as it is called, *at eight or nine*; that is to say, eight or nine bushels are picked for a shilling. In all seasons, the best pickers can earn about two shillings a-day. Women are in general the best pickers. The hoppers are paid either every night, or at the end of hopping. It is customary for the hoppers to contribute a trifle each, to buy the pole-pullers a favour, as it is called. This is generally some ribbons, or a silk handkerchief, with which they parade about at the hopping-supper and subsequent dance, which generally takes place on the evening of the last day's hopping, at the nearest ale-house.

The hop-garden itself is a very pretty sight when all the people are at work, or when they are taking their dinners on the ground. The young children play, and laugh, and talk in the intervals of picking, and the village youths and maidens carry on desperate flirtations, just as their betters do at a *fête champêtre*. Many a Kentish marriage has been made up in a hop-garden, just because the parties picked at the same bin. If we were to inspect too narrowly all that goes on in this apparently gay and happy scene, we might probably find a due mixture of disagreeables. There are quarrels in a hop-garden; and here, as elsewhere, we may find envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but this year things are so flourishing, that the hoppers appear almost as enviable as the Arcadian shepherds in the Golden Age. I cannot help regretting that hopping is well-nigh over, and look on the bare poles with the respect due to the supporters of so much beauty. Of all nature's wreaths—briony, travellers' joy, and wild convolvulus not excepted—the hop is incomparably the most beautiful.

WANTS AND WISHES.

MYSELF AND I.

ADAM SMITH, in his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' has some striking and beautiful thoughts respecting the interior judgment of the mind on its own impulses and acts; which judgment he supposes to be given forth by an ideal personage, whom he calls '*the man within the breast*' —a sort of supreme and infallible lawgiver, from whose decisions there lies no appeal. There are few thoughtful persons but must be sensible at times of this sort of *duality* within them; and to such observers of themselves, and perhaps to others, the following illustration of Adam Smith's theory may not be unacceptable.

Myself. I feel very restless; very unsettled and unhappy; and yet I don't know what I want.

I. Do you know what you *wish* for?

M. Oh yes; I wish for many more things than I have any chance of obtaining.

I. Probably, then, it is this hopeless state of *wishing* that causes the restlessness and disturbance of which you complain? Suppose that, for the better understanding of your mental disease, and the remedial treatment it requires, you endeavour to distinguish between your *wants* and *wishes;* and treating them as you would your wardrobe, if you were going a journey, take with you

nothing but what you absolutely *want*. Your cares and incumbrances will surely, in that case, be considerably lighter?

M. Very well. To begin with my wants. I want to be happy, and so to enjoy the boon of existence as to feel it a blessed thing to exist. This, you will allow, is indispensable?

I. Quite so. This want must travel with you for ever: let us, then, inquire how it is to be satisfied. And first, What do you conceive to constitute happiness?

M. I think I should be happy if I had sufficient money to enjoy myself, and live in the way I should like.

I. That is to say, you *wish* you had more money, that you might take as much pleasure as you like? Well, this is clearly no *want*. I think you may do without this. It is like a full-trimmed holiday dress, that takes up a deal of room in a trunk, to the exclusion of much more useful articles. We may throw that aside. What comes next?

M. I want to be distinguished and admired, and not to pass in a crowd as a mere nobody.

I. This seems to be of the order of wishes, not wants. I believe we may send it after the other, as useless. Come, keep to the indispensable; and consider, before you speak, whether it is a *want* or a *wish* that you are about to specify.

M. Why, really, when I come to analyse the matter, my wants appear to be so few, that when I have stated in general terms that I want to be happy, I seem to have comprised them all. However, I think we must agree that wants and wishes are so near akin to each other in the search after happiness, that it is scarcely possible to separate them.

I. Indeed I don't agree to this. On the contrary, I believe it is the habit of mixing and identifying our wants and wishes that causes so much confusion, mistake, and misery, to thousands of human beings.

M. At all events, you will allow that every living man and woman both wants and wishes to be happy?

I. The want is very clear, and quite unmistakeable in its nature; but the wish is usually erroneous: that is to say, it does not perceive rightly its object, or the means of obtaining it. For instance: a man wants to be happy; this want is just as much a law of his nature as the want of food; and he wishes to satisfy it, just as when he is hungry he wishes to eat. But then the wise and necessary separation is to be made between the nature of the want and the wish, and the eye of the mind kept upon the watch, to preserve the requisite distinction, that they may not run into one, and thus be mistaken for the same thing. A man *wants* to satisfy his hunger with food, and he *wishes* to have it of the most delicious and luxurious kind; but this, surely, is not indispensable. At all events, if he makes it so, he *creates* a want that simple honest nature never gave him; and, you may rely upon it, she will revenge this infringement of her rules by appearing before him, when he least expects it, in some form of bodily suffering, by which, 'without speech or language,' she will intelligibly enough indicate to him that she is not to be offended with impunity. He *wants* to eat—let him eat, then; but he *wants* also to be in health. Does he *want* this, or only *wish* it? He *wants* it; for a state of health is indispensable to the enjoyment of his existence, and to the fulfilment of those duties which are annexed to the condition of human beings. Let him be careful, therefore, so to regulate and subdue his wishes for the pleasures of the table, that they may be the servants, not the masters, of his wants. In like manner, a man wants to be happy.

M. (*With an ejaculation between a groan and a sigh.*) And oh the quantity of pretty things this world has to give to make him so! all of which are embodied in their representative—money. Who that wishes to be happy, can ever cease to wish for the possession of money?

I. Might you not as well say, 'Who that is hungry, can ever cease to wish for venison and turtle soup?' A hungry man that is under the dominion of nature—that is to say, who has never spoiled her simplicity of desire by the stimulus of luxurious feeding—will enjoy, and be refreshed, by the plainest food; and, in fact, the plainer it is, the better he will like it, because it will harmonise with the humility of nature, which never asks for more than she wants.

M. How comes it, then, that in seeming to follow the dictates of nature, or, in other words, in pursuing their natural inclination to enjoy themselves, so many persons make shipwreck of everything?

I. Just because they mistake the wishes of the *will* for the wants of nature. Nature has her wants; but she has also a spiritual rule to regulate and govern these wants: a rule which goes by different names—as reason, conscience, the moral sense, &c. (but which, when analysed, mean one and the same thing). As she and her rule are observed and obeyed, they gradually subjugate the lawless wishes of the will to their proper governors. But when the case is reversed, and the modesty of nature, and the dignity of reason, have their dominion usurped by those wild impulses of the will which are generally caressed and nourished under the gentle name of *wishes*—no wonder that shipwreck is made of everything.

M. It would seem to be, then, that I may want as much as I like, but wish for nothing.

I. Horace says, according to Pope's version of him,

> 'Not to desire, is all the art I know
> To make men happy, and to keep them so.'

And of this you may rest well assured, that every wish which is not founded upon a want, is a wish which it is quite essential to your happiness to resist and conquer; and for this reason, that it is in vain for you to attempt the satisfaction of it—inasmuch as it proceeds from the all-devouring voracity of the will, 'which grows by what it feeds on,' and thus becomes insatiable. Did you never hear a mother or a nurse say to a fractious, spoiled child, 'You don't know what you *would* have?' And did you never observe what sort of men and women spoiled children make?

M. A torment, no doubt, they are to themselves and everybody about them.

I. Yet they did not grow into this state of torment because their *wants*, but because their *wishes*, were gratified.

M. But if we are to gratify only our actual wants, I do not see what pleasure or amusements we are to be allowed; for it is very easy to make out that we do not want any recreation.

I. No, it would not be easy to make that out. Cheerful recreation is as much wanted for the mind as food for the body; but, as well as the food, it should be of a wholesome, refreshing kind. And here, how sweet and simple are the dictates and impulses of nature! Look at the first dawnings of intelligence in an infant, in its attempts at what is commonly called 'taking notice.' The smile of wonder at the dangling of a string, or the mystery of its own little delicate fingers, as the pretty hand is held up and gazed upon; the quiet contentment (if the disordered *will* be but properly guided and governed by those who have the care of it) with which, as it grows in capability, it amuses itself, by finding its natural, proper, and appointed enjoyment in the very bliss of *being*, and the calm, simple pleasures that belong to a state of being—all this sufficiently indicates that, until stimulated by artificial excitements, and bewildered by their multiplicity, the creature has no difficulty in fulfilling the Creator's will, that it should be happy.

M. Are there never any invasions upon this tranquil state of enjoyment? Does not *being* exhibit a reversed side of the picture?

I. Doubtless it does; just as inanimate nature presents us with storms and volcanoes, as well as calm and

sunny skies, and smiling landscapes. The volcanic will of the child—more or less impetuous, according to the physical organisation of the subject—will of course manifest its impulses; and upon the proper treatment of these exhibitions of evil, will the future happiness of the individual mainly depend. Let nature, and nature's interior rule, be minded and helped, and the creature constantly be taught to distinguish its *wishes* from its indispensable *wants*, and to keep the former in subjection to the latter, and in due time but little will be wished for beyond what is wanted; for at the last, it is commonly perceived by all, even by the most mistaken in their previous course, that those things which we could not properly do without, were the only things which it concerned us to wish for the possession of. We cannot do without happiness: let us be careful, therefore, to prize and seek for those things that make happiness. They branch out into many ramifications, but may be traced in their origin to two roots—namely, that which regards the body, and that which regards the mind. Health in respect to the former, and peace in respect to the latter, are the fruits we hope to gather under the name of happiness. Temperance is wanted to promote health—virtue is wanted to promote peace. The one it is not always within our power to attain or preserve; and when this is the case, the equality of the dealings of Providence with its creatures never fails to grant some preponderating benefit elsewhere in the lot. But to be virtuous is within the compass of our capabilities; for it is the thing *wanted*, and absolutely indispensable to happiness. A man may have plenty of money, and be able to enjoy a certain degree of sensual gratification, and he may also, in a very high degree, realise your wish of possessing such claims to distinction and admiration as shall insure him the applause and favour of the world; but unless he meets with the secret, calm approval of 'the still small voice' in his own conscience, he has not understood, or attempted to satisfy, the greatest of his wants, and must be, in point of fact and reality, a needy and most unhappy person. He has indulged his wishes at the expense of his necessities. It was not necessary for him to enjoy vain and sensual pleasures: it *was* necessary for him to be happy. It was not essential to happiness that he should be distinguished and admired for his talents: it was so that he should be respected and beloved; and he could not be either without being honest, truthful, kind, simple-hearted—in a word, a man of principle. The thief who goes to transportation, and the murderer who goes to the gallows; the intoxicated vagabond who is put into the station-house to grow sober, and, when sobered, is handed up to the mansion-house to hear and see his degradation proclaimed to the world; the defrauder, who stands there also, a living testimony of the fatal consequences of setting up his wishes as his guides and masters—what, think you, is the language of all their secret cogitations in those painful moments of sure and certain retribution? Do not the *want* and the *wish* meet then in one and the same thing? Are not the deep unuttered words of the heart and conscience, 'Oh how I *wish* that I had not done this thing!' a desire which, when interpreted into its legitimate meaning, implies, 'Oh that I had been contented to mind and gratify only my *wants*, and had not thus become the tool and fool of my ignorant wishes!'

The sum and substance of the whole of the matter is this, that happiness consists in peace of mind; and that peace of mind is only to be found in a state of equilibrium—a *nicely-poised* interior. All sorts of wishing have a tendency to destroy this valuable condition, because every wish has somewhat of the nature of the magnet in it; and unless balanced by a real legitimate *want*, will be sure to draw the mind from its centre. You wish for money; you wish to be distinguished; but how much of this wishing is balanced by a want? Just as much as this—you want money enough for your support, and for your necessary and lawful recreations; you want to be known and distinguished by those with whom you are connected, and with whom, in the circumstances of life, you may be called upon to deal as an honest person; as one whose word is his bond, and who has never to be searched for in holes and corners where the light of truth never enters. These are plain, lawful, intelligible wants, to which the most fervent and active wishes may be safely linked. But overstep these limits, and launch your bark upon the wide, and fathomless, and troubled ocean of your will—to which, at *every* period of life, the nurse's answer to the fractious child, 'You know not what you would have,' is most appropriate—and vainly will you ever try again to anchor your spirit in any safe harbour of rest.

THE CHINESE MIRAGE.

The word mirage is usually applied to natural scenery, and expresses that interesting effect of atmospherical refraction which sometimes covers a plain with a lake, in whose bosom are seen the reflection of trees and houses, and sometimes piles up towers and domes in the midst of a wilderness. Misled by the illusion, the weary and thirsty traveller of the desert pants in vain after the fairy waters, or seeks the shelter of those palace walls: the lake retreats as he approaches—the pinnacles sink before his eyes, and the buildings crumble and disappear.

In some countries a *moral* mirage is presented, quite as strange to the imagination, and perplexing to the judgment; and of such countries China may perhaps be cited as the most striking. Objects there are not only different to different observers—they are sometimes absolutely inverted; and what is still more extraordinary, some persons assure us that they have actually drunk of the waters, and leant against the walls, which others know, of their own personal knowledge, to be as unsubstantial as those of the Fata Morgana. The last reporter is Mr Meadows,* who founds his claims to our trust upon his knowledge of the language; and this, assuredly, is a great advantage, although, in our opinion, he plumes himself a little too much upon it. Shut up in an office, translating papers, and going through the other details of consular business, a mere knowledge of the language could hardly enable him, one would think, to decide magisterially upon the conflicting accounts we have received of a population of between three and four hundred millions. Still, we should not have thought it necessary to say anything about the natural exaggeration he has fallen into on the subject, were it not for a mistake into which it has led him, that may be worth pointing out, inasmuch as it is a very common one with travellers. He conceives 'that no man is entitled to write upon a foreign people unless he possess a practical knowledge of their language. Without this knowledge, it is next to impossible that he should write anything original about them. He may collect information from those that do know the language, and he may adopt their opinions, but he cannot form them for himself; or if he does risk it, they can scarcely have other foundation than his own imagination.'

Mr Meadows, then, supposes that each traveller who understands the language must entirely supersede his predecessors; for almost all travellers differ from each other, and it is impossible they can all be right. As for those laborious persons who compare such conflicting testimony at home, and form their opinions from the sifted evidence, they are not worth attending to, because they do not understand the language! But travellers, whatever Mr Meadows may think, are mere collectors of materials for historians and compilers; and

* Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China, and on the Chinese Language; Illustrated with a Sketch of the Province of Kwang-Tung, showing its Division into Departments and Districts. By Thomas Taylor Meadows, Interpreter to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at Canton. London: Allen. 1847.

he, like the rest of his brethren, must submit his lucubrations to the critics, who *will* conceive that reading and reflection, undisturbed by personal feelings, entitle them to form an opinion.

Among the interesting subjects discussed in the volume before us, is that of population. 'It would seem,' says the author, 'that people now, when they hear of a country containing 360,000,000 of inhabitants—the population generally attributed to China—*fancy*, somehow, that this immense collection of human beings is crammed into a territory not greater than that of France or Austria, and that, consequently, the density of the population must be quite excessive. But the truth is, that China proper, containing, as is well known, about 1,300,000 square miles, would have, with its 360,000,000 of inhabitants, only 277 souls to the square mile, and thus be somewhat less densely populated than England; which latter country has, according to the census of 1841, about 297 souls to the square mile. Now, over all China husbandry is carried to considerable perfection; over a great part of it two crops of rice may be had annually; the body of its people are industrious and economical; but at the same time all, even those who can barely afford to feed a wife, marry young, all being exceedingly anxious to have children. Such being the case, why should its population remain stationary at a less degree of density than that of England?' The reason he has himself given—that the land is fully cultivated. The Chinese appear to extract as much subsistence from the soil as their state of knowledge renders practicable; and they are not only 'industrious and economical,' but parsimonious and omnivorous in the widest meaning of the word. The population remains stationary within the country, simply because the table is full; but an excess is born, and is drifted away every year in emigration, in defiance of law and ancient custom. In comparing China with England, as regards this subject, Mr Meadows forgets that the latter country is the workshop of the world, and that men are there in great demand; whereas in the former, which has no foreign trade worth talking of, all must be supported by the productions of the soil. If the population of England received as few supplies from abroad as that of China, the difference in numbers would very soon be quite the other way.

The 'cause of the long duration of the Chinese empire' is another mirage of our author. It 'is solely and altogether owing,' says he, 'to the operation of a principle, which the policy of every successive dynasty has practically maintained in a greater or less degree; namely, that good government consists in the advancement of men of talent and merit only to the rank and power conferred by official posts.

'The existence of a system of examinations, based on this principle, is well known to every educated European; and it is literally impossible to conceive that the various writers on China, from the Jesuit missionaries who lived upwards of one hundred and fifty years ago, to the sinologues of the present day, can have failed to perceive the effects of this institution—effects so obvious, and so distinctly pointed out by Chinese writers, as to require no penetration to discover them. Yet, strange to say, all those whose works I have been enabled to peruse, seem to attribute the long duration and stability of the Chinese empire chiefly to the influence of the doctrine of filial piety, as inculcated by the Chinese sages. Now this doctrine, I maintain, does nothing as a *fundamental* cause to uphold the unity and stability of the Chinese empire; its influence, great though it undoubtedly be, could not of itself resist the existing causes of dismemberment for a single generation; and even for that influence—for all that is peculiar in the practical hold it possesses on the minds of the Chinese people—it is indebted to the principle referred to above as the sole cause of the long duration of the empire.'

His foundation for this opinion is partly 'a conversation' between two of the pattern emperors, who, we beg leave to inform him, flourished at the epoch of the Mosaic deluge! It also rests upon a speech addressed to Ching-tang, not very far from two thousand years before the Christian era, commending him for bestowing posts only upon the virtuous; the said Ching-tang, as we read in history, being accustomed to amuse himself with making people walk over a narrow bar of iron, slippery with grease, and spanning an immense fire. Various appeals are made to other documents of the kind—all showing an unconquerable addiction to belief in the Chinese mirage.

Of some two dozen dynasties, commencing with authentic history, there is hardly one that did not begin and end in blood and usurpation. The dynasty usually set out with something like energy; but, by degrees, succeeding princes gave themselves up both to the weakness and tyranny that distinguished the worst of the Roman emperors; till at length, when the measure was full, when the country could endure no more, a usurper seated himself, with hardly an effort, on the throne; and the people, thankful for any change, bowed their heads in abject submission as before. The very same course was run by the first Tartar dynasty; and now the second has reached that period of imbecility which shows that its end, in the natural course of things, is at hand. There is no country mentioned in history to which the doctrine of Mr Meadows is less applicable than China, although this is not the place for an examination of such a subject in the length it would demand. For the present, we would merely note, that after every political convulsion, the people returned, as of one accord, to their habitual submission; to their worship at the tombs of their ancestors; to their reverence for their parents, and respect for superiors and magistrates; and to the rendering of divine honours to the emperor for the time being, even if an illegitimate or an alien.

In other matters of less importance, Mr Meadows' contributions to our knowledge of China are extremely welcome; and the following, for instance, on the subject of fashion, is both new and curious:—'The Chinese dress—to descend to minor topics—is generally supposed to be quite unchangeable, and the Chinese tailors a kind of stereotype clothiers. Now, it is true that the Chinese (I speak of the middle and higher classes) always wear long gowns when they go out, just as we wear coats; but as every part of our coats, and our other garments, are constantly being subjected to all kinds of changes, within certain limits, so the length of the Chinese gown, the size and form of its sleeves, its colour, and the kind of flowers worked in it when of silk, &c. &c. are perpetually varying. The same is the case with the Chinese shoes and winter scull-caps: the former are, within certain limits, at one period thick, and at another thin-soled; and the latter are at one time shallow, and at another deep; while the silk knob on the top is sometimes small, at others large, &c. &c. In China, in short, we find as many fops as in Europe, who, like their brethren of the West, are so thoroughly versed in matters of dress, that they can at a glance tell you whether a man's clothes be of the latest fashion or not.'

His information on the subject of the salaries of the Chinese officers may be placed in the like category. A mandarin's legal income is derived from salary and fees, but these items have a very little proportion to each other. 'For instance, one of those, in the receipt of about L.22 legal income, once complained feelingly to me about his poverty; and on my hinting that his post was, after all, not a bad one, he protested, with some earnestness, that his whole income did not exceed 7000 taels (L.2333), of which he had, he said, to give a great deal away. Now this old gentleman seemed to be one of those who complain on principle, and I am inclined to estimate his net income at upwards of 7000 taels; but his is one of the best of the lower posts.' A governor-general of a province receives L.60 salary, and L.8333 fees; and the fees of the other mandarins

are in proportion, not to their salary, but to their rank. But the illegal fees and extortions swell the income to something very handsome indeed. 'I have found it impossible to learn, with any degree of certainty, what the real incomes of the mandarins, as increased by illegal fees and special bribes, may amount to. They vary with the harvests, which, according as they are good or bad, render it easy or difficult to collect the land-tax—a proceeding in connection with which much extortion is carried on; they vary also with the number of lawsuits, and the wealth of the litigating parties; and lastly, they vary with the characters of the mandarins and their yemun. The legal incomes of the lower mandarins are indeed so notoriously insufficient, that they have little hesitation in speaking, even to a foreigner, of their other gains in a general way; but they have many reasons for not entering into particulars. Hence, if you do contrive to learn what the gross income of any post is on an average, it is next to impossible to gain any idea of the net income—that is, of how much is left after all the higher mandarins have had their presents, &c. Under these circumstances, it is little better than a guess, when I assume the highest mandarins to get about ten times, the lowest about fifty times, the amount of their legal incomes.'

In a brief note on 'personating criminals,' we are informed that in the east of the province of Canton, 'a substitute may be procured to confess himself guilty of a felony, and suffer certain capital punishment, for about fifty taels of silver—a sum that would exchange here for about seventeen pounds sterling; and which, valued with reference to the amount of the necessaries of life it would purchase in the department mentioned, is probably not worth more than one hundred pounds sterling in England.' This fact speaks eloquently of the gulf of starvation and despair in which a portion of the population of China are plunged.

Upon the whole, although Mr Meadows somewhat overrates his opportunities, he must be reckoned useful as a contributor of materials; and we would advise no compiler to sit down to a picture of the Chinese without a careful study of his 'Desultory Notes.'

THE PRIVILEGE OF MERCY.

On a bright September day in the year 1559, there entered the town of Vendôme a young prelate, mounted on a milk-white mule, which was shod with silver, and sumptuously caparisoned with scarlet trappings. The rider wore an ample red cloak, whose purple-fringed border well-nigh concealed the back of his ambling steed. His hat was also of scarlet hue, and from its crown floated two richly-twisted cords, each of which was ornamented with twenty-one purple tufts. These one-and-twenty tufts denoted the wearer's ecclesiastical dignity as cardinal and metropolitan, and perchance as patriarch also. Consequently, the inhabitants of the town crowded around him, and on bended knees besought his blessing, which he bestowed in the most orthodox and graceful manner, from side to side, as he slowly pursued his way.

He was a cardinal legate, and was travelling from his diocese of Amiens to his bishopric of Nantes. He had, according to the custom of the times, been provided with a patriarchate, a Syrian archbishopric, and five or six bishoprics. He was preceded by a cross-bearer, and followed by a physician, an exorcist, and a hundred archers, clad in livery. They were all mounted on mules, which ambled leisurely along, and if overtaken by a storm, the whole cavalcade (archers and mules included) took refuge in the nearest church. They neither dined, supped, nor slept anywhere except in religious houses; nor was it permitted them to abide longer than twenty-six hours in any one monastery; so that whenever their prescribed term of repose had expired, let the storm be ever so fierce, or the rain ever so violent, it stormed and rained upon the cardinal and his purple tufts.

On entering Vendôme, the cardinal proceeded towards the church of the Trinity, of which he was the commendatory abbot; and reaching the square in which it stood, he found the place thronged with a motley and tumultuous assemblage of people. There were stout and ruddy citizens, clad in many-coloured doublets, with their wives dressed in the finest Amboise cloth, and their infants rolled up like mummies, and their little girls bedizened *à la mignionette*. There were ragged scapegraces, and honest, well-patched vine-dressers, alongside of rich and well-clothed farmers. There were also smart girls, with embroidered collars and coquettish costume, mixed with farm-servants, whose unbleached aprons and coarse caps bespoke their poverty and toil. Nor must we omit certain varlets of the count, looking saucy and conceited; nor a groom of the countess, whose aspect was grave and sad (wherefore we shall hear by and by); while ever and anon there appeared at the notary's window two ancient ladies, gazing at the crowd. And truly a motley crowd it was!—a gravedigger and a juggler, lame horses and barking dogs, beggars and clowns, all gaping, as if in expectation of some earnestly-longed-for sight.

The scene lay in a square, three sides of which were skirted by Gothic houses with high-pointed roofs, whose gutters were of a curiously grotesque construction; and on the fourth side arose the stately church, with its portal adorned with delicate dentellated tracery. Near it stood a colossal tower, or rather a lofty steeple (built apart from the church), whose tall spire reached to the height of three hundred feet. On a level with the highest pinnacle, and apparently resting among the clouds, rose at a little distance behind the noble and saintly mountain of Vendôme, with its rocks, its pinnacles, its caverns, and its bushes of trailing vine; the crown of the hill being occupied by a huge and impregnable castle.

The cross-bearer having learnt the cause of the tumult, acquainted the legate that a gentleman of the province had been condemned to death by the Count of Vendôme, from whose castle-dungeon he was about to be conducted to the great entrance of the church, there to make a public confession of his crime. On hearing this, the prelate sprang from off his mule, and ascended the scaffold which had been prepared for the prisoner, and which was raised a little above the level of the square. Let us pause a moment to observe how eagerly this cardinal-archbishop, this patriarch of twenty-six years, availed himself of the opportunity to assist an unknown criminal, and to absolve him *in articulo mortis*. This is but one instance among ten thousand which might be adduced, to prove the ignorance or the prejudice of those writers who maintain that sentiments of humanity and of Christian charity were then utterly extinct among the higher orders of the clergy.

To return to our story. After a few minutes' delay, the condemned gentleman was brought into the square by the men-at-arms of the Count of Vendôme (Louis de Bourbon la Marche), and they were not less surprised than was their unhappy captive, on perceiving the double cross of the cardinal (a Basilican cross, having eight points), with the hundred archers of his guard stationed around the scaffold, upon which was seated a prince of the church, wearing his scarlet hat.

'Most eminent lord,' said the captive gentleman, who was a young man of graceful, yet resolute aspect, 'I thank our gracious God, your Lord and mine, that your paternity is here to receive my dying confession; the count having abused his power so far, as to restrain his almoners and chaplains from approaching me, until the present ceremony should be concluded; desiring to force me to declare myself guilty, and not me only—— But this is not a matter to be named in public!—Thus much only will I say, that there is no particle of truth in the charge laid against me by the count. I protest,' continued he, stretching out his hand towards the church—'I protest, in the presence of the Trinity, that I am innocent; and never will I make the confession

which is required of me. Now, most reverend father in God, be pleased to incline your ear to me, and to bless me before I die. With all humility, I beseech you to grant me this favour'—the young man hesitated, however, to kneel—'for I am a knight, and of noble parentage,' said he, looking irresolutely on the ground.

'It is true,' said the Vendôme jailor—'it is true!'

'It is true!' re-echoed the multitude; and the cardinal, observing that he wore the collar of the order of Anjou, spread out one end of his mantle on the scaffold, that the youthful knight might bend his knees upon it.

There was a solemn stillness among the crowd while the sacramental confession and absolution were given and received. Then followed a low dialogue between the confessor and his penitent, wherein the animated and impassioned gestures of the latter seemed ill to agree with the posture he had just quitted. It was evident, from the strong affirmations which were occasionally expressed on his countenance, that he was closely and scrupulously questioned by the prelate, who remained calm and unmoved. At length the cardinal rose up, and the people fell upon their knees.

'Citizens of Vendôme, and you other good people of the country,' said he, in blessing the multitude, 'after having invoked the aid of Him who disposeth the heart of the strong to commiseration, and who guideth the weak into the paths of submission and peace; of Him who planteth the cedar in inaccessible places, and soweth the valleys with flowers; who feedeth the lion and the eagle, as well as the lamb and the dove; we, Antony de Créquy, cardinal-presbyter of the holy Roman Church, tituli Beatæ Maria Supra Minerva et cætera et cæterorum, declare unto you, and swear upon the holy Gospels which we hold in our hand, that it is only through fortuitous circumstances, and by unforeseen chance, *sine previsione nec voluntate nostrâ*, that we have arrived in this city at the place and hour of this gentleman's execution; and that we have resolved to discharge, and fully to liberate, the said gentleman and knight, Messire Bienheuré de Musset, from the capital punishment to which he has been condemned: making known unto you, that this our will and pleasure is signified in virtue of our right and privilege as cardinal of the holy Roman Church, which right belongeth unto us, according to the ancient and modern usage of this most Christian kingdom of France. And this same we now signify unto you, oh Louis de Bourbon, Count of Marche and Vendôme, through your officers who are here present; and we say unto you, High and mighty lord! deign to let your proud glance rest upon us from the fastnesses of your lofty towers; listen to the prayers of your people, and of us, whose voice is apostolical. Your mountain and castle of St Georges was of yore a Tabor for devotion, and a Parnassus for the Muses; we beseech you not to make it a Lyban for solitude, and a Caucasus for affliction! Return, ye citizens of Vendôme, to your homes in peace, and pray the God of all mercy to fill both you and us with his grace and heavenly benediction.'

'Amen!—amen!' replied a thousand voices. The archers of Créquy formed themselves into a line from the scaffold to the door of the church, where the liberated knight was admitted with the cardinal; and the good people dispersed, crying out, 'Noël!'* while the men-at-arms returned precipitately to the castle, to acquaint their lord with what had taken place.

The fortunate Bienheuré accompanied his deliverer to Nantes, where, some years later, he married a daughter of the house of Illiers; and their descendants still exist in the Vendômais.

The Count of Vendôme had condemned the knight from an unfounded suspicion of his attachment to the countess, who, says an ancient chronicler, was the most noble and virtuous princess of her time. The count was so enraged at the Cardinal de Créquy for having liberated his foe, that he instituted a suit against him, which lasted beyond the count's lifetime, and was decided, after his death, in favour of the cardinal. The reconciliation of the two families was cemented by the marriage of Anne de Bourbon Vendôme with Clodino de Créquy, Lord of Heymont, &c.

Before concluding this article, we may observe that the last ecclesiastic who attempted to use the privilege of mercy was the Cardinal de Bourcier; but his claim was disallowed, because he refused to swear that he found himself *by chance* in the street Aux Ours in Paris, when a criminal convicted of sacrilege passed through it on his way to the place of execution. It was a privilege which was most obnoxious both to the kings of France and their parliaments, as they considered it too exorbitant a right for any subject to possess.

* A contraction of Emanuel, 'God with us,' used by the French as a cry of joy and approbation, resembling the modern *Vive!*

THE BURIED TOWN OF PLEURS.

A spot which was to me one of the most interesting in all my rambles, was where the village of Pleurs, with about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was overwhelmed, in the year 1618, by the falling of a mountain. This terrific avalanche took place in the night, and was so sudden, complete, and overwhelming, that not only every soul perished, but no trace whatever of the village, or of any of the remains of the inhabitants, could afterwards be discovered. The mountain must have buried the town to the depth of several hundred feet. Though the all-veiling gentleness of nature has covered both the mountain that stood and that which fell with luxuriant vegetation, and even a forest of chestnuts has grown amidst the wilderness of the rocks, yet the vastness and the wreck of the avalanche are clearly distinguishable. Enormous angular blocks of rocks are strewn and piled in the wildest confusion possible, some of them being at least sixty feet high. The soil has so accumulated in the space of two hundred years, that on the surface of these ruins there are smooth, grassy fields at intervals, and the chestnuts grow everywhere. A few clusters of miserable hamlets, like Indians' or gipsies' wigwams, are also scattered over the grave of the former village; and there is a forlorn-looking chapel that might serve as a convent for banditti. The mountains rise on either side to a great height in most picturesque peaks and outlines, and the valley is filled up with a snowy range at the north. It was a solemn thing to stand upon the tomb of twenty-five hundred beings, all sepulchred alive! No efforts have ever discovered a trace of the inhabitants—not a bone, not a vestige. It was the Mount Conto that fell; the half that was left behind still rises abrupt and perpendicular over the mighty grave. It is singular enough that the town was situated itself on the tomb of another village, which had previously been overwhelmed by a similar catastrophe. For that reason it was named Pleurs—The Town of Tears. From the times of old, as often as in Italy one city has been buried, another has been built upon the very same spot, except, indeed, in the case of Pompeii, so that it is no uncommon thing for the same earth to be leased to the dead and the living. The Town of Tears was one of the gayest, richest, laughing, pleasure-loving, joyous little cities in the kingdom. It might have been named Tears, because it had laughed till it cried. It had palaces and villas of rich gentlemen and nobles; for its lovely and romantic situation, and pleasant air, attracted the wealthy families to spend, especially the summer months, in so delightful a retreat. I wonder that no poet or romance writer has made this scene the subject of a thrilling story. The day before the lid of their vast sepulchre fell, the people were as happy and secure as those of Pompeii the night of the Vesuvian eruption—and much more innocent. There had been great rains. Vast masses of gravel were loosened from the mountains, and overwhelmed some rich vineyards. The herdsmen came hurrying in, to give notice that strange movements had been taking place, with alarming symptoms of some great convulsion; that there were great fissures and rents forming in the mountain, and masses of rock falling, just as the cornice of a building might topple down in fragments before the whole wall tumbles. Nevertheless, there was no dream of what was to follow. The storm cleared brightly away; the sun rose and set on the 4th of September as a bridegroom; the people lay down securely to rest, or pur-

sued their accustomed festivities into the bosom of the night, with the plans for to-morrow; but that night the mountain fell, and destroyed them all. At midnight a great roar was heard far over the country, and a shock felt as of an earthquake, and then a solemn stillness followed; in the morning a cloud of dust and vapour hung over the valley, and the bed of the Maira was dry. The river had been stopped by the falling of the mountain across its channel, and the town of Pleurs, with the village of Celano, had disappeared for ever. All the excavations of all the labourers that could be collected failed to discover a single vestige of the inhabitants or of their dwelling-places. The miners could not reach the cathedral for its gold and jewels; and there they lie at rest, churches and palaces, villas and hovels, priests, peasants, and nobles, where neither gold, nor love, nor superstition, nor piety, can raise them from their graves, or have any power over them.—*Cheever's Pilgrim of the Jungfrau.*

HOOK'S HOAXES.

Hook called, and in the course of conversation gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red coming in?' 'Those, ma'am,' returned Theodore, 'are the barons of England; in these cases the junior peers always come first.' 'Thank you, sir—much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear (turning to a girl about fourteen), tell Jane (about ten) those are the barons of England; and the juniors (that is the youngest, you know) always go first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home.' 'Dear me, ma!' said Louisa, 'can that gentleman be one of the *youngest?* I am sure he looks very old.' Human nature, added Hook, could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax. 'And pray, sir,' continued the lady, 'what gentlemen are these?' pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions—namely, the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes. 'Gentlemen, madam!' said Hook; 'these are not gentlemen: these are ladies, elderly ladies—dowager peeresses in their own right.' The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, 'Are you quizzing me or no?' Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, 'Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies, and dowager peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget that.' All went on smoothly, till the speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. 'Pray, sir,' said she, 'and who is that fine-looking person opposite?' 'That, madam,' was the answer, 'is Cardinal Wolsey!' 'No, sir,' cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, 'we knows a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year.' 'No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you,' replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; 'it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact those rascally newspapers will say anything.' The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*, seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried, without a word, from the spot.—*Third Series of the Ingoldsby Legends.*

EFFECT OF MINUTE SUBDIVISIONS OF LAND.

The possessions of the inhabitants of the village of Crosville, in the department de l'Eure, are very diminutive, the soil being divided into extremely small parcels, and the lands around the village belonging to the inhabitants of Neufbourg, by whom they are cultivated. Thus beggary, which in the beginning was the resource only of the most wretched, has become the common occupation of the place. They form at this time a sort of mendicant republic, living after the fashion of gipsies, except that each one has his own hut. Marriage has no existence among them; and whoever violates these customs by marrying, is *passé par les bâtons*, or cudgelled, as a punishment for his infidelity. They are sensible that marriage attaches the individual to his home, and that a vagrant life is necessarily one of debauch.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

[In ancient Germany it was the custom for a bridegroom to send or bring to his betrothed a golden rose, as a token that he was about to claim her.]

'Sister, wake! 'tis surely morning; listen, I can hear the bees
Humming underneath the window, in the fragrant lilac-trees.
There it comes! that wandering sunbeam I have watched so many a time,
Creeping in the same dark corner at the early morning chime.

'Oh the night is very weary unto those who lie and moan,
And who only know the daytime by the slow hours stealing on—
By the small blue rift of heaven gleaming through the curtained pane,
By the warbling birds that waken to their daily life again.

'Sister, rise! and let me watch you twisting up your tresses bright:
Stand there, just where I can see you, in the early morning light.
I will look, and you shall listen, while I tell a wondrous dream
Which I dreamt, when these tired eyelids closed at daybreak's cold gray beam.

'Often have I, sighing, told you, how to me there came no more
Those sweet dreams that used to haunt me in the first, sad time of yore,
When this long and wasting sickness, stealing all my youth and bloom,
Turned my eyes from bridal altar to the dark and ghastly tomb.

'It is long since even in slumber I have seen my Wilhelm's face,
But last night he looked upon me from his blessed dwelling-place;
Not as when I last beheld him—still, and cold, and marble-white—
But all radiant as an angel, with his gold hair gleaming bright.

'And he kissed my lips and forehead, as in those dear olden days,
And his eyes once more bent on me their clear, loving, earnest gaze:
Not a word did Wilhelm utter; and my lips, in silence bound
By that holy kiss he gave me, could not frame a single sound.

'Then he placed within my bosom, with a smile, the rose of gold;
And my heart leaped up within me as I felt his dear arms fold
Round me; and a wondrous lightness shot through all this drooping frame,
While above my shoulders budded two bright wings of amber flame.

'In the air we rose together, I and Wilhelm, hand in hand;
Like two wandering doves we floated over sea and over land;
Higher—till the air grew clearer, and the earth beneath grew dim,
And afar we heard the angels chant our glorious nuptial hymn.

'In each other's arms we floated all the blessed stars among,
Till I wakened with the music of the skylark's matin song.
Sister! tell me now what meaneth this most happy dream of mine?'
Weeping, turned away the sister, for too well she knew the sign.

On the wall the sunbeam stealeth; gaily hum the laden bees;
And the light wind stirs the blossoms in the fragrant lilac-trees;
Loudly sings the lark, but breaks not that immovable repose,
For the bride has met the bridegroom—Death has brought the golden rose.

D. M. M.

FOSSIL SEA-SERPENT.

If naturalists are still undecided as to the living reality of the 'kraken,' or gigantic sea-serpent, there can now be no doubt in regard to its existence in former ages, or at least the existence of an ophidian animal of equally enormous dimensions. Dr Koch, who brought to this country the Missouri mammoth, exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, and now in the British Museum, has also discovered the fossil remains of a serpent of immense size, which he calls the *hydrarchos*, or monarch of the waters. It is said to possess a vast number of very large vertebræ, and is the most extraordinary specimen of the so-called antediluvian creation extant. It has been exhibited at Berlin, where it is likely to remain, the king having given orders for its purchase, notwithstanding the large price required by the exhibitor.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 185. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1847. Price 1½*d.*

THE POSSIBLE.

A curious pamphlet, entitled *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, appeared about thirty years ago, and attracted some attention on account of the strange line of argument adopted by the author. To those who never read or heard of the work, it will seem hardly credible that a serious attempt was made in it to show that we had no proof of even the existence of such a man as Napoleon, though he was then understood to be living in St Helena, scarcely past the prime of life. Apparently the idea amused the public, for the copy before us is of the *fourth* edition, published in 1831; yet it is probable that comparatively few persons, after all, have seen this singular production.

The author starts with a summary of the wonderful acts imputed to Napoleon, but remarks, that in the details of his life there has been almost every conceivable variety of statement; his motives a subject of doubt, and even his military skill denied. In the midst of the controversy, the preliminary question of his *existence* seems never to have occurred to any one as a matter of doubt; that, apparently, has been always taken for granted. But it is found that fallacy most generally attends *undisputed points;* for example, the case of the live fish suggested to the Royal Society by King Charles II.—or the following:—'It was objected to the system of Copernicus when first brought forward, that if the earth turned on its axis as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but at a great distance to the west; *in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast-head of a ship in full sail, does not fall at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern.* To this it was answered, that a stone being a *part* of the earth, obeys the same laws, and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which, consequently, its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some, but opposed by others; and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till *one hundred years* after the death of Copernicus that, the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast, *does* fall at the foot of it!'

It is also to be observed that there is a disposition to believe in marvellous stories upon insufficient evidence.

It may be said that the existence of Napoleon is notorious; that is, it is much talked about. But then the great bulk of those who talk of Napoleon merely repeat what they have heard others say; they do not speak from their own knowledge. Some may profess to have *personally known* the man. 'I write not,' says the author, 'for them:' he only begs they will be 'tolerant of their neighbours who have not the same means of ascertaining the truth.'

Any attempt to trace this hearsay evidence to its source, soon brings us to the *newspapers.* 'Generally speaking, it is on the testimony of the newspapers that men believe in the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte.' The newspapers, whose impudent fabrications are so often spoken of by Englishmen with contempt! Let us examine this evidence. 'First, what means have the editors of newspapers for gaining correct information?' They copy from other newspapers, foreign or British—we know not whence such intelligence comes. Or they refer to private correspondents. Who these are, what opportunities they have of obtaining information, or whether they exist at all, we have no means of knowing. Then the editors of newspapers have an obvious interest in circulating wonderful stories about Napoleon, because it causes their journals to be in demand. It may be said that their party hatreds would prompt them to expose each other's fabrications. Yes; but in doing so, each would expose his own. The political parties represented by the newspapers have a common interest in keeping up the name and acts of Napoleon before the world; for, both being anxious for power—that is, for the disposal of the taxes—both are glad to have him as a bugbear to compel the payment of these imposts. It is not necessary to suppose them in a universal league for maintaining a falsehood; 'most likely, the great majority of them publish what they find in other papers, with the same simplicity that their readers peruse it.'

On the supposition, however, of there being no preconcerted plan for imposing on the public, there ought to be great discrepancies in the accounts. Well, there are. Even the great and leading transactions are represented differently. 'For instance, it is by no means agreed whether Bonaparte led in person the celebrated charge over the bridge of Lodi (for celebrated it certainly is, as well as the siege of Troy, whether either event ever really took place or no), or was safe in the rear, while Augereau performed the exploit. The same doubt hangs over the charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo. It is no less uncertain whether or no this strange personage poisoned in Egypt an hospitalful of his own soldiers, and butchered in cold blood a garrison that had surrendered. But not to multiply instances: the battle of Borodino, which is represented as one of the greatest ever fought, is unequivocally claimed as a victory by both parties; nor is the question decided at this day. We have official accounts on both sides, circumstantially detailed, in the names of supposed respectable persons, professing to have been present on the spot, yet totally irreconcilable. Both these accounts may be false; but since one of them must be false, that one (it is no matter which we suppose) proves incontrovertibly this important maxim:—that it is possible for a narrative—however circumstantial—however steadily maintained—however public, and

however important the events it relates — however grave the authority on which it is published—to be nevertheless an entire fabrication!'

It must be difficult, the author admits, for the public to think it possible that it can have been deceived so long. Yet we know how larger publics than ours have been deceived about Brahma and Mahomet for a much longer time. To show how, even in this enlightened age, as it is called, a whole nation may be imposed upon, the author relates the following anecdote:—'It was stated in the newspapers, that a month after the battle of Trafalgar, an English officer, who had been a prisoner of war, and was exchanged, returned to this country from France, and beginning to condole with his countrymen on the terrible *defeat* they had sustained, was infinitely astonished to learn that the battle of Trafalgar was a splendid victory: he had been assured, he said, that in that battle the English had been totally defeated; and the French were fully and universally persuaded that such was the fact. Now, if this report of the belief of the French nation was *not* true, the British public were completely imposed upon; if it *were* true, then both nations were at the same time rejoicing in the event of the same battle, as a signal victory to themselves; and consequently one or other at least of these nations must have been the dupes of their government: for if the battle was never fought at all, or was not decisive on either side, in that case *both* parties were deceived. This instance, I conceive, is absolutely demonstrative of the point in question.'

But then many people saw Bonaparte at Plymouth 'with their own eyes.' All respect to both the eyesight and the veracity of those individuals; 'they saw a man in a cocked hat, who, *they were told*, was Bonaparte.' How could they know that it was really he? How many people have told impossible things, alleging they have seen them with their own eyes! Soldiers may come forward, in like manner, and show the scars they received in fighting against Napoleon's armies. 'But,' says our author, 'I defy any one to declare, on his own knowledge, what was the cause in which he fought—under whose commands the opposed generals acted—and whether the person who issued those commands did really perform the mighty achievements we are told of.'

What, above all, throws doubt upon the truth of the stories told of Napoleon, is their wonderful nature. 'All the events are great, and splendid, and marvellous; great armies, great victories, great frosts, great reverses, "hairbreadth 'scapes," empires subverted in a few days; everything happening in defiance of political calculations, and in opposition to the *experience* of past times; everything upon that grand scale so common in epic poetry, so rare in real life; and thus calculated to strike the imagination of the vulgar, and to remind the sober-thinking few of the Arabian Nights.' He loses five armies to France, yet 'so eager are the French to be a sixth time led to destruction, that it was found necessary to confine *him* in an island some thousand miles off, and to quarter foreign troops upon *them*, lest they should make an insurrection in his favour. To enumerate the improbabilities of each of the several parts of this history, would fill volumes. . . . . Let any man, not ignorant of history and of human nature, revolve them in his mind, and consider how far they are conformable to experience, our best and only sure guide. In vain will he seek for something similar to this wonderful Bonaparte.'

The reader is probably by this time prepared to learn that the whole of this odd argument was the production of a learned and ingenious divine—the present archbishop of Dublin—designed to meet the doctrine of a philosopher of the last century—that we ought not to believe any narration of extraordinary events, if they exceed our experience and observation of the world, as in that case an error of the reporters is much more credible. Here is a history transcending all experience and observation, and against the actuality of which a great deal can be urged, and yet we all believe in it. What, then, becomes of the much-vaunted test, that the allegations should be more probable in their nature than the unfaithfulness or simplicity of the witnesses?

The whole thing is surprisingly clever and telling; and no one would have been more ready to own so much, and to enter into and enjoy the joke, than the very philosopher whom it throws into ridicule. It is not for us to discuss more particularly the bearing of the argument upon religious questions; but we feel inclined to trace its relation to our common proceedings regarding evidence.

It is not, we think, to be denied, that there is a natural disposition to weigh probabilities in the way which the philosopher pointed out: that is, when we hear anything wonderful told, we are extremely apt to disbelieve it, if it seems more likely that the narrator has been deceived, or aims at deceiving, than that the alleged facts should have taken place. But this is not always necessarily to be regarded as an instinct leading us to the best means of ascertaining truth or avoiding error, and guiding us with regard to human testimony. It may be only the exponent of a certain indifference and levelness of understanding, which will rather be content with the rejection of novel intelligence at all hazards, than disturbed with new ideas, or at the trouble to ascertain their soundness. Or it may be to some extent a mere habit, induced in the majority by the impossibility they find of sifting all marvels that come before them. Life being too short to allow of this sifting in all cases, we are obliged, in most instances, to make a choice between rejection or credulity, and being determined against the latter, we have no alternative but to disbelieve.

Mr Burton, in his life of Hume, has remarked the accordance of the doctrine with the character of its author's mind. 'How clearly,' he says, 'do we find these principles practically illustrated in his history! A disinclination to believe in the narratives of great and remarkable deeds proceeding from peculiar impulses: a propensity, when the evidence adduced in their favour cannot be rebutted, to treat these peculiarities rather as diseases of the mind than as the operation of noble aspirations: a disposition to find all men pretty much upon a par, and none in a marked manner better or worse than their neighbours: an inclination to doubt all authorities which tended to prove that the British people had any fundamental liberties not possessed by the French and other European nations. Such are the practical fruits of this necessitarian philosophy.'

If we were always to judge, moreover, by our experience, nothing beyond that experience would have any chance of being fairly treated. It would be setting up a narrow knowledge as a judge upon all knowledge beyond. Men would then be cautious in the proportion of their ignorance, which neither is a fact, nor is it a thing to be desired. Even men who pass as enlightened and knowing, would be unjust to many things, for all knowledge is but a point in the gradations of ignorance. And thus scientific men often are erroneously sceptical, as when they rejected the reports brought to them regarding meteoric stones, or when they (not long since) denied the possibility of severe surgical operations being performed painlessly. On this principle, there would be no progress in knowledge; for whenever an investigator brought out a new truth, he would be met with, 'Pooh, pooh! Far more likely that you are deceived by your imagination, than that anything so different from common observation should be true.'

However convenient, then, it may be, in common life, to judge of probability in the way pointed out by the philosopher, it evidently becomes a fallacious test when we would try by it any extraordinary fact or series of events on which it is of importance for us to come to a full decision. And yet it will not do to admit everything merely because we cannot be sure how far it is irreconcilable with what we already have reason

for believing. In that case we should have no protection against the most ridiculous marvels which any ill-designing person might seek to impose upon us. No one certainly pretends to deny that there are degrees of credibility in authorities, and that human testimony can and ought in all cases to be weighed before it is received. Neither can it be doubted that there is a wise caution to be exercised with regard to the reception of novelties and marvels of all kinds, *that* being always the most liable to scruple which is most remote from systems and principles already in some degree of credit. The philosopher, the divine, the judge, all keep fully in view the different estimates to be put upon matters submitted to their judgment, according to these attendant considerations.

Perhaps the best practical point we can arrive at, is to exercise this judgment in the highest extent, but with greater liberality than is generally found towards what is beyond the range of existing knowledge. What seems most necessary to the philosophy of our age, is a larger view of the bounds of the Possible. We need such extensions of our conceptions of human nature and affairs, as the marvels of the Napoleonic era were calculated to give to the man living in the last century. We need such enlargements of our ideas as to physical nature, as the recent discoveries of Faraday are calculated to produce. We would require to take man and society, less as the narrow problem which they form in their more familiar aspects, and more in connection with the great unseen influences which preside over the world. Were this the case, the tone of the public mind would become less rigidly material, less coldly sceptical than it is. A vital, generous, and ever-aspiring faith would succeed, and the progress of our race would be proportionately advanced.

A SEA-PIECE.

SKETCHED IN A PASSENGER'S LOG-BOOK.

THE ship 'Maria,' Captain Roberts, of Bristol, had for the last ten days kept good hold of the north-east trade-wind, steering 'full and by,' or large before it; a few points off her course, indeed, but going all the while not less than ten knots an hour. Scarcely a yard had been touched during that time, and the crew had been occupied chiefly with odds and ends about the rigging, mending sails, making spars; not more than one watch being generally on deck at once under the mild régime of Captain Roberts. By the time he thought fit to keep the ship away to westward, we had already run down almost into the latitude of the West Indies; but a fortnight's sail of longitude remained still to make. At breakfast-time the starboard braces were taken in, the yards slanted sharp across, and a course given for the helmsman to steer, instead of the wind itself, as a direction to him.

The Maria leant at first briskly over in the morning breeze, which rushed against her with a plash of deep-blue waves, one of which would every now and then wash up through the bulwarks, and trickle in several streams down her sloping white quarter-deck into the lee-scuppers. Every change at sea is welcome, and this itself produced a difference in the appearance of things more lively than can be appreciated by a mere landsman. Up above the weather-taffrail you only saw now a narrow line of azure waters, closed by the yellow tacks of the sails hauled fast into the bulwark; while to leeward, all was spread out, fresh and rolling, in so far as ropes and canvas allowed. To windward, on the level of the horizon, which wore a strong, steady gush of colour from the breeze, could be perceived the faint shape of a large vessel, seen since daybreak; and when the ship rose on a wave, that distant speck seemed to grow clearer through a half-open port, which admitted the cool draught, with a keen blue glimpse of sea and air, over the muzzle of a carronade. Towards mid-day, however, the wind had not only shifted a little, but began to leave us: now and then the sails, which had so long remained asleep before its constant force, shivered one above another, as if with a sudden convulsion, and then filled out again. The ship was kept away another point; the quarter-deck awning, as usual, was spread; and much was it needed; for at noon, when the captain came up with his sextant to take his observation, the hot breaths of air between the last puffs of the breeze smacked most unequivocally of the line. The free, regular movement of the sea was falling gradually into longer and slower undulation, that proceeded not from the atmosphere, but from the ocean itself, and was evidently the forerunner of a calm. Its colour, changed from strong, sprinkly blue, to pure opal, or that tint called by painters ultra-marine, had insensibly become most beautiful; and lying in that dazzling, cloudless sky like a heaving image of it, reflected every ray of the perpendicular sun upon the bosom of a broad and glassy swell, that lifted us without ever breaking. I looked over the side to notice the good Maria's present speed, and calculated she did not make three and a-half knots an hour, with allowance for the confusing motion of mingled swell and wave.

Notwithstanding all this tranquillity, the captain, who had accidentally consulted the barometer, ordered the crew 'to get their dinner over as sharp as possible.'

'Have you made that vessel out yet, sir?' continued he, taking up the telescope from under the capstan, and looking at the ship in the distance, which had grown more distinct.

'Nothing more,' I said, 'than her being a large three-master, with all sail set, and apparently before the wind.'

Even as I spoke, the dim figure of the far-off ship came out into strange vividness, so as to be almost startling, as if a sudden gleam of the most intense light had fallen upon it. It was, however, the gradually-deepened hue of the horizon, behind which had thus been expressed for a moment the number of her masts, and the very whiteness of her sails. The phenomenon became more striking, palpable, distinct; and then by degrees, as if a veil had been interposed, or she had sunk into a dusky film beyond, the ship ceased to be visible at all. On the place where she had disappeared—what a seaman would call the eye of the wind—there grew a dark-gray spot, that changed to indigo, and, like a leprous taint, was diffusing itself in the sky, and creeping along the horizon, till the whole sea-line to windward was of a deep livid black, relieved against a sullen neutral-tint, as if an unseen darkness were beneath. Still to leeward all was clear and bright, while the sun was hot as a furnace-breath overhead. All at once, again and again, the sails collapsed with a sound like the explosion of a carronade, and we were all aback, the vessel rolling helplessly on the long smooth swell; and then they were as suddenly distended as before. The mate, who had been standing by the compass, now stepped to Captain Roberts, and mentioned that the ship would not steer her course. 'Call the hands,' was the reply. 'All hands, there!' shouted the mate. 'Square away the yards,' said the captain; and in an instant all was pulling, hauling, and the creaking sound of the heavy yards swinging round in their iron pivots. I leant over the side, looking into the glassy blue water, which seemed to subside visibly to oily stillness, nothing being audible but the quick jerks and jolts of the almost useless wheel, by which the sailor under the round-house stood listlessly. A dim green form rose up out of the depths under my sight to the very ribs of the ship; and as I gazed down upon the hideous head of the monster, with its sharp back-fin actually clear of the surface, for the first time in many years I recognised a shark. The stillness and isolation, the breathless hush which pervaded the whole ship, with the hot, oppressive air, reminded me of the scene in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' which I had been reading lately, and I lifted my head, if only to verify my connection with human companions. I was at first surprised to see the sky and horizon before me again clear, and for an instant fancied

that the threatened tropical thunder-storm had passed as suddenly as it came, leaving only a shadowy trace upon the sea. It needed but the next moment's reflection, while in the act of looking round, to convince me that the vessel had simply shifted her position unawares during my meditation; although to a landsman it is curious, for the first time, when in a calm he sees himself opposite, all on a sudden, to some object on the contrary side of the horizon. It is impossible in any other way to realise so much the feeling of total helplessness, of dependence upon the free winds of heaven, as when, thousands of miles from land, you watch the compass which the steersman has left, and perceive the ship's headmark successively coincide with every point in the circle. The captain's voice, as it broke the silence, was absolutely startling.

'Man the fore and main clue-garnets; brail up the courses.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' And this slight renewal of activity fell cheerfully in. As the two broad sheets of lower canvas rose gradually up to the yard, however, they revealed the whole livid background, towards which the ship's head, with its white bowsprit and flapping stay-sails, was now directed. The short interval had served to extend it already into a huge bank of sullen vapour, that concentrated to cloud, obliterating the division of sea and sky, and seeming to steal near rather by the deepening of its gloom, and the spreading of its crescent-wings, than by actual motion. The brassy glare which smote upon its western edge from the sun gave to the sight a still and terrible beauty, out of which, next instant, one expected to see the lightning dazzle forth, and to have his hearing confounded by some insufferable trumpet-blast of thunder. Underneath and round, the whole ocean, so lately of the keenest blue, lay leaden-coloured and dull; heaving, as it were, from the other horizon into the obscure bosom of the thunder-cloud, with one long, faint, noiseless undulation, upon which a cork would not have dipped. The continued clearness of the opposite sky rendered it more striking; but what was most impressive about the scene, was the contrast presented by the occasional clank of the rudder-chains, and jerk of the wheel, to that utter stillness of the great spreading exhalation, surcharged with thunder, light, and rain, if not with tempest.

'Let go the royal and to'gallant halliards,' cried Captain Roberts; 'and you, boys, lay aloft and furl them. On deck there, stand by the topsail halliards. I expect we shall have more water than wind just now,' continued the captain, as he came aft to me under the round-house. For half an hour little more was said indeed—all standing at their posts, in no mood for conversation, which at sea people seldom are when anything important is in suspense. Meanwhile the gloom deepened, and the vast thunder-cloud appeared to climb, with its palpable top, up the vault of heaven, till it hung overhead, and projected far behind us. A muttering growl ran round at intervals in the distance, and the sea was calm as glass, and pale by contrast. At last there shot forth, as if from an abyss of darkness, one forked, dazzling, zig-zag flash, with which the very bosom of the cloud seemed for a moment to grow luridly transparent; and sails and masts appeared to quiver together at the explosion which burst above, like the breaking up of the firmament. Still all was hot, breathless, and without wind; the deck like heated iron, the pitch-seams sticking to the feet, and the vessel slowly making the circuit of her compass with the horizon, one side of which still lay hard and livid against a cloudless atmosphere. Flash followed flash, peal succeeded peal; and once a meteor-like ball of light appeared to crown the main sky-sail mast-head, and to play along the royal yard. At every flash one could see the faces of the men standing in groups, motionless and rigid, by the ropes where they had been stationed. Suddenly, from the edge of the cloud above us, with the hiss of a thousand cataracts, and a feeling as if the vessel were at once submerged, there descended a sheet of rain so unbroken, so compact, that for the instant one gasped for breath. From side to side the whole ocean was one white, confused mass, ploughed up by the falling torrent, and faintly luminous as the fresh water mingled with the salt element, whose lazy, sullen swell meanwhile rose higher, in spite of the absolute calm. The deck itself was in a minute's space knee-deep with water, over and above what the scupper-holes could discharge; and at every slight roll of the vessel, ropes, buckets, and other incumbrances were washed about one's legs. For a whole hour did this uncomfortable state of things continue; the rain finally lessening, the gloom passing to leeward, and the sudden swell subsiding, till the sea lay even more dead-smooth and glassy than before, and the saturated canvas began to steam up under the heat. In the quarter whence the thunder-storm had come, was now spread a heavy blue haze, which, as it darkened, seemed to promise something more. This time, however, it was the wind. From under the foot of the ominous veil there moved towards us first a line of deep indigo, then a keen, kindling streak of white, that lengthened as it came, like dust beneath the wheels of innumerable chariots, accompanied by a far-off murmuring hum. A light puff blew the three tall topsails aback for a moment, and then as suddenly left them hanging vertically; and the yards were hauled a little round to meet it. Still all was calm near at hand, the rudder not even jerking, when all at once the smooth sea swelled up beside us, of an inky blackness, as if it would rise over the bulwarks, and swamp us bodily. As suddenly, responsive to the element beneath, the gallant little Maria rose high upon the huge unbroken undulation; and then, with a howl of fury, the squall caught her.

'Port, port!' shouted the captain; 'down with the helm!' and it was as much as the grizzled old seaman beside it could do, assisted by the mate, to grind round the wheel and meet the wind, as the ship unexpectedly found steerage-way, and her head-sails payed her off. She leant over with her larboard gunwale under water, and the yard-arms almost seeming to touch the wave-tops as they rose; while the force of the blast gave her scarcely time to rise, burying her head every now and then in a dark-green sea, that washed aft to where we stood. For the first few minutes all was confusion; ropes thrown down, the crew shouting as they hauled, and scrambling as well as they could into the weather-rigging to reef topsails. The whole scene, although fearful, was most spirit-stirring. I stood holding on by a backstay to windward, at peril of being drenched even on the quarter-deck, as the man at the wheel luffed a little to take the wind out of the sails for the reefers. It was thrilling to look up and see the men creep down to leeward on the yard, and push out the foot-rope as they leant to handle the bellying canvas, stiffened with wind and rain; their blue and red shirts relieved against the wild, desolate sky, which had lately been shut out by the broad sails; and the half-seen faces of the old hard-a-weather sailors at the earings, looking white with stern, rude energy, as they turned them round. Behind there was nothing but a rising outline of tumultuous water, indigo-coloured, and a thick white mist beyond, from which the vessel fled, amidst the steady roar of the tempest, into the darkness that had left her in its rear. Cheerily, however, went the three diminished topsails up to their stretch; and the Maria, when kept away from the wind again, climbed the huge waves more easily, shaking the sea from her bows like a fishing-coble in a breeze.

Soon after this, the appearance of the weather had altered for the better. The wind had moderated to a breeze, and the reefs were shaken out of the topsails, and top-gallant sails set again, although there was still a heavy sea on. The Maria was now close to the wind, and leant steadily over as she ploughed the dark waves, while now and then over her weather-bows there burst a white cloud of spray. She was running right on into

the yellow light of sunset, which was visible low down between the troughs of the sea, and behind the blue line of the horizon as her white bowsprit lifted. In place of the late dark cloud to windward, lay a hazy bank of gray vapour, whose eastern wing slowly crept into the clear azure space of sky beyond. When we rose at intervals, I fancied I could discern on that open horizon to eastward the dim figure of a vessel in the distance—apparently the Indiaman we had seen before the squall. Suddenly I perceived a keen point of silvery light kindle in the very centre of the spot, and the form of the ship seemed to be defined by it. Taken together with her appearance in the daytime before the squall, it at first recalled to me the legends of the 'Phantom Ship' and the 'Flying Dutchman,' which are current amongst sailors. The idea then occurred to me that the vessel was on fire, and I remarked it to Captain Roberts. Next time we rose, however, my mistake was discovered by the beautiful phenomenon before us. The large bright circle of the rising moon was half extended around the far-off ship, and a faint tract of light trembled across the distant waters; along which she seemed to be pursuing her way into an arch of silver radiance, the gate to some other world. Next time, the round disk was just clearing the horizon, and appeared about to lift the ship with it, as on a shield, into the upper air. Then at last, the moon ascended the sky; and like one too late, the ship was holding on alone to the darkened verge: while upon the green wave-tops near us there gradually fell a broken lustre, and hour after hour the Maria pursued her westward course, followed by the glance of that large, full, glorious planet, such as she is never seen in the cold northern climes.

THIEF-MAKING AND THIEF-TAKING.

The frequent publication of prison reports and criminal statistics of late years, has led many persons to imagine that crime is greatly on the increase. But the number of misdemeanours and offences now every day recorded by the public press, is to be attributed rather to more efficient police arrangements, than to any deterioration of private or public morals. A glance at the history of crime in London will serve as an instructive illustration of this fact. During the past, and even in the present century, the bringing of criminals to justice was a trade in which any one might engage; and petty crimes were regarded as unprofitable stock—not worth the trouble of trial and conviction, and as necessary evils in a crowded community. Offences against the person were then much more frequent than in the present day, and acts of violence were often committed with impunity. It was unsafe to travel the roads in the vicinity of the metropolis after nightfall; even in the most crowded thoroughfares, persons were knocked down and robbed. According to Mr Colquhoun, a magistrate who published a work on the Metropolitan Police in 1797, there were at that time 115,000 persons 'who were supposed to support themselves in and near the metropolis by pursuits either criminal, illegal, or immoral.' The chief causes by which the ranks of this army of depredators were recruited he considered to consist in the large number (3000) of houses for the reception of stolen property, and of low taverns. The latter, he says, were the rendezvous of thieves: in the tap-rooms, men, women, and children might be seen crowded together; while the landlords, in too many instances, were either the leaders, or in the pay of gangs of thieves. The value of the property annually plundered he estimates at L.2,100,000; adding, that no improvement could be expected, as the 'watchmen and patrols were comparatively of little use, from their *age, infirmity, inattention, or corrupt practices*.' By the authority of various acts of parliament then in force, the reward for the conviction of an offender was then fixed at L.40; the consequence was, that those who made a trade of catching thieves took no pains to capture a criminal while he was graduating through the minor degrees of crime, and brought him to trial only when he had committed an offence which, in their phraseology, 'made him worth L.40.' Mr Colquhoun gives a tabular statement of 1088 individuals brought before the London magistrates in one year, comprising eight sessions, 1790-91. 'The melancholy catalogue,' he tells us, 'does not contain an account of above *one-tenth part* of the offences which are actually committed!' Out of the 1088 offenders, 711 were discharged as not worth the risk and trouble of prosecution. To this statement we may append the returns for 1841: in that year, with a population double that of the former period, the number of convictions was 2625.

But if we go back to the commencement of the century—the era of Jonathan Wild and his confederates—we find a still worse state of things. Human life then seemed to possess but little value in the estimation of the dispensers of the law, or of those who lived in defiance of the law. Wild, as is well known, traded in blood, and sold his victims to the gallows with a ferocious effrontery that finds no parallel in modern times. Perjury was resorted to on all occasions, either to save a friend, or ruin an enemy, as circumstances required; and there is too much reason to believe that those in authority winked at the audacious evasion of justice. The execution of the notorious thief-taker in 1725 had the effect, for a short time, of putting an end to the nefarious system which he had so long successfully practised. During his trial, Sir William Thompson, the recorder, told him that when the act was framed under which he was indicted, he had him (Wild) in mind, and knew he would one day be caught by it: a remark which savours strongly of the coarse feeling of the times.

The numerous rewards, however, for the apprehension of offenders, sanctioned by the legislature as the best means of protecting person and property, were too strong a temptation to be resisted by the vicious and evil-disposed. Before ten years were over, a gang of heartless wretches were again swearing away men's lives, sharing the rewards as prize-money amongst themselves, and every time they received a payment, holding what they called a *blood feast*. It is difficult to believe in the reality of such atrocities; but the murders committed by Burke and Hare within the past twenty years, and the recent instances of parents poisoning their own children at Stockport, to obtain the burial-fees, prove how much the natural feelings may become perverted when deprived of efficient moral control. At the period in question—about the middle of the last century—the scheme was so artfully contrived, as for a long time to defy detection. Evidence of the kind to secure conviction was never lacking. Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have been acquainted with similar miscreants and their proceedings, for they make one of their characters, Bartolus, describe—

> 'Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,
> That will swear anything.
> * * * * Be sure of witnesses;
> Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses;
> I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,
> So beastly cast away for want of witnesses.'

At length, in 1755, the villanous transactions of the gang were brought to a close by the persevering exertions of Mr Joseph Cox, constable of Blackheath hundred, who the following year published a narrative of the proceedings, in which he says:—'The wicked and diabolical practice of thief-making and thief-taking, and of convicting poor friendless lads who never were thieves at all,' was introduced about twenty years before, and had increased in consequence of the rewards for the suppression of robberies.

The confederates in this case consisted of five or six men and one woman, under a leader named Macdaniel. At first their practice was to swear a robbery against any individuals with whose names they chanced to be acquainted, and press for a conviction, in spite of the

accused party's asseverations that he had never been near the spot. This villany, however, having been detected in one or two instances, they adopted means afterwards to entice their victims to the scene of the pretended robbery. Sometimes they attended the Old Bailey sessions, and 'marked' such prisoners as they thought likely to suit their purpose, observing that 'they would be sure of him again in a sessions or two.' At other times, one of the party would accost three or four lads whose habits and character were such as to give colour to the charge, and after treating them to drink, invite them to take a walk, which he always contrived should be towards the locality already fixed on for a robbery. In the course of the day or evening, the lads were taken to a notorious tavern in Black Boy Alley, or to some lodging-house known to be frequented by thieves, where, at a preconcerted hour, the thief-takers came and apprehended the whole party. When before the magistrate, the confederates contrived to have their man admitted evidence, and scarcely ever failed of obtaining a conviction at the next sessions, with the reward of L.30 or L.40 for each conviction.

Another plan of which these villains availed themselves for carrying on their designs with greater impunity, was to hire a room, and after placing in it a few articles of furniture or merchandise, entrap some unsuspicious victim into the robbing of it. Or they advertised the stoppage of stolen goods, with full description, which left the advertiser free from suspicion. The latter scheme, however, was only put in practice a day or two before the assizes, that the friends of the accused might be prevented, by want of time, from exposing the treachery. But the chances of discovery were braved; the fellows never hesitated to swear anything to carry their point; the real residence of the 'decoy-duck' was scrupulously concealed; but if by any chance he was arrested, the prosecutor swore he was not the thief. 'As for what the poor creatures themselves said,' writes Mr Cox, 'it stood for nothing, although they loudly declared their innocence, and with their dying breath would acknowledge they ought to die for the sins of an ill-spent life, but protested their being innocent of the fact for which they suffered.'

The ranks of the thief-takers, it is said, were continually recruited from the criminals annually discharged from Newgate, where they had received an apt education. In most cases the magistrates refused to hear informations against them, and the attempt to press these informations was exceedingly dangerous. In one year, 1749, they divided the enormous sum of L.6300, which had been paid to them for convictions in the county of Middlesex. If the robbery were laid in an adjoining county, the reward was greater; and we read of eight convictions producing L.1120. It is not surprising that the villains were unwilling to abandon so profitable a trade, one to which they were encouraged by short-sighted legislation. In some instances, however, their prey escaped them. One of the gang meeting Lyon Alexander, inquired if he wished to earn a shilling; the youth assented, and on going to the house indicated for a bundle, was shown into a room, where half-a-dozen men began to maltreat him. They dragged him through the streets to Wapping, bruising his fingers with their sticks whenever he attempted to cling to the railings; and crossing the river to Greenwich, gave him in charge to the constable for highway robbery. The lad was committed to Maidstone jail, where he found another youth accused by the same gang; and the assizes not coming on for a week, they wrote to their friends, who fortunately were able to employ counsel, on which the prosecution was abandoned. On another occasion, two youths, one of them not more than thirteen, were saved by the exertions of the foreman of the jury. Although unable to secure their acquittal, he suspected the falsehood of the charge, and by an appeal to the proper authorities, obtained a pardon; and the confederates, who had cunning enough to deceive the court, jury, and nearly all concerned, were disappointed of their booty.

The manner in which these villanies were at last effectually exposed is worthy of record. A robbery was planned to take place at New Cross, near Greenwich, so as to insure the increased reward on conviction beyond the limit of Middlesex. Salmon, one of the gang, after drinking with two young men of indifferent character, persuaded them to bear him company in his walk down the Old Kent Road. Towards midnight he loitered behind, when Blee and Gahagan, two others of the gang, came up and robbed him of two pairs of leathern breeches, which he carried under his arm, with a tobacco box, and some other trifling articles. The thieves went off immediately to the rendezvous, where they were soon after followed by Salmon and his two unsuspecting companions. After further drinking, part of the stolen property was secreted on the persons of these two, when Macdaniel appeared and arrested them on a charge of highway robbery preferred by Salmon. Mr Cox's suspicions were first excited on learning that Macdaniel was well acquainted with Blee, who, although included in the charge, was yet at liberty. He therefore, with most praiseworthy perseverance, made a point of arresting Blee, the decoy-duck, unknown to Macdaniel, the mock prosecutor. The decoy immediately made an open confession, on which warrants were issued for the arrest of the chief confederates, to be served as soon as they had given their evidence on the trial of the two men at Maidstone. The apprehension of Blee was kept a profound secret; and the shortness of the interval before the assizes proved fatal to the party, who, with their usual confidence, went down into Kent to attend the trial. On descending from the witness-box after giving evidence, each one was quietly secured and handcuffed, though not without risk, as Macdaniel always went armed. Salmon was immediately committed for contriving his own robbery; and the other three, in spite of the leader's subterfuges, as accessaries and abettors. It was, however, found, that through some defect in the law, they could not be tried on the capital charge. The case was argued during several days before the twelve judges, which ended in an indictment for conspiracy, by order of the lords of the treasury. The four criminals were soon after brought to trial, and condemned to imprisonment in Newgate for seven years, and to be set twice in the pillory. On their first public appearance, they were with difficulty saved from the fury of the mob. Gahagan was struck dead by a missile hurled from the crowd; and had it not been for the sheriffs, not one would have escaped popular vengeance.

Eventually the woman, Mary Jones, came in for her share of the punishment. A poor wretch named Kidden had been tried and convicted on her accusation of robbing her on the highway between Tottenham and London. Notwithstanding the prisoner's protestations of innocence, and the appeals of his friends to the secretary of state, he was condemned to be hanged. Some passages in the letters he wrote, while waiting for execution, mark the harsh treatment of prisoners at that period. In one, he informs his sister that he has no fire; and though black and blue with lying on the floor, is to be double-ironed. In another, he thanks her for sixpence, which she sent him, 'for,' he adds, 'we have nothing allowed us but one penny loaf a-day.' Blee afterwards confessed that Kidden was entirely innocent, and Mary Jones was committed to Newgate for wilful murder; on which Mr Cox concludes, 'I could not entertain the thoughts of relinquishing the pursuit, till I found these monsters fixed in those dreadful apartments appointed for the reception of the delighters in the shedding of blood—the destroyers of the repose and tranquillity of the human race.'

An attempt to revive the blood-money system appears to have been made about the year 1816; but its promoters—Vaughan, a police officer, with some others—were sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Newgate;

to what extent they had carried it was never known. Since that period, as far as we can learn, it has not reappeared; and any efforts to put it in practice at the present time would certainly fail of success. We could wish, for the sake of humanity, that the annals of crime were not made blacker by such fearful records; and though such deeds may not be committed now, places still exist in London where individuals may be hired to perjure themselves—to swear to anything for a consideration. Such blots can only be removed from our social condition by a true education—which, while informing the mind, improves and regulates the moral feelings.

GUTTA PERCHA.

THERE are some substances in nature which appear expressly intended to fill a sphere of utility peculiar to themselves, and for which no substitutes, or virtually none, seem capable of being discovered. Caoutchouc was one of these, *gutta percha* is another. This substance is of recent introduction into England, having been first brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the autumn of 1843. The history of its discovery is thus given by Dr Montgomerie:—'While at Singapore in 1842, I on one occasion observed, in the hands of a Malayan woodsman, the handle of a *parang* made of a substance which appeared quite new to me. My curiosity was excited, and on inquiry, I found it was made of the gutta percha, and that it could be moulded into any form, by simply dipping it in boiling water until it became heated throughout, when it became plastic as clay, and when cold, regained, unchanged, its original hardness and rigidity. I immediately possessed myself of the article, and desired the man to fetch me as much more of it as he could get. On making some experiments with it, I at once discovered that, if procurable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful.' The discovery was communicated to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and subsequently to the Society of Arts in London, and the announcement met with immediate attention in both quarters. Orders for considerable quantities were transmitted, and the gutta percha trade, for such it has become, assumed a definite organisation.

The tree from which it is procured is stated by Sir W. J. Hooker to belong to the natural order *Sapotaceæ*. It is found in abundance in many places in the island of Singapore, and in some dense forests at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula. The discoverer having applied to the celebrated and enterprising Mr Brook, requesting him to make inquiries for the tree at Sarāwak, and on the west coast of Borneo, received the following communication from that gentleman:—'The tree is called *Niato* by the Sarāwak people, but they are not acquainted with the properties of the sap: it attains a considerable size, even as large as six feet diameter; is plentiful in Sarāwak, and most probably all over the island of Borneo.' The tree is stated to be one of the largest in the forests in which it is found, frequently attaining to the diameter of three or four feet, and occasionally to that above-mentioned. The timber is valueless for building purposes, on account of the loose and open character of its tissue; but the tree bears a fruit which yields a concrete oil, used for food by the natives. Gutta percha is contained in the sap, and is thus procured:—A magnificent tree of fifty, or perhaps one hundred years' growth, is felled; the bark is stripped off, and a milky juice, which exudes from the lacerated surfaces, is collected, and poured into a trough, formed by the hollow stem of the plantain leaf. On exposure to the air, the juice quickly coagulates. From twenty to thirty pounds is the average produce of one tree. This wasteful, sinful procedure, is adopted to a very large extent, as may be conceived from the amount of the gutta now imported reaching many hundreds of tons annually. The inevitable consequence of such an extravagant short-sightedness it is not difficult to predict; and we may confidently expect, that if measures are not taken to remedy the evil, gutta percha will in time cease to form an article of commerce, and exist only as a rarity in the cabinets of the curious, or in the hands of the instrument-maker. There is every reason to believe, could this greedy spirit be restrained, that an abundant supply might be obtained by simply making incisions in the bark of the tree, as in the case of the caoutchouc trees, and thus a perennial supply would be insured.

Gutta percha comes to us in two forms: the one in which it is in thin films or scraps, something similar to clippings of white leather; the other is in rolls, which, on a cross section, show that they are formed by rolling the thin layers together in a soft state. When pure, the slips are transparent, and somewhat elastic, varying in colour from a whitish-yellow to a pink. In the mass it is seldom free from some impurities—such as sawdust, pieces of leaves, &c.—which must be removed before it is applicable for some of the more delicate uses proposed for the substance. It is purified by a process called 'devilling,' or kneading, which is done in hot water: the water soon dissolves some of the foreign matters, and washes out others, until after a short time the gutta percha is left in a mass, ductile, soft, and plastic, of a whitish-gray colour. Or this is more simply effected by dividing the substance into fragments, and then submitting them to a slightly prolonged boiling in water. From the docile nature of the material, neither of these processes is attended with the difficulties attaching to the manipulation requisite for caoutchouc. Gutta percha thus prepared for use possesses very curious properties. Below the temperature of 50 degrees, it is as hard as wood, but it will receive an indentation from the finger nail. It is excessively tough, and only flexible in the condition of thin slips: in the mass, it has a good deal the appearance, and something of the feel, of horn; its texture is somewhat fibrous; and from the resistance it offers to anything rubbed across it, it appears that it was first used as a substitute for horn for the handles of knives and choppers. By an increase of heat, it becomes more flexible, until, at a temperature considerably below the boiling point of water, the once rigid, tough, and obdurate mass becomes like so much softened bees'-wax. It is now easily cut and divided in any manner by a knife, and may be moulded into all varieties of form with the greatest ease; or may be cut and united again so perfectly, as scarcely to exhibit even the appearance of a joint, and possessing all the strength of an undivided mass. From a number of very small fragments it is quite easy to form a coherent mass, as firm as if no division had taken place. Whatever be the shape into which the gutta percha is now formed, it will retain precisely the same form as it cools, hardening again to its previous state of rigidity. A ball one inch in diameter was completely softened by boiling for ten minutes, and regained its hardness entirely in half an hour. It is an important fact, that these processes may be alternated any number of times without injury to the material. It is in a great measure devoid of elasticity, offering a striking contrast to caoutchouc, but its tenacity is little less than wonderful: a thin slip, an eighth of an inch substance, sustained a weight of forty-two pounds, and only broke with the pressure of fifty-six pounds. It offers great resistance to an extending power; but when drawn out, it remains without contracting in the same position. When in its hard state, it is cut with incredible difficulty by the knife or saw. Like caoutchouc, it burns brightly when lighted, disengaging the peculiar odour accompanying the combustion of that substance; like it also, it is soluble with difficulty in ether and other caoutchouc solvents, but very readily in oil of turpentine.

We may now properly consider the applications of this substance. The solution appears to be as well adapted as that of India-rubber for the manufacture of waterproof cloth, and for the other purposes to which that liquid is now applied. In the solid state, it is in use among the Malays principally for the purpose be-

fore mentioned; and they adopt it in preference to wood and horn, even where the latter is attainable. There are a number of cases also in which it appears likely to become an admirable substitute for leather, possessing, as it does, some properties in common with, and some vastly superior to, those of that material. Its value has been readily recognised by our inventors, no less than six patents being already in existence having reference to this material. In these it is proposed to apply gutta percha as an ingredient in mastics and cements; for the manufacture of a thread which is used to form piece goods, ribbons, paper, and other articles; as a substitute for caoutchouc in binding books; for waterproofing boots, shoes, and other articles of apparel; for the manufacture of flexible hose, tubes, bottles, &c. But the most comprehensive is the patent of Mr Hancock, who has instituted a series of curious experiments upon this remarkable substance. He unites the gutta percha with caoutchouc and another substance called *jintawan*, by which an elastic material results, which is impervious to, and insoluble in, water. The hardness or elasticity of the compound is easily determined by the alteration of the amount of gutta percha: the latter is added in larger quantity if firmness is requisite, and *vice versa* if flexibility and elasticity are necessary. From this mixture a very curious substance, light, porous, and spongy, is prepared, suitable for stuffing or forming the seats of chairs, cushions, mattresses, &c.; it also forms springs for clocks, clasps, belts, garters, and string. By an alteration of the process, much hardness is acquired, and moulds and balls of the material are capable of being turned in a lathe, and otherwise treated like ivory. In this state it offers itself for a thousand other offices: thus it may be formed into excellent picture-frames, incredibly tough walking-sticks, door-handles, chess-men, sword and knife handles, buttons, combs, and flutes. It has also been proposed as a material for forming the embossed alphabets and maps for the blind, on account of the clear sharp impression it is capable of receiving and retaining. It has been suggested that it would make a good, certainly a harmless, stopping for decayed teeth. It is also an excellent matrix for receiving the impression of medals and coins, and is valuable on account of its subsequent non-liability to break. By mixing a proper portion of sulphuric acid with it, or adding a portion of wax or tallow, it may be reduced to any degree of solubility, and furnishes a good varnish, quite impermeable to water. Mr Hancock proposes such a fluid as valuable for amalgamating with colours in printing: it appears probable that this will form an extensive application of the discovery, and that colours so printed will prove as lasting as the fabrics on which they are impressed. Time alone, however, can determine the extent to which gutta percha will be applied in the useful and ornamental arts. There appears no doubt that it will soon become an article of commerce as important as, if not more so than, caoutchouc itself; and we believe that its persevering discoverer will have on many occasions, and for many years, to rejoice over the benefits he has been the means of conferring upon the present age by its introduction.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

Glorious Robert Burns! When George Thomson wrote to him, asking new songs for the old tunes, and offering remuneration, he said—'You may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. . . . To talk of money, wages, fee, hire, &c. would be downright prostitution of soul. A proof of each of the songs that I compose *I shall receive as a favour.*' When, ten months after, Thomson sent a gift of money, Burns replied—'I assure you, my dear sir, you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. . . . As to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear, on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the bypast transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you.' He was then an exciseman at fifty pounds a-year. Afterwards, when he had seventy, Mr Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle' offered him fifty-two guineas per annum if he would furnish once a-week an article for the poetical department of the newspaper. 'This offer,' says Dr Currie, 'the pride of genius disdained to accept.'

Burns was doubtless unreasonable on this point. He might have accepted from both Thomson and Perry with perfect propriety. It shows, however, the nice delicacy of the man, that he refused to receive these tithes of mint and cummin. It also shows the small progress which mercenary ideas had then made amongst the men who exercised their intellects for the gratification of the public.

Contrast with this an announcement of the newspapers of our day, that, by a decision in the Court of Queen's Bench, a song cannot be even sung in public without the permission of the composer, under a penalty of at least forty shillings for each offence, the proprietor of the place where the song is sung being liable to the same penalty! Money, money, money!—always money! For this, it now fully appears, the composer melts us with the tender strains of love, seeks to inspire us with a love of country, or strikes our souls with pity and terror by calling up the ideas proper to a battle or a shipwreck. He aims at softening and refining us by his elegant and delightful art; but a toll must be paid as we walk up to his temple, under a forty-shillings penalty. Imagine Tyrtaeus composing capital war-songs to inspirit his countrymen against the Persians, and then, when the soldiers were all ready to go on to battle singing them, 'Oh no, my dear friends,' interposes the bard; 'as individuals, you are welcome to sing my songs as long as you please; but as you now propose to sing them *in public*, I must have a consideration.' Think of the Troubadours squabbling for 'considerations' every time they sung each other's romances in abbey refectory or baron's hall; Thorold defending his romance of *Rollo* from a piratical recitation by Wace, and Wace prosecuting Thorold on account of his *Brut d'Angleterre.* Verily the times are changed since then.

We submit that, while it is but right that a man should be remunerated for the productions of his intellect, the tradesman part of the business ought surely to be as much softened as possible. To tell a man that he may gather a petty impost, if he can, upon every collection of people to whom one of his productions is presented, is to degrade him. Surely, too, the public could not well pay for their gratification in a way more cumbrous or uneconomical.

PROTECTION AGAINST THE SUN IN HOUSES.

We are now at a period of the year when the great enemy of comfort is no longer cold, but heat, and when workmen more especially, plying their occupations in sheds, attics, or other apartments with roofs exposed to the sun, suffer severely. A cheap and simple expedient for diminishing the temperature of such places has been recommended by a correspondent; and it proceeds upon a principle so perfectly well known, that it is surprising this obvious application of it should now come before us with anything like the air of a discovery. The gentleman complains, however, that nearly a year ago he published a statement on the subject in a provincial journal, and that since then not a single attempt has been made to test his plan, even in the town where the paper is printed. The principle refers to the heat-conducting and radiating powers of coloured substances. A thatched roof, more especially when new and bright, however warm it may keep the house in winter, preserves it comparatively cool in summer; while tiles receive and retain heat in proportion to the depth of their colour; and slates are worst of all, becoming so hot when the sun shines, that it is painful to touch them with the hand. In like manner, the warmth of our clothing depends upon the same circumstances. In

winter, we very properly wear dark, and in summer light colours; and in most tropical countries the natives are clothed exclusively in white.

Our correspondent mentions a case in which a wood-turner was absolutely driven from his business by the heat for two or three hours in the day. His workshop had a slated roof slanting to the south; and there being a small steam-engine within the building, the heat from this source, added to the heat from the roof (for there was no ceiling or plaster inside), raised the thermometer to 104 degrees, when it was 80 degrees out of doors in the shade. The remedy recommended was simply to *white-wash the roof;* and this had the effect of equalising the temperature within and without. 'The slates,' he adds, 'which before were so hot on the under side that they burnt the hand, were scarcely warmed by the sun after the whitewashing.' The materials, we are told, will not cost sixpence for a roof sixteen feet square; and if well sized, even a fortnight's continued rain will have little effect. Such a surface, therefore, might be renewed once or twice in the heat of summer, at a very trifling expense; while, if greater permanence were desired, the same result would be obtained by means of two coats of white oil-paint. The published paper of our correspondent concludes thus:—'While writing on the subject of cooling upper rooms, allow me to suggest an additional means of cooling all rooms, upper or lower, by means of a hole made in the wall, as near the ceiling as possible, with a sliding wooden shutter working horizontally in a frame, which may be opened or closed at pleasure. An opening one foot square, with frame and shutter complete, may be made for eighteenpence.

'As the above suggestions are not the offspring of theory or imagination, but the results of practical experiment, and as their immediate adoption would greatly increase the health and comfort of thousands of your readers, without putting them to any inconvenient expense, I have no doubt you will kindly give them insertion.'

GRANDMOTHER HOOK.

A few evenings ago, I was at one of those old-world houses in Edinburgh where a man may actually invite himself to tea, and, without being stared at as a curiosity, take his place in a circle round a round table, dominated by a steaming urn. I would describe this tea-drinking as a relic of the olden time; but just now I have something else to do. Suffice it, that besides myself, there were at table an old maid, a young maid, the father and mother of the latter, and a gentleman-like man somewhere on the wrong side of forty. This man was the lion of the party, and performed wonderfully well. He was not like the caged animal, strutting up and down to show his paces, and growling, grinning, or yawning at the spectators; but resembled rather the free denizen of the forest, leaping and romping by turns, dignified or playful as occasion called; now making the room ring with his voice, and now 'roaring you 'an 'twere any nightingale.' In short, I was prepared to like the man very much; and seeing likewise that he was unusually good-looking for a male animal, you may imagine that I was not a little startled to hear that he had very recently been made a Benedict, and, strange to say, with a lady recognised under the appellation of Grandmother Hook!

The company, however, made themselves very merry with the poor gentleman's calamity; and the old maid especially was never weary of asking questions, seeming to derive a certain savage comfort from the idea of a lady getting married in her very grandmotherhood. The gentleman was at first a little embarrassed; but his tormentors being his near relations, it was necessary to answer; and at length, making up his mind to what could not be avoided, he pulled a desperately grave face, and began to tell them 'all about it.'

'You may wonder,' said he, 'that at my mature years I had fallen so completely into my uncle's power as to give him the almost absolute disposal of my hand; but such was the fact. I was brought up, you know, to the very worst thing under the sun—expectations; and, consequently, I was good for nothing else but to keep on expecting. I spent many years as a walking gentleman of society in London, and many more in wandering to and fro upon the continent; but at length, when actually within hail of forty, I found myself once more with my legs under the mahogany of the Athenæum, and with nothing to pay for the good things above it but what came out of the pockets of a tough, and somewhat peremptory old man.

'He had never before insisted upon my marrying; but the reason was, that he had remained in constant expectation of the occurrence taking place through my own connivance. Indeed it had been his business for many years to interpose gently between me and the catastrophe; suggesting now that I did not know enough of the lady, and again that I knew too much; and so forth. The fact is, I had never been without expectations of that sort; always voluntarily abandoned, till my first crop of gray hairs appeared. After this, the difficulty was on the side of the lady; and I was at length so much disgusted by the unreasonableness of the sex, that I determined to live and die a bachelor. Just at this moment I received a letter from my uncle, which I can repeat from memory, as it was short, and to the purpose. "Dear Nephew—I am glad to hear of what you call the vacancy in your heart, as you will thus have no difficulty in fulfilling my wishes, and obeying my solemn injunctions. You have promised several times to marry, and you *must* now do so. I never interfered with your choice, and you are not to interfere with mine. The widow and heiress of my old comrade Hook is in the market. Our estates run into each other in such a way, that you might comprise them both in the same ring fence. She is a healthy woman, and not too young; and the arrangement is, that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy you."

'If she could fancy me! The widow of old Hook! and a healthy woman indeed! That touch was horrible. I thought my uncle must have intended it to try the extent of my loyalty; and I do not know that I had ever a fit of more bitter reflection than while conjuring up the idea it conveyed.' Here the lion paused, and wiped his forehead. The old maid bridled and tossed her head, as much as to say that, in her opinion, the like of him was not so mighty a catch for ladies beyond their girlhood; while the young maid trusted, sympathisingly, that as aged men have sometimes youthful wives, the case might not have turned out so very dreadful after all.

'That,' said the gentleman, 'did not fail to occur to me, and it gave me considerable comfort; for owing, I suppose, to the idle life I had led, I had not yet got rid of the ideas of romance that are so unfit for mature years like mine. It was one thing to indulge my despair in old bachelorhood, and quite another to carry my broken heart into the domestic society of an old woman. I confess I did hope that Mrs Hook owed her good condition at least to some lingering remains of youth; but a second letter from my uncle, in reply to my remonstrances, dissipated at once the fond illusion, by informing me that the widow's family could be no

possible objection, her only daughter being well married!

'There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditations from the lady to the estate; and if I thought of the ring at all, to fancy it within a ring fence. But the affair could not be slept over any longer; and I set out for my uncle's seat, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans. In due time I arrived at the little town of Enderley, distant only a few miles from my destination. And here——'

'Never mind the little town!' interrupted the old maid. 'Come to the seat at once, and let us hear about the introduction, and how the lady looked.'

'Healthy, I hope!' said the young maid with a sneer, fixing eyes of beautiful contempt upon the lion.

'Ladies,' said the gentleman in a tone of depression, 'it is natural that I should wish to linger for a moment at this crisis of my fate; and besides, it was at Enderley I heard—and with cruel suddenness—of a circumstance connected with my intended, which made me at first determine to rush back to London, and, if necessary, take to street-sweeping, authorship, or any other desperate resource, rather than marry that Mrs Hook. I was passing a half-open door in the hotel, when I heard a female voice addressing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising generation. "It shall go," said the voice, "and so it shall, to its own gran—granny—grannyma; to its own—own—own—grannyma: that it shall, so it shall—wont it, I wonder?—to its own—Grannyma Hook!" Only think, my dearest ladies, what my feelings must have been, on thus learning (and the fact was confirmed the next minute by the landlord, in reply to my hurried questions) that my intended, old, and healthy bride was an absolute grandmother—Grandmother Hook!

'I intended to have gone on at once to my uncle's place, but that was now impossible. My agitated mind demanded repose. A night's reflections were necessary to arm me with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace; and engaging a bed at the inn, I went out to walk in the neighbouring wood. The locality was not chosen without a motive; for I knew that from the summit of a low hill, at a mile's distance, I should obtain a view of Enderley Court; and I felt that if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widow, it would be the spectacle of her castellated mansion, seated in a park, which is a very paradise of beauty.

'There is a strange sympathy,' continued the lion musingly, 'between the soul of man and the aspect of nature. It would seem as if the waving line of beauty, described by hill and valley, embraced in its folds, and endowed with its charms, the possessor of the enchanted spot; as if the melody of woods and waters mingled with the mortal voice that owned them; as if the peeps of sky caught through embowering trees flung an azure glory upon the eyes to which the timber belonged!'

'Beautiful! beautiful!' broke in the mother for the first time; 'and as true as it is beautiful! Jemima, my love, that is philosophy.' Jemima looked coldly and distrustfully at her parent, but remained silent; and the old maid, who was obviously interested in Mrs Hook, remarked in a tone of soliloquy, that she was sure we should find her turn out to be a respectable and interesting woman.

'That was just my idea,' remarked the worshipper of nature, when he had cooled down. 'Every step I advanced reconciled me more and more to the old lady; and when I saw the glancing of a trout stream through the trees, I thought even of a hook without disgust. But just at this moment a sound broke upon my senses which disturbed me with recent and disagreeable associations; it was the squeal of a young child, and whisked off my thoughts at once to a hale, hearty, long-living grandmotherhood. Visions of canes and snuff-boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ear, and, worse than all, the glances of matrimonial love from the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood. How different were the sights and sounds of reality as I turned the corner of a clump of trees! The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grassy knoll, fighting up with its little clenched fists, and crowing, as the nursemaids call it, with all its might; while bending over it, with eyes brimful of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching wild kisses from its brow, and seizing its neck with her lips as if she would throttle it, there knelt a young woman; and such a young woman! I did not think she could have been quite thirty.'

'Thirty! the old creature!' exclaimed Miss Jemima.

'The girl was probably a nursemaid?' remarked the old maid.

'She was neither an old creature nor a girl,' said the lion in a king-of-the-forest tone, 'but a woman in the very prime and glory of her years. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her dishevelled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders; but a visible diadem sat on her queenly brow, just as a voice of peremptory command was *felt* in her light, joyous, leaping laugh. There was a fearless self-possessed grace in her manner, such as years superadd to the feminine softness of youth; and her features, originally moulded in wax, were now as firm, yet as exquisitely fine, as if they had been cut in the semi-transparent marble of Paros. While feasting on the beautiful picture formed by the mother and her child—surely that must have been the relationship?—a little incident occurred to disturb its grouping. The infant, with a shriller squeal of delight, and a more vigorous spasm of its limbs, suddenly rolled down the knoll, crowing as it went; and the lady, with a playful yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod. Before she could get up, I had sprung from my ambush, caught up the truant as it lay half-smothered in daisies and buttercups, and presented the prize to the flushed and startled mother. Such was my introduction to—to——'

'Not to Mrs Hook!' said the old maid with severity. 'You forget that you are now a married man!'

Miss Jemima was tearing absently the petals of a narcissus, and looking up with a forgiving sigh into the face of the narrator, said softly, 'But you were not married then!'

'To describe the conversation of this fascinating woman,' continued the gentleman, 'is impossible. She was not a woman of society, yet perfectly well-bred. She had spent the greater part of her life in the country, inhaling health of mind as well as body from the pure air of heaven, yet with occasional visits to, and occasional visitors from, the great cities, which enabled her, with the assistance not only of books, in the good old-fashioned sense of the term, but of the ephemeral literature of the day, to keep pace with the progress of the world.

'I do not know how it was, but our acquaintanceship seemed to be ready-made; and when at last I mentioned my uncle's name, she had no difficulty in recollecting that respectable friend of Mrs Hook. At the word I started as violently as if she had thrown the old lady's grandchild at my head; and the beautiful stranger looked at me with surprise and curiosity.

"You know Mrs Hook?" said I.

"Yes."

"What—old Mrs Hook?"

"Yes."

"Grandmother Hook?"

"Yes."

"How do you like the individual?"

"I sympathise with her; for I too——" And breaking off with a sigh, she held up the fairest hand in the world, so as to show a widow's ring. I had not observed the peculiarity in her slight mourning, but now saw that she, too, was a widow—a young and charming widow!—and that the infant (which was now alternately in her arms and mine) was the pledge of a love extinguished

in the grave! She was free—this lovely young woman; and I was about to be chained for life to Grandmother Hook! She saw my agitation, but of course could not comprehend its cause.

"Come," said she with an angelic smile, "I see you do not like my venerable friend; but I am determined to reconcile you to her. She is a grandmother, it is true, and therefore not so young as she has been; but she wears well—she is indeed particularly healthy; and thus, if you form a friendship for her, it is likely to last for many years."

"That is the misery," said I—"that is the misery! If she were but like other old women—if she were but liable to the common diseases of grandmothers, my fate might be endurable!"

"Your fate? What has your fate to do with the longevity of Mrs Hook?"

"I am only going to be married to her—that's all;" and the absurd announcement was no sooner but of my lips, than the fair stranger broke into peals of laughter, that to my ears, at the inauspicious moment, sounded like the screams of an evil spirit.

"Pardon me," said she, endeavouring to compose herself; "I am far too giddy for a——" And the widow kissed her orphan child. "But the idea of a marriage between you and Mrs Hook is really too ridiculous. *You* appear to be compelled to the sacrifice by circumstances; but has the old lady given *her* consent?"

"Her consent! oh, let her alone for that: it is not so often that a fellow like me comes in the way of a grandmother. There is no hope of her refusing me; and if I refuse her, I may as well hang myself up on one of those trees."

"Why adopt such an alternative? Although probably dependent on fortune, you are not too old to work and to struggle. If you will not allow poor aged Mrs Hook to enrich you, there are fortunes in the world still to be made by the adventurous and the industrious."

"Give me a motive," cried I suddenly, "and I will both dare and suffer! I cannot toil for so poor a meed as fortune; but place in the distance something worthy of my efforts, something rich enough to reward them, something——"

"What?" said she innocently.

"Love!" cried I in desperation; and before she could prevent me, I had caught hold of her hand, and smothered it with kisses.'

'Upon my word!' interrupted the old maid. 'This from a married man—from the husband of Mrs Hook!'

'But he was not married then!' whispered Jemima softly.

'Since you are displeased with such details,' pursued the gentleman, 'I shall pass them over. Let it suffice that I spent several hours with the lovely widow; that I saw—clearly saw—that only a little time was wanting to enable me to gain her affections; and that I at last bade her adieu, extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs Hook; and that, when I called at the Court, she would see me alone, that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and me.'

'Pray, what was the lady's name?' said Miss Jemima, as the lion paused.

'I never thought of asking.'

'How could you tell that she lived at the Court?'

'I don't know: I took it into my head; and it happened that I was right.'

'Under all circumstances, you seem to have made wonderful progress in so short a time!'

'Time is merely a relative word. An hour is occasionally as long as a day or a month; and a month, in other circumstances, passes as quickly as a day or an hour. The widow and I became better acquainted during the single interview I have described, than we should have done in the course of a hundred meetings in ordinary society. But to proceed. I found my revered uncle in a very bad temper, as he had expected me the day before; and matters were not mended when I mentioned frankly some misgivings I had on the score of domestic happiness.

"Domestic fiddlestick!" cried he. "What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife—and a healthy woman to boot, come of a long-winded race, and as likely as not to lay you beside my old friend Hook? She is a grandmother already: does not that look well?" I laughed nervously.

"You do not think her too young?" and the old gentleman grinned. Another spasmodic cachinnation.

"Then what ails you at her—more especially since you tell me that there is 'a vacancy in your heart?' But here comes a letter from the Court." And tearing open a large old-fashioned-looking missive, presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:—

"My dear Sir—I am told that your nephew has arrived; and as he has been reported upon favourably by one who saw him yesterday, and on whose taste and judgment I can rely, I am tempted to say, with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. I am truly grateful for the many obliging things I am told he said of me; and I hope one day or other he will find them all realised. My dearest grandchild sends a pretty little kiss to you both; and, with best regards, I remain as usual,

Grandmother Hook."

"There!" cried the old gentleman with odious triumph—"there is a spirit for you! Why, you dog, you will be as happy as the day is long!"

'I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were brooding bitterly over the treachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise, and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embarrassing, by persuading the wretched grandmother that I had been such an ass as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness, and infirmities! It was clear that she was a jilt; that she had only been laughing at my admiration; and that she was now determined to extract further amusement from my calamities. I resolved, however, to die game; and telling my uncle that, although well acquainted with Mrs Hook from report, I desired to see her personally before coming to a final decision, I threw myself on horseback, and gallopped straightway to the Court.

'It was my intention to have asked for Mrs Hook; but the wily widow was on her guard, for as the door opened, I heard her call to the servant, in her silveriest tones, "Show the gentleman here;" and in another minute I stood once more in the presence of the unknown of the forest. I found her more beautiful—better dressed—younger than the day before; and as I saw, with keener appreciation, the treasure I was about to lose for ever, my resentment died away, and deep choking grief took its place.

"You forgot your promise," said I: "you make a sport of my misery!"

"What could I say when questioned?" replied she sweetly. "But what misery do you allude to?—the misery of marrying a grandmother?"

"When my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you, for you are as incapable of passion as a statue. You could never have loved even your husband."

"You are in some degree wrong; yet I was so young when I was married—only sixteen—that I looked upon my husband more as a guardian than as a lover. I was not quite seventeen when I became a mother."

"Is it possible? That is not a great while ago."

"Greater than you perhaps suppose; for a sound constitution and salubrious air are very deceitful. Would you take me to be well on to thirty-five?"

"What became of your child?" cried I suddenly.

"We all marry young in our family," replied the widow, hanging her head. "It was my daughter's infant," she continued, looking up at me with the most beautiful blush that ever lit the cheek of a girl, "which you gathered yesterday from among the daisies and buttercups; and I am Grandmother Hook!"'

'Well, I declare,' said Miss Jemima, as the lion finished, 'that is as like a romance as any real story I ever heard! Only an author would never make his heroine a horrid old thing of thirty-five.'

'I am glad, for the sake of morality,' remarked the old maid, 'that she turned out to be Mrs Hook after all: only I cannot help thinking it a shocking example for girls to be grandmothers.'

THE WORKING-MAN IN AUSTRALIA.

A YOUNG man, who had just finished his apprenticeship in London, and who possessed a fair knowledge of house-carpentering, having been informed that higher wages were to be obtained in Australia, set sail for the antipodes, and in due time reached the town of Sydney. Here he learned, on landing, that a letter of credit in which he had invested his all—some fifty or sixty pounds—was worth little or nothing, the person on whom it was drawn having failed; and he thus found himself loose upon the world, with a tolerably good outfit for one in his station, but a very scanty supply of cash in his pocket.

After anxiously seeking employment, and in vain, for about three weeks, he fell in accidentally with a cedar-cutter from the Five Islands, who had been living there with his family under a few sheets of bark, but who now wanted a snug little hut run up; and with him the emigrant contracted for the job, on consideration of receiving L.75 in money, with rations during the time, and the assistance of a convict servant in cutting the timber and other work. All being arranged, he set out early one morning on foot, with his convict-mate, for their destination; and in the evening their fatiguing march was enlivened by an Australian conflagration. 'Above us,' to use his own words, 'the sky was gloomy and still; all round us the far-stretching forests exposed a strange and varied pageant of darkness and fire, accompanied by the crackling of flames and the crash of falling trees. Here was a bridge over a deep creek, now empty with summer drought, with all its huge sleepers glowing in red charcoal, and tumbling together into heaps in the channel, and carrying down with them the top layer of slabs that, covered with earth, had been the roadway; over these we had to leap and clamber as we could, unless there was some track down across the creek-bed, by the side of the bridge. Here, again, some huge old tree came thundering down right across the road, and its boughs, kindling from the opposite side, were in full roaring blaze, lighting up everything nigh with ruddy brilliance, and throwing into the dense volume of smoke above a red semi-transparency. Farther on again, where the bush was thinner, and the materials for ravage more scanty, the fire had nearly subsided: all was obscure and silent, except some single trunk, off in the bush, hollow, and old, and headless, through whose chimney-like barrel went upwards, with fierce steady roar, a volume of flame, and crowds of sparks, into the blackness of night; and then, all on a sudden, the fire would reach a cluster of tree-heads, as yet untouched, and go blazing, and crackling, and leaping through them, until nothing was left for it to devour. The heat was in many places intense, and the smoke in others suffocating; whilst snakes, guanas, bandicoots, opossums, &c. were crossing the road in every direction, each in its natural dumbness, or with its wild weak cry of fear.'

The next two nights they passed in huts, where they were received with much hospitality. One consisted of a single apartment formed of bark; while the other was a more aristocratic habitation, built of slabs of wood; but in both the fare was good and substantial. The next day they arrived at a creek, where the only means of crossing was a slender cabbage-tree flung from bank to bank (the rustic bridge of Australia), which the emigrant found somewhat formidable, till the idea occurred to him of *fancying* himself 'walking along the joist of an unboarded house.' This exercise of the imagination was successful, although there must have been some little discrepance between the two bridges; the cabbage-tree swinging over the abyss as the passenger stepped, till in the middle it plashed upon the water.

Having at length reached their destination, they set to work to fell trees for the future hut, living themselves, in the meantime, in a tent composed of a few sheets of bark, 'leaned together, top to top, tent-like, with one end stopped by another sheet, and the fire a few feet in front on the ground at the other.' This was very well in fine weather; but by and by it came on to rain—with a will. The rain penetrated the roof, and ran through the bottom of the hut like a mill-stream, till their beds got thoroughly soaked. Dick, however, got a flint and steel; and when they had relighted the fire, baled out the water, and solaced themselves with plenty of tobacco and tea; they made their beds (luxuriously turning the dry side uppermost), and went to sleep.

The next adventure was with bushrangers, two of whom called at the hut one night, and after a very moral, not to say philosophical conversation—in which the emigrant was told that 'if he acted as a man, whether he were free or bond, he would be respected by every man that knew himself'—compelled the mate to pilot them to the employer's farm. Soon after, they returned with a load of rum, tea, sugar, and tobacco; and after eating a hearty supper, set off into the bush with their booty.

This job being completed, and the balance of money paid, it was necessary to look out for farther employment; and the adventurer, shouldering his tools and other baggage, set forth to walk through the cedar forest. He at length reached a hut, the master of which wanted a mate in sawing, and here he remained till his employer's task was finished. 'We used to get up,' says he, 'in the winter, and have our breakfast before going to work, on account of the day being so short in the cedar-brush. The lifts in a cedar-brush are very heavy. I have often worked for half a-day together with a lever that I could barely lift into its place. Besides this, the only intermission through the day is one hour at noon for dinner, and perhaps twenty minutes towards the latter part of the afternoon, fifteen of which the topman employs in brightening up his saw, and the pitman in boiling a couple of pots of tea, and throwing the dust out of his pit; the other five are occupied in a very active lunch. Both men, if they are smokers, just light their short pipes, and turn to with them in their mouths. If any man can, without exaggeration, at night say he is as tired as a dog after a hard day's run, it is the cedar-sawyer. A striking peculiarity of the class is their colour, or rather deficiency of all colour. A few months' residence and hard work in the brush leaves most men as pallid as corpses. Probably this is chiefly the effect of shade, but promoted further by excessive perspiration; for it is not necessarily attended by any sensation of illness.'

When this job was completed, his capital amounted to about L.80, a portion of which he invested in cattle, putting them out to pasture to the number of thirty-three, 'on the thirds;' that is to say, giving up a third of the increase for their keep. His next job was on the banks of the Hawkesbury. Here he found, in passing along, the maize or wheaten cake, the joint of pork or beef, and the fragrant pot of tea, always ready for his refreshment, with abundance of pumpkins, preferable, he says, to any vegetable used in England, and watermelons too delicious to be described 'in mere words.' The native white girls, by a natural association of ideas, come into the next sentence; and he describes them as being very generally pretty. 'I do not know how to account for it, but there is common to them, in all points, a singularly marked feminine character—a gentle, simple *womanliness*, that is peculiarly agreeable.' After finishing his employment on the Hawkesbury, he was cheated of L.20 in the settlement, being compelled to take a portion of the amount due to him in cattle,

charged at double the proper price. This is described as a tyranny, for which the working emigrant has practically no redress.

But a worse tyranny followed. On his way back to Sydney, he was arrested on the road, on pretence that his 'pass' was forged, and confined all night with every circumstance of hardship and indignity. This, it seems, was a common casualty among the working emigrants; as likewise the ceaseless and savage floggings to which the convicts were subjected.

One evening at Sydney, when loitering at the edge of the market wharf—for after his late laborious employments, he could not all at once prevail upon himself to undertake a new engagement—a lad in a boat asked him if he was going up the river. 'The thought directly struck me that I would do so; and the whole course of my future life was, I may say, immediately marked out by a single step. This little event was the first of the particular train of circumstances which has constituted my whole subsequent adventures and settled my character. It led, in the first place, to my becoming passionately fond of books; and, again, to my meeting with perhaps the only woman I should ever have fallen in with whose character could have permanently attached me. We pushed off from the wharf, and in five minutes were in the middle of the bay, and cracking along with a pretty fresh breeze under all the sail (and rather more) that the boat would carry.' For some time he could find no employment, although wood-sawing was abundant. He was civilly, nay hospitably treated, but still looked upon with suspicion—because he was not a convict like his neighbours. At length he fell in accidentally with a young Australian (of white parentage), with whom he was destined to work for a considerable time, and whose sister eventually became his wife. 'The reader will probably smile when my first remark about my new abode is, that I was no sooner in it, and seated, and had looked about me, than I felt I was at last at home. I have come fully to the conclusion, and especially do so the older I am, and the more I feel what mind is, that there are certain presentiments derived from reason, yet in themselves far above what we conceive of the nature and province of reason.' The next morning, after an hour's stroll, he returned into the hut to breakfast, and saw for the first time 'the very person he had always wanted—this was clear to him directly he saw her.'

In the meantime, however, it was necessary to work, and work he and his mate (the future brother-in-law) did with great energy, till in the middle of it they were floated off by a sudden rise of the river. 'The day had been sunny, and the night was temperate and still; there was, in short, no indication whatever where we were of falling weather. Some such, however, there must have been somewhere; for about an hour after midnight I was disturbed by R—— shaking me, and felt on the instant of waking a most unforgetable sensation—I felt as if I were lying stretched on a cold dungheap.' It was somewhat worse; for they had little more than time to get upon a cedar plank, and save themselves, by catching hold of a tree. 'Where we were no dead timber of any size could be swept against us; but we could hear it striking together, and grinding and crashing in the river, a few yards off. The little light we had dazzled our eyes, so that the sky seemed a vast dark void. The rats swam boldly up, and got on the plank with us, and numbers of spiders and centipedes were crawling in all directions over both us and it. In this state we had to continue at least three good hours; then day began to dawn. We knew we were rising by getting more and more near the branches; but we had no notion how deep the water had become around us. As the deep obscurity of the brush began to be dissolved by the dawn, we could discern no vestige of our hut; and presently, when the light so far increased that we could see as far as the pit, we discovered that the water was up to the bottom of the log that was on, so that there was about six and a-half feet depth. Although it was now light, we were nearly as bad off as ever. The sounds of such a deluge in the night, in the midst of the brush, are certainly cowing to the spirits; but one knows so well that the danger, except from actual drowning, is next to nothing, and there are such plentiful means for escaping by getting up the trees, that, after all, it makes no very serious impression. The loneliness and fear of starving were what most affected me: we could not tell but it might last for many days; and as long as it lasted, there seemed no hope of getting across the river. On this side we were so surrounded by brush, that any attempt to get our plank through to the high ground was out of the question; and it was much too deep to wade. The raw chilly air of the morning, and the water together, made me shiver until I was quite sick, and my mate was not much better. We both of us felt that to continue exposed thus, without food, would soon wear us out, so that we should not be able to make an effort to save ourselves by swimming the river. In this undecided and helpless state we passed the time until nearly noon, the water rising higher and higher.' They at length determined to drop down the river from tree to tree on their frail bark, and ascend in like manner a creek at some distance, leading up to a part of the country that was not inundated; and this they accomplished; 'but so tired of the uneasy saddle on which we had now been for many hours, and our legs so benumbed, that we actually could not stand on them, but crawled up the range to the high road on our knees. I was not well for years afterwards; indeed I attribute to the wet and cold of this night an illness I had long subsequently. If I were to say I have never been entirely well since, I should not misstate the fact; and I know of no other cause which I could suppose to have brought about so suddenly this change for the worse in a constitution hitherto uninjured.'

Notwithstanding this accident, they continued working hard, sending or taking great quantities of timber to Sydney, and our intelligent mechanic's little capital increasing in proportion. He at length purchased a considerable addition to his stock of cattle; and his friend having likewise some property of the same kind, they set out to look for a 'run' for them, determining to employ a stockman of their own to look after them. In this journey they met with some of the miserable natives. 'Our night's quarters were rendered still more memorable and comfortless by the blacks having had a battle here that afternoon. Three dead bodies were lying on the flat, with the ghastly grin of those who have died the hater's death. Two of them had been killed by body wounds with jagged spears, that had torn their way out frightfully; the other's was a head-wound with a tomahawk. The weapon had gone right through his mat of woolly black hair into the brain: very little blood had flowed; but the "gins" (black women) told us he died almost instantly. As I came in from looking after my horse, I passed them as they lay cold and prone in the thin misty moonlight, each on the spot where he had fallen. The wife of one of them—a fine, but small Hercules-like figure—sat, or rather reclined, by him, sobbing as if her heart would break. Another was quite a lad; and the other an old gray-bearded man, who had been a great warrior in his day. Nobody was near either of them.'

In this journey, which occupied a month, he passed near a true wilderness. 'Never-ending forest, with here and there a little meadow-like spot, covered with the coarse grass called "blade of grass;" a geographical surface so varied, wild, and wonderful, that you seem to be in another land; great unfathomable gulfs of woody valley, irregular and bewildering ridges, a flock of kangaroo, or a scarcely less wild flock of bush-cattle galloping down upon you, at a charge pace, to within a few feet, and there standing, encircling and staring at you, and then, at the first motion of an arm or sound of a voice, wheeling and tossing their heads, and snorting and bursting away like a living hurricane through

the crashing bush: such was the scenery.' In such wilds it is common for unwary persons to lose themselves; and the desolate, treeless plains occasionally met with are nearly as dangerous in this respect, the wanderer getting speedily out of sight of any intelligible landmark.

Near the 'run' they at length pitched upon they found several other stock stations, where the people seemed to have very confused notions of the rights of property, clapping their own mark, without ceremony, upon any cattle found without one. 'But it is worth while to observe, that an individual placed in the midst of such a gang, and keeping himself free alike from meddling on the one part against them, and from participation on the other, is in one of the securest of positions; for, in consideration of his forbearance, they will generally do him any service in their power, heading homeward his stray beasts, giving tidings of any lost ones, and a hundred other little offices of like kind.' But the utility of the branding does not appear to be quite clear after all, since the animals themselves are not a consenting party, and in many cases treat the ceremony as a very idle affair. 'I have known beasts break three strong ropes one after the other, charge everybody out of the yard, and then go over a six-rail fence at a flying leap, and get away unconquered to their wilds again.' Such rebels of course choose their own pastures, frequently in the wild grassy gullies of the mountains, whither they are tracked by individuals technically called gully-rakers, a kind of freebooters, who mark the desert-born families of the fugitives, and carry them off.

Having marked their cattle, the next business was to construct a dairy for milking such as chose to submit to the operation; and this was done by digging a hollow in a hill, in order to avoid the excessive heats. They now sent butter to Sydney, and sat fairly down as farmers, giving up entirely the trade of wood-sawing.

Our author's advice to the settler, from personal experience, is this:—1. Let him, by way of an introduction, put his knapsack on his back, and penetrate on foot to the utmost limit of colonisation, to learn the science of living in the desert. 2. Let him then begin by feeling his way, laying out not more than a third of his capital at first, whatever it may be. For the rest he will receive high interest; and in the meantime his food and clothing will not cost him L.30 a-year. 3. Let him look to everything himself, and join personally in all the labour of the farm. 4. Let him treat his hands well, if not from feeling, from policy. To these general rules are added directions for the more immediate business of settling, for which we have no room.

With the exception of a wild adventure into which our ex-sawyer fell, through some informality in his purchase of the cattle, and some little fighting with the aborigines, there is nothing besides in the memoir of special interest to the reader; although we ought to mention one incident in compliment to the author himself—his marriage. The young couple now opened a general store, for the supply of the neighbouring stations; and although avoiding wine and spirit-dealing from conscientious motives, they contrived to make L.300 per annum by the business, although the original capital invested was not more than that sum. 'My wife was the almost sole manager of this portion of our affairs, from the beginning to the end, which was better than seven years. My occupation consisted in bringing the goods from Sydney, looking after our cattle, and getting in every year such a crop of one thing and another as quite covered our own consumption; wheat, maize, potatoes, and tobacco being the staple. My two sons, as they grew up, took kindly, as almost all the Australians do, to rural occupations. The eldest I left chiefly at the out-station, and the youngest was mostly with myself and his mother at the farm I first settled on. My own health at last took such a serious turn for the worse, that the doctor advised a return to my native clime. The hardships I had endured in the early part of my career in New South Wales, along with too great activity afterwards, were the only probable causes for it. I may say that, for years, I slept in wet bedding. The damp is so great in the perpetual shadow of the cedar-brush, that when, during a more than usually long stretch of wet weather, our blankets have become palpably wet, and we have attempted to dry them at the fire before going to bed, the steam would reek up from them as if from a boiling copper. Again, in the bustle of such an active life as mine, one has not time to be ill by instalments, and so I suppose the whole debt of this kind which nature claims of us has to be paid at once. The excitement of strong purpose probably keeps off the sense of exhaustion till this becomes downright illness, and will not be any longer neglected. Suffice it, that there appeared no alternative. When I first arrived in New South Wales, the perspiration used to flow profusely during the hot days; it now was substituted by a constant burning heat, without the slightest moisture; and at times by a sense, for hours, of icy coldness, while to the eye the whole atmosphere was, as it were, in a blaze, and the surface of the earth too hot for the feet to stand, for more than a few seconds, bare on the sand. It may be of advantage to some in the colony who have begun to experience similar symptoms, to learn that, though the voyage was trying, and the cold very painful in England when I first arrived, I am now obtaining the most sensible benefit, and consider myself in the direct road to completely renovated health.'

We have now run through this little narrative; which, the reader will perceive, contains matter that will amply repay his trouble in referring to the volumes themselves, entitled 'Settlers and Convicts, or Recollections of Sixteen Years' Labour in the Australian Backwoods;' published by Charles Cox, London.

CHARLES EDWARD AT PRESTONPANS.

BY D. M. MOIR (Δ).*

[*Written after walking over the Field with Robert Chambers, on the Centenary of the Battle, 21st September* 1845.]

GRIM and cloud-begirt the morning
Rose from out the German wave;
Blindly landward clouds of vapour
Through the woods of Seaton drave;
While, amid the dewy stubble,†
Eager for the approach of day,
Prone beneath their plaids and war-cloaks,
Side by side two armies lay.

Tolled forth 'six' the clock of Preston,
Woke from dawn to day the morn,
And the first red streaks of sunlight
Gilded Westfield's branching Thorn;‡
Then the billowy mists disparting,
As the light breeze came and went,
Showed the Highland host in silence
Threading downwards from Tranent.

* [Reprinted, with the concurrence of the author, from the *Dumfries Herald* (newspaper).]

† The army of Charles Edward moved from the west to the east side of Tranent, after it had become dark, on the evening preceding the battle, and bivouacked, stretching along the northern face of the slope, from the churchyard eastwards. The Prince himself lay in a bean-field, amid the cut bunches, which were still on the ground, near the farm-house of Green Wells.

‡ This venerable tree in part remains, but the main trunk was blown down in 1833, after having been very much injured by the quantity of fragments abstracted by visitors in the shape of relics. The field was visited by Sir Walter Scott in 1831; and a small drinking-cup, or *quaich*, constructed from a portion of the thorn, hooped with silver, and suitably inscribed, was prepared, to be presented to him on the occasion of a second promised visit, by Mr H. F. Cadell, of Cockenzie, at whose house he spent the afternoon. That opportunity, however, never took place, the symptoms of Sir Walter's last illness having shortly afterwards shown themselves; and the quaich, consequently, still remains in Mr Cadell's possession.

It was under this thorn, which stands as nearly as possible in the centre of the battle-field, that Colonel Gardiner received his death wound; and hence, to the eyes of many, the spot where the Christian soldier fell is, to use the words of Collins, covered by

——'a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trode.'

Shrilly blown, the Royal trumpet
Bade each corps its place assume;
Steeds were mounted, muskets shouldered,
Glittered flag, and nodded plume:
Rose the mists up like a curtain *
To the ceiling of the sky;
And the plain's wide diorama
Lay displayed before the eye.

Fast they closed, two hostile armies,
Hostile, yet of kindred blood,
Till the ranks of either's vanguard
Face to face opposing stood:
For a moment all was voiceless—
Every heart in prayer was hushed;
Then each clan struck up its pibroch,
And the mass to battle rushed!

Boom on boom the deep-mouthed cannon
Raked the ranks with crimson glare;
But the clansmen scrugged their bonnets †
O'er their brows with dogged air;
Clenched their teeth, unsheathed their broadswords,
Cast their cumbering plaids aside,
And, as hedge-like moved their columns,‡
Danger scorned, and death defied.

Louder blared the Royal trumpet—
Hoarser rolled the kettle-drum,
As the carbined chargers, neighing,
Forward to the onset come:
Torrent-like, amid the tartans,
Splashed the horsemen's red array;
But stood firm that dingy phalanx,
Like the rock before the spray.

To that grim salute the rifles
With a running fire replied:
Can it be, in spite of Gardiner,
That his troopers swerve aside?
Vainly, to impede their panic,
Wheeled his horse and waved his sword;
Vainly he appealed to duty,
Cheered them, checked them, and implored.

As the ocean swell, resistless,
Backward bears the yielding dike,
So the Gael bore down the Saxon,
Mingling bayonet, blade, and pike:
Resolutely Cope and Hawley
Propped the ranks that gave a-way;
While, though vainly, Home and Huntley
Battled to retrieve the day.

Horseless, with his knee on greensward,
As the life-blood from him poured,
'Rally, rally here!' cried Gardiner,
And aloft he waved his sword.
Round him fought a band devoted,
Till he sank upon the field:
Truer hero, Greek or Roman,
Ne'er was lifeless borne on shield!

Wo! for good and gallant Gardiner,
For the soldier and the saint;
Peace's lamb, and battle's lion,
Chivalry without a taint!
Asks the patriot for his tombstone?§
All unmarked his ashes lie;
But the soldier-friend of Doddridge‖
Owns a name not soon to die!

From that ill-starred field of slaughter
Fled the panic-struck in swarms;
Strewed were all the paths to Bankton,
And to Wallyford, with arms;
On to Dolphinston and Birslie,
Fingalton and Prestonpans,
Rushed the fugitives, fear-scattered,
And pursued the shouting clans.

Day of triumph for the Stuart!
Fitful burst of sunny light!
And, at Falkirk, yet another,
Ere set in Culloden's night:
Then with eagles on the correi,
Or with foxes under ground,
Hunted—homeless—and an hungered,*
Might thy rival, Guelph, be found.

Dismal, too, their after fortunes,
Who, in that mistaken cause,
By a zeal and faith unshaken,
Sought and won the world's applause:
Those laid life down on the scaffold—
These were scattered far and wide—
And, from foreign shores, in exile,
Looked to Scotland ere they died!

Looked to—yearned for—Scotland's mountains;
For the glen in purple glow;
For the castle on its islet,
Mirrored in the loch below;
For the sheiling, wood-and-stream-girt,
Where Romance Youth's summer sped;
For the belfry by the gray kirk,
In whose shadow slept their dead.

Yet full long, from lips of fervour,
When the natal day came round,
Toasted was the name forbidden,
With a quenchless love profound;
And in bosom or in bonnet,
Still the emblem—Rose of White—†
Told the wearer, though he spake not,
Heart and soul a Jacobite!

Under Westfield's Thorn-tree standing,
Here Cockenzie—there Tranent—
On the fields we picture, map-like,
How the battle came and went:
Round are ranged the sheaves of harvest;
This is Preston; where are they
Who were victors, who were vanquished,
Just a hundred years this day?

In that question lies its answer:—
None who wished and watched the sun
On that morn of stormy warfare,
Now behold its beams—not one!
Year by year, Time's scythe hath thinned them,
Till have vanished quite, at length,
Even the scattered few surviving
Last, by reason of more strength.

Newer wars and woes have followed,
Other fields been fought and won;
Each fresh generation wrapt in
Aims and objects of its own:
And as, loitering, the wayfarer
Casts on Preston crofts his eye,
Deeply from the Past and Present
Reads his heart a homily!

* This scene has been touched with a pencil of light in Waverley, vol. ii. chap. xviii.:—'At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing,' &c.

† 'It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders,' says Mr Chambers, 'before an onset to *scrug* their bonnets—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows—so as to insure them against falling off in the ensuing *melée*.'—*History of Rebellion*, chap. xxiv.

‡ An eye-witness of the battle, in a communication inserted in the Scots Magazine of the day, describes their approach by this characteristic similitude.

§ Colonel Gardiner was buried, as were eight of his children, at the eastern gable of the old church of Tranent; but as that building was afterwards demolished for the erection of the present structure, the situation, I have understood, was built over. Before this was done, the tomb was opened, and the body showed itself in a very remarkable state of preservation; but on exposure to the air, the powdered queue, fastened by its black ribbon, dropping off, exposed the skull, with its fatal fracture—a sad proof of identity!

‖ The colonel, as is well known, found an able and affectionate biographer in his celebrated friend Dr Doddridge, who, in 1747, published his 'Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner'—a little work, which to this day continues to enjoy an uninterrupted popularity, and divides the winter evening hours by the rustic hearth with 'The Scots Worthies,' 'Thomson's Seasons,' and 'Burns.'

HISTORY.

History is the resurrection of ages past; it gives us the scenes of human life, that, by their actings, we may learn to correct and improve. What can be more profitable to man, than, by an easy change and a delightful entertainment, to make himself wise by the imitation of heroic virtues, or by the evitation of detected vices?—where the glorious actions of the worthiest treaders on the world's stage shall become our guide and conduct, and the errors that the weak have fallen into shall be marked out to us as rocks that we ought to avoid. It is learning wisdom at the cost of others; and, what is rare, it makes a man the better for being pleased.—*Feltham.*

* The three great romantic episodes of modern warfare have always seemed to me—those of Charles Edward and his Highlanders in 1745; of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his Haytians; and of Hofer and the Tyrolese in 1813. When we take into consideration the results flowing from the defeat of Culloden, and that the faith of a poor people was proof against the most tempting rewards, in a cause, moreover, where everything was to be lost, and nothing could be gained, the first of the three is certainly the most extraordinary.

† The white rose and the white cockade were the Stuart insignia; and, as such, respected and venerated by their partisans.

ANTS IN PERU.

Who can describe the countless myriads of ants which swarm through the forests? Every shrub is full of creeping life, and the decayed vegetation affords harbour for some peculiar kinds of these insects. The large yellow puca çiçi is seen in multitudes in the open air, and it even penetrates into the dwellings. This insect does not bite, but its crawling creates great irritation to the skin. The small black yana çiçi, on the contrary, inflicts most painful punctures. A very mischievous species of stinging ant is the black sunchiron. This insect inflicts a puncture with a long sting, which he carries in the rear of his body. The wound is exceedingly painful, and is sometimes attended by dangerous consequences. My travelling companion, C. Klee, being stung by one of these ants, suffered such severe pain and fever, that he was for a short while delirious. A few nights afterwards, a similar attack was made on myself during sleep. It suddenly awoke me, and caused me to start up with a convulsive spring. I must confess that I never, in my whole life, experienced such severe pain as I did at that moment. A most remarkable phenomenon is exhibited by the swarms of the species called 'the great wandering ant.' They appear suddenly in trains of countless myriads, and proceed forward in a straight direction, without stopping. The small, the weak, and the neuters are placed in the centre, while the large and the strong flank the army, and look out for prey. These swarms, called by the natives *chacus*, sometimes enter a hut and clear it of all insects, amphibia, and other disagreeable guests. This work being accomplished, they again form themselves into a long train, and move onwards. The united force of these small creatures is vast, and there is no approach to the fabulous, when it is related that not only snakes, but also large mammalia, such as agoutis, armadillos, &c. on being surprised by them, are soon killed. On the light dry parts of the higher montanas we find the large conical dwellings of the Termes so firmly built, that they are impenetrable even to rifle-shot. They sometimes stand singly, sometimes together, in long lines. In form they strongly resemble the simple, conical Puna hats.—*Dr Von Tschudi.*

CLOTHING FOR THE YOUNG.

Are the little 'Highlanders' whom we meet during three out of the four quarters of the year under the guardianship of their nurserymaids, dawdling about the streets in our public walks or squares, properly protected from the cold? Are the fantastically-attired children whom we see 'taking an airing' in carriages in our parks, sufficiently and properly clad? If these questions can be truly answered in the affirmative, then, and then only, my remarks are needless. There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children 'hardy' by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. I have known instances wherein parents, acting on this principle, have failed entirely in rearing their offspring. Does nature treat her progeny thus? Does she not, first of all, insure the birth of her young only at a kindly season, and then provide them with downy coverings, warm nests, and assiduous protectors? And WE must imitate nature, if we would give to Britain a race capable and worthy of maintaining her independence and honour. The little denizens of a warm nursery must not be subjected, without a carefully-assorted covering, to the piercing and relentless east or north-east wind; they must not be permitted to imbibe the seeds of that dreadful scourge of this climate—consumption—in their walks for exercise and health; they must be tended, as the future lords of the earth, with jealous care and judicious zeal. *One-sixth of the deaths of young children*, it must be remembered, *result from cold.—Erasmus Wilson.*

CALIFORNIAN HOUSES.

Externally, the habitations have a cheerless aspect, in consequence of the paucity of windows, which are almost unattainable luxuries. Glass is rendered ruinously dear by the exorbitant duties, while parchment, surely a better substitute than a cubic yard of adobes, is clearly inadmissible in California, on account of the trouble of its preparation; and, to increase the expense, carpenters are equally extravagant and saucy, charging three dollars for such a day's work as one is likely to get from fellows that will not labour more than three days in the week. After all, perhaps the Californians do not feel the privation of light to be an evil. While it certainly makes the rooms cooler, it cannot, by any possibility, interfere with the occupations of those who do nothing; and even for the purposes of ventilation, windows are hardly needed, inasmuch as the bedding, the only thing that requires fresh air, is daily exposed to the sun and wind. Among the Californian housewives, the bed is quite a show, enjoying, as it does, the full benefit of contrast. While the other furniture consists of a deal-table and some badly-made chairs, with probably a Dutch clock and an old looking-glass, the bed ostentatiously challenges admiration, with its snowy sheets fringed with lace, its pile of soft pillows covered with the finest linen or the richest satin, and its well-arranged drapery of costly and tasteful curtains. Still, notwithstanding the washings and the airings, this bed is but a whited sepulchre, concealing in the interior a pestilential wool mattress, the impregnable stronghold of millions of *las pulgas.—Sir George Simpson.*

PROPAGATION OF THOUGHT.

Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of any individual now on the earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling once communicated to another mind is gone; it is beyond recall; it bore the stamp of virtue; it is blessing man, and owned by Heaven: its character was evil; vain the remorse that would revoke it, vain the gnawing anxiety that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible, effect may soon be spent; its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to-day, owes its form, its species, and its tint to the acorn which dropped from its remote ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped. 'Human life extends beyond the threescore years and ten which bound its visible existence here.' The spirit is removed into another region, the body is crumbling into dust, the very name is forgotten upon earth; but living and working still is the influence generated by the moral features of him who has so long since passed away. The characters of the dead are inwrought into those of the living; the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth, the existing generation is moulding that which succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day.—*The Parent's High Commission.*

MORAL EFFECTS OF PESTILENCE.

All witnesses, and a knowledge of our common nature, tell us that the continual recurrence of these scenes of sickness and death, instead of softening the heart, usually hardens it. Read the accounts of all great plagues: the plague at Athens—the plague at Milan, as described either in the historians of the day and the biographers of Cardinal Borromeo, or in the more popular pages of the best Italian novel, the 'Promessi Sposi'—read the account of the plague in London—and you will see that in all these cases the bulk of the people become more reckless and profligate than ever.—*Viscount Ebrington.*

SMALL LOAVES.

It is a sound dietetic observation, that bread, if wished to be as easily digested as possible, should be baked in small loaves. The principal reason for this is, that the products of fermentation, which are obstructive to digestion, escape more completely from a small loaf than from a large one. There is, moreover, less necessity for putting the bread into a very hot oven, or for keeping it in the oven so long a time as to deprive the outer part of its nutritive qualities. Bread baked in small loaves is sweeter to the taste than when baked in large loaves; and this is probably because it is more entirely freed from the products of fermentation.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

THE AFFECTIONS.

It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with very little attention to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed for cultivating and improving the understanding; but few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections.—*Lord Kames.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 186. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE PRINCE.

Exactly one hundred years ago, there arrived in the town of Rochelle in France a young man, apparently under twenty, of very elegant appearance, but simple and unpretending manners. He was attended, rather than accompanied, by an elderly gray-headed man, who seemed to be neither a domestic nor a parent, but who regarded him with all the respect of the one, and all the careful fondness of the other. The youth, indeed, appeared to require a certain watchful attendance, although surrounded, as one might have imagined, by some prestige which precluded familiarity; for, notwithstanding the cool quiet air supposed to distinguish the great, he was thoughtless and capricious in no ordinary degree, giving way habitually, and without the slightest consideration, to the whim of the moment. Both were plainly dressed. They neither courted nor shunned observation; and the only singularity which distinguished them from ordinary travellers, was their declining to take up their abode in the inn, even for the short period they intended to remain. They at once furnished an apartment for themselves at a private house, though by no means on an extravagant scale—the whole expense amounting only to L.20; and there they resided together, without making a single acquaintance, very rarely stirring abroad, and living chiefly on shellfish, but more especially fresh-water crabs—a circumstance that excited some notice, from these delicacies being scarce and dear at Rochelle.

It appeared to be their business here to find a passage for the younger of the two to some foreign country; but in consequence of the hot war with England, vessels did not sail so frequently as usual, and they were for some time disappointed. At length an occasion offered. A small merchantman was about to sail for Martinique; and this appearing to be as good a theatre as any for the study of the world, it was determined that the youth should embrace the opportunity, and sally forth on his course of adventures. The moment of embarkation had nearly arrived, and he was in close conversation with his elderly companion, when the lady of the house inquired what he intended to do with his furniture?

'What do you say?' said the young man absently. 'Oh, the furniture! Keep it,' continued he, with a courteous smile, 'for a remembrance of me.' The lady looked at the other in surprise, but the transaction appeared to make no impression upon him of any kind; and when the interruption was over, he resumed the conversation without remark. This would not, perhaps, have appeared extraordinary in very wealthy people; but the fact was certain, that the youth's funds, on embarking for the West Indies, hardly amounted to more than the value he thus heedlessly gave away: and the two strangers vanished from Rochelle, the one by sea, and the other by land, leaving behind them a grand enigma for the ingenuity of the townspeople.

The youth's reputation in all probability had got on board before him; although the elderly traveller, in recommending him to the captain, could not be prevailed upon to say more than that he was a person of distinction, whose friends would one day show their gratitude for any services that were rendered him. This, however, was sufficient to insure his being treated with respect; and indeed the dignified manner of the youthful voyager would have extorted respect of itself. In his person he was neither handsome nor tall; his features were common, though sufficiently agreeable; he was of the middle stature; and, in short, he had nothing whatever to distinguish him, but a certain air of high life, and a singularly white and delicate skin, as if he had never, since his birth, been permitted to be visited too roughly even by the winds of heaven.

An incident occurred during the voyage which warmed the respect of the crew into affection. On an alarm of the approach of English cruisers, almost all got into the shallop, to creep along the coast close inshore; and so suddenly was the step taken, that no provisions were thought of. The result was extreme hunger in the boat; which was generously relieved by their passenger, who bought a stock of refreshments from one of the native craft, and distributed them, share and share alike, to all on board. When they returned to the ship, the youth was seized with an illness; and it was remarked, with more of interest than displeasure, that a certain degree of haughtiness mingled with the courtesy with which he received the anxious attentions that were pressed upon him from all quarters. His situation required care and tenderness, but he seemed to shrink from familiarity; till at length the necessities of his condition led him to select, as his attendant, a young man only a few years older than himself. To this person, whose name was Rhodez, and who was of a respectable family and liberal education, he gradually became attached, and at length bestowed upon him even some portion of his confidence.

Rhodez reported that the stranger was the Count de Tarnaud, the son of a field-marshal; but this was by no means so lofty a dignity as to account for the respect of the confidant, which seemed to increase every day. In fact, the avowal of his rank only made the mystery more dense; till all speculations were at length ended for the time by the appearance of the port of Martinique, blocked up by English cruisers. Under these circumstances, as it was impossible to save ship or cargo, the vessel was abandoned, and all on board took to their boats, and landed on the island in safety, but in total destitution. The count bore his misfortune very coolly, perhaps merely regarding it as one of the adventures

he had come to seek; and, followed by Rhodez, went straight to the most respectable house he could find. Here he was received with much kindness by an officer called Duval Ferrol, whose attentions he accepted as a common matter of course; replying slightly and vaguely to his questions, and making himself as comfortable as possible. The host received but small enlightenment from Rhodez, who told all the little the reader already knows, but appeared either unable to proceed farther, or terrified to do so; and the real mystery thus came to be thickened with all kinds of conjectures and exaggerations, each more absurd than the last.

The commandant of the port at length thought it high time for him to enter upon the scene, and, by way of putting beyond all doubt the real rank of the stranger, offered him the use of his house and table. This the count accepted with much satisfaction; and, always accompanied by Rhodez, as a sort of gentleman attendant, or humble friend, removed at once to the residence of the commandant. It happened on the first day that, when all were sitting down to dinner, he found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, on which Rhodez immediately got up and brought it to him. This incident made the company stare at each other with unspeakable perplexity; for at the time of which we write, a white man waiting upon a white man, in the West Indies, was entirely unheard of. That Rhodez, who knew the customs of the place well, would submit to this dishonour in any ordinary case, was not to be supposed; and again the question recurred, who was this pretended count?

In the middle of dinner the commandant received a note from Duval Ferrol, the count's former host, containing these words: 'You wish for information relative to the French passenger who lodged with me some days: his signature will furnish more than I am able to give. I enclose you a letter I have just received from him.' The letter contained merely some common words of thanks, written in a schoolboy hand, and in a very bad style; but it was signed 'Est,' not Tarnaud. What could this mean? The commandant secretly despatched a friend to consult some persons better acquainted with the aristocracy than himself; and by the aid of an almanac, these gentlemen at length appeared to master the difficulty. The mysterious stranger could be no other than Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena, and brother of the Duchess de Penthièvre!

Although this, for the present, was only a conjecture, it so happened that they had the means of verifying it; for there were two persons among them (one a brother-in-law of the commandant) who knew the prince by sight. In the evening, therefore—for they would not intrude earlier upon the dinner party—they all repaired to the commandant's house; and there his brother-in-law had no sooner cast his eyes upon the illustrious guest, than he pronounced him to be the duke. Even this, however, would not have been conclusive testimony, for the witness was reported to be so much averse to speaking truth, that he never did so, even when drunk; but he was supported by the other officer, and the affair was decided. By and by a flourish of bugles was heard without, and the brother-in-law and his friends, who had been pushing the decanters about the whole afternoon, while waiting till it should be time for the visit, drank, with loud cheers, to the health of Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena. The stranger was confounded by this scene. He had probably signed 'Est' inadvertently, and the unexpected consequences filled him for a time with vexation and haughty displeasure.

The blockade of the English became in the meantime more and more strict, till it threatened at length to produce actual starvation. Supplies could be obtained only from Curaçoa and St Eustatia, and these, at the best, would have been scanty and expensive, even if they had not to pass through the hands of men who took the opportunity of preying upon the public misery. The chief of the monopolists was the governor of the Windward Islands himself, the Marquis de Caylus, who resided at Martinique, and the derangement of whose private affairs had led to this contravention of his official duty. The discontent of the inhabitants became alarming; and as famine approached nearer and nearer, it assumed the aspect almost of insurrection. The presence of a reigning prince at this juncture was opportune; and the commandant, who hated the governor, intreated him to consecrate the cause of the people by becoming the head of the party. Our young paladin, we have seen, was humane, generous, thoughtless of consequences; and he was not long, therefore, of suffering himself to be prevailed upon to lend his countenance to the efforts of patriotism. He swore to put an end to the villany of the monopolists; and declared that, in the event of the English landing, he would himself lead on the inhabitants to repulse them. Such speeches had a great effect, for the name of prince is associated with ideas of loyalty; and the people of Martinique came to think it their duty to be loyal to the Duke of Modena, since that potentate happened, by whatever extraordinary chance it occurred, to find himself in the West Indies.

The Marquis de Caylus now began to feel somewhat uneasy at Fort St Pierre, and despatched an order to the commandant to send him his unruly guest. The commandant, however, suggested that he could by no means take such a liberty, since the individual in question was assuredly the hereditary Prince of Modena; and the marquis therefore addressed a letter to the Count de Tarnaud, inviting him to repair to his residence. 'To him,' replied his highness, 'I am Hercules Renaud d'Est, although the Count de Tarnaud to the rest of the world. If he desires to see me, let him repair to Fort Royal, which is half-way, and in four or five days I shall be there.' The officers who brought the missive reported the stranger's resemblance to the Duchess de Penthièvre, and the governor's doubts began to give way. He set out for Fort Royal as commanded; but his heart failed him, and he turned back. The prince, not finding him there, proceeded to Fort St Pierre, accompanied by a retinue of gentlemen, and was seen by the governor from his windows; upon which the latter, exclaiming that he was the very image of his mother and sister, left the place in a panic, and retired to Fort Royal.

The Rubicon was now passed. It would be affectation to repudiate longer a rank which had been assigned to him without any agency of his own, and the Prince of Modena assumed his ancestral state, and appointed his household. The Marquis d'Eraguy had the honour of being nominated his grand equerry; Duval Ferrol, his first host on the island, became one of his gentlemen attendants; and the faithful Rhodez exulted in the office of page. He held a court, and gave formal audiences; and his levees were sedulously attended, not only by all who had complaints to make against the existing government, but by many of the officers of the administration, who conceived it politic to seek the protection of a hereditary prince. His palace was at first the convent of the Jesuits; but this excited so much the jealousy of the Dominicans, that after a time he removed to the establishment of the latter, where he was treated, if possible, with still more distinction. A table of thirty covers was laid for him and his guests every day. His dinner was a great spectacle, which passed on to the sound of trumpets; and as it was the custom to admit the people into the hall on the occasion, it became necessary to have the table defended by strong rails from the pressure of the crowd.

Under this régime, St Peter's presented the aspect of a vast theatre. Serious business was no more thought of; the wheels of government stood still; money once more came into active circulation; provisions, liberated from the chains of monopoly, arrived from all quarters; eating, drinking, and dancing were the order of the day; and, as if fortune had determined to signalise the reign, as it may be called, of the duke by her choicest triumphs, the news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle came

over the Atlantic to complete the general intoxication.

It may be supposed that the character of the royal adventurer was severely tested during a period of more brilliant fortune than he could have enjoyed on the ducal throne. We must remember, however, that he was a mere lad, exposed to temptation of every kind, and not condemn too severely the vagaries into which he was led by his wild and restless spirit. Accustomed to indulgence, as it appeared, from his cradle, he never knew what it was to repress a wish, or even feel a doubt; and he plunged madly into all the excesses of the time and place, and led the way in dissipation as zealously as he had offered to head the ranks of war. But the strange thing was, that even in his wildest moments he never forgot his *rank*. Neither the madness of wine, nor the witcheries of beauty, ever betrayed him into laying aside, for an instant, the dignity of the prince; and thus it was, that even the companions of his most unguarded hours continued to look upon him with a kind of awe.

The hospitality of the monks, it will be seen, was highly convenient for the wandering sovereign, who had landed in Martinique without a coin in his pocket; but soon he had abundance of money from a more legitimate source. It chanced that the Duke de Penthièvre possessed considerable property in the island; and his agent was of course not the last to present himself at the court of his constituent's brother-in-law. A gracious reception, and a half-hour's conversation in private, were sufficient to determine the honest man to do his duty to the family; and the Penthièvre funds were freely placed at the disposal of the young prince. This circumstance completely shut the mouths of the few malcontents who still affected to doubt his rank; for the agent was a prudent and cautious man, well acquainted with the affairs and connexions of the house, and would never have taken such a step except from absolute conviction. The malcontents, besides, could not fail to see that the money was not intrusted to unworthy hands. An impostor would either have squandered the treasure in mad extravagance, or have hoarded it against the time when he might think it necessary to decamp; but the Duke of Modena was neither careful of money nor profuse, spending just what was proper and liberal in his station, but nothing more. The doubters could not have been strengthened in their unbelief even by the consideration that on so remote a stage it was possible for an impostor to strut his little hour undiscovered, for he was always most anxious to meet everybody who came from Europe; and independently of the two gentlemen who had already recognised his person, a third, more recently arrived, recollected having seen him the year before at Venice. And the occasion was somewhat remarkable; for his highness, in a frolic, had broken in a shop glass articles to the amount of L.1500, which he afterwards paid for. Was it wonderful that so wild a youth had taken the fancy to come to Martinique?

Wildnesses of this kind, however, were now over, for he was here in the school of the world. His European education had only been begun, though begun on a princely scale. He possessed a smattering of half-a-dozen different sciences; he spoke, though indifferently, several languages besides his own, and understood a very little Latin. His drawing was better than his writing; he was a capital horseman; and, more than all, notwithstanding his flightiness, he had a great fund of natural good sense and precision of thought. If to this we add the most absolute self-possession, and a serene tranquillity of manner which nothing could disturb, it will be felt that, both in his merits and defects, Hercules Renaud d'Est was every inch a prince.

The prince wrote to his family; and the governor, on his part, despatched a messenger to Europe to relate the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred, and demand instructions as to how the Duke of Modena should be treated. Six months had flowed past, and no answer was received by either. The political crisis in the meantime had gone by, and the inhabitants of Martinique began to find the residence of their royal guest somewhat expensive. The prince himself, after having spent 50,000 crowns of the Penthièvre funds, at last grew weary of his adventure; and in another month he hoisted an admiral's flag in a merchant ship, and, saluted by the cannon of the fort, took his departure for Portugal, with all his household, an almoner, and the king's physician at the colony.

Immediately on his back being turned, the long-expected courier arrived, bringing an order to the governor for the arrest of the stranger! By the same vessel the agent of the Duke de Penthièvre received a severe reprimand for his want of caution in allowing himself to be fleeced of so large a sum; the duke, however, in consideration of all the circumstances, retaining him in his employment, and consenting to share the loss. Both these communications were very extraordinary. The order for the arrest, after a delay of six months, and presented only when the prince had left the island, appeared to indicate that the whole affair had been nothing more than a youthful frolic; and this seemed so fully confirmed by the otherwise unaccountable good-nature of the duke, that public opinion ran stronger than ever in favour of the young knight-errant.

This personage in due time arrived at Faro in Portugal, and was there received with a salute of artillery. On landing, he demanded to be provided with a courier, to send to his chargé d'affairs at Madrid, and likewise with the means of proceeding with his suite to Seville, where he intended to await the return of his messenger. All was complied with; and the prince, still living on borrowed funds, was the gayest of the gay, drinking, dancing, and making love so vehemently, that he became the envy of all the men, and the admiration of all the women. His entrance into Seville was like a triumph. The windows were crowded as he passed; the principal inhabitants waited upon him to pay their respects; and sumptuous entertainments were prepared for him; all of which he returned with a magnificence conformable to his rank. In the midst of this there came a new order for his arrest.

The prince was astonished, the people indignant, and the women, more especially, furious. He had taken up his abode at the convent of the Dominicans, who protected him for some time, but at length, on the fermentation becoming serious, consented to deliver him up to the authorities, provided this could be done without bloodshed. One attempt to take him was defeated by the courage of the youth, who defended himself with his sword; but at length a burly monk, who was accustomed to wait upon him at table, clasped his arms round him one day as he sat at dinner, and held him till the alguazils, rushing into the room, took him prisoner.

He was at first thrown into a dungeon, and strongly ironed; but the next day, for no reason that could be imagined—for he had haughtily refused to answer all interrogations—he was released from his irons, and lodged in the best apartment in the prison. The persons composing his retinue, however, were treated with less ceremony; they were examined regarding a supposed conspiracy to seize the island of Martinique, and banished from the dominions of Spain. The prince himself was ultimately condemned to the galleys.

When the time came for his removal to Cadiz, it appears that apprehensions were entertained of a commotion in his favour. The whole garrison of Seville was under arms, and the prince, supported by the captain and lieutenant, entered a carriage drawn by six mules, and proceeded through the town between two ranks of infantry which lined the streets. Opinions were still divided as to his pretensions to the ducal throne, and bets to the amount of 60,000 piastres depended upon the question. The extraordinary thing was, that there came an order from the court to prohibit the laying of

wagers; and, more extraordinary still, the messengers sent off by those who had money at stake, to decide the whole matter by finding him whom they supposed to be the real duke, were unsuccessful. No Duke of Modena was to be found in Italy!

Arrived at Cadiz, the prince was conducted to the fort of La Caragna, the commandant of which was instructed to treat him with *politeness;* and here he lived very comfortably for a time, busying himself in making such presents as the sale of his effects enabled him to afford, to those from whom he had received kindness in the course of his strange adventures. But the romance was at an end: the real Duke of Modena had been at length found; and our paladin, growing tired of a life without notoriety and without excitement, made his escape.

Soon after this, the captain of a merchantman which had come to anchor in the roads of Gibraltar went on shore, and reported to the governor that he had on board the individual who was so well known by the title of the Prince of Modena. 'Let him beware of landing then,' replied the governor, 'or I shall apprehend him immediately!' The captain looked perplexed. He returned slowly to his ship, weighed anchor, and set sail; and with him disappeared for ever this singular young man, as completely as a bubble vanishes from the face of the sea.

There are few of the monstrosities of romance which equal in wildness and improbability the above transcript from real life. The series of coincidences which favoured the imposture, and the numerous mistakes as to the personal identity of the hero, committed by persons who knew, or affected to know, the real prince, seem little less than miraculous; while the moderation of the Duke de Penthièvre, and the tenderness exhibited by the court towards a convicted felon, throw around the whole story a romantic mystery, which, at this distance of time, it would be vain to attempt to penetrate.

ARTIFICIAL COLD.

Since the days of that dissipated heathen who, in order to cool the air during an oppressive summer, caused mountains of snow to be piled up, and suffered them to melt away, down to the present era, in which there prevails a rage for the thing, mankind has been incessantly in quest of refrigeratives. In those regions where ice and snow are found during winter, it became an easy expedient to store up such treasures of cold for use in warmer seasons; but where, if formed at all, they could only be of a momentary existence, it is manifest that some other means must be devised to supply the luxury of coldness to the noble and wealthy; and thus the art of artificial refrigeration—an art which has to boast of the elaborate researches of the ingenious Robert Boyle, and has occupied much of the consideration of other philosophers before and since—took its origin. We have already taken notice* of the now prevalent use and means of procuring beautiful ice for the table: we shall here present a brief sketch of the history, and a short notice of the methods, of producing cold artificially.

Cold, as a luxury, was far from being unknown to the ancients. The winter's snow or ice was rudely gathered up in heaps, or buried in pits, and covered with straw or chaff. But this was a wasteful, and grew to be an expensive method; and it became desirable to have ready means at every season, and independently of the accidents of the skies, for obtaining the same end. The simplest of these proceeded on the principle of loss of temperature, as a result of rapid evaporation. The Egyptians were accustomed to cool their water by placing it in earthen pitchers, the exterior of which was kept constantly wet by being sprinkled with water by slaves. It was the habit of one of their luxurious monarchs to have several servants for this office alone, whose duties were to expose the water to cool on the summit of the palace, and constantly supply the royal table with the beverage. Cooling pits were also dug in the earth, into which the water-vessels were placed during the daytime; the exterior being well soaked with water, and then surrounded with the fresh leaves of a vine or other plant, evaporation rapidly went on, and the liquid became most agreeably cool. Another method is said to be mentioned by Plutarch, which was by casting into the water a number of small stones, the agitation and consequent evaporation produced by which would probably exercise a slightly frigorific power over the water. It was probably an accidental observation of what could not have failed to have been an everyday occurrence, that led to the next improvement in this method of refrigeration. Many of the earthen vessels of the Egyptians are made of unglazed ware: water placed in one of these was found to be considerably cooler than when kept in other vessels; and the more open and porous the material, the more rapid the transudation of the water, and its evaporation from the surface of the jars, and the greater the degree of cold obtained. Water-vases were then formed for that purpose solely; and the invention, unaltered in principle, has come down with increasing usefulness to the present time. Illustrations of the second great chemical law—that liquefaction produces cold—next followed. For ages in India, it had been the practice to cool beverages in that burning climate by dissolving saltpetre in water. From India the practice made its way into Europe; and Beckmann states that a Spanish physician, Blarius Villa Franca, practising at Rome, first introduced this method of producing cold in Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is related that wine, placed in this mixture, was cooled to a degree making it almost intolerable to the teeth; and this was a considerable step in the history of artificial cold. Other saline substances came into use, and pits were formed, into which, on the large scale, the water to be cooled was put in vessels, surrounded by the cooling mixture. Finally came the important discovery, that an intensely-freezing mixture was capable of being formed by mixing snow or ice, and salt, together. A celebrated physician electrified a large audience by exhibiting its effects upon a bottle of wine, which he actually froze into ice; and 'this new method of freezing water' is also mentioned by Lord Bacon. Such are the conditions under which this subject has been handed down to existing posterity.

A little consideration of the processes described in this cursory sketch, of the chemical progress of the luxury, will show us that they are all reducible to the two axioms—that evaporation and liquefaction create cold. The philosophy of which facts is simply, that in the change of condition from a fluid to a vapour, and from a solid to a fluid, there is a change in the capacity for caloric. If a certain measure of water is to become vaporised, or if a certain weight of salt is to become a solution, these changes cannot occur without the water and the salt receiving an additional supply of heat, which is of course abstracted from all surrounding bodies; and the abstraction of heat being an equivalent expression to the production of cold, we are brought back to the truths with which we commenced, and have seen how evaporation and liquefaction produce cold. Caloric disappears in both cases, and, burying itself among the particles of the new product, is said to have become *latent.* There are some facts connected with the production of artificial ice which deserve mention here. The congelation of water is materially promoted by rapid motion. Water has, in fact, been cooled, and yet remained quite fluid, many degrees below the temperature at which it generally becomes ice; but the moment a little movement was communicated to the liquid, instantly the temperature rose to 32 degrees, and the mass became ice, needle-like crystals flying through its substance in a most curious manner. This

* No. 173 of our current series.

fact was seized upon by the refrigeratists; and repeated accounts of making artificial ice are extant, in which much stress is evidently laid upon the act of stirring the fluid to be frozen rapidly round with a stick. The experience of mankind also appears to have discovered that water, after it has been boiled, freezes more rapidly than otherwise. It is a custom among many nations of warm climates either to warm the water in the sun, or to boil it, previous to attempting to reduce its temperature. Dr Black of Edinburgh published some experiments undertaken to determine the question; and his results were, that boiled water does freeze a little more rapidly than unboiled. The act of boiling expels the air; and as in freezing a similar expulsion takes place, a step is gained in advance of the unboiled liquid.

The means in present use for artificial refrigeration are very various, some of them very interesting. Among these, the employment of porous earthenware may receive an early place. The Moors introduced into Spain this article of luxury, in the shape of very elegant vases, wonderfully light and porous. Water kept in these became rapidly deliciously cool, and, from some peculiarity in the process of the manufacture of the vessels, it acquired, in addition, a very agreeable flavour. In Egypt, and in India, and in most sultry regions, this expedient is at the present time a very prevalent one. It has also for some time been extensively employed amongst ourselves—porous wine, butter, and water coolers, of many elegant designs, being now produced at our potteries. But porous ware keeps water coolest where the clime is hottest, the very increment of heat being made to react in the production of cold by rapid evaporation. The Moorish name for their earthen jugs was *Alcarrazos*, or *Bucarros*. The Arabs, burnt up with the eternal fire of their scorching country, make use of goat-skins for their water-vessels, which suffer a little water slowly to exude, and thus keep the remainder comparatively cool. A common method of cooling wines in India, is one which will almost appear a paradox: the bottle is wrapped in flannel wetted with water, and placed directly in the rays of the sun: violent evaporation ensues, and the wine actually becomes very cold. It is a common plan, too, for sailors, in warm latitudes, to cover their wine with cloths constantly wetted. Apartments are cooled on a similar principle, and an abundance of water is frequently dashed against the walls of the room with the most grateful effect. In India, also, the cold, so dangerous and penetrating on a clear night, is applied in a peculiar manner for the purpose of freezing water. Near Calcutta, in an open plain, there are large shallow excavations made in the ground, and filled with straw; upon this many rows of small, shallow, porous pans, filled with water, are placed at sunset. During the night ice forms in thin cakes upon the surface of these pans: it is carefully removed before sunrise, carried to a proper repository, and pounded into a mass there, and then covered over with blankets. This manufacture can only be pursued during the months of December, January, and February; and in the districts where the ice is formed in this manner, it is never produced naturally. This ingenious process must wholly disappear before the new import of Wenham Lake ice. What a revolution has commerce effected in India, when we remember that early travellers in that country were looked upon as liars and impostors for asserting the possibility of solidifying water into ice!

Where saline substances are cheap, the more powerful mode of refrigeration has been the use of the frigorific mixture. Some of these mixtures are capable of producing the most intense cold known to philosophy.* Dissolving saltpetre in water creates a very useful degree of cold; and where the salt is plentiful, as in India, it has long been employed for this purpose. It was the peculiar duty of one domestic to cool beverages for the table by this means, who received the impregnated solution for his perquisite. Where, however, snow or ice is procurable, the intensity of the freezing mixture rises to its higher points. Snow and salt produce a mixture which was deemed by Fahrenheit to be of the greatest possible degree of cold. This was the temperature of his zero. Our confectioners are in the habit of using for their craft a mixture of pounded ice and salt. The substance known as chloride of calcium, mixed with snow, produces a most severe cold, sufficiently great to freeze mercury. Mr Walker, to whose interesting experiments upon this subject it stands much indebted, was on one occasion able, by successive coolings, to attain a depth of cold equal to 91 degrees below Fahrenheit's unhappy zero. In the laboratory of the chemist, great degrees of cold are procurable by the use of highly volatile liquids for evaporation. Every juvenile chemist's ears have tingled with the startling enunciation of the possibility of freezing a man to death in the height of summer, by wetting him constantly with ether —which is, however, a fact hitherto undemonstrated. The sulphuret of carbon, and, more recently, liquid sulphurous acid, both of them exceedingly volatile fluids, create intense cold by their evaporation. The almost magical experiments of M. Boutigny, in which water was frozen in a red-hot crucible, were effected by the assistance of sulphurous acid in the liquid form. The remarkable substance, liquid carbonic acid, takes the highest rank as a frigorific agent known. Mr Addams of Kensington actually manufactures this curious liquid as an article of commerce, and has occasionally as much as *nine gallons* of it in store. In drawing it from its powerful reservoirs, it evaporates so rapidly, as to freeze itself, and it is then a light porous mass, like snow. If a small quantity of this is drenched with ether, the degree of cold produced is even more intolerable to the touch than boiling water! a drop or two of the mixture producing blisters, just as if the skin had been burned. Mr Addams states, that in eight minutes he has frozen in this way a mass of mercury weighing ten pounds.

There have been some mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of ice. Evaporation may be accelerated mechanically to a degree so great, as to produce ice in considerable quantities, and this is the principle of Sir John Leslie's celebrated freezing apparatus. In conducting some experiments upon the rarefaction of air, he was led to conceive the idea of manufacturing ice on the large scale from a little phenomenon observed in the receiver of his air-pump. Introducing a watch-glass full of water, and in contact with sulphuric acid, into the receiver of his air-pump, and on making a few strokes with the piston, the water was converted into a mass of solid ice! With a body of parched oatmeal instead of the acid as the absorbent of moisture, he froze a pound and a quarter of water into ice. Experiments on the large scale followed; powerful machines were constructed, and various improvements were adopted in the apparatus, all tending to facilitate its application to the wants or luxuries of mankind. Several of these machines have been exported into hot climates. Dr Ure suggested steam as the vacuising power; and the idea has been conceived, that wherever a steam-engine is employed, there an ice apparatus might be erected and sustained at a trifling cost, with great prospect of productiveness.

The most recent ice-machine is 'Masters's Apparatus,' the principal feature of which is, that a metallic cylinder is made to undergo rapid rotation in a freezing mixture, the motion appearing in a singular manner to expedite and facilitate the process.

Some account of the applications of artificial cold may perhaps suitably conclude our paper. For some time the ingenuity of men in this particular developed itself no further than in simply cooling wine and other beverages; but a more refined and even elegant mode of doing so was afterwards discovered. In Boyle's 'History of Cold,' it is stated that he was accustomed to

* It will be noticed, that throughout this article the term cold is made use of for convenience' sake, as if it indicated a positive principle, and were not, as it is, a mere negation.

make wine-cups of ice, by means of tin moulds, for use in hot weather: pleasant trifles, as he calls them, which imparted a delicious coolness to the wine poured into them. In an old romance, named the 'Argenis,' a dinner in summer is described, at which fresh apples half-incrusted with ice, and a basin of ice filled with wine, were among the curiosities upon the table. Then came the invention of water-ices by one Procope, an Italian, who had an immense sale for them in Paris. Cream ices, and the iced juice of fruits, were then made, and found a rapid consumption. More recently, the art of the confectioner has applied this process to imitate many kinds of fruit and peaches—apricots and nectarines of ice—copying the originals with curious fidelity.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE POSITIVE—THE POSSIBLE.

GREAT as are the improvements the last twenty years have seen in female education, and continually increasing as is the number of enlightened and faithful teachers who, having dedicated their lives to the work, carry it on with renewed success from day to day, it is still a melancholy fact that, in the majority of our schools, we find many of the old mistakes in full force, together with a general non-progressiveness of character which, to the thoughtful, becomes a subject for serious consideration.

To such as call to mind the days of back-boards and samplers, and knowing only the really good schools of to-day, rejoicingly draw a contrast between past and present, the assertion just made will probably appear both uncalled for and unjust. But that, unhappily, it is neither the one nor the other, increasing acquaintance with facts will testify. So far from wishing to obtain credit for her statement through undue weight attached to the facts on which it is based, the sole desire of the writer is to induce a more careful inquiry into what schools are, and a more earnest consideration of what they should be. Still, such facts as she may adduce—not being selected to serve a purpose, but chosen from the general number as most characteristic and expressive, and being all matter, not of hearsay, but of personal knowledge—deserve that degree of consideration which should be accorded to every contribution, however humble, to the cause of truth. It may assist the better understanding of the subject, if we take a particular class of schools, in order to indicate the traces of old errors still to be found in them; and perhaps those in which it will be most easy to demonstrate our position are the religious.

But before going farther, an attempt must be made to guard, if possible, against misconstruction. It is the primary article of the writer's faith, that however gifted or amiable an instructress may be, whatever her native powers or acquired accomplishments, she is unfitted for the charge of rational and immortal beings unless her heart, mind, and conscience be under the influence of religion. In speaking, then, of 'religious schools,' it must be borne in mind that it is to such as have taken to themselves the name, not such as we should be disposed to give it to, that reference is always made. These are sometimes farther characterised as 'evangelical.' Now, in the use of this word, we are influenced only by a desire of indicating to those who are conversant with them the class of schools referred to, and it is employed with as little of an invidious meaning as the terms 'preparatory' or 'finishing' would be, if they suited our purpose. However designated, perhaps the great mistake of the schools in question consists in this, that religion, which they are undoubtedly right in making their first object, is so formally and unattractively presented, so restlessly obtruded at all times and seasons, and so connected with pain and discomfort, that unless a strong interest has been already gained for it in the more genial atmosphere of home, the best result we can hope for is—indifference, and that which we shall most commonly find—dislike. For it will not be asserted, that to bring tired children in from a long walk—where, if really desirous to improve, they are just beginning to arrange how to make the best of their time—and summoning them all around you, to read six consecutive chapters from the Bible—prophecy, history, genealogy, or doctrine, just as it may happen—are the means best calculated to give a love for the Scriptures. Or that, after prolonging lessons for an hour and a-half before breakfast, to keep them kneeling a quarter of an hour or more on a cold morning, whilst you are pouring forth prayers which, however true of your individual soul, are without meaning to youthful hearers, is the most hopeful way of leading their hearts to God. And yet these are the established usages of religious schools. One verse from the Bible, chosen with reference to time and place—one heartfelt aspiration, poured into the ear of a child whose heart was tuned to receive it—would do as much good as these well-meant but ill-judged attempts do harm. Nor are they the only customs that appear injudicious. The habit of learning from the Bible as a lesson, of being hurried to church twice in the heat of the summer day, and reproved for the consequent bodily weariness, as if it were a moral crime; the dulness and gloom of Sundays, the formal preachments made on the slightest occasions, and the unfortunate practice of meeting children at every turn with no lighter argument than the Day of Judgment—all these are mistakes more generally made, and more serious in their consequences, than any who are unacquainted with the subject practically can well imagine. So little knowledge of the child's nature is sometimes shown, that an 'Essay on Faith' has been required as a vacation lesson from a whole school, including at least two little girls under eleven. Now, if this had been imposed only on the advanced pupils, by whom the subject was understood and felt, and the younger ones suffered to write on some other subject within their comprehension, no fault could have been found. But imagine unfortunate little beings suddenly stopping in the midst of some game to which they have given their whole heart, and vainly striving to recollect some text, or fragment of a text, that may stand in place of original ideas, and fill a decent page in the theme book! Imagine the utter dislike they will feel to such subjects for years to come. Teachers seldom fail to see this dislike, but for the most part attribute it to natural perversion and innate depravity. God knows, there is enough of both in every heart, however comparatively innocent; but the question is—Is the right means taken for removing it? And to some of us the farther question arises—May not the mistakes of the teacher help to confirm the wrong feelings of the child? Again: in many schools deceit is effectually taught by the system of espionage maintained over letters. If children are told to say just what they like, but know at the same time that every word they do say will be overlooked, they will, either consciously or unconsciously, be hypocrites in the writing. They cannot fail to say what is likely to give pleasure or gain favour; and going in time a step farther, when communications of a contrary nature have to be made, a piece of paper will be slily slipped in after supervision of the original letter.

And yet, under these influences are brought up every year a large number of children, whose parents, thinking they have secured for them the inestimable benefit of a sound religious education, vainly hope to see springing up in their hearts that good seed which, for want of due preparation of the soil, has never taken root. Happy is it if they do not find in its place indifference, callousness, deceit. Now it seems impossible that intelligent parents, and honest but mistaken teachers, should meditate on these evils without feeling that they must be removed, at whatever cost or effort.

It is to such I address myself in the following attempt to determine how many of the errors that belong to our present school system are essentially inter-

woven with it, and how many only make part of it by accidental association; in short, *to set the positive in the light of the possible.*

In doing this, we require one principle given; namely, that schools are a substitute, and at best a poor one, for home training, which, when attainable with few or none of the inconveniences commonly attached to it, we hold to be the perfect mode of education, the normal state appointed by God; and which, therefore, we may not change without weighty and sufficient reasons.

This principle granted, and the school admitted to be a substitute for the home, a good school is that in which the best features of the home are copied, and its highest advantages secured. By this practical test the merits of the system may be tried, and the causes of failure indicated, if failed it have.

I. In the first place, if a school is to resemble a home, some proportion must exist between the numbers contained in both. And here I should observe, that I am speaking altogether and entirely of female education, and of education as apart from, and above, mere instruction. Large public schools for boys are, by common consent, one of the many necessary evils with which the world abounds. With these, therefore, we have no desire to meddle. But desirable as public spirit and hardihood may be for boys, they are not the objects we propose to ourselves in bringing up our daughters; neither for them do we make the attainment of intellectual excellence our first desire. On the contrary, the culture of the domestic affections, the formation of the character, the strengthening of that heroic, self-denying element which is the basis of a woman's nature, and which enables her to find in duty its own motive and reward, and to do right for the right's sake—these are the ends every thoughtful parent would seek to pursue in the education of his daughters. As much intellectual attainment, as many external accomplishments as may be consistent with these, he will desire, and no more. Now the home influences, where the moral atmosphere is pure, will be found precisely adapted to secure these ends. The parental affection in which children 'live, move, and have their being,' tends to develop the feeling of love in their young hearts; whilst the deep interest of the parent must quicken his comprehension of the individual character of the child, and teach him how to bring about that peculiar combination of qualities which he desires to see him possessed of.

These being some of the peculiar characteristics of home education, it is at once evident that a large school can never supply its place; for the affection and interest with which each child is regarded by the 'principal' must be infinitesimal, even if, as too often happens, the feeling of individuality is not lost sight of altogether. If a school, then, be intended to supply the place of the home, it must be sufficiently limited in extent to admit of the same close study of individual character, and will differ chiefly from the natural home in bringing together companions nearer of an age than can possibly be found amongst brothers and sisters. In this respect, and in this only, the school has necessarily the advantage. Many children, studying single-handed, find a degree of dulness in their occupations which would be quickly removed by the presence of companions. Again: unless two or three sisters are very nearly of an age, the consequence of teaching them together is, that the elder is kept back, and grows idle; or, more probably, that the powers of the younger are overstrained. Now, it is by no means asserted that many girls of twelve are incapable of studying with sisters two or three years older—for age is by no means synonymous with power, there being greater capability in some at ten than in others at fifteen. Still, the rule of course is, that fellow-students of the same age are preferable. Moreover, all wise teachers know that children often gain from each other, both mentally and morally, fully as much as it is in the instructor's power to bestow. Difficult as it is to make this clear to any who have not studied education practically, by those who have, it will be readily admitted, because the philosophy of it is rightly understood.

II. The first point being established—that a school must resemble a family in extent—the second is naturally connected with it—that its mode of government shall be the same; namely, patriarchal. That all large schools are despotisms, is by no means asserted; but that they have a natural tendency to become so, can scarcely be denied. In legislating for numbers, recourse must be had to rules, regulations, formulæ, and other mechanical substitutes for personal direction; whilst every school not larger than a family might be governed, as all wisely-ordered families are, almost, if not altogether, by principles. Each member might feel herself the object of the watchful care and affectionate interest of the head, and might partake as largely of the infusion of her spirit. But this is only possible on the supposition that her heart is loving, her judgment sound, and her energy unfailing.

III. In the third place, every head of a school who undertakes to supply the place of home education, must have deeper views of what is required from her, and be more far-sighted with regard to the future, than the majority of our teachers at present are. A school is too often a mere intellectual mill, employed in grinding out of unfortunate children a certain quantity of labour *for present purposes.* Lessons appear to be learned in order to be said, and said to be speedily forgotten. Candour, however, requires us to admit that the whole of this mistake is not to be charged to schoolmistresses; parents often, by their ill-judged desire to see their children advance rapidly, adding fuel to that flame by which the powers of young minds are wasted and destroyed. On both sides there is a want of that wise economy by which the immediate results of intellectual efforts are made a part, and but a small part, of the advantages to be derived; the chief gain being the moral discipline involved, and the power this gives for future years; or, to confine our attention to the intellect, the sharpening and strengthening of the faculties, rather than the immediate knowledge they are the means of procuring. Now, the great intellectual mistake in many schools is, that there is no working for the future. Young people are not shown practically that all their studies and pursuits are mainly valuable for the promise they hold out, and the facilities they afford, for future attainments. Could we show them in the present the germ of the future, and make it clear to their minds how much their happiness here and hereafter depends on the faithful fulfilment of those simple duties which they are accustomed to regard as mere indifferent routine, how much more lifelike and earnest would be their daily employments! Common situations, and unromantic circumstances, would then content them; for into the meanest they would see the possibility of carrying all those great deeds and high thoughts which they have reverenced in others, and perhaps sighed for in themselves. Their life would thus become a connected whole, instead of in its two periods offering the slavery of school, and the emancipation of leaving it, with nothing to show the oneness and reality of existence. There can be no doubt that, if judiciously attempted, it will be found possible, without making young persons prematurely thoughtful, to show them the close connection between those two stages of education which they have been accustomed to think so different—the school-teaching, and the life-teaching. A wise teacher will do even more than this. Foreseeing the end of all her efforts from the very beginning, and gradually approximating towards it by slow degrees, in proportion as she finds the power of self-guidance developed, she will remove external motive and stimulus, and so prepare the mind to depend on itself, that, when the period arrives for losing sight of authority altogether, the change shall be in many important particulars imperceptible.

Neither is it necessary that young women should leave school, as they often do, with little preparation

for the active duties of life. No other law but the absurd one of fashion has laid down the cultivation of all kinds of useless and frivolous needlework, to the exclusion, in many cases, of that particular branch in which every woman should be well practised. The period of life passed at school is that on which future happiness and usefulness mainly depend, it being during the course of this that habits are, to a certain extent, unalterably formed. To accustom young people, therefore, exclusively to the use of Berlin wools and floss silks, is to preclude the hope of their being, in one important particular, useful mistresses of families.

IV. Are schools and school-life necessarily and unavoidably the dull, formal, *negative* things we commonly find them? May not the cultivation of a loving spirit in the young people, together with constant cheerfulness, intelligent conversation, and an animated manner in the principal, help to make a school-life a happy and pleasant one—inferior to home only in the one great particular, of separation from relatives?

In the present administration of schools, one of the principal mistakes arises from the fear of giving too free a course to that natural reaction, that exuberance of spirits, which is found to follow close attention to study. Now, as certainly as we must relax the bow before we can hope to see it firmly strung, so surely does earnest study require at intervals the most unbounded freedom, the most unrestrained enjoyment of every rational and harmless amusement. Children who do not play with all their heart, are seldom found to learn with all their might; whilst in those who do, the energy and vitality of the playground will accompany the mind to the study, unless some chilling influence meet it on the way. Of refreshing, inspiriting amusements, bodily as well as mental, children at school have too small a share. They are for the most part characterised by a grave dulness of character, a dignified nonchalance of manner, which, painful as we feel it in all, is absolutely hopeless in the young: for it is one of the surest indications of that solemn listlessness which gives us the peculiar specimen of animated nature so puzzling to many of our philosophers—the young lady from school. Under a more lifelike and enterprising government, this negativeness of character would cease to exist. The peculiarities of individuals would be cherished and rejoiced in; and school girls would no longer be distinguished from their fellow-mortals by the habit, when dining in tolerably large numbers, of asking for the wing of a fowl all round the table. In all seriousness, we do desire to see a less *generic* character in the young, who have years enough before them, with no lack of influences, to wear them down to the customary degree of conventional commonplaceness. But this desirable change will not be effected so long as the formal walk for an hour in the day, and the dance in which the posture-master's frown is feared, are held relaxation sufficient for young minds and limbs. Not merely walking, running races, and every game that can be pursued out of doors, but gardening, botany, excursions, visits to manufactories, &c. will help to give a definite object to our exercise, and thereby preserve us from lassitude; a state, by the by, so unnatural to the young, that we never see it—except in the single case of ill-health—without mentally laying the blame on the seniors in charge.

V. The chief points connected with the wellbeing of schools are, undoubtedly, the four we have been attempting to consider; namely, extent, government, purpose, spirit. Many practical points will, however, be found to have great influence on their success; such as choice of situation, arrangement of time, &c. With regard to the former, I feel no hesitation in saying that every school should be, if not quite in the country, still so near it, as to admit of much time being spent every day in the fields and lanes, and without the annoyance of passing through crowded streets in order to reach them. Indeed, unless insurmountable difficulties are in the way, every school should be not only near, but *in* the country; for health and happiness are both involved in making the most not only of the hour, or hour and a-half, devoted to a walk, but of the fragments of time which are constantly occurring between studies, and before and after meals. There is, moreover, an invigorating influence in constantly breathing pure air, the absence of which is poorly compensated by all that a large town has to offer in the shape of lectures or exhibitions. But the advantages of both may be partially united by a situation in the country, in the immediate neighbourhood of a town. And in cases where this is not attainable, which will form the majority, the loss of all town advantages is more than made up to us by any picturesqueness the neighbourhood may afford. To teach a child to love nature, is far more important than to make her a connoisseur in works of art; though, unfortunately, it is less understood. It can only be effected by living in the midst of fair scenes, and keeping the heart always open to their influence. If this advantage be once given, little positive teaching will be found necessary; there being a secret affinity between the freshness of young hearts and the joyousness of nature, by which all our attempts at formal introductions are felt to be wholly gratuitous. It is because this is imperfectly, if at all, understood by many teachers, that young people are often charged with being idle, when they are in reality full of thought and feeling. A child lies down under a shady tree, and shuts his eyes to feel the sweet breath of summer; or looks up into the interwoven branches, and wonders why they seem to be in the sky, and why the sky looks like another sea, and wherein sky and sea differ from each other, until he loses himself altogether in reverie. The teacher finds him thus engaged, and because he is neither conjugating, nor calculating, nor poring over book or map, pronounces him idle. Now, it would be most absurd to dream of children's spending their time either entirely or principally in this desultory manner, when the advantages of regular employments are known to be invaluable. Still, it is both unjust and unwise to confound together two things so utterly distinct as the love of nature and the love of idleness.

VI. With regard to the arrangement of time, a few practical hints will best explain what is meant.

Work should be always close and earnest, but not too long-continued. Two hours are, perhaps, the longest time children should ever be allowed to study without some interval of rest longer or shorter. For very young children, even this is too much. They cannot give their *best* attention so long; or, if they can, that is the strongest of all reasons for never suffering them to do it on any pretext whatever. Intellectual studies should occupy the hours of the morning; music and drawing those of the afternoon; and the evening should be given to work, amusing reading, chess, and all games that afford either exercise to the limbs or relaxation to the mind. It is the time for establishing a cordial sympathy between all the members of a family, by leading each to employ his peculiar talent for the benefit of the rest. All attempts to make the day begin and end with work are, therefore, mistakes, and deserve to be as unsuccessful as we invariably find them. We are not sent into this world *only* to learn Greek, and Latin, and '*theologies*;' but to comfort and be comforted, to bless and be blessed. The child whose last thoughts every night are of grammars and lexicons, will make but an ungenial companion in after-life. In female education more especially, where the moral and spiritual culture is all-important, this truth must be carefully borne in mind.

One word in conclusion, to explain the earlier pages of this paper. Religious schools were selected for notice as being more numerous, more influential, and more generally believed in than any others. The follies of fashionable seminaries, and the sins of intellectual hothouses, have already been so fully exposed, that little faith can remain in them among the intelligent: whilst the existence in religious schools of the mis-

takes we have attempted to point out, is wholly unsuspected by the majority of parents, and can never have been duly considered by the teachers themselves.

And now, with a full conviction that the foregoing observations, however crude in form, are true in substance, the writer commits them to the earnest consideration of all concerned in education. She is conscious that many other particulars might have been brought forward, and many truths more clearly indicated. But this has happened intentionally, and not by accident. Her object is to suggest merely, to throw on the subject just as much light as will serve to guide those less practically conversant with it; and to point out to any who have been working without reflecting, the greatness of their responsibility for good or for evil.

A STORY OF APSLEY HOUSE.

One fine autumn day, in the year 1750, as his majesty George II. was taking a ride in Hyde Park, his eye was attracted by the figure of an old soldier, who was resting on a bench placed at the foot of an oak-tree. The king, whose memory of faces was remarkable, recognised him as a veteran who had fought bravely by his side in some of his continental battles; and kindly accosting him, the old man, who was lame, hobbled towards him.

'Well, my friend,' said the monarch, 'it is now some years since we heard the bullets whistle at the battle of Dettingen: tell me what has befallen you since.'

'I was wounded in the leg, please your majesty, and received my discharge, and a pension, on which my wife and I are living, and trying to bring up our only son.'

'Are you comfortable? Is there anything you particularly wish for?'

'Please your majesty, if I might make bold to speak, there is one thing that would make my wife, poor woman, as happy as a queen, if she could only get it. Our son is a clever boy, and as we are anxious to give him a good education, we try every means in our power to turn an honest penny; so my wife keeps an apple-stall outside the Park gate, and on fine days, when she is able to be out, she often sells a good deal. But sun and dust spoil the fruit, and rainy weather keeps her at home; so her profits are but little—not near enough to keep our boy at school. Now, please your majesty, if you would have the goodness to give her the bit of waste ground outside the Park gate, we could build a shed for her fruit-stall, and it would be, I may say, like an estate to us.'

The good-natured monarch smiled, and said, 'You shall have it, my friend. I wish all my subjects were as moderate in their requests as you.' He then rode on, followed by the grateful blessings of his faithful veteran.

In a few days a formal conveyance of the bit of ground to James Allen, his wife, and their heirs for ever, was forwarded to their humble dwelling. The desired shed was speedily erected, and the good woman's trade prospered beyond her expectations. Often, indeed, the king himself would stop at the Park gate to accost her, and taking an apple from her tempting store, deposit a golden token in its place. She was thus enabled to procure a good education for her son, who really possessed considerable talents.

Years rolled on. George II. and the veteran were both gathered to their fathers; but Mrs Allen still carried on her trade, hoping to lay up some money for her son, who was become a fine young man, and had obtained a situation as head clerk in a large haberdashery establishment. He lived with his mother in a neat, though humble dwelling, a little way out of the city; and thither he hoped soon to bring a fair young bride, the daughter of a Mr Gray, a music teacher, who resided near them. 'Sweet Lucy Gray!' as her lover was wont to call her, had given her consent, and the happy day was already fixed.

One morning, however, when Mrs Allen proceeded as usual to her place of merchandise, she was startled to perceive the space around her fruit-stall filled with workmen conveying stones, mortar, and all the implements necessary for commencing a building. Some were standing round the shed, evidently preparing to demolish it. 'Come, old lady,' said one of the men, 'move your things out of this as fast as you can, for we can do nothing until the shed is down.'

'My shed!' she exclaimed; 'and who has given you authority to touch it?'

'The Lord Chancellor,' was the reply; 'he has chosen this spot for a palace that he is going to build, and which is intended to be somewhat grander than your fruit-stall. So look sharp about moving your property, for the shed must come down.'

Vain were the poor woman's tears and lamentations; her repeated assertions that the late king had given her the ground for her own, were treated with ridicule; and at length she returned home heart-sick and desponding.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come alone. That evening Edward Allen entered his mother's dwelling wearing a countenance as dejected as her own. He threw himself on a chair, and sighed deeply. 'Oh, mother!' he said, 'I fear we are ruined: Mr Elliot has failed for an immense sum; there is an execution on his house and goods, and I and all his clerks are turned adrift. Every penny we possessed was lodged in his hands, and now we shall lose it all. Besides, there have been lately so many failures in the city, that numbers of young men are seeking employment, and I'm sure I don't know where to turn to look for it. I suppose,' he added, trying to smile, 'we shall have nothing to depend on but your little trade; and I must give up the hope of marrying sweet Lucy Gray. It will be hard enough to see you suffering from poverty without bringing her to share it.'

'Oh, Edward,' said his mother, 'what you tell me is bad enough; but, my poor boy, I have still worse news for you.' She then, with many tears, related the events of the morning, and concluded by asking him what they were to do. Edward paused. 'And so,' said he at length, 'the Lord Chancellor has taken a fancy to my mother's ground, and her poor fruit-stall must come down to make room for his stately palace. Well, we shall see. Thank God we live in free, happy England, where the highest has no power to oppress the lowest. Let his lordship build on: he cannot seize that which his sovereign bestowed on another. Let us rest quietly to-night, and I feel certain that all will yet be well.'

The following day Edward presented himself at the dwelling of the Lord Chancellor. 'Can I see his lordship?' he inquired of the grave official who answered his summons.

'My lord is engaged just now, and cannot be seen except on urgent business.'

'My business is urgent,' replied the young man; 'but I will await his lordship's leisure.'

And a long waiting he had. At length, after sitting in an anteroom for several hours, he was invited to enter the audience chamber. There, at a table covered with books and papers, sat Lord Apsley. He was a dignified-looking man, still in the prime of life, with a pleasant countenance and quick penetrating eye. 'Well, my friend,' he said, 'what can I do for you?'

'Your lordship can do much,' replied Edward; 'yet all I seek is justice. You have chosen, as the site for your new palace, a piece of ground which his majesty King George II. bestowed on my parents and their heirs for ever; and since my father's death, my mother has remained in undisturbed possession. If your lordship will please to read this paper, you will see that what I state is the fact.'

Lord Apsley took the document, and perused it attentively. 'You are right, young man,' he said; 'the ground is indeed secured to your family by the act of our late gracious sovereign. I took possession of it,

believing it to be a waste spot, but I now find I must become the tenant of your surviving parent. What does she expect for it?'

'That,' said Edward, 'she is satisfied to leave to your lordship. We are confident that the chief lawgiver of our country will do what is just and right.'

'You shall not be disappointed, young man,' replied the chancellor. 'I was offered a site for my palace, equally eligible, at a yearly rent of four hundred pounds. That sum I will pay your mother, and have it properly secured to her heirs for ever.'

Edward thanked his lordship, and respectfully withdrew.

Before a week had elapsed, his mother was established in a neat and comfortable dwelling in one of the suburbs; and ere two had gone by, sweet Lucy (no longer Gray) might be seen in the sunny little garden filling a basket with the fruit of a golden pippin-tree, which the old lady pronounced to be almost as fine as the apples which his gracious majesty King George II. was wont to select from her stall at Hyde Park Corner.

And thus it came to pass that the stately mansion of England's warrior-duke is subject, at the present day, to a ground rent of four hundred pounds a-year, payable to the representatives of the old applewoman.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SARDINIA.

In the year 1847, the Mediterranean is covered with steamboats: the united genii of steam and wind hurry forward the traveller for business or pleasure with absolute certainty to his destination, and without his being obliged by the way to dispense with either a good dinner or a clean bed. But ten years ago, men and things in the south still went on in their old way. Steamboats were then confined to the line between Marseilles, Malta, and Constantinople; and the communication between the outlying ports and islands was still kept up principally by small half-decked sailing-boats, lateen-rigged, and from thirty to forty tons burden, the passengers by which found their own provisions, and for bed and accommodation got on as they could—that is to say, very badly. The variable winds of the Mediterranean often made this mode of transit a great trial of patience; but it was the very best way to see and study the magnificent coast scenery. From the exceeding depth and transparency of the atmosphere, the mountain back-grounds in the interior, at the distance of very many miles, stand out startingly near and distinct to the eye, forming, with the infinite sea, the framework to a landscape which every change of the bark, as it creeps by the shore, constantly varies and renews, while it gives time enough for each characteristic curve and blending of the sea and land to impress itself unchangeably on the memory. The steamboat traveller goes straight to his point; but he sees nothing of this. Comfort and expedition are his object, and he obtains them; but it is at the expense of all the essential beauty of the voyage.

We embarked at Bastia in the felucca Giustina, on the second day of July, and it was the ninth before we reached Cagliari in Sardinia, a distance of three hundred miles; for during half the time the air was motionless, and we lay roasting on the smooth swell of the Mediterranean under an almost vertical sun. Every afternoon, about four o'clock, it lightened, but without thunder; and from this the horizon was in a blaze till sunset, when short interrupted squalls came on with rain, and lasted till midnight. On the evening of the seventh day, we brought to in the magnificent bay of Cagliari, among a fleet of fishing-boats. It is worth a week's confinement on board to feel the rapture of exchanging the eternal pitching and rocking of a small vessel for the motionless earth, especially when one has been living in the midst of dirt indescribable, on hard pears, indigestible fowls, garlic, and ship's biscuit. Our hotel, when we reached it, was anything but a palace—a stone edifice of two storeys in height, very large and dirty, built in a square, with a court in the middle, and galleries all round the sides. On the left, as we entered, was a large hall, like the salles in France and Belgium, with great heavy blinds at one end that admitted air, but no light; and at the other end an open staircase, inlaid with some kind of yellow wood, leading to offices and bedrooms. The hall was full of men, short, mahogany-coloured, and with faces half-buried in hair, with here and there a naval or military uniform among them, seated in groups at little round tables, smoking, gaming, and drinking wine and lemonade. We took some wine, and went to bed, being very tired, where we managed finally to sleep in spite of the noise, which seemed to go on just the same all through the night.

Cagliari, like most Mediterranean towns, is striking without, and infamous within. An amphitheatre of houses sweeps round the bay, tier rising over tier about two-thirds up the sides of a conical hill, four hundred feet high, very glorious to the eye, but very tiring to climb. Within, the streets are narrow and mean, paved with small pitching stones, set obliquely with the points turned upwards; at every third or fourth house a clothes-line dangles with linen hung out to dry, the only sign of washing observable during our stay, for the dirt is universal, and surpasses language to describe. A traveller fresh from home is struck with the completely Italian look of the place: the houses lofty, and with colonnades, the shops full of garlic, sausages, and little figures of saints. There are several remarkably handsome churches, crammed full of votive offerings. There is a spacious cathedral, with a façade composed of solid slabs of white marble; and another, nearly as large, having a multitude of side chapels, one of them illustrious in the island for a giant picture of Antichrist and his followers, represented in the various shapes of dogs, wolves, and bears, among whom Luther, Beza, and Calvin figure conspicuously. But these stately edifices add little to the general effect, being built up with the meanest class of shops reared against their sides; nor are they such as would attract much notice among the like kind of structures on the continent. The real interest of a city like this lies in its men and women.

In Sardinia, every one wears a different dress, according to his district. The people of Cagliari dress differently from those of Sassari; the natives of the highlands from those of the lowlands; the peasantry of one parish from those of the next. Compared with our own sober-vested population, among whom every male above the rank of a labourer wears a frock-coat and round hat, a town like this looks like a tulip bed. Some of the men wear a large hat, with a party-coloured handkerchief bound tight round the head, the corner hanging down behind, and a close waistcoat of tanned leather folding on the breast, and reaching nearly to the knee. That huge swarthy fellow, with his bare neck burnt almost to a brick-dust hue with the sun, in a jacket of goat-skin, and a highlander's bonnet covering his matted hair, has just come down from the mountains a dozen miles off, to sell his winter's store of wild-boars' hams in the metropolis, and is chaffering with a citizen in a flaming red bonnet, and black kilt falling gracefully over his scanty under-garments, and fastened at the collar with silver buttons. They have commenced amicably; but at each interchange their voices are getting an octave higher, and the highlander's hand is clutching mechanically at his knife. Standing in a group by themselves are a number of sturdy, thick-legged, mahogany-coloured mountain-women, loaded with fruit and vegetables: as they glance at the cloaked and hooded cittadini, what a pride they evidently feel in the contrast presented by their flaming scarlet stockings, and bright yellow cloth caps with scarlet borders, and immeasurably full petticoats starting forth with a swirl from the hips, like the pictures of our grandmothers when hoops were the fashion. The ladies dress in caps

and bonnets here as elsewhere; but the citizens' wives still remain faithful to the ancient white Greek veil, thrown gracefully over the head and shoulders, contrasting admirably with the deep, dark flashing eyes, and pencilled classical lineaments, which strongly mark their Grecian origin. Many of these women are perfect models in face and figure, and would be fascinating, but for those unnameable coarsenesses too common to the women of the south, but revolting to an Englishman.

It is not at every hour of the day, however, that such groups are to be seen. From sunset till sunrise the place is as a city of the dead, all who can do so keeping within doors, with closed windows; or if compelled to go out, muffling themselves carefully up with a bandage drawn completely over the mouth, for fear of the malaria, which is worse here even than in the lowlands of Rome, and has been known to prove fatal within twenty-four hours. At mid-day, in like manner, the streets are empty, the *colps di sole*, or sun-stroke, being almost as much dreaded as the malaria. Early morning, before the sun has come on, is the time for disposing of the little necessary business; and in the afternoon, by six o'clock, when the intense heat is in a great measure gone off, all the world is out to enjoy the short glorious twilight which accompanies the setting sun. The streets are full of people thronging to the shore; one fine one, especially, running along the head of the bay, along which the evening breeze is fast stealing up, as is evident from the shifting of the distant sails, and the broken glitter of the sunbeams where they strike upon the crisping and undulating waters. Groups of singers, with guitars and screaming flageolets,* drawl out interminable love ditties; criers proclaim the last day's assassination; children bawl and romp; men smoke, swear, talk politics, and abuse their fellow-subjects across the water; women, stepping daintily to and fro, scream recognition to their acquaintances at the tops of their voices; the passionate southern temperament is at its full swing of vitality and enjoyment, when the boom of the evening gun is heard sullenly over all. In ten minutes the streets are once more full of gesticulating groups, trotting hurriedly homeward; and in ten minutes more their only occupants are here and there the solitary sentinels, to whose lot it has fallen to face the fatal whisperings of the night breeze, which brings death upon its wings.

A week was quite enough to give to Cagliari during the malaria season, when everybody that could do so was away and in the mountains. We paid our bill, after first having to resist and overcome the customary Italian propensity to overcharge; and after a similar conflict, succeeded in settling upon reasonable terms for the hire of three mules and a guide to take us across to Palmas, where our boat was sent round to meet us.

Accordingly, the next morning we were all prepared to set off. It was about four A. M.; we had packed up; the horses were all ready at the door, when the guide absolutely refused either to start himself, or to allow his horses to start: first, because it was Friday; and, second, because his dog had howled through the night! This was too bad, when he had received the whole sum agreed upon on the night before: but he was immovable for the time; and when, by threats and an additional carolinus, he was obliged to give in, an hour was already lost. The morning was dark, damp, and dreary, and a thick mist, full of all kinds of fever and malaria no doubt, hung over everything. The road first wound along the margin of the bay, and then diverged inland, running along the top of a causeway, between two great stagnant ponds, half mud, half water, steaming with malaria vapour. Gradually, the sun came out, and roused up an army of waterfowl, which passed us with a loud plash, and after them a band of scarlet flamingoes, slowly sailing out of sight. For the next five hours we were trotting doggedly forward under a sickening heat, over an endless level of plantation and desert. Rich fields of olives and sugar-canes, with palm-trees thirty feet high, and other tropical productions, met us here and there; but the greater part of the ground lay uncultivated, though capable of anything. Everything was still, through the intensity of the heat; the very lizards were silent; and twice only we passed a solitary peasant. Once we came upon running water; a luxury indeed; and once we passed, at a short distance from the country-seat of some absentee noble, a huge building like a manufactory, with the ground cut up in plots to the very door, and the cow-pens placed right under the bedroom windows.

The country still bore a very solitary aspect, until we turned sharply to the left, at the foot of a conical limestone bluff, and began to ascend by a paved road, cut in a zig-zag direction up the face of the hill. The spectacle from the top, stretching far and wide over the immense level we had just quitted, must ordinarily be very fine; but now, before us, and on either side, the vast plain of the Campidano lay literally steaming with heat, the mist floating palpably up into the transparent blue sky, and confusing everything to the distant Mediterranean, which was momentarily distinguishable by the flashes of sunlight reflected from its waves. As we looked, we could almost see the heat in the bottom, but now every step took us into a different country; and after half an hour's continuous mounting, we rode forth upon an upland plateau, with the short crisp turf under our feet, and heath flowers perfuming the fresh pure air of the hills. The vegetation here utterly changed; no more sugar-canes, plantains, and agavés, but plants of the north, beeches, ash, and evergreen oaks, with wild olive and cork-trees, sheltering a profusion of wild flowers and berries, especially a gorgeous strawberry of a deep orange colour. The peasantry, too, seemed altered for the better; blue eyes and fresh skins met us here and there, while down in the plains the men were short and thick-set, with large mouths and thick lips, black hair and eyes, and complexions like wash leather. The dress, too, was once more different. A peasant walking by my side—a gaunt, sinewy fellow, as upright as a dart, clad in dark-brown, with a sort of spiral cloth cap on his head—asked me if I did not admire a little girl, who was trotting before us, returning from some village fête, or more probably from confession. She was the daughter of some small farmer, and had on her best clothes—a complete suit of scarlet over a white petticoat flounced up to the knees, with long sleeves of scarlet cloth, down the sides of which were a double row of silver buttons, each as big as a crown piece: on her head she wore a triangular piece of scarlet cloth, tied down by a broad flame-coloured ribbon, and altogether looked like a bonfire. In this attire, without either shoes or stockings, she was dancing a-head at a great rate, occasionally turning round to laugh at us with her wondering large eyes, as we plodded on through stones and brambles fetlock deep in mud. During the rest of the day we rode through an open valley, enclosed by high lands; a sheet of the most glorious vegetation, but the beauty of which was made terrible by the multitude of short wooden crosses at every turn and nook, marking the scene of some deed of blood committed or attempted. At the close of the evening we entered a dark tree-shaded ravine, with a brawling brook rushing down the bottom, up which we threaded our way by a narrow road scarped out of the red earth of the hill-side; and presently emerging at the upper end, came out at once into the main street of Teulada, where we were to sleep for the night.

Teulada is a little out-of-the-way place, on a hill-side; but man's evil passions follow him everywhere, and even here, at the street end, was a freshly-constructed cross, commemorating, as we were afterwards told, a deed of peculiar atrocity. Two farmers of the neighbourhood, by names Alberto and Jacomino (literally, Little Jack),

* In Sardinia, called the launedda. It is made of three short pieces of wood, of unequal length, and for harshness surpasses any bagpipe.

had long been on bad terms, when they met by chance at a country wake, quarrelled, fought, and were ultimately reconciled with difficulty by the priest. Jacomino soon after left the country. Thirteen years afterwards, when both were verging on old age, some unlucky words persuaded Alberto that his honour called imperiously for revenge. He traced his enemy from Cagliari to Sassari, from Sassari to Marseilles, from Marseilles back again to Sassari, and finally shot him from an ambush on the present spot. The victim died at once, two balls having passed completely through his body; and the murderer was seized and executed, most justly, within a month afterwards, glorying in the spirit with which he had worked out his revenge, and regarded by his countrymen as a kind of martyr. This horrid spirit of revenge is the curse of Sardinia. No education, violent natural passions, a bad religion, and the worst possible laws, with the greatest one-sidedness and venality in executing them, have here created a state of things which can only be realised by imagining the state of the Highlands under the Jameses reproduced, with the added inflammation of an almost African sun. Throughout the island, the cittadini or inhabitants of walled towns hold the contadini or villagers in utter contempt, which the latter very cordially return: the highlanders look on the lowlanders as utterly degenerate, and beneath themselves in being; besides which, the people of Cagliari and Sassari have a standing hatred to each other. Many communes have been at feud with each other for centuries, and have entirely forgotten the original cause, if there ever was one. Every one goes armed to the teeth, and in consequence, in one year (1827) there were eight hundred and seventy-two assassinations in a population of four hundred thousand. The murderers generally fly to the mountains, and there become banditti—malviventi they are called—and in their turn, when the time comes, are hunted down like dogs by the regular troops. Lately, a disarming act has been passed, which may do something; but the evil lies deep in the misgovernment of centuries, which only centuries can repair.

When we came into the town, we found it in terrible confusion. A great hunt was to take place in the neighbourhood on the following day, and the people for miles round had poured in, and were squabbling for quarters in the streets. Our lodging, when we got one, was in the worst style a specimen of the wretched wine shops which it is the wanderer's lot to lodge in all over the south. The ground-floor consisted of one long room, serving for everything. In the centre of the room there was a square hole in the clay floor, in which was the fire, but the smoke had no outlet except through the door. The floor was of clay; the walls of mud, with a stone bench along one side; in the one corner was a large hand-mill for grinding corn; on the floor stood musingly an ass, a calf, and two pigs; and on the aforesaid bench sat the family—the host, his wife, and a little boy—with sundry cocks and hens. The landlord and ourselves supped out of the same bowl; the hostess sat apart, women never being allowed to eat with the men in Sardinia. We had food enough, substantial, though coarse—fish, flesh, fried pigeons, olives, artichokes, and a platter of small white snails stewed, a dainty in this island—with plenty of strong country wine.

The host himself was a good specimen of a Sardinian peasant—rough, but kind, shrewd, and especially inquisitive. England he had heard of from a Highland officer of the Malta garrison, who had strayed into this secluded corner the autumn before for the sake of the shooting. He recollected his father speaking of Lord Nelson's fleet when it came to water in the Bay of Palmas; and he had some vague notion of our steam-vessels and railways; but nothing would convince him that Tughitterra (England) was not the capital of London. Some specimens of manners I recollect we had in the evening, more peculiar than pleasant. One of us praised the child, which was really very pretty: the father immediately spat in its face, and crossed himself devoutly, telling us he did so to avert the Evil Eye, which the praise might otherwise bring upon it. Again, on retiring for the night, we were obliged to kiss all round, or great offence would have been taken. The family slept on the floor; but we were allowed, out of special favour, to mount by a ladder into a wretched loft, swarming with fleas, musquitos, and worse, and full of broken furniture and earthenware, pans, pots, and sacks of Indian corn; in one corner of which stood a huge antiquated kind of packing-case, big enough for a dozen, and stuffed with leaves of Indian corn. This was the bed. About midnight it blew a tremendous storm of wind, with thunder and lightning, the hailstones, as big as eggs, battering on the roof like grape-shot; and when this was over, the cocks took up the tune, and crowed perseveringly till daybreak.

As it was quite evident there was to be no sleep, we got up before dawn, and dressed the best way we could. Some wine and eggs were soon despatched, and in ten minutes more we were trotting out of the town, along a path so narrow, that the boughs met over our saddle-bows, through a grand ravine of crags and dells, studded with woods of ilex, beech, cork, and wild olives, and seemingly swarming with game. Hares by dozens ran across our path; quails and partridges swarmed in the bushes, with many gaily-painted natives of the south, of which we did not even know the names. Presently we came upon a huge old boar, lying meditating by himself at the foot of a cork-tree; but we had barely a glimpse of him, as he rose and trotted off through the jungle. The path continued to mount, holding more to the southward over the hills, with the clear blue sea at a little distance on our left, and grew narrower and narrower, till at length it was barely possible for the mules to keep their feet. We persevered, however, having no alternative, and were enabled, before the sun had reached the meridian, to look down upon the Bay of Palmas, where our little bark lay waiting our arrival, a solitary speck upon the waters of this magnificent haven, which is capable of sheltering all the navies of Europe in its bosom.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF NAMES.

Our readers are aware that the strange thesis has been maintained before now, that 'private vices are public benefits;' and some may have wondered at the desperate ingenuity which could work evil into good by the simple rule of multiplication. But we live in a world of seeming anomalies; and however difficult their reconciliation may be, there is no doubt that the errors of individuals are overmastered in their collective tendency, and that we all, good, bad, wise, and foolish alike, cooperate, unconsciously, in the great work of human progress.

As a familiar illustration of what we mean—the philosopher smiles at the enthusiasm of the vulgar in their aspirations after an undefined and undefinable good they call the Genteel; but the philosopher may smile on, for the wisdom of the learned Theban is foolishness. Such aspirations are the beginning of all refinement. They lead, it is true, to the perpetration of innumerable caricatures; but these in time correct themselves, or are corrected by collision, till every day some individuals, rising gradually above the mass, ascend into the region of true taste—or what is taken for such by the present generation. And what is true of individuals, is true of nations, and of society at large. The history of manners and costume, or, so to speak, Fashion, is the history of virtue and intelligence. How many revolutions have we passed through, before reaching our present simplicity of attire! And how many horrors have we encountered, before subsiding into our present condition of comparative charity and peace! Our contemporaries

are better, as well as better dressed, than their ancestors; and our posterity will be better, and better dressed, than ourselves. Already our women have more elegance, and less bustle; and already our men have grown ashamed of their pig-tailed coats, not a thread of which will survive for their heirs-at-law. Already, in like manner, do we begin to pick up little thieves and beggars from the streets, to imprison them in schools, instead of contaminating them in jails; to turn them to knowledge and industry, instead of confirming them in ignorance and crime; and to lead them on to public usefulness, rather than the hulks and the gallows. Condemn not, therefore, the vulgar-genteel any more than our ancestors, for, like the latter, they are pilgrims on the road, and their very errors are paths that lead to truth.

But there is one thing in the general bearing and tendency of the present age towards the Genteel which is a little puzzling—not that we think the thing unnatural or improper in itself, but we cannot well see in what way the result is to benefit society. Gaudy or ill-matched colours betray a mental struggle, which may end in advancing the individual in the path to taste; and a control, however rude, of the language and movements of the body, may in like manner result in an approach towards politeness. But of what utility in our social progress is the present chronic revolution in Proper Names? Suppose, for instance, the whole race of Smiths get on to writing their name Smyth, or even reach the *ne plus ultra* Smythe, *cui bono?* Smythe is not intrinsically better than Smith; it is only more uncommon: and every advance the multitudinous tribe makes in this direction defeats its own object. If Smythe were a good, or a beauty in itself—if it were the *beau ideal* of Smith—that would be another thing; but it does not even make the name a dissyllable—it leaves it the same short, squat, *ruturier* word as ever. Nothing, in fact, can be done for Smith but giving it an amiable prename, or, better still, a title. Sir Sidney Smith, for instance, has a decidedly aristocratic sound; and this has no dependence upon its personal associations, otherwise Adam Smith would be recognised as the legitimate chief of the clan. Without a prename at all, Count Smith and Baron Smith, so common on the continent, are highly respectable; and if a suggestion had been adopted, which was kindly and happily made, on the occasion of the marriage of an Irish beauty of the name with a scion of Italian royalty, Smith would have become one of the most distinguished patronymics in the kingdom. The match alluded to was reckoned a *mesalliance* on the part of the lover, who was accordingly threatened to be discarded by his family; and he was therefore advised to confer upon the name of his lovely bride his own title, and call himself Prince Smith.

But even a prename alone may be of great advantage. There is one of the novels of Miss Edgeworth—we forget which—in which a gentleman of the name of Harvey figures as the hero. Harvey! Only fancy John, Peter, or even William Harvey as the hero of a novel! But Miss Edgeworth was too well acquainted with the philosophy of names to commit such a blunder: she made the individual Clarence Harvey; and the name has never to this day been objected to even among the female teens. Our own attention was first attracted to the importance of names by the case of an adventurer in London whom we knew personally. He was a countryman of the Princess Smith alluded to, and had come up to push his fortune in the musical line. Being really a person of fair abilities, he obtained a few pupils, and had even a couple of little songs published by the music-sellers: but it would not do. He did not make enough to keep his family (for he had brought his wife and child with him), and when want began to stare them in the face—and pinch too, as well as stare—he at length made up his mind, though with many bitter regrets, to go back to Connaught. What could he do? Nobody cared about songs by R. A. R——; and to this day their merits remain an impenetrable mystery. We were in the music shop when he was closing the publishing transaction, and he had occasion to sign his name—we fear not to a receipt. The publisher stared at the document, in which the signature was given at full length, and then at him.

'R. A.!' cried he. 'Why, your name is Ralph Abercromby!'

'You may say that. Wasn't it after the gineral I was christened?'

'Goodness gracious! Ralph Abercromby! Why did you not mention this before? And are you really off now—with a fortune in that name?'

'Sure it's time to be off, when I have paid the fare, and forgotten the rint? Bad luck to the name! If the initials brought us to this, wouldn't the rest of it have starved us entirely?'

'The man is an ass!' mused the publisher aloud, as our friend flung out of the shop. 'But Ralph Abercromby R——! that name would have carried him through, if he had brayed *worse* than a donkey!'

Sometimes it is considered advantageous to give one's name a foreign air; as if we were valuable exotics naturalised in the country, but still looking brown and yellow, as it were, in honour of our origin. Thus plain Miller is homely and sturdy (though not overly honest), till it is improved into Muller; but when this again becomes Mühler, it is quite a molendinary curiosity. We fancy Mr Mühler was some centuries ago Herr Mühler, and we long to ask him, When did you come over? This expression, by the way, *come over*, is very captivation. Some came over with the Saxons, some with the Normans—it matters little which: the thing is to get back one's origin till it is lost in the morning twilight of history; and the breadth of the ocean counts to our imagination like an additional space of time. A foreign miller, besides, is a more poetical personage than an English miller. In England, gentry of this profession may be thieves (as it used to be the fashion to represent them), but abroad they are banditti; and in Germany, some of the wildest scenes that followed the Thirty Years' War were enacted in a mill. Most people, in fact, have a strong objection to names that are associated with the vulgarities of a common trade. An aspiring Mason, by simply doubling the *s*, so as to make himself Masson, laughs at detection; although a Tailor has less facility of escape—and more need of it. He tries Taylor, and probably shakes his head; then the other syllable, Tailour; and if still appalled by the horrors of the name, he makes it, as a last resource, Tailyour.

But there are other associations still more frightful, as in the Scotch name Boag, which is identical, at least in sound, with that of the insect called by the English bug. The desperate efforts made here by the hereditary victims are truly alarming. Some write the word Bogie; but finding that they have thus got into the spiritual world, they rush madly into Bogue, and sometimes Boog. When a name, on the other hand, has a meaning complimentary to its possessor, the grand desideratum is, to make it as plain as possible. Thus Archibald is somewhat equivocal as it stands; and it is neatly and decisively modernised into Archbold. Frequently the only fault complained of is the want of euphony—as in Mucklewham. Somebody says, in the Waverley novels, that he could not think Venus beautiful if announced in a drawing-room as Miss Mac-Jupiter. What would he think, then, if presented for a quadrille to Miss Mucklewham? But thanks to the taste of the times, the name is nearly obsolete, and our fair partner is now Miss Meikleham.

A familiar object, even when its associations are good, is not approved of for a name. Burn (a stream) was sought to be made a little grander, by being given in the plural, Burns; but personal associations, as we have already observed, having no effect in this species of mania, some diverged into Burnes; while others, determining to sever definitively all connection with poetical

immortality, called themselves Burness. Mill, in like manner, was made Mills, and was then sunk entirely in Milne; and Home became Hume, and Hume, Hulme. John, on the same principle, is pluralised Johns, and this made into Johnes, and Jones.

But personal associations are only ineffective when modern. It is considered a great attainment to get back Cumming to its probable origin, Comyng; and those who are not satisfied with elongating Graham into Grahame, rest with delighted pride upon the Celtic Graeme. The colours, we need hardly add, are always sought to be washed out. White becomes Whyte, and is then entirely obliterated in Wight; and Brown, after passing through the intermediate Browne, relinquishes its identity in Broun.

In all these transformations the aim is the same—distinction. We wish to divorce ourselves from things common and vulgar, and fancy—oddly enough—that we in some measure accomplish this by misspelling the name we have received from our parents. We once knew an instance, and rather an instructive one, in which this nominal distinction was carried progressively on with the advance of the fortunes of the individual. His original name was Cuningham; and he was born in a station in which people think very little, and frequently know very little, about their patronymics. He was an errand-lad and porter in a draper's shop in one of the larger towns on the west coast of Scotland, and being a smart fellow, was on some occasion promoted to a station behind the counter. This was a great advancement for the errand-lad, and he became all on a sudden prodigiously genteel. What first put it into his head, it is hard to say; but certain it is, that a little twirl at the end of his written name subsided gradually into an *e*, and at last, to all intents and purposes, he was Mr Cuninghame. In two years after this consummation, he was left very unexpectedly the sum of L.200 by a distant relation; and Mr Cuninghame determined to retire from his employer's counter, and take one of his own. While looking out for a proper place for his intended establishment, a new change occurred in his name, corresponding with the expansion of his ideas in other respects; and he became now, to the great surprise of his acquaintance, Mr Coyninghame. But it so happened that, before he had quite fixed upon a site for his 'warehouse,' he was quite fixed himself in admiration of a young lady, the heiress of a tallow-chandler; and as she was much struck with his person, and the uncommon gentility of his name, he abandoned his present pursuit, and laid siege to her as the more promising speculation of the two. In the course of his courtship a new change occurred in his name, and he was now Mr Coynynghame. It is supposed that this was in homage to the taste of the heiress; and the supposition receives some colour from the fact, that after she proved faithless, he knocked out indignantly the additional *y*. It was not so easy, however, to place himself in other respects *in statu quo*. His capital was by this time nearly all gone; and after a dreadful struggle with his pride, he was compelled to step behind a counter once more as the shopman of another. With a stern philosophy, he signalised his fall by the sacrifice of the remaining *y*: but the Furies were not yet appeased. The great monetary crisis took place at this time, which reduced most of the establishments in the town, and among a multitude of others, threw Mr Cuninghame out of work. His remaining funds were quickly exhausted. What was to be done? He had the good sense to take a porter's employment again, and became once more plain John Cuningham.

In this history we see movement without progress. The mistake was to suppose that a change of position rendered a change in the name an advantage, or that any additional dignity could be derived from spelling it with one letter instead of another. It was very proper for the porter to abandon his jacket in favour of a coat when he became the shopman; but a name is no indication of rank, any more than rank is an indication of virtue. After all, we believe the most frequent revolutions in names have been the result of mere accident, such as the ignorance of the parties of the mystery of orthography, and the disregard in which such niceties were held before the language had attained its present fixed and regular form.

Column for Young People.

THE OAK AND THE SOW.

On the skirts of an extensive forest there grew, in days gone by, a huge, magnificent, wide-spreading oak, whose ponderous branches, gnarled, angular, and knotty, and each the size of a respectable tree, stretched over a space of ground so large, that I am afraid to say how much, lest I should be suspected of exaggeration. From these vast branches he shot up a thousand arms, ten thousand hands, and hundreds of thousands of tiny fingers, into the changeful sky, and waved his crumpled and scolloped leaves in the balmy spring-time air, or spread them 'neath the hot summer sun—a myriad of quivering parasols for the lazy and luxurious herds who came to revel and ruminate in his quiet shadow. As you stood beside his monstrous trunk in the hot swelter of July, and looked upwards, you might search long in vain for a single glimpse of the blue overhead: yet all was gay and beautiful, far more beautiful than I can tell you, and rich with a thousand tints of green, and red, and gold, and fluttering light: and there, in an endless suite of bowery halls, the squirrel kept joyful holiday; and tribes of feathered vagrants chirped, and sung, and made merry; and wood-doves cooed and crowed at eventide; and the woodpecker tapped and tapped half the livelong day together; and the little gray tomtits darted up and down like mad, and said their say with the best of them; and the chaffinch played his one bar of music fifty times over, and then flew down saucily to see how the world was going on outside, but soon came back again with a worm or a grub for his private eating. It was the very place for the birds, was that famous oak; and large enough, I am sure, for a new Parliament House for all the tribes that ever flew, supposing them to be satisfied with a reasonable number of representatives.

A very different affair, I reckon, was the great oak in winter, when all his garniture of leaves was gone, and he stood naked to the stormy winds; but he didn't care, no, not an acorn, for them: he was sound in trunk, and whole in every limb; and though he had often squared his arms so boldly against the thunder-clouds, the forky lightning had never touched him yet, and he wasn't a bit afraid, not he. Then, when the snow storms came, he grasped the flying flakes with every finger, and dressed himself in a new white robe, and was prouder, if possible, of such a dainty surplice, than of his mantle of Lincoln green. Both in winter and summer he was a noble and magnificent spectacle; and everybody that passed by, or sat and rested on his gnarled and twisted roots, said as much, and turned their heads again and again as they went away to look at him in new points of view. And many came from great distances to see him, for his renown had spread through all the country round about; and artists had painted his picture, ay, many a time; and poets had written sonnets in his praise. And pic-nic parties would come on sunny days, and spread their table-cloth under his broad shadow; and then the voice of mirth, and laughter, and song rang through his green chambers all the festive hours till sundown. Then, sometimes on the short dry sward beneath his boughs, troops of village lads and lasses tripped and reeled in the riotous dance, to the music of their own merry voices, and floundered about, if the truth must be told, in a manner that would have driven a dancing-master to destruction. And often in the quiet evening, when the fiery-red sun seemed cutting a notch in the gray distant hill behind which he was fast sinking to rest, a pair of whispering lovers would come and sit beneath his darkening roof, and gaze up into the peaceful sky, till the pale stars came out to their night-watch, and twinkled through the trembling foliage, among which the night-wind sighed a dreamy tune. Nobody could tell how many years this fine great oak had stood there in his beauty and glory. The oldest man in the village two miles off could see little or no difference in him, though he had known him for more than threescore years; and declared, moreover, that *his* father, ay, and grandfather too, had never, in his recollection, mentioned the tree by any other name than that of

the 'great oak.' Yet old as he was, and though many generations of men had been born and buried since he was a sapling, he still stood in all his beauty, and vigour, and verdure: old, it is true, for anything else, but not old for an oak; and likely to live five hundred years yet; though it was thought by those who knew most about such things that he might have lived nearly as long already.

It is hardly to be wondered at that all the fine things which he heard said in his praise, and the general tribute of admiration and astonishment paid by everybody who saw him, made our leafy friend more than a little proud and self-sufficient. Indeed this was so much the case, that he carried his head the higher, and indulged in loftier notions every day. He saw that all the neighbouring trees were small in comparison with him; and though none of them were very near, nor ever came within reach of his shadow, except at sunrise and sunset, yet he could look clean over their heads, with a very few exceptions, and see far away into the deep forest, where, amid all the countless faces of foliage that looked upwards to the sky, there was none to rival him. So he grew proud and prouder still, and said to himself, quoting Cowper, 'I am monarch of all I survey'—there is nothing here that can match me—a single limb of mine is worth any entire tree of the lot—I am the king of the forest—a right royal monarch of the woods.

Now there was a poor old sow, belonging to an aged woodcutter in the forest, who spent her whole days in grubbing about among the trees and bushes in search of food, and made but a sorry living with all her pains. She had seen in her time, she was wont to say, a deal of the world, but little luck; and, to judge by her appearance, she spoke the truth. She was lean, and lanky, and long-legged, and bare of bristles, and bony to sight; a state of things, as everybody knows, not at all creditable to a pig. Unlike the oak, she had not a single admirer in the world. Everybody said, 'What an ugly beast!' and turned away in disgust; and, still unlike the oak, she had not a jot of pride or conceit, but practised a quiet resignation to her lot. Like honest Dogberry, she had had losses, having brought up in her time near twenty litters, who had all succumbed to the butcher's knife—some, massacred unweaned innocents, fated to figure on the festive board as roast sucking-pig; others, with prolonged doom, promoted to play the part of country pork; but all as clean gone from her side as Macduff's children—not a bristle left; and she, their dam, hungry and old, left to wander in her solitary age, with the mortifying reflection, that if she had saved her bacon hitherto, it could be but from the sheer circumstance that it was worth no man's griddling.

It came to pass on a quiet gray morning, in the latter end of October, when the whole forest was fast changing its green into numberless tints of yellow, and red, and brown, that the great oak, which was always in a melancholy mood at this time of the year—perhaps not much relishing the gradual loss of his summer dress—saw the old sow come bustling out of the wood, with snuffling snout set towards him, true as the needle to the pole. He knew, by former experience, well enough what she was after. There had been a high wind in the night, which had shorn him of whole cart-loads of leaves, and he was still shedding his acorns, would he, n'ould he, 'fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum.' 'Oh,' said he, 'here comes that abominable beast again, that has devoured my offspring for the last ten years. I wish my acorns were poison rather than pigs'-meat, that I might be rid of that ugly wretch, which eats all my produce, and never has the gratitude to say "thank ye."' The sow came on, meanwhile, with a show of alacrity quite creditable to her years, caring nothing at all for the scorn of the tree—never dreaming of it, in fact; and soon began grubbing and snorting among the fallen leaves, and crunching the acorns by the score, with a gusto and vigour that had evidently lost nothing by want of practice. 'Ah, the filthy brute!' said the oak to himself. 'It is strange to me that man should be so silly as to suffer an abominable beast like that to swallow a whole navy for a breakfast, and convert a future forest into bacon, and such bacon too—faugh!' Still he said nothing aloud: he scorned to speak to the object of his wrath and dislike: he would not demean himself by showing his displeasure, but nourish his contempt in silence. The sow the meanwhile pursued her operations with perfect pleasure and satisfaction: among the rugged roots that protruded above the soil she grouted and grubbed, and brought up the shining 'cups and saucers,' and ground them to pulp in no time: round about in all directions, beneath the ample roof, she raked and scratched, and flung the withered leaves, and caught the shining berries, and ate, and ate, and ate, till that consummation was at length accomplished which had not been accomplished for a twelvemonth before—she was satisfied, and was no longer hungry. Then she turned to go back to her lair in the forest, intending to sleep out the rest of the day. But the oak—whose exasperation had increased with every mouthful, and which had watched the whole repast with the feelings of a true timber Niobe, till wood and sap could stand it no longer—in a paroxysm of rage, called upon her to stop.

'Graceless swine,' said the angry tree, 'is that the way you return thanks to your benefactors? Year after year do you come with your ugly carcase, and gorge my finest fruit, and not a single grunt of gratitude do I ever hear from your unmannerly snout. You might at least say "thank ye" for the many full meals you have made at my expense.' But the old sow, who was no fool, and, for aught that I know to the contrary, might have been akin to the sapient Toby, was not disposed to be browbeaten by the tree, and so she answered him thus:—'You are doubtless a great personage, and think very little of me, and such as I am; and, like other great personages I have heard of, you seem disposed to claim respect and gratitude from those who owe you neither. I have been half-starving all the summer, which you know full well, and which my present condition plainly shows; yet though you were loaded with young and tender fruit, not an acorn have you contributed to my necessities, and I might have perished for want ere you would have thought of relieving it. Yet now that the elements deprive you of what your selfishness can no longer retain, you demand my gratitude for benefits which you would withhold if you could. None but a wooden head would have dreamt of making such a demand, and a wooden head will I wear before I think of complying with it.'

The reader need not puzzle himself much for the application of this fable. The moral is involved in the sow's reply. Gratitude is only due when a benefaction is willingly bestowed. He who gives away only that which he cannot keep, whatever he may be, is no benefactor; and he who surrenders to another what is of no value to himself, comes but little nearer the mark. Concession is the soul and spirit of benevolence—abnegation, of love; and if charity be a brilliant star, self-denial is its nucleus and centre.

THE CURRENCY.

In reference to a quotation made in the Journal of June 5th, from the 'Westminster Review,' to the effect that the withdrawal of a certain sum from the circulation ought not to interfere with prices, or disturb trade, since large accounts are settled without any cash passing at all, a London correspondent makes the following remarks:—'In order to show the error of the reviewer, suppose I keep an account at the Bank of England, and that I owe Mr Brown L.1000, who likewise banks there. I pay him with a cheque, and this, on being presented, is charged to my account, and placed to the credit of Mr Brown: a debt of a thousand pounds being thus paid and received by means of a few strokes of the pen, and without the passing of a single farthing. This transaction would seem to confirm the reviewer's theory; but what would become of it *if I had not L.*1000 *in the bank?* The case is the same with all accounts that are settled by means of books and figures. The money is somewhere, though it is not handed about; and therefore the disturbance of the currency, by adding or withdrawing millions of pounds to or from the circulation, does produce the mischief so much felt in the commercial world, and the reviewer has only added another error to the thousand and one that already existed on this important question.'

CULTIVATION OF CONSCIENCE.

As we cultivate taste, or our susceptibility to beauty, by meditating upon the most finished specimens of art, or the most lovely scenery in nature, so conscience, or our moral susceptibility, is improved by meditating upon anything eminent for moral goodness. It is hence that example produces so powerful a moral effect; and hence that one single act of heroic virtue, as that of Howard, or of illustrious self-denial, gives a new impulse to the moral character of an age. Men cannot reflect upon such actions with-

out the production of a change in their moral susceptibility. On the contrary, the discriminating power of conscience may be injured by frequent meditation upon vicious character and action. By frequently contemplating vice, our passions become excited, and our moral disgust diminishes. Thus, also, by becoming familiar with wicked men, we learn to associate whatever they may possess of intellectual or social interest with their moral character; and hence our abhorrence of vice is lessened. Thus men who are accustomed to view, habitually, any vicious custom, cease to have their moral feelings excited by beholding it. All this is manifest from the facts made known in the progress of every moral reformation. Of so delicate a texture has God made our moral nature, and so easily is it either improved or impaired. Pope says truly,

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that this fact will enable us to estimate the value of much of our reading, and of much of our society. Whatever fills the memory with scenes of vice, or stimulates the imagination to conceptions of impurity, vulgarity, profanity, or thoughtlessness, must, by the whole of this effect, render us vicious. As a man of literary sensibility will avoid a badly-written book, for fear of injuring his taste, by how much more should we dread the communion with anything wrong, lest it should contaminate our imagination, and thus injure our moral sense!—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

PORRIDGE.

Oatmeal is likewise used, and deserves to be much more used than it is, in the form of what is called stirabout or porridge. This is made by gradually stirring oatmeal into boiling water, until enough has been added to give the required degree of consistence—continuing the boiling until the meal is sufficiently cooked. It is commonly eaten either with milk or with butter-milk. This is usually a very unirritating kind of food—an article of diet which is well adapted to the case of children, and little less so to that of dyspeptics; and for the labouring population it forms a breakfast that is much more nourishing and wholesome than the tea and the bread and butter, or bread and dripping, which are in England so much more generally made use of. Flour bread and milk, although certainly well suited to the stomachs of most children, is nevertheless found to disagree with some; and as a general breakfast for children, I think that oatmeal porridge and milk deserves to be preferred. It is an unstimulating diet; it is very easily digested; it contains a very considerable proportion of nutriment; and it seems usually to act slightly on the alvine excretions—while in many cases a continued use of milk renders it necessary to take an occasional dose of aperient medicine.—*Dr Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

IMITATIVE POWER IN BIRDS.

So strong is the imitative power of birds, that a canary who has been taught to pipe, having heard a chaffinch that daily sung in a tree near the window where the cage was hung, learnt his note in a few days, omitting at that time the air he had been accustomed to sing. At the end of the spring, after having been removed from the neighbourhood of the chaffinch, he resumed the air as before. A nestling nightingale also learnt the notes of a hedge-sparrow that sung near it, for want of other sounds to imitate; and it was extraordinary to hear the gentle, although agreeable warble of the latter, attuned to the full compass and power of the nightingale. The effect was most pleasing, although of course not equal to the natural notes of this bird, not one of which he retained. Indeed many birds are almost, if not entirely, imitative, and, in default of hearing the parent bird, borrow notes of others: soft-billed birds always prefer the song of soft-billed birds, and *vice versa*. It is hoped, from what has been said on the above subject, that persons who are in the habit of keeping caged birds will be induced to educate them in the manner suggested. Then, instead of hearing the shrill, deafening natural notes of the canary, they will be delighted with those of the nightingale, the blackcap, and other warblers. 'They will then breathe such sweet music out of their little instrumental throats, that it may make mankind think that miracles are not ceased.' So said the good Izaak Walton. —*Jesse's Favourite Haunts.*

ALONE.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphaned children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan:
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah! no more for him!
His little world once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?
Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal:
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unresigned:
He asked how he had done *his* part
To one so true, so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring hers back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last; but when he dreamed
(Perchance her spirit woke),
A soft light o'er her pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke—
'Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone;
The babes I leave; oh, love, protect!
I still am all thine own.'

—*American paper.*

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

I soon began to weary of an infinity of green enclosures, that lay spread out in undistinguishable sameness, like a net, on the flat surface of the landscape, and to long for the wild free moors and bold natural features of my own poor country. One likes to know the place of one's birth by other than artificial marks—by some hoary mountain, severe, yet kindly, in its aspect, that one has learned to love as a friend—by some long withdrawing arm of the sea, sublimely guarded, where it opens to the ocean, by its magnificent portals of rock—by some wild range of precipitous coast, that rears high its ivy-bound pinnacles, and where the green wave ever rises and falls along dim resounding caverns—by some lonely glen, with its old pine forests hanging dark on the slopes, and its deep brown river roaring over linn and shallow, in its headlong course to the sea. Who could fight for a country without features, that one would scarce be sure of finding out on one's return from the battle, without the assistance of the milestones?—*Miller's First Impressions of England.*

TRUTH.

Truth, considered abstractedly, is the object of universal admiration; and all men would fain persuade themselves that, in the investigations they pursue, they are mainly anxious to discover her features, and to award her the supremacy which is her due. But so much does human frailty interfere with the best-directed efforts, so much do private feeling and unconscious prejudice alloy the purest suggestions of the heart, that if we were to scrutinise our wishes rigidly, we should often be constrained to admit that we are more desirous to exact homage for an idol of our own creation, invested by our partiality with every possible attraction, than calmly bent on surrendering our undivided and willing allegiance to the true divinity whose name and praise is ever on our lips.—*Anon.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 187. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE SCIENTIFIC FESTIVAL AT OXFORD.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science held its meeting this year, in unusually favourable and agreeable circumstances, at Oxford. There was an attendance of about twelve hundred, which is much above the average; and amongst the number were a greater proportion of distinguished foreigners than had been present on any former occasion. The delicious summer weather, and the beauty of the place, combined, with the usual holiday features of the scene, to render it an affair such as few have many opportunities of enjoying in the course of a lifetime.

We arrived late on Wednesday evening (June 23d), by which time the first general meeting had taken place, and the year's president, Sir Robert Inglis, had been inducted to the chair, and had delivered the proper address on the progress of science during the past year. Early on Thursday—the first day of the meetings of sections—we made our way to the Reception Room at the Town Hall, to ascertain the procedure of the day, and learn any other particulars that might be requisite. Already there were many strangers abroad on the same errand—single figures and little groups moving hurriedly along the pavement. Every now and then one stopped to greet another in that pleasantly-excited state which attends festival occasions. Many of the acquaintanceships thus acknowledged are, we may remark, sustained solely by the Association meetings. The men meet on these occasions—retire again for a year to their respective homes—and a twelvemonth after, meet again, and are happy so to meet. Not a few thus come to like each other, and have a sympathy in each other's pursuits, who, were they never to have a personal rencontre, would probably remain as antagonistic principles, widely apart, all their days.

It soon appeared that the sections were to be handsomely and amply accommodated in the public halls and schools of the university, while a large proportion of the members were received into the colleges as honorary lodgers. So far well; but it was less pleasant to find that, for the less favoured, both lodging and food were only attainable at about twice the usual prices. This is perhaps an evil not altogether superable; and yet it is one worthy of some struggle, as it must bear hard on the means of many worthy votaries of science, and deter them from reappearing at the meetings. It is not for nothing that there is a somewhat unusual amount of hat-touching to be observed in Oxford.

The Section (A) for Physical and Mathematical Science was placed, with one or two others of less note, in what are called the Taylor Buildings—a superb structure, singular in Oxford, from its being quite new, and where there is a fine collection of works of art, particularly the Lawrence collection of the original drawings and sketches of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Here sat the rigorous men of the exact sciences—Brewster, Lubbock, Baden Powell, Lord Rosse, the Dean of Ely, &c.—deeply cogitating on astronomical observations, the measurements of arcs of the meridian, the application of the calculus of quaternions to the theory of the moon, and other such pleasantries. In point of *personnel* there was no section more interesting than this; for here, besides a group of the most eminent philosophers of our own country, were assembled some of the most distinguished foreign savans. We had there, for instance, Professor Struve, the Russian astronomer, one of those who were first to ascertain a parallax for any of the fixed stars. We also had M. Leverrier, the discoverer of the new planet Neptune—an amiable-looking fair-complexioned man of perhaps three-and-thirty, who usually expressed himself in French, but always with remarkable elegance, as well as modesty. The kindly way in which Leverrier associated with Mr Adams, whom only unfortunate circumstances forbade to have the entire honour of this discovery, elicited general admiration.

The Geological Section met in the Convocation House, one of a congeries of ancient and beautiful rooms in the central part of the city. This is always a peculiar section—peculiar on account of the chief figures being a set well known to each other, men who have rubbed long together in one favourite pursuit, and thus become unusually intimate and familiar. Go when you please into the geological section, and you are fully as likely to find them all laughing at some joke of Dr Buckland's, or some quaint display of Professor Sedgwick, as listening patiently to any instructive demonstration. It is eminently the funny section. One exceedingly curious trait of it is, that its president is continually struggling to keep discussion within bounds; and yet, when he rises to give his own opinion, he is sure to kill as much time as all the rest put together. He is always holding his watch up to other people, and he would himself need the great Tom to be his monitor. It is a section which is always panting to overtake its business, and never comes up to it. Should the fun be omitted? That would save time; but then what would the section be without its quips and its quiddities? No, it must laugh on to the end, even though there should be the less work done.

The other sections are of very various character, but none prominent. There is a Chemical one, graced by Faraday, Grove, Playfair, and others, and zealously attended by its own peculiar set, but little regarded by the general mass. There is also a Natural History Section, which keeps going at a quiet steady pace, never very brilliant, and never very dull; something, perhaps, between the two. A conspicuous figure here was the Prince of Canino, eldest son of Napoleon's cleverest

brother; a short dense man of dark complexion and large square head, about forty-eight years of age; always intrenched behind a book-heaped table, whence he launched pertinacious queries and cross-examinations regarding the spots on the dorsal fins of fishes, and the number of feathers in the wings of birds. How strange to think that such is now the pleasingly-absorbing employment of one who at one time had no small chance of becoming the greatest sovereign in Europe! Another was Dr Milne Edwards of Paris, a keen-eyed little man, of immense knowledge, and great skill in demonstration. A third was the Prussian Ehrenberg, the discoverer of fossil animalcules in rocks—a plain-looking, little, short-necked man, with a fine towering head. Here, too, occasionally appeared Professor Nilsson of Lund in Sweden, an eminent naturalist, of grauwacke aspect, bringing skulls of the pristine inhabitants of Scandinavia, and full of curious facts illustrating the see-saw which that venerable peninsula has for some time been performing, the north against the south. Besides these were our own Owen, the prince of modern physiologists, and who has contrived to become so without incurring the least envy in any quarter; Professor Edward Forbes, so remarkable for his researches among the lower marine animals; Henslow, Strickland, Carpenter, Waterhouse, and many other men only rising into the like distinction. There was here one day a thorough turn-up of the subject of the Dodo—one strikingly well suited for scientific disquisition, in as far as extremely little is known about it; hence of course the greater room for conjecture. Oxford chances to possess a head and foot of this extinct bird—all that remains of it. It was therefore a proper field for the discussion. We heard these relics lectured on for one whole evening, and debated for the better part of a forenoon; and after all, it would have been impossible for any one to say whether the creature had been of the hawk or the pigeon tribe.

The Statistical Section met in one of the schools, and seldom had an audience of less than six to deliberate on its knotty questions. One paper of a valuable character was read here by Mr Porter of the Treasury, showing how rare is a good education among criminals, and how exceedingly few educated women ever become amenable to the laws. Another showed curious relations of proportion between the savings' banks and schools, and the moral conditions of the people of various districts. It seemed to have been prepared with immense labour. The Ethnographic was universally acknowledged to have risen in importance on this occasion. There were some excellent papers by Mr Crawford, General Briggs, the Chevalier Bunsen, and others.

The meeting has not, we believe, been considered as remarkable for the matters brought forward; but it was eminently successful as a bringing together of the chief men in the various departments, and in exciting local attention. The university men entered heartily into the business, and were most liberal in the hospitality of their beautiful old halls. The visit of Prince Albert was a remarkable event—not as an honour paid by rank to science, but an honour which rank paid to itself by a deference to science. He came in very unassumingly, with the Duke of Saxe Weimar; and after a welcome from the president, took his seat on the platform, to listen for a while to whatever was going on. In the Geological, it chanced that Count Rosen was describing a set of maps of Sweden prepared by its crown-prince, descriptive of, first, the comparative elevation of districts above the sea; second, the degree in which the country is wooded; third, the comparative density of population; fourth, the mines of the country, and lines of road connecting these with the forts. It was interesting to hear of a king's son, and the heir of a crown, devoting himself to a labour of so useful and enlightened a kind. In the Ethnological Section, the two princes were fortunate in hearing a paper by the Chevalier Bunsen; and in Section A they were present while Leverrier and Adams were discussing the particulars of the new planet. A lunch in Exeter College completed their visit. It is said, by those who have the means of knowing, that Prince Albert is a real lover of science, and keeps up a tolerably regular correspondence on various departments of it with his old preceptor, M. Quetelet of Brussels. His visit to Oxford seems a happy expression of this praiseworthy taste. How much it were to be wished that courts were more open to the visits of the learned and the ingenious than they usually are! What a novel lustre would shine round the diadem which became a centre for such lights, instead of merely attracting the *sphyngidæ* and *papilionidæ* of the fashionable world!

Saturday was devoted by most of the members to excursions into the neighbourhood. Many went to Blenheim, to see the house which a nation's gratitude had conferred on Marlborough, with its many rich works of art since added. All came back full of indignation at the insolence of menials, who would hardly allow them to pass without repeated payments of bucksheesh—alleging, with the greatest effrontery, that it was all they had to depend upon, and that they would have to share the proceeds with their employer! Another set went out in all sorts of gigs, cars, and flies, to Shotover Hill, to hear an off-hand lecture on the geology of the district from the indefatigable dean of Westminster. A story ran, that the rustics stared a good deal at the unexpected apparition of so many strangers, and evidently formed a conclusion of their own as to the matter, for one was by and by heard saying to another, 'Well, Bill, if I think there's going to be any fighting after all!' We joined the rational section of this day in a visit to the Swindon station of the Great Western Railway, where the company have a vast set of works hardly dreamt of by the community. Here, truly, is one of the things to impress the England of the nineteenth century upon our minds. In a range of huge buildings and sheds, no fewer than eleven hundred and sixty men are at work for the production and repair of the mechanism of the railway. In one place the larger pieces of locomotive engines are making; in another the mere bolts, screws, and other minutiæ—there, no less than forty lathe-frames are ranged along the floor. In another place we see the pieces of an engine in the course of being put together. A fourth shed, of acre extent, is an infirmary for damaged engines and carriages. In one of these places we were shown a movable crane for lifting the carriages; it was calculated to sustain the weight of thirty tons. In another we inspected a contrivance arranged by the engineer for ascertaining and equalising the strain on the various parts of a locomotive. It was wonderful to consider what a vast concern a railway of only a hundred and forty miles might become. It has literally given rise to a new town at Swindon, one of course all spick-and-span new—cottages of approved construction, a church and school after the best models, mechanics' institution, reading-room, everything that speaks of progress. We looked into several of the

houses, and found that, for three-and-sixpence a-week, there was a room below, a room above, a closet, and a yard with appurtenances. They were not faultless residences, but they were generally much superior to any of the old kinds of houses for the working-classes. There was an air of content very generally spread through the town, and we were told that good health prevailed. The reading-room was a comfortable place, well supplied with newspapers and literary periodicals; also possessing some philosophical instruments and objects of natural history. It was pleasant to see a concert announced as to take place in it on an early evening, and to learn that a band, playing in a neighbouring field in our honour, was composed of the working-men. There was but one thing to be dissatisfied with—the school. This establishment, being under the care of the National School Society, was furnished only with a few books of a religious tendency, leading on to the Bible. Nothing that speaks of the external world, nothing that can evoke or train the intellectual faculties, has a place here. The Swindon school is constructed on the principle of the Patent Safety Drag, and Locomotion, the genius of the place, has no part in it.

On Sunday, the great object of attraction was a sermon preached in St Mary's Church (the university church) by the Bishop of Oxford (Samuel Wilberforce). Some piquancy was lent to the occasion by a curious accident—namely, that, by virtue of a foundation for the purpose, it must needs be a sermon on humility in the pursuit of knowledge. Before the learned prelate ascended the pulpit, pews and passages were filled with a brilliant audience. Dr Wilberforce is comparatively young for a bishop, a man of amiable and gracious aspect, with a fine clear voice: a certain element of masculinity is wanting in the visage, yet, on the whole, he is a good-looking man. He touched on all kinds of humility, real and affected, and by and by came to consider what was called for on the part of those who devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. Being a lover of science himself, it was not to be expected that he should bear hard against it, more especially on an occasion when so many of its votaries were present. Yet neither was it to be expected that he should yield entirely to its demand to be let alone. The matter was exceedingly well adjusted by a condemnation of all rashness in speculation, all impatience for arriving at general conclusions, and by a strong recommendation—in which all there must have assented—to keep, while studying nature, her Author ever in view. In literature and in delivery this discourse was very masterly; from beginning to end, not one word, or look, or gesture amiss. But the impression left on the mind was, upon the whole, of a discouraging nature. Once more the drag.

During the two remaining days of active business, the affairs of the Association went on with unrelaxing vigour—plenty of papers, plenty of audience, no slackening in the excitement. There were several lectures on popular subjects in the Radcliffe Library, only one of which—by Faraday—was at all telling; also a soirée in the same place. On the Monday night, it being full moon, and the weather of heavenly clearness, we ascended to the leads of the building, and beheld a sight never to be forgotten—Oxford by moonlight! Towers, shooting silently up into the blue sky, and silvered with the lunar rays, met the eye in every direction, relieving the dark square masses of the colleges, which were half seen in shade below. We had never beheld any actual scene which appeared more completely to justify those pictures of Grenada, Constantinople, and other romantic cities which painters present to us, and the truthfulness of which we always suspect till we see the actual places.

At the proper period, this peaceful convention of the best lovers and promoters of peace separated, each glad to have been there, and anxious to be present again. May all that is good ever attend the footsteps of the votaries of science, especially all those who love science without any tincture of love for themselves, and who can bear with the truth, even when it challenges their own prejudices, or threatens to subtract a little from their own misgained honours!

THE STORY OF ELISABETTA SIRANI.

'Elisabetta mia, I have lost pencils—colours; come, child, and aid me to look for them. What! thou art idling away all the day in that corner, instead of taking care of thy little sisters. Hark! there is Barbara crying; and *la vambino* Anna too; and the pencils are lost; and Il Signor Montenegro is waiting for the picture. I shall never finish it.'

The speaker—Giovanni Andrea Sirani, one of the second-rate artists of Bologna—hurriedly tossed about brushes, palette, and oils, making the studio all confusion, and loudly calling on Elisabetta for assistance. She came forward from the sunny nook in the window, where she had been hidden, and addressing her angry father in a voice remarkable for its soothing and sweet tones, put into his hands the pencils he required, arranged his palette, and stood behind him while he again continued his work.

Elisabetta was a girl of about twelve years, tall and well-formed, though still childlike in proportions, and too angular to be graceful. But her face was so striking, that it would not be passed unnoticed even by a stranger. It was not that its beauty attracted the eye, for the features were not regular; and the long and rather aquiline nose would have given a character too masculine to the countenance of the girl, had it not been for the exquisitely sweet expression of the mouth, and the dimpled chin. Again, too, the harshness given by the strongly-marked eyebrows was softened by the dreamy languor of the dark eyes and drooping eyelids. In short, the whole face of Elisabetta Sirani showed a combination of masculine powers and womanly sweetness, united with that flexibility of features and ever-changing expression which almost always denotes great sensitiveness of mind.

Signor Andrea, relieved from his disquietudes, worked at his picture, now and then calling on his young daughter to inspect his progress, and listening to her remarks and comments, which, though given with the simplicity and timidity of a child, showed an understanding which justified the consideration with which she was treated by her father. Sometimes the hasty and nervous temperament of the artist was excited to anger by the noise of the children within, and he would hurriedly dismiss his eldest daughter to restore quiet, and as quickly call for her again, declaring he could not paint unless she was beside him, to grind his colours and prepare his pencils; he did not add, to give him various unsuspected, but most successful, hints even in the picture itself.

After an hour or two spent in this manner, the tête-à-tête of the artist and his daughter was broken by the entrance of a man in a clerical dress, but attired with all the taste and sumptuousness which was prevalent in the leading cities of Italy, and especially Bologna, at the close of the seventeenth century. Andrea Sirani received his visitor with mingled cordiality and respect.

'I am glad the Signor Conte Malvasia is come: I should not have been satisfied to send my picture away without his opinion on its merits.'

'You are very obliging, Signor Sirani,' said the ecclesiastic; 'but I have usually only one opinion regarding your beautiful pictures, and this is equal to any.' He sat down on the painting-chair which Elisabetta had placed for him opposite the picture; and after patting her cheek with a friendly and affectionate expression, which dyed it with a blush of pleasure, he turned his whole attention to the work before him.

'I see you love the soft and melting shadows and lucid lights of our Guido, the pride of Bologna,' said Conte Malvasia. 'And you do not work in the gloom, which some of our stern foreign brethren delight in:

you let the sun visit your painting-room, save for this warm crimson curtain, which must cast such a pleasant glow on everything here, but rather darkens the picture now.' He drew back the heavy folds, and discovered the little nook where Elisabetta had sat. It was strewed with pencils and sketches of all kinds: Malvasia picked up one of the scattered papers.

'Is this beautiful Madona one of your studies, friend Andrea? Why, your first sketches are absolutely as good as your freshest paintings.'

The artist looked at it, and turned away with a discontented air. 'Oh, monsignor, it is only one of the child's drawings. Elisabetta, I think you might be better employed than this. Go to your mother, child.'

'Stay one moment, Elisabetta,' said Conte Malvasia, drawing towards him the reluctant, blushing, and almost tearful child. 'Did you really draw and design this?'

'Yes, monsignor,' said Elisabetta.

'Signor Andrea,' continued the conte, 'why do you not teach your daughter to be a painter like yourself? Would you not like to be a great artist, *figlia mia?*' added he.

Elisabetta did not speak, but her eyes lighted up, and her lips quivered with emotion. Andrea said roughly, 'No woman could ever be a painter.'

'How can you say so, Andrea? Have you forgotten Lavinia Fontana, and Antonia Pinelli, and our own Properzia?'

'Do not bring Madame de Rossi forward as a model for my child. Besides, Elisabetta does not wish to be a painter.'

Elisabetta went timidly up to her father, and laid her hands, still folded in intreaty, on his arm. 'Dear father, I do wish it; I long for it. Listen to it, Signor Conte: teach me to paint like you.'

The painter, jealous as he seemed of his art, was moved, and from that time he suffered his daughter to pursue her studies openly, though the aid and instruction which she received from him were very little. Andrea Sirani seemed displeased that a young girl should know almost intuitively what it had taken him long years to acquire. He did not see the difference between natural genius and talents which were almost entirely the result of cultivation. Yet Elisabetta did not trust to her genius alone, a light which has led astray many a young aspirant; nor did she think that her surprising powers rendered supererogatory the patient study which is necessary in every intellectual pursuit—most of all in art, where the tact and judgment of a philosopher, the learning of a man well-versed in literature, the eye and heart of a poet, and the magic hand of a painter, are all required by him who would attain to eminence.

Elisabetta Sirani—and we are not describing an ideal character, but one who really lived, and breathed, and worked, whose name is still honoured among the Bolognese school—Elisabetta Sirani, as her childhood passed away, devoted herself more and more to her beloved art. She perceived that her father felt an ill-concealed aversion to seeing her at her easel, and, besides, he had been so accustomed to her assistance in the minor duties of the studio, that he could not bear to see her painting on her own account, instead of attending upon him. Therefore she rose by the dawn of day, and painted and studied with unwearied perseverance, until the hour when Andrea required her presence in the studio. Then she patiently relinquished the occupation which she loved so well, and turned her attention to her father, to the domestic concerns of the house, or to the acquirement of music, a study which was her greatest delight next to the one in which her genius lay. To the world she was still the simple Elisabetta, daughter of the painter Sirani, distinguished by no outward signs from her young sisters Barbara and Anna, or from her companions among the Bolognese maidens. No one knew in what her hidden talents were, save her father—who shut his eyes upon them as much as possible—and her unfailing friend, the Conte Malvasia.

At last, when Elisabetta had reached her sixteenth year, there came a change. A slow and painful disease stole over the unfortunate Andrea Sirani, crippling all his joints, so that day by day the exercise of his art grew more difficult, until at length it became almost impossible for him to wield the pencil. In vain did Elisabetta chafe the poor numbed hands with her soft fingers: they would work no more; and life itself seemed torn from the despairing artist, thus deprived of the power to embody his conceptions.

'It is all in vain, Elisabetta,' cried Sirani one day when the brush had fallen from his crippled fingers, which could no longer guide it—'it is all in vain; I shall never paint more.'

He looked at his powerless and disfigured hands, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the strong man. No wonder that the gentle Elisabetta wept too, and threw her arms around her father's neck, in vain attempts at consolation.

'Do not give me hope, my child,' he answered mournfully; 'I know it is incurable. I am no more an artist. Holy mother of mercy! how shall I find bread for my children?'

Elisabetta's cheek flushed, her eyes sparkled, words rose to her lips; but she stopped, thinking of the pain they would give to her helpless father. At last she said timidly, 'Father, you know I have been your pupil these four years; in that time, I think—I hope—I have learned enough to gain something by my paintings. Will you let me try?'

Andrea shook his head. 'Impossible: a girl not seventeen, and I have been a painter these twenty years. But it is long since I have seen thy work, child,' he added in some confusion; 'bring it hither.'

Elisabetta, deeply joyful that her woman's tact had thus effected what she thought would be a discovery both difficult and painful, quickly placed before her father a Madona, so beautiful, so full of genius, that the artist at once saw the concealed powers of his child. It was in vain to nourish jealousy; for, alas! there could be no rivalry between them now. He kissed Elisabetta's brow, and prayed the Virgin, whose sweet face she had depicted so well, to bless his good and talented child.

Elisabetta became a painter. When only seventeen, her first exhibited picture made her the wonder and pride of her native city. It was a religious subject, such as the gentle and pious girl loved delineating—the saints of her church, St Ignatius and St Francis Xavier. The purchaser was the Marchese Spada; and the sum Elisabetta thus gained was large enough to bring a thrill of proud delight to her heart, with the consciousness that the future was her own. Her little sisters laughed and shouted at the sight of the purse of gold; her young companion, Ginevra Cantofoli, whispered in her ear how many personal adornments of silks and jewels it would purchase; but Elisabetta went straight to her father's chamber, and laid the first fruits of her talents and industry on the bed where the suffering artist was now confined.

'My father,' she said in meek and blushing humility, '*we* have gained thus much by my picture: see!'

'Thou sayest *we*, Elisabetta!' answered Sirani. 'Why not I? This money is all thine.'

'Not so, dear father,' said the young girl: 'all I have learned in painting I owe to thee. I am only thy *hand* to work in thy stead, until it shall please the blessed Madona to restore thee. Therefore this shall be devoted, like all thy other earnings, good and kind father, to the general benefit of the family.'

Two large tears stole through the closed eyes of the poor artist; but he said nothing. Perhaps Elisabetta's loving deceit, aided by the natural vanity of mankind, made him actually believe that his daughter's unselfish gifts were but a due requital for his instruction in art. But he made no opposition, and her future earnings were all appropriated to the domestic wants of the family. Night and day did the young Bolognese toil at her easel. Yet it was a labour of love; for she had

that earnest devotion and enthusiasm for art which constitutes the true riches of genius, and its reward, entirely independent of worldly success. But this latter did not fail Elisabetta. A woman, young and fair even among the beautiful of Italy, she attracted the attention of the connoisseurs of her native city, who saw with surprise a young maiden of eighteen execute with facility works equal to many of the most renowned artists of the day. Her quickness of hand was extraordinary; her slight fingers seemed merely to play with the pencil, and the painting grew under them almost by magic. The number of pictures which yearly came from her easel was astonishing even now; but Elisabetta had that strongest spur of all to diligence—she was working for the daily bread of those most dear to her, and who could only trust to her for support.

Looking back through the lapse of centuries on the life of this young and gifted creature, one marvels first at the wonderful steadiness of purpose which supported her at the commencement of her arduous career; and then at the sweet womanly nature which made her still humble, unsophisticated, and undazzled by the success with which that career was crowned. The noble and talented of the land crowded to her studio; churches far and wide were adorned with her pictures; kings and queens sent her letters of compliment on her works; and yet the young artist, in her own quiet home, was ever the same simple Elisabetta—tending her decrepit father, who was sometimes for whole months confined to his bed, aiding her mother in all domestic cares and occupations, instructing her sisters, and brightening the whole house with her cheerful and blithe spirit.

According to the usual custom of the Italian painters, Andrea Sirani had formed a school of young artists, who profited by his instructions, and followed his style. Among these was the favourite companion of Elisabetta, Ginevra Cantofoli. From earliest girlhood there had been a friendly rivalry between the two—at first amicable; and then, as Elisabetta's success increased, becoming gradually more serious, though it was not apparent. Every new triumph of the daughter of Sirani gave a pang to the heart of Ginevra, until at last the wild passions of the south were all roused in her bosom, and a jealous rivalry took the place of her old love for her childish friend. Every sweet and kindly word of Elisabetta's but imbittered this feeling, which became the stronger for concealment. When, in the sincerity of her friendship, Elisabetta praised and encouraged her young rival, and at times assisted Ginevra in her pictures by the touches of her own superior hand, no feeling save of envy and dislike entered the heart of the proud and desperate Italian. Even her beauty—and Ginevra was very beautiful—she counted as nothing compared with that of Elisabetta.

But all unconscious of this, the artist's daughter went on her way—her loving and quiet spirit untroubled by any of those violent passions which distracted Ginevra—pursuing her art with unwearied diligence. She rarely joined in the amusements of the ladies of Bologna; her sole recreation was her favourite science of music. Often in the delicious Italian evenings Elisabetta would take her harp, the instrument in which she excelled, and for hours together draw from it the sweetest sounds, giving up her whole soul to the passion for music and to love of art—talents not unfrequently combined.

One night she was thus occupied, when Conte Malvasia entered unobserved. He went up to the couch where Andrea Sirani, whose sufferings were a little abated, lay watching the sunset, and occasionally turning his eyes to where Elisabetta sat, bending over her harp. Her form had lost its angularity in the roundness of womanhood; her dark hair was knotted behind in thick plaits, after the fashion of the times, save that a few silken curls rested on her white throat, which the stiff and tight-fitting dress of the day could scarcely hide. The expression of her eyes and mouth was as sweet as ever, and as she sang, her whole face was lighted up with the irresistible beauty of genius.

'Look at her,' whispered the proud father to Malvasia: 'tell me, is not my Elisabetta the fairest maiden, as well as the greatest painter, in all Bologna?'

The good old ecclesiastic smiled, and assented. 'She looks as happy as if she had a foreshadowing of the good news I bring,' he answered.

'About the holy fathers of Certosa?' eagerly asked Sirani. 'What! have they determined—and for Elisabetta?'

'Yes,' laconically said the conte.

'Elisabetta—Elisabettina mia,' cried the delighted Andrea, who had long since forgotten his jealousy in fatherly love and pride, 'you are successful; the good padri of Certosa have chosen you to paint the altar-piece!'

Elisabetta darted forward with unconstrained delight, and clapped her hands, a token of pleasure which was natural to the almost childlike simplicity of her character, which no honours could change. She kissed the hands of Malvasia, and thanked him over and over again.

'But, my dear child,' said the benevolent conte, 'you are only at the commencement of the journey, and you seem as joyful as if the goal were attained. Do you know what is the chosen subject of the picture? A grand and difficult one—the Baptism of our Lord. Have you any idea of the manner in which you will treat it, Elisabetta?'

'I will show you, Signor Conte.' She took a sheet of paper, laid it on her knee, and with a brush dipped in Indian ink, began to dash in the first sketch of her composition with wonderful rapidity and power.

'Will this please you, monsignor?' timidly said Elisabetta at last, holding up the design of the picture which was afterwards the pride of the monastery of Certosa, and the work on which the fame of Elisabetta Sirani chiefly rests.

Ere the father and Conte Malvasia could find words for their delight, Ginevra Cantofoli entered. There was a heavy sadness over her face, and a wild look in her eyes, which spoke of some inward trouble. Elisabetta, in her unconscious delight, threw her arms round her friend's neck, and told her of her happiness; but Ginevra recoiled as from the touch of a serpent.

'Then it is you who have taken from me my heart's desire?' she said bitterly. 'I sought this favour; but the padri, like all the world, thought me your inferior. I suppose I shall live and die so, Elisabetta?' she added, recollecting herself, and attempting a forced smile.

'Why did you not tell me of this, Ginevra?' said Elisabetta gently.

'Because I resolved for once to think and act for myself: I have failed; now let us forget it,' answered the other.

But Ginevra did not forget it; and year after year that added to Elisabetta's fame, only buried the poison deeper in the heart of her rival.

At last, added to all other jealousies, came the one excited by love. From the city of Parma, where he had been completing his studies in art, came Battista Zani, once the pupil of Sirani, and now the betrothed of Ginevra Cantofoli. Young, enthusiastic, overflowing with genius, and all that could win a maiden's love, no wonder was it that Battista was almost idolised by the girl he had chosen to be his wife one day. And when, like all who came within the circle of her presence, he yielded to the magic influence of Elisabetta Sirani, and felt and expressed towards her a regard and reverence almost approaching to the saint-worship of his church, Ginevra's very heart was rent asunder with jealousy. Sometimes, in his simplicity and utter unconsciousness of evil, Battista talked to his betrothed of Elisabetta, of her saint-like beauty—upon which he delighted to look, with that worship of all things pure and lovely which was so deep in his artist soul—of her unworldliness, her genius; and all this was to Ginevra the most exquisite torture. Then, too, in the frank admiration and friendly interest which Elisabetta showed

towards the young painter, whose talents gave promise of such wondrous fruits, Ginevra saw nothing but the preference of love, for she could not imagine the possibility of any maiden's beholding her own Battista without loving him. And truly with many she would not have been far wrong; but it was not so with Elisabetta Sirani.

After a time spent in his native Bologna, the artist determined to go to Rome.

'Would that I too were going to Rome—beautiful Rome!' said Elisabetta when Battista came to bid her adieu. 'How pleasant to see all its wonders—to behold the glorious Capella Listina of which we have so often dreamed, Battista! I would that I were going also!'

'Then why not, Madona Elisabetta?' cried the young painter eagerly. 'It would be so happy to see Rome with thee!'

Elisabetta smiled quietly. 'Thou forgettest my father, my home. How could I leave all these, good Battista, even to go to Rome?'

'Then I will think of thee always, Madona. In my memory, in my prayers, thou shalt visit Rome.'

'Be it so, kind Battista,' smilingly answered Elisabetta, as she gave him her hand, which he kissed with reverence, and departed with Ginevra.

'Is she not an angel, this Madona Sirani, to speak so kindly to a poor artist like me?' he said to his betrothed. 'But ere I see her again, I may be more worthy of her goodness. Dost thou not think so, Ginevra mia?'

'Yes,' answered Ginevra in a low and changed voice, while a horrible determination made her hands clench and her eyes flash fire. But Battista saw it not; he was wholly absorbed in those delicious dreams of coming glory which too often fade like a morning cloud.

'La Signora Elisabetta desires her spiced draught,' said the old nurse, coming from the painting-room one day. 'Get it ready for her quickly, Benedetta.'

Benedetta, a young country girl whom Elisabetta had educated, and who loved her mistress with passionate tenderness, went speedily about her task.

'Thou art putting too much cinnamon, silly child,' said the old woman.

'It is not cinnamon, good mother; it is another spice that I bought the other day. The woman who sold it said it would do Madona good, and that I must give it to her every day. And truly she was right, for I never saw the signora's eyes look so bright as yesterday.'

So the young girl carried the cup to her mistress, and watched her with affectionate looks while she drank her favourite beverage of sugar, cinnamon, and water. How little did either know that this day it was a draught of deadly poison!

An unaccountable illness seized upon the doomed Elisabetta. It was little dreaded by those who best loved her; but she herself felt an utter languor—a strange overpowering sensation, which gave her a foreshadowing of the coming death. When Ginevra, whom her summons had brought, stood beside her, Elisabetta spoke to her early friend with an affectionate seriousness, beyond her wont, of the beloved art they both followed—of Ginevra's future life—of her lover.

A look at once full of hatred and despairing grief came over Ginevra's face; but Elisabetta went on—'I always loved thee, Ginevra, and thy Battista too; and if I recover——'

'Thou wilt die; thou art dying now,' said Ginevra in a low and hissing whisper. 'Thou hast been my bane through life, my rival in all things; last of all, in Battista's love. I have poisoned thee.'

A shudder convulsed Elisabetta's frame, but she did not shriek: awe, not terror, possessed her, as she heard of her certain doom. Her lips moved long in a wordless prayer; then she looked calmly at Ginevra, who stood beside her like a statue of stone, and said, 'Thou art deceived; I never loved any man; my life was devoted to God and to divine art. Thy Battista wooed me not, Ginevra: he never loved but thee.'

In utter abandonment of remorse the murderess sued for pardon at her victim's feet. 'Denounce me: thy death will be slow: let me die before thee, as an atonement.'

'Not so,' faintly answered Elisabetta; 'the secret be between thee and me. Let not my father know that his child died by poison. The holy saints forgive thee, as I do. Ginevra, live, and be happy with thy betrothed.'

'It is too late,' shrieked Ginevra; 'Battista is dead!'

It was indeed so. Battista Zani died at Rome, soon after his arrival, leaving behind him only the memory of the genius which had promised so much, and which perished in its early blossoming. His name, chronicled by Malvasia, is all that remains to posterity of Battista Zani.

Elisabetta Sirani died by this mysterious and horrible death in her twenty-sixth year. Many surmises arose as to the fatal cause, some approaching near the fact, others wild and contradictory. Amidst the pomp of splendid obsequies, the maiden artist was laid in the tomb of Guido Reni. The orator Picinardi poured forth a torrent of eloquent lamentation over the beloved dead; solemn music sounded through the church of St Domenico; and the whole city mourned over the pride of Bologna.

But while poets wrote her elegy, and sculptors adorned her costly monument, the memory of Elisabetta remained, like that of a departed saint, in her father's house; at first sorrowful, afterwards bringing only holy and solemn thoughts. They spoke of her genius; of her humility, which scorned not all the lowly but sweet offices of home; of her beauty, made still lovelier by the calm dignity with which, knowing she was fair, she gloried not in it; and of her pure and holy mind, which, though not too proud for earth, ever turned heavenward, as if there was its true home. And thus, like the continual perfume of virtue and of holiness, which death cannot take away, lingered on earth the memory of Elisabetta Sirani.

Andrea Sirani survived his eldest daughter many years. His two other children, Barbara and Anna, also became artists; and there is still extant a graceful sonnet of Picinardi, addressed to Barbara Sirani, who had painted from memory the portrait of the lost Elisabetta.

Of Ginevra Cantofoli, all that need be said is, that she lived and she died.

SIR JAMES ROSS'S VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

THE desire which has so long prevailed for correct information respecting the famous discoveries in the antarctic regions, will now be gratified by the publication of the two handsome volumes before us.* To the general reader they will be far less attractive than Sir George Simpson's overland travels; but to the meteorologist, geologist, and botanist, the material they furnish is invaluable. The enterprise was important not merely in a geographical and commercial point of view, data were to be collected by which to determine many involved points of natural science, and nobly and gallantly have the objects of the expedition been accomplished. No vessels ever sailed so well and completely equipped for scientific investigation, in addition to the usual points of inquiry: magnetism, as is well known, has of late years engrossed much of the attention of learned men; and as the ships were going, so to speak, into the head-quarters of magnetism, the scientific committees of the Royal Society drew up a series of instructions for the guidance of the officers in their observations on the dip, variation, and intensity. With everything that could contribute to the health and comfort

* A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, during the years 1839-43. By Captain Sir James Clark Ross, R.N. London: John Murray. 1847. 2 vols.

of the crews, there was nothing beyond natural difficulties to overcome in collecting the facts of most importance to science. We have ample observations on meteorology and magnetism—the determination of the position of the southern magnetic pole—the direction of ocean currents—of unusual degrees of depth—the line of mean temperature, separating, as it were, the extreme Southern Ocean from that more to the north, where the temperature is the same, whatever may be the depth to which the thermometers are sunk. The departments of zoology, botany, and geology have also been enriched with new specimens, many of them likely to prove of considerable value. Obscure and doubtful points have been cleared up; new whaling grounds, and a great southern continent, have been discovered; the latter terminated by volcanic mountains, compared with which Etna and Hecla sink into insignificance.

The two ships, the Erebus and Terror, the latter under Captain Crozier, sailed in September 1839: the scientific inquiries began in the Bay of Biscay, with measures of the height of the waves and determination of the specific gravity and temperature of the sea: at a depth of 300 fathoms, the water was found to be from 10 to 15 degrees colder than at the surface. At Madeira the highest mountain was measured; and on leaving St Jago, hourly observations on the barometer were commenced, 'chiefly for the purpose of marking the progress of barometric depression in approaching, and reascension in receding from, the equator—a phenomenon represented as being of the greatest and most universal influence, as it is, in fact, no other than a direct measure of the moving force by which the great currents of the trade-winds are produced.' After landing on St Paul's Rocks, for the purpose of magnetic observation, the party crossed the line of no dip, or the magnetic equator; and so definitely was it marked, that the signal showing no dip was hoisted on both ships at the same instant. This line, as well as that of least intensity, extends round the earth in a direction by no means parallel to that of the terrestrial equator. At the beginning of 1840, while crossing the tropic of Capricorn, soundings were obtained at a depth of 2425 fathoms, 'a depression of the bed of the ocean beneath its surface very little short of the elevation of Mont Blanc above it.'

Some interesting observations on the strength, temperature, and direction of currents were made in beating up to and leaving the Cape of Good Hope. The next rendezvous of the ships was at Prince Edward's Island, to which place Sir James Ross had volunteered to convey the supply of provisions for the sealing parties. Great difficulty was experienced in making the anchorage, in consequence of the continuance of stormy weather. A party on shore was seen. 'Mr Hickley, their leader, came on board, and he, as well as his boat's crew, looked more like Esquimaux than civilised beings, but filthier far in their dress and persons than any I had ever before seen. Their clothes were literally soaked in oil, and smelt most offensively; they wore boots of penguins' skins, with the feathers turned inwards. They told us that the weather had been so tempestuous, that, until yesterday, they had not been able to launch a boat for five weeks; they had therefore been very unsuccessful at the sea elephant fishery, and were disappointed to find that they were not to be removed to "Pig Island" for the winter, which they describe as being so overrun with these animals, that, to use their own words, "you can hardly land for them." The party consisted in all of eleven men, one of whom had been on the island for three years. They seemed to have no wish to return to the Cape of Good Hope, and were quite contented, having plenty of food. The eggs of sea-birds in the breeding season may be collected by boat-loads, and are said to be excellent food, particularly that of the albatross, which averages above a pound in weight; and the young birds, when first taken from the nest, are described by them as being quite delicious. It is possible, however, they may have acquired the Esquimaux taste, as well as their habits.' It is scarcely possible to imagine a more dreary mode of life than this; and yet such is the wonderful power of adaptation to circumstances of the human mind, that these men are described as contented.

A few days after leaving this storm-beaten locality, 'the first piece of antarctic ice was seen, though so small, as scarcely to deserve the name of an iceberg, being not more than twenty feet high, and evidently fast dissolving, yet it was sufficiently solid to injure seriously any vessel that might run against it. We passed several beds of floating sea-weed, and were accompanied on our course by many of the great albatross, and the large dark petrel; and still more numerously by the speckled cape pigeon, and stormy petrel, of two or three different kinds. These birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region, where not a sea-bird is to be seen, save in the vicinity of its few scattered islets, which is the more remarkable where the ocean so abounds with creatures fit for their food.'

In May 1840, the expedition anchored in Christmas Harbour, Kerguelen's Island. The country is of the most barren description, yet a few additions were made to the lists of plants and animals.* Notwithstanding the continued tempestuous weather, the tidal, astronomical, and pendulum observations were carried on without a single interruption. We read that, 'during forty-five of the sixty-eight days the ships were in Christmas Harbour, it blew a gale of wind, and there were only three days on which neither rain nor snow fell. On one occasion the whole body of the astronomical observatory was moved nearly a foot; and had not the lower framework fortunately been sunk to a good depth below the level of the ground, it would have doubtless been blown into the sea. The gusts occur so suddenly,' continues Sir J. Ross, 'that I have frequently been obliged to throw myself down on the beach to prevent being carried into the water; and one of our men, whose duty it was to register the tide-gauge, was actually driven in by one of the squalls, and very nearly drowned.'

It was observed that, during snow-storms, the thermometer fell several degrees, while the temperature of the ocean remained unaltered; the consequence was, a constant succession of snow, from the freezing of the warm mists in their ascent; and in steering from Kerguelen's Island to Van Diemen's Land, a remarkable phenomenon was noticed: the temperature of the sea, which averaged 35 degrees, rose suddenly to 46 degrees, retaining the increase over a space of eighty-six miles, presenting a singular anomaly in the distribution of heat. Just before a storm, meteors in great numbers were seen darting about in all directions. On arriving at Van Diemen's Land, the party heard of the discoveries made in the southern regions by the French and the United States Exploring Expeditions, which determined Sir J. Ross on pushing his researches in another direction, and to endeavour to reach the south magnetic pole on a parallel much to the east of that already selected, in order that the expected discoveries might be altogether of an independent character. On steering again for the south, a halt was made at the Auckland islands, for the comparison of magnetic observations with those of the Hobarton observatory. These islands promise to become of great value in connection with the southern whale fishery. They present great attractions to the botanist, and are well wooded, but the trees are stunted by the continual heavy gales; affording shelter, however, to a thick growth of ferns and flowers beneath. 'The vegetation is characterised by a luxuriance of these fine species, and the absence of such weeds as grasses and sedges, &c. Eighty flowering plants were found; a small number, but consisting of species more remarkable for their beauty and novelty than the Flora of any other country can show, no less than fifty-six being hitherto undescribed.'

* See account of the Kerguelen Cabbage, No. 109.

On the 5th January 1841, the ships were forced into the pack ice of the antarctic regions: through this the adventurers were compelled to work their way, before the grand object of the expedition could be said to be begun. The width of this belt of floating ice was 200 miles. At the end of five days, the vessels emerged from its southern border. To the joy of the crews, an open sea stretched before them, across which they steered directly for the magnetic pole; and soon after they saw the first land, consisting of a series of lofty hills, covered with perpetual snow, visible at a distance of 100 miles. A description of the scene, on a nearer view, possesses much interest:—'It was a beautifully clear evening, and we had a most enchanting view of the two magnificent ranges of mountains, whose lofty peaks, perfectly covered with eternal snow, rose to elevations varying from 7000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the ocean. The glaciers that filled their intervening valleys, and which descended from near the mountain summits, projected in many places several miles into the sea, and terminated in lofty perpendicular cliffs. In a few places the rocks broke through their icy covering, by which alone we could be assured that land formed the nucleus of this, to appearance, enormous iceberg.'

This was a period of great excitement; the continued fine weather led the adventurers to expect the speedy realisation of their wishes in the discovery of the pole, and they sailed along the land, naming the various heights, as they successively came into view, after some of the most distinguished British philosophers. A few days later they landed on 'Possession Island,' and took formal possession of those desolate regions in the name of the Queen. 'We saw,' to quote the words of the narrator, 'not the smallest appearance of vegetation; but inconceivable myriads of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills, attacking us vigorously as we waded through their ranks, and pecking at us with their sharp beaks, disputing possession; which, together with their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from the deep bed of guano, which had been forming for ages, and which may at some period be valuable to the agriculturists of our Australasian colonies, made us glad to get away again, after having loaded our boats with geological specimens and penguins.'

The dredge was frequently put over the side, and dragged at the bottom of the sea for several hours, never failing to bring up specimens of corallines, molluscs, and other animated creatures, from unusual depths. 'It was interesting among these creatures,' writes the captain, 'to recognise several that I had been in the habit of taking in equally high northern latitudes; and although contrary to the general belief of naturalists, I have no doubt that, from however great a depth we may be enabled to bring up the mud and stones of the bed of the ocean, we shall find them teeming with animal life: the extreme pressure at the greatest depth does not appear to affect these creatures: hitherto we have not been able to determine this point beyond 1000 fathoms, but from that depth several shell-fish have been brought up with the mud.'

In January 1841 two volcanoes were discovered; the one extinct received the name of Mount Terror; the other, in full activity, 12,000 feet in height, was named Mount Erebus. An eruption is thus described:—'At four P.M. Mount Erebus was observed to emit smoke and flame in unusual quantities, producing a most grand spectacle. A volume of dense smoke was projected at each successive jet with great force, in a vertical column, to the height of between 1500 and 2000 feet above the mouth of the crater, when, condensing first at its upper part, it descended in mist or snow, and gradually dispersed, to be succeeded by another splendid exhibition of the same kind in about half an hour afterwards, although the intervals between the eruptions were by no means regular. The diameter of the columns of smoke was between 200 and 300 feet, as near as we could measure it: whenever the smoke cleared away, the bright red flame that filled the mouth of the crater was clearly perceptible; and some of the officers believed they could see streams of lava pouring down its sides, until lost beneath the snow which descended from a few hundred feet below the crater, and projected its perpendicular icy cliff several miles into the ocean.' The farther progress of the party southwards was here arrested by a precipitous wall of ice, 200 feet in height, estimated at more than 1000 feet thick, along which they sailed for 450 miles, but saw no appearance of an opening. Unwilling, however, to return without reaching the magnetic pole, they continued their explorations until February, when the rapid formation of young ice, and other indications of the approach of winter, compelled them to put about when at a distance of 160 miles only from the point they were seeking. Sir James Ross was desirous of wintering in sight of the great volcano, in hopes to visit the mountain and the pole by exploring parties in the spring; but was obliged to forego his wishes, from obstacles of an insurmountable nature. The great southern continent, whose coast-line had been traced from the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, was named Victoria Land, constituting the remotest verge of southern discovery.

While beating to the westward, the vessels were placed in situations of extraordinary danger, but providentially escaped them. Soundings were at one time obtained with 1540 fathoms of line, to which a weight of 336 pounds was attached, that occupied 24½ minutes in running to the bottom. In April the party arrived again at Van Diemen's Land, having made their most important discoveries in the course of the preceding five months.

In July 1841 they sailed a second time to encounter the perils of a polar voyage. The line of uniform temperature was observed; a little to the south of which a thick fog coming on, rendered frequent signals necessary to prevent the ships parting company. We quote the passage as to the relative utility of these signals:—'To us the bell was most distinct, and the gong very little inferior, when the musket was scarcely audible; but I was much surprised at this time, on hailing through a speaking-trumpet, to receive an immediate and so clear an answer from the officer of the watch of the Terror, that we might have carried on a conversation.' The pack ice on this occasion was found to present a more formidable impediment than on the former voyage. A gale of wind came on while the vessels were struggling through the tortuous channels. 'Soon after midnight, our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence, that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses; but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm, the rudder of the Erebus was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed, by signal, that the Terror's was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that, as we drifted deeper into the pack, we should get beyond the reach of the tempest; but in this case we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart, that was not supported by trust

in Him who controls all events, with dismay.' At one time 'the Terror was so close to the Erebus, that when she rose to the top of one wave, the Erebus was on the top of that next to leeward of her; the deep chasm between them filled with heavy rolling masses; and as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the main-topsail yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave from the deck of the other: from this some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as of the perilous situation of our ships.' The vessels happily escaped the danger, and after a few days, their damages were effectually repaired: they were, however, fifty-six days in forcing their way through the belt of ice, which had only hindered them five days in the previous voyage. From the great delay, but little time remained for exploration; the icy barrier was explored to a distance ten degrees further east; and after reaching a higher point of latitude by six miles than on the former occasion, the vessels bore up for the Falkland Islands. They had crossed the antarctic circle, when a danger more formidable than those already encountered awaited them. Involved among icebergs, with a heavy sea, the Terror drove down upon the Erebus. 'We instantly,' pursues the captain, 'hove all aback, to diminish the violence of the shock; but the concussion, when she struck us, was such as to throw almost every one off his feet; our bowsprit, fore-topmast, and other smaller spars, were carried away; and the ships, hanging together, entangled by their rigging, and dashing against each other with fearful violence, were falling down upon the weather face of the lofty berg under our lee, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summit of its perpendicular cliffs. Providentially, we gradually forced past each other, and separated before we drifted down amongst the foaming breakers; and we had the gratification of seeing her clear the end of the berg, and of feeling that she was safe. . . . The only way left for us to extricate ourselves from this awful and appalling situation, was by resorting to the hazardous expedient of a sternboard, which nothing could justify during such a gale, and with so high a sea running, but to avert the danger which every moment threatened us of being dashed to pieces. The heavy rolling of the vessel, and the probability of the masts giving way each time the lower yard-arms struck against the cliffs, which were towering high above our mast-heads, rendered it a service of extreme danger to loose the mainsail; but no sooner was the order given, than the daring spirit of the British seaman manifested itself; the men ran up the rigging with as much alacrity as on any ordinary occasion; and although more than once driven off the yards, they after a short time succeeded in loosing the sail. Amidst the roar of the wind and the sea, it was difficult both to hear and to execute the orders that were given, so that it was three-quarters of an hour before we could get the yards braced by, and the main-tack hauled on board sharp aback — an expedient that perhaps had never before been resorted to by seamen in such weather. But it had the desired effect; the ship gathered sternway, plunging her stern into the sea, washing away the gig and quarter-boats, and with her lower yard-arms scraping the rugged face of the berg, we in a few minutes reached its western termination; the "underbow," as it is called, or the reaction of the water from its vertical cliffs, alone preventing us from being driven to atoms against it. No sooner had we cleared it, than another was seen directly astern of us, against which we were running; and the difficulty now was to get the ship's head turned round, and pointed fairly through between the two bergs, the breadth of the intervening space not exceeding three times her own breadth. This, however, we happily accomplished; and in a few minutes after getting before the wind, she dashed through the narrow channel between two perpendicular walls of ice, and the foaming breakers which stretched across it, and the next moment we were in smooth water under its lee.'

No time was lost in repairing damages in the best way that circumstances would permit: the vessels arrived at the Falkland Islands in April 1842, where they were thoroughly refitted. Hunting parties were sent out to chase the wild cattle that abound in many parts of the islands, feeding on the tussack grass, to provide a store of fresh provisions. The details are interesting, but we have not space for quotation. Ample researches were made on the geology, zoology, and botany of these islands; many facts in connection with the latter, and descriptive of the tussack grass, have already been published.* In September 1842, it being thought necessary to institute a series of magnetic observations in the vicinity of Cape Horn, the vessels sailed for the bay of St Francis, Terra del Fuego, and brought up in St Martin's Cove, near Hermite Island. Of the cape, Sir James Ross remarks:—'The poetical descriptions that former navigators have given of this celebrated and dreaded promontory, occasioned us to feel a degree of disappointment when we first saw it; for although it stands prominently forward, a bold, almost perpendicular headland, in whose outline it requires but little imaginative power to detect the resemblance of a "sleeping lion, facing and braving the southern tempests," yet it is part only of a small island, and its elevation, not exceeding five or six hundred feet, conveys to the mind nothing of grandeur. But the day was beautifully fine, so that it is probable we saw this cape of terror and tempests under some disadvantage.' While at anchor in the cove, the party were visited by some of the native Fuegians, described 'as the most abject and miserable race of human beings. They are admirable mimics, and were fond of the company of our people, singing and dancing with them, and entering into every kind of fun, for which seamen are so famous; and it was both amusing and interesting to witness their attempts to repeat the words and tunes of songs, which they accomplished with a wonderful degree of facility. Landing one morning unexpectedly, I found our people teaching them to wash their faces; but the soap making their eyes smart, their ablutions were afterwards confined to the feet and hands. They then powdered their hair with flour, and decorated them with ridiculous ornaments, the natives greatly enjoying their altered appearance, heightened in no small degree by the present of a complete suit of clothes to each, and many useful articles they got on ship-board.'†

On leaving the anchorage, eight hundred plants and trees were taken from Hermite Island, to be planted in the Falklands, with a view to add to the vegetable resources of the latter islands. The vessels sailed in December 1842 on their third and last voyage to the south. The incidents were of a nature similar to those already narrated; and the voyage, on the whole, was the least successful of the three. In April 1843, the ships anchored at the Cape of Good Hope. Between Ascension Island and Rio Janeiro, 27,600 feet of line were run out without finding bottom, the greatest depth of the ocean hitherto examined with any degree of accuracy; and in September of the same year, the intrepid adventurers landed in England.

AIDS IN SWIMMING.

Some persons have supposed that the only reason why a man, however unaccustomed to the water, does not swim as well as one of the lower animals, is, that the former has more dread of the foreign element; and they assert that all we have to do, in order to float, is to discard fear, and trust implicitly to the natural buoyancy of our bodies. But this comfortable theory is at most not more than half true. When one of the lower animals finds himself in the water, he is in his natural posture for movement, and plies his feet to escape from the danger, just as he would on land in the action of running. Man, on the contrary, if he would use the

* See No. 593, old series. † See No. 79, new series.

four paddles with which nature has provided him, must throw himself prone on his face, abandon all his usual habits of motion, and attempt to push himself on against the water with his palms and soles, and at the same time manage in such a way, when drawing them in for a new stroke, as to prevent the preceding effort from being neutralised. Swimming, therefore, is an instinct with the brute, but an art with the man. That fear, however, impedes the progress of a man in *learning* to swim, is perfectly true. It deprives him of the presence of mind necessary for acquiring an art in circumstances of apparent danger; while the very same feeling gives added energy to the instinctive motions of the brute. Many tribes of horses and dogs are vastly more timid than man; and the only reason why the former move with comparative safety in the water is, that in the action of swimming they have merely to obey a natural impulse. When the writer of these lines was a boy, some pains were taken to teach him to swim, and he acquired without much difficulty the theory of the art. But the practice was quite another thing: he no sooner raised his feet from the ground, than down he sank like a stone, till he at length believed that some physical peculiarity rendered swimming an impossibility for him. The peculiarity, however, turned out to be moral, not physical. One day, on the shores of one of the Western Islands, he was bathing in the company of a huge Highlander, and having laid his clothes upon the cliff, was about to descend to a little creek, where the water was smooth and shallow, and the sand soft and white. In front of the rocks was a natural basin, in which a frigate might have swam, with the circling sands of the beach at some little distance beyond; and into this basin rolled the smooth majestic swell of the Atlantic. When about to descend, he was caught up by the giant, and pitched over the cliff like a clod, and found himself, with a shout of mingled wrath and terror, struggling in the hitherto impracticable element! Now, had he not previously learned to swim, he must have sunk, or owed his extrication to his well-meaning friend; but being acquainted with the art, he did swim, like a duck, to the opposite sands—although so little grateful was he for the lesson he had now been taught, that his supposed inability was mere cowardice, that the first thing he did, on regaining his feet, was to fire a volley of stones at his instructor.

Everybody knows that to persons well acquainted with the art, it is possible to rest for a certain time in swimming, by lying upon the back; but this can only be done in perfectly smooth water; and in other attitudes, the body, however great its buoyancy, must be kept constantly trimmed by the motion of the hands and feet. It is not surprising, therefore, that so many plans have been tried for obtaining an independent buoyancy. Every season we hear of some new invention with reference to this grand desideratum; for the attempts that were formerly made to increase the force of the swimmer's movements appear to be abandoned as chimerical. The gloves, for instance, with web fingers, are quite unsuited to our muscular power, which finds the resistance offered by the water to our naked hands quite great enough. The same thing may be said of the attempts to provide the feet with similar contrivances, intended to expand when shoved against the water, and to close at the return. But we are not sure that the 'swimming skate,' invented in France a few years ago, has attracted so much attention as it would seem to deserve, from the circumstance of its being the only contrivance (so far as our knowledge of the subject goes) the effect of which is to place man, when swimming, in his usual walking attitude.

The swimming skate is a piece of wood, furnished with two parallel rows of plates, folding over each other, so as to resemble in some degree the laths of a blind. These open or shut, according as the foot to which the skate is attached moves downwards or upwards; and the swimmer advances by the alternate motion of his limbs, as in mounting a stair, keeping the head and body a little forward, as in skating. By the aid of this instrument, he is able, it is said, to remain stationary in the water; but we presume this can only be for a short determinate time. At anyrate, he can turn in any direction he pleases, raise himself out of the water as high as the girdle, and continue the exercise almost as long as that of walking. In order to plunge to the bottom, he has only to raise himself, by quick motions of his limbs, as high above the surface as possible, and then point the toes downwards.

We presume it is some instrument like this which assists in the exhibition, not uncommon in this country, termed 'walking in the water;' but the experiment of *adding* to the swimming skate the inflated cape or belt might be worth trying. The latter, and all similar contrivances, however valuable, as affording the means of floating, rather diminish the facility of motion than otherwise, from the addition they make to the volume of the body. The grand thing to be sought after is the power of movement through the water, in union with perfect safety in the water: the latter we cannot think derivable from the skates alone, while without them, the accidental rupture of the air-vessels would be fatal.

The part which the lower animals take in this question reminds us that, as among them there are tribes even of the same species better adapted for swimming than others, so there may be families of mankind that take to the water as naturally as Newfoundland dogs. This is affirmed by Sir George Simpson of the Sandwich islanders, who, he says, 'may almost be said to be born swimmers; for they actually take the water before they leave the breast. At Lahaina, in particular, I was highly amused with the early development of this innate talent. Through the town there runs, or rather creeps, a sluggish streamlet, into which urchins that were hardly able to stand used to crawl on all fours; but no sooner did they gain the congenial element, than they struck out like young fish, diving, and ducking, and performing a variety of feats with confidence and ease.' The art, thus early learnt, is highly important in after-life; for if an islander founders at sea, he is quite undisturbed even if he should find himself in the midst of a shoal of sharks.

In what has been said regarding artificial aids in swimming, we would by no means be understood to advocate the use of such instruments by those who merely enter the water for healthful exercise. Nothing can be better for the purpose than swimming as it is usually practised; and as the accidents that expose us to drowning do not commonly come at convenient times, it would be folly to trust to our having the preventive apparatus always ready. A man is much more likely to have it in his power to save his life by swimming, than by belts and skates; but appliances like the latter possess the same kind of scientific interest we attach to balloons, with a greater probability, as knowledge advances, of becoming practically useful.

THE KING'S GOOD-NIGHT.

In our day, the bedchamber is consecrated to the darkness, silence, and solitude befitting a place set apart for rest; but this is a modern innovation upon the wisdom of our ancestors, who in some measure slept, just as they ate and drank, in public. Charlemagne and other princes held *lits de justice*, hearing causes, and dispensing justice, in bed; and long after this custom was abandoned, except in name, Louis XIV. established a system of etiquette which converted the retirement for the night of the French monarch into as imposing a ceremonial as if it had been an abdication of the throne. It is fortunate for us of a later age that Louis the Magnificent (for the Great is a misnomer) never condescended to any exhibition, whether trifling or important, without taking care that the world should be acquainted with its details. It was his royal will to do; but having done, it became his bounden duty to make public the

manner of the doing, for the benefit of mankind, and as a rule to all succeeding monarchs to the end of time. Thus, in his famous expedition into Holland, when he carried across the Rhine the most splendid army ever seen in modern Europe, leaving the whole court in a convulsion of tears and exclamations at the outrageous heroism of the adventure, he transported with him (in addition to his *batterie de la cuisine*) a historiographer to write his conquests. Thus, on betaking himself to his nightly pillow, his slumbers were disturbed by a solemn sense of the duty that had devolved upon him, of letting the world know the form and manner in which he had extinguished himself for the night.

It must have been a consolatory reflection to this great prince, when submitting to death in 1715, that, three years before, a work had been published which described, with an authority sufficient to obviate all doubts and disputations, the way in which he had been in the habit of going to bed. The book containing this important matter is entitled 'L'etat de la France;' and the chapters referred to are headed thus :—

1. Preparations for the coucher of the king.
2. Great coucher of the king.
3. Little coucher of the king.
4. Remarks on the coucher of the king.

In the evening, according to this work, which is now extremely scarce, the officers of the goblet brought into the bedchamber the collation of the night—a precaution against royal thirst or hunger—consisting of three loaves, two bottles of wine, and a flagon of water, with a glass, a cup, three plates, and half-a-dozen napkins. The collation was received by a valet-de-chambre, in whose presence one of the officers of the goblet tasted the different articles. Another valet placed in readiness the royal arm-chair, laying upon it a pair of slippers of the kind called *mules*, and hanging over its back the robe-de-chambre. The barber in the meantime arrayed upon a table the combs and other dressing apparatus, and the officers of the wardrobe placed the night-dress of the king upon a toilet-table covered with red velvet. Another valet now laid down upon the floor, by the bedside, two cushions, one on the top of the other, for the king to kneel upon in saying his prayers; and the preparations being completed, the courtiers who were permitted to assist at the spectacle took their places in the room.

Now enters upon the scene the personage for whom the stage has been thus arranged. He appears at the door of his closet leading into the bedchamber, where he finds in waiting the master of the wardrobe, to whom he delivers his hat, gloves, and cane; and these are transferred by this functionary to a valet of the wardrobe, who carries them to the toilet-table, and lays them down upon its red velvet cover. The huissier of the chamber then marshals the king's way through the assembly to the cushions at the bedside, and his majesty kneels, the almoner of the day holding a light in his hand, and fortifying the royal petitions by saying at the end, in a low voice, *Quæsumus, omnipotens Deus, ut formulus tuus, rex noster Ludovicus*, &c. The light held by the almoner, it must be remarked, is a flat candlestick with *two* sockets, and therefore two wax candles. This was in itself a grand distinction; for persons of inferior rank, such as a queen or a prince of the blood, were restricted, when saying their prayers, to a candlestick with *one* socket.

On rising, the first valet-de-chambre takes the candlestick from the almoner, and receives from the king his purse of relics and his watch; and then the huissier of the bedchamber marshals his majesty's way through the assembly to his arm-chair. When he is seated there, the grand-chamberlain demands of him who is to have the honour of holding the candle. This is an important question, and must not be answered as if at random. The king glances slowly round the throng, who are supposed to stand in breathless expectation, with glistening eyes and beating hearts, and at length fixes upon some fortunate individual, probably a prince or a foreign grandee.

The king now stands up, unbuttons his coat and unfastens his girdle, and the master of the wardrobe takes off the royal coat and waistcoat, and sends them away one by one to the red velvet toilet-table. The king takes off his cravat himself, and gives it to the master of the wardrobe, who hands it to one of his valets, who lays it upon the red velvet toilet-table. His majesty then sits down again, and the first valet-de-chambre and first valet of the wardrobe, one at each side, unbuckle the diamond clasps of his garters, and take off his shoes, stockings, &c.; the former of these officers presiding over the right leg, and the latter over the left leg; and each sending away to the red velvet toilet-table his own part of the spoils of royalty by a valet of his own department. In the meantime, two other valets stand behind the chair, holding the robe-de-chambre ready to be put on as soon as the undercloathing is changed; and this change being effected—usually with the assistance of the courtier of the highest rank—and the robe-de-chambre assumed by his majesty, and the relics hung round his shoulders, the grand drama closes by the principal personage getting up from the arm-chair (which is instantly drawn away to its usual place) and dismissing the assembly with a bow.

Such is the great coucher of the king, in which it must be noted that each of the actors has his own assigned part. One man has charge of the right leg, foot, or arm, as it may be; another of the left leg, foot, or arm; and nothing must be given direct to the king, but come to him through intermediate channels. The relics, for instance, are taken out of the little purse in which his majesty wears them in the daytime, by the first valet-de-chambre, who transfers them to the grand-chamberlain, who again presents them to the king. The little coucher is a more familiar exhibition that follows the great; and in it the king is seen, both literally and metaphorically, in his nightgown and slippers, by the first physician, the first surgeon, and a few other persons who are permitted to remain after the court has retired, in obedience to his majesty's bow, and the exclamation of the huissier of the bedchamber, '*Allons, messieurs, passez!*'

At the little coucher, the arm-chair is not resumed; the king, being determined to unbend before his private friends, seats himself on a trussle-stool, where he suffers the barbers to have the honour of combing his royal hair. He even combs it himself; while one valet-de-chambre holds a mirror before him, and another illumines the operation with a candle. When he is combed, a valet of the wardrobe carries on a salver a nightcap and two handkerchiefs to the grand-master, and the latter presents them to the king. His majesty now wipes his face and hands with a towel; but to avoid the risk of mistake on so important a matter, we must translate more closely than hitherto from our guiding authority. 'In the affair,' it says, 'of giving the king the towel with which he wipes his face and hands, the grand-chamberlain, or first gentleman, yields the honour to any prince of the blood; but with this difference, that in the case of Monseigneur the Dauphin, Messeigneurs the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, and Monseigneur the Duke of Orléans, it would be from the grand-chamberlain or first gentleman they would receive the towel: whereas the other princes of the blood would receive it from the hands of a valet-de-chambre. In the absence of all such princes, the grand-chamberlain, or the first gentleman, or the grand-master of the wardrobe, presents to his majesty, between two vermilion plates, this towel, one end only of which is wet. The king washes his face and hands with the wet end, dries them with the dry end, and then returns it.'

The graver business of preparing for bed being now over, the king goes into his closet to amuse himself for a moment with caressing his dogs, and perhaps feeding them, while the servants of the bedchamber (distinct

from the valets) arrange and warm his bed, and prepare, at its foot, the *lit de vieille*, or watching-bed, in which the first valet-de-chambre sleeps. They then bring this officer a 'well-rinsed glass' on a plate, to present to his majesty filled with wine and water, and finally light the wax candle that is destined to burn all night, and the mortar, which is placed away in a corner. This mortar is a vessel of silver or copper, in the form of a pounding-mortar; and it is filled with water, in which swims a piece of yellow wax as large as a man's fist, with a wick in the middle. The prescribed weight of the piece of wax is half a pound—that is, half a royal pound, which consists of only fourteen ounces instead of the vulgar sixteen. The wax candle, also lighted, is in a silver candlestick, and placed upon the floor in a silver basin; and so the great king, having heroically achieved the ceremonial of his coucher, and being provided with a subdued light whereby to sleep, at length lays himself down in his bed, and with noiseless steps and profound bows the beholders back out of the presence, and leave him alone in his glory.

'Louis,' says the smart Jules Janin, 'carried into everything a spirit of regularity and pomp. He impressed the seal of royalty even upon the smallest details. Monarchy was in his eyes a religion, of which he was at once the god and the priest; and, full of the idolatry, the most common of his actions appeared to him as something solemn and sacred.' The great and little lever were as great and little as the great and little coucher; and even his hunting was an affair of prescription and etiquette, in which men and beasts alike submitted to royal rule. The sportsmen were of a certain fixed station and dignity; the forest was intersected with roads, which left no room for wandering or uncertainty; the hounds were docile and obedient. Louis arrived at the hunt in his carriage, and mounted his horse to a flourish of horns. The stag set off on his hopeless run, and having reached, at the proper time, the determined spot, he was then and there brought down by the royal hand. This last part of the ceremonial survived till recent times. One day a stag bounded out of an alley in the Bois de Boulogne, but having been hurt while they were turning him into the proper course, he fell down dead at the Porte Maillot, where a crowd of huntsmen and spectators were assembled. The throng was arranged by the valets in two parallel lines, between which the sovereign for the time being advanced, in obedience to the transmitted laws of Louis XIV., and gravely fired into the bowels of the lifeless brute. There was a young man among the bystanders, an obscure clerk in an office, whose name is remembered—it was Béranger; and in the hero of the magnanimous exploit he saw for the first time the 'man of destiny,' the foe, slave, and victim of legitimacy—Napoleon.

The last coucher of Louis was held in the year 1715, and at that season when the falling leaves gave a more touching charm to the enchantments around his palace. The poor king had already shed *his* leaves: he had seen three generations of his descendants die away from him—all but one little boy. When he felt within him the summons of the Angel, and took to his last bed, he said to the servants who were weeping at his feet, with reference, perhaps, to his own thoughts rather than to theirs—'*Did you think I was immortal?*' His speech to Madame de Maintenon contained an expression of his hope that they should meet again in eternity; but the widow of the poor burlesque poet, whom licentiousness had made a mistress, and superstition a wife, though not a queen, did not like the rendezvous. She left the room and the palace, sulky and silent, and he was afterwards obliged to send for her to Saint Cyr. The court were not admitted to that melancholy coucher. They remained in the gallery behind the bedchamber; while the great officers of state and the princes and princesses of the blood were in an adjoining apartment, and only the physicians and personal attendants in the anteroom. On the 1st of September, at a quarter past eight o'clock in the morning, a voice startled even the ears that had been expecting it. It was that of the first gentleman of the bedchamber, who, throwing open the window, cried out three times, 'The king is dead!—the king is dead!—the king is dead!' He then broke his baton of office, took another, and exclaimed—'Long live the king!'

THE SCIENCE OF ADULTERATION.

Some years ago, when the consumption of tea was less than one-fifth of its present average, a report of the committee of the House of Commons stated that the quantity of factitious tea which was annually manufactured from sloe and ash-tree leaves, in different parts of England, to be mixed with genuine tea, was computed at more than four millions of pounds! There is no reason to believe that this manufacture is extinct: occasional disclosures, in fact, indicate a precisely opposite state of affairs, and lead us to the conclusion that it is carried on with greater secrecy perhaps, but with greater vigour also, than ever. The process of transmutation, by which the sloe, ash, and other leaves were to take on the external appearance of genuine teas, has been divulged on several occasions through the vigilance of the Excise; and it is evidently carried on, on the large scale, with much scientific skill. We learn that the leaves intended for this conversion were first boiled, and then baked upon an iron plate; and when dry, rubbed with the hand, in order to produce the *curl* of genuine tea. They were dyed black by a strong decoction of logwood, and then the process was complete. Modern ingenuity has, however, fallen upon an easier method of procuring the substitute, which is by collecting the tea-leaves which have been already infused, drying them, and curling as before, and they are then ready for use. Detected frauds of the latter kind have been frequently brought under the notice of police magistrates; and the reports of the press state that there exists a class of persons who make a livelihood by going round to the different large hotels and coffee-houses of the metropolis, paying a trifle for the refuse tea-leaves, which they then prepare according to art, for the use of dishonest tea-dealers; the substitute selling for a few pence per pound, and being used for mixture with the cheaper teas sold by such persons. There is no test by which this adulteration can be discovered, excepting the want of flavour and strength; and the unfortunate persons to whom the adulterated article is generally sold, are not those to whom we should look for much discrimination in these particulars.

The dishonesty, however, is not confined to England; it flourishes in almost greater luxuriance in China. The Chinese, in fact, have long enjoyed a bad eminence for all kinds of ingenious frauds. Mr Fortune, in his recent work, 'Wanderings in China,' confirms the testimony of a previous writer, Sir John Francis Davis, in reference to the extensive adulteration of exported teas by the natives. In Davis's work there occurs the following lively and amusing account of a regular manufactory for the production of spurious green teas, situated with unblushing effrontery exactly opposite the European factories at Canton, on the other side of the river. Having with some difficulty persuaded a Kong merchant to procure him admission into one of these laboratories of factitious hyson, he was eye-witness to a novel and curious scene. 'In the first place, large quantities of black tea, which had been damaged in consequence of the floods of the previous autumn, were drying in baskets with sieve bottoms, placed over hot pans of charcoal. The dried leaves were then transferred, in portions of a few pounds each, to a great

number of cast-iron pans, imbedded in mortar, over furnaces. At each pan stood a workman stirring the tea rapidly round with his hand, having previously added a small quantity of *turmeric* in powder, which of course gave the leaves a yellowish or orange tinge; but they were still to be made green. For this purpose, some lumps of a fine *blue* were produced, together with a white substance in powder, which were respectively Prussian blue and gypsum. These were triturated finely together with a small pestle, in such proportions as reduced the dark colour of the blue to a light shade; and a quantity equal to a small teaspoonful of the powder being added to the *yellowish* leaves, these were stirred as before over the fire, until the tea had taken the fine "bloom" colour of hyson, with very much the same scent.' The transmogrified leaves were then picked, sifted, chopped small, and supplied to the American merchants as excellent genuine young hyson. The occasion which called this manufactory into activity was curious. A reduction of duty on tea having taken place in America, there was a sudden demand for green teas upon the Canton market to a larger amount than it was capable of supplying. The American vessels were compelled to sail within a certain period, and have the tea they must; and we have just seen *how they got it.* In reference to this subject, Mr Fortune states that it is an ascertained fact, that the Chinese themselves never make use of the teas they prepare for our depraved tastes, and that the delicate green of our 'fine blooming kinds,' in all cases is the result of a *dye;* adding, that were the fashion to change, and were we to prefer *red* or *yellow* instead of green as the complexion of our teas, he has no doubt that the Chinese could readily adapt themselves to the alteration.

The important article bread has got an unhappy notoriety, as being the subject of very extensive and very constant adulteration. The bare mention of the subject must elicit a groan from the bosom of every metropolitan reader, whose dyspeptic, cachectic, creamy countenance is a tremendous witness against the iniquities of London bakers. It has been stated that occasionally as much as one hundred and ninety-seven grains of alum have entered into the composition of a quartern or four-pound loaf. We believe that, generally speaking, this is very considerably over the average quantity. The sale of this article of adulteration, which is the most common one, forms a trade of no inconsiderable amount, and it is retailed under the slang title of 'stuff,' or 'sharp whites.' Some chemical ingenuity is exercised in its manufacture, in order to granulate it so as to resemble salt, with which it is mixed, and thus to avoid the risk of detection by the proper authorities. Though a penalty is in force against its sale and use, the eyes of the law are unable to penetrate to the recesses in which it is employed, or to detect it under cover of the ingenuities by which it is disposed of. There have been alarmists who declare that chalk and Paris-plaster are also upon the list of the adulterations of bread. Mr Brande analysed some biscuits, and he actually discovered as much as ten per cent. of the latter ingredient in them. But the most abominable adulteration conceivable, was one which we have the authority of one of the most eminent chemists for affirming to have been very prevalent a few years ago among the bakers of the north of France and of Belgium, and which produced such serious and even fatal effects upon the persons partaking of the adulterated food, as to bring it under the notice of the courts of justice. An experienced analyst was appointed to investigate the case, and he speedily discovered that the adulteration was none other than the virulent poison, sulphate of copper. Several specimens of the sophisticated bread which he examined were actually of a *bluish* tinge, from the excessive amount of this dangerous substance in them; and in others, minute crystals of the sulphate were found in different parts of the loaf. When it is stated that very minute portions of this preparation are poisonous, the execrable character of the sophistication will become manifest. As a chemical fact, it is sufficiently remarkable that this substance appears to exercise a most energetic effect upon the fermentation of the dough, stimulating it in a surprising manner, and this in such minute quantities as one 70,000th part of the weight, or one grain to every ten pounds. This action is participated in by alum, but to a more feeble extent. Rice and potatoes, if not adulterations, are, at anyrate, very common additions to the 'pure wheaten bread' of our bakers. It need scarcely be here said that all these adulterations are unnecessary, several of them being positively noxious, and that excellent bread may always be made from good flour without their assistance; it being inferior or damaged flour alone which calls for the adventitious succour of the bakers' 'stuff' to render it a passable-looking and lasting bread.

The adulteration of wine has been an old and favourite topic with writers. We find it thus jestingly alluded to in the graceful satire of the 'Tatler:'—'There is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work underground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterranean philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of the sloe, and draw champagne from an apple. These adepts are known by the name of wine-brewers; and, I am afraid, do great injury not only to her majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.' England—all praise to its rigid custom-house regulations—is the happy spot where the adulteration of wine has reached its acme of perfection; it has been humorously entitled a universal wine country, where every species is made, if it be not grown. M. Accum, whose work on 'Culinary Poisons' made some noise in its day, has been very bold in his denunciations of the infamous practices of the craft of wine-brewers. He is kind enough to extract for us some of their receipts for the manufacture of 'fine, old, crusted port wine;' and the process is as interesting as it is ingenious. It consists of two distinct processes; first, the 'port' is to be made, and next the bottles are to put on an appearance of old age. Cider, brandy, a small portion of *red* port wine, stewed sloes, and a liberal allowance of genuine water, mixed in certain proportions, produce one of these capital ports. If a certain fragrancy, commonly supposed to be peculiar to the juice of the grape, is a little deficient in the wine thus produced, a delightful bouquet is contributed by the addition of divers sweet-scented herbs, or by orris-root, elder flowers, and laurel water. In many cases, no doubt, a vinous odour is produced by the use of small quantities of the liquid known as 'oil of wine.' The pleasant juice of the sloe contributes a port-like roughness to the wine; or a sprinkle of oak sawdust, or a fragment of oak bark, answer the same purpose. A 'fruity' taste is readily afforded by a tincture of raisins; and the rich carbuncly colour may be said to have once flowed in the sap-vessels of the red sanders-wood tree. The young bottles must next be dealt with, and they are handled in a thoroughly master-like manner. Is there a knowing connoisseur, who considers himself a tolerable judge of a good 'crust?' Let him take heed of tincture of catechu and sulphate of lime.* Is there one who tears asunder the cork to note the blushing character of its interior? Let him beware of a soaking in decoction of brazil-wood. Or, finally, does any one who will have *his* wine genuine as imported home in the cask, rip up its staves, and look for a rich red layer of cream of tartar therein in glittering crystals? Let him learn that, under the hands of these wine wizards, such a cask may fall into extreme old age in the course of an afternoon. To be serious. These are no exaggerations: the following has been actually given as the chemical

* See No. 53, new series, p. 90.

analysis of a bottle of cheap port wine;* spirits of wine, cider, sugar, alum, tartaric acid, and decoction of log-wood!

The high price of champagne in England is a sufficient temptation to fabricate imitations thereof. Even at our juvenile entertainments, gooseberry wine has become the celebrated representative of this noble liquid; and how far and how frequently this homely guest is found under the former title at tables of a higher caste, had better not be conjectured. It is positively stated, that some years ago, some Frenchmen set up a champagne manufactory in the metropolis, having contracted for a large supply of the freshly-expressed juice of the pears of Herefordshire; and we have the best authority for stating that cochineal, or strawberries, citric acid, grape wine, French brandy, and water, are very common ingredients of sham champagne. We happen to have it within our personal knowledge, that in this metropolis there is in full operation some most ingenious machinery for the sole purpose of impregnating such wines with the gas which contributes so much of the brilliancy of appearance and piquancy of flavour to the veritable fluid. Such wine is bottled in the proper champagne bottles; and—will it be credited?—the compressed appearance of the cork of real champagne is imitated by corks cut purposely of precisely that distressingly tumid appearance! Cover it with tinfoil, powder it with sawdust, and the counterfeit may be securely committed to the gullibility and gullets of an unsuspecting world. Ardent spirits are adulterated to an equal, in some cases even to a greater extent; and few but those who brew their own 'pecks o' maut,' can hope to have beer altogether free from adulteration. We will close this part of our subject with an anecdote which passes for truth. George IV., in his days of early dissipation, possessed a very small quantity of remarkably choice and scarce wine. His suite, appreciating its value, and deeming it forgotten, exhausted it almost to the last bottle, when they were surprised by the unexpected command, that the wine should be forthcoming at an entertainment on the following day. In the midst of their consternation, they applied to a noted wine-brewer, who inquired, 'Have you any of the wine left for a specimen?' There were a couple of bottles. He received one, took it home, examined it, and the next day, shortly before the commencement of the entertainment, a sufficient supply of the imitation was sent, and the cheat was never discovered.†

Milk, coffee, honey, cream, mustard, and a thousand other articles of domestic consumption, are frequently and extensively adulterated. The miserably poor, colicky-looking milk, so called by an insane mistake, with which this metropolis feeds her children, has a reputation as extensive as the world. In no instance, however, is this hateful practice so sinful, or so lamentably common, as in the adulteration of medicines. We may laugh at such tales as those we hear, of a gentleman taking six ounces of castor-oil in succession in vain; but the case puts on a far different aspect when it is remembered, that to the half-efficacy of a sophisticated drug may be committed the lives of our nearest and dearest friends. The native exporters adulterate, the importers adulterate, the retailers adulterate; and, with thrice-diluted energies, the medicine is placed in the practitioner's hand, 'a bruised reed, upon which, if he leans, it will surely break and pierce him.'

We believe this paper will do good. If it will show in any fresh light the short-sighted folly which seems the characteristic passion of the present age—the rage for cheapening everything—it will do both the state and the people some service. In this Journal, again and again has this subject been referred to; the present article may give some force to the previous remarks, by exhibiting, and in no over-wrought colours, one of the inevitable consequences of this cruel, hard-hearted, bargain-seeking spirit, as carrying its own measure of retribution in its train. Two-thirds of the instances of adulteration are referrible to this cause. Setting down the rest to the unprincipled cupidity of the evil human heart, let us take our leave of a subject which it has given us more pain than pleasure to write upon.

* We suppress the quantities.

† Beckman. History of Inventions. Bohn's Ed.

PUNISHMENTS OF AUTHORS.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the burning of obnoxious books by legal sentence was not unfrequent. At Athens, all the copies that could be collected of the prohibited works of Pythagoras were burnt by the common crier. At Rome, the writings of Numa, which had been found in his grave, were condemned to the fire by the senate, because they were contrary to the religion which he had introduced. During the reign of Augustus, 20,000 volumes were burnt at one time: among these were the books of Labienus. Cassius Severus, a friend of Labienus, hearing the sentence pronounced, cried aloud that they must burn him too, for he had got all the books by heart. Labienus could not survive his books; so, shutting himself up in the tomb of his ancestors, he pined away, and was buried alive. Shortly after this, the writings of the very person who had been the cause of the order for burning Labienus's books, shared the same fate, being also publicly burnt. Antiochus Epiphanes caused the works of the Jews to be burnt. Eusebius informs us that Dioclesian caused the sacred Scriptures to be burnt. The writings of Arius were condemned to the flames at the Council of Nice; and Constantine threatened to put to death any person who should conceal them. At the request of the clergy assembled at the Council of Ephesus, the Emperor Theodosius II. ordered the works of Nestorius to be burnt. Leo I. ordered 200,000 books to be burnt at Constantinople.

On the first publication of 'Pasquillorum Tomi Duo,' the copies were most industriously sought after and destroyed; and no wonder, for never were the popes and monks attacked with more poignant satire, wit, and ridicule, than in these celebrated pasquinades. Owing to this destruction of the copies, it is extremely rare. Heinsius cheerfully paid one hundred Venetian ducats for a copy, which he considered to be the only one in existence. In the present day, copies of it sell for from three to eleven guineas. Fox, the historian of the martyrs, relates that in May 1531 Bishop Stokesley 'caused all the New Testament of Tindal's translation, and many other books which he had bought, to be openly burnt in St Paul's Churchyard,' where heaps of books were thus destroyed on several occasions of grand ceremonial. In June 1599, by order of Archbishop Whitgift and Bishop Bancroft, nearly all the copies of Christopher Marlow's translation of Ovid's Elegies, with Sir John Davies's Epigrams (1596), were condemned to be burnt at Stationers' Hall. The few existing copies of the little volume containing these two performances are worth from six to eight guineas each. An old writer tells us that, by command of the pope, and with the consent of the whole clergy of England, the Bishop of Rochester preached in St Paul's Churchyard against Martin Luther and all his works, and denounced those persons as accursed who kept any of his books, of which many were burnt during the sermon. In 1617, James I. published his famous 'Declaration to his Subjects Concerning Lawful Sports,' sanctioning the public enjoying certain recreations and pastimes on the Sabbath, and positively ordering all parochial incumbents to make his permission known in their respective churches, on pain of the king's displeasure. On March 10, 1643, twenty-six years after its publication, this royal book of sports was burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside, in pursuance of a resolution of both Houses of Parliament,

which commanded all persons having any copies of that work in their hands to deliver them forthwith to be burnt according to the order. For writing his 'Altrare Christianum' (1637), and 'Sunday No Sabbath,' Dr Pocklington was deprived of all his livings, dignities, and preferments, disabled from ever holding any place or dignity in church or commonwealth, and prohibited from ever coming within the verge of the king's court, and his works were ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. 'I am afraid,' says Southey, 'that this act of abominable tyranny must mainly be attributed to Archbishop Williams, who revenged himself thus for the manner in which Dr Pocklington had foiled him in a controversy.' On August 27, 1659, all Milton's books were burnt by the common hangman, according to an order altogether worthy of the prince who had Cromwell's mouldering bones taken up and exposed on a scaffold. Dr J. Drake's very curious 'Historia Anglo-Scotica, or Impartial History of the Kings and Kingdoms of England and Scotland from William the Conqueror to the Reign of Queen Elizabeth' (1703), was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. The Scottish parliament having pronounced William Attwood's work, entitled 'The Superiority and Dominion of the Crown of England over the Crown of Scotland' (1704), to be scurrilous and full of falsehoods, commanded it to be burnt by the hangman of Edinburgh. When Linnæus first published his works, the pope ordered them to be burnt; but some time afterwards, his holiness unseated a professor of botany for being ignorant of the writings of that illustrious Swede. In France, in 1790, above 4,194,412 books were burnt, which were in the suppressed monasteries. Two millions were on theology, and 26,000 were manuscripts. In the city of Paris alone, 808,120 volumes were burnt.

A gentleman named Collingbourne was executed on Tower Hill for the following couplet, alluding to Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel giving their advice to Richard III., whose crest was a white boar:—

> 'The cat, the rat, and Lovel our dog,
> Rule all England under a hog.'

The unfortunate versifier having been hung, was cut down immediately, and his entrails were then extracted and thrown into the fire; and all this was so speedily performed, that Stow says, when the executioner pulled out his heart, 'he spake, and said "Jesus, Jesus!"' W. Thomas, author of 'A Historie of Italy, a Boke Excedyng Profitable to be Redde' (1549), enjoyed the confidence of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but was hanged by order of Queen Mary, for the bitterness he evinced towards the pope and others in that curious and now very scarce book. The printer of a work entitled 'Doleman's Conferance about the next Succession to the Crown of England,' imprinted at N. with license (1594), was hung, drawn, and quartered; and it was enacted by the 35th of Elizabeth, that whoever should have this book in his house, should be condemned as guilty of high treason. Cardinal Allen, Sir Francis Englefield, and Father Robert Parsons the Jesuit, are supposed to have written this work, the object of which was to support the title of the Infanta against that of King James, after the death of Elizabeth. It is now so very rare, that as much as fifteen pounds has been paid for one of the few copies that exist; and even an imperfect copy has been sold for L.1, 10s. Archbishop Laud was beheaded for compiling Charles I.'s 'Book of Sports' (1633). Jacques Boulay, canon of St Pierre en Pont, wrote 'Le Vigneron Français' (1723), containing an excellent account of the French vineyards, and so faithful an exposure of the frauds and adulterations practised by the growers and sellers, that tradition says he was found one fine morning hung up in the midst of his own vineyard, as a public warning to those who make people too wise by telling the tricks of trade. Campbell the poet called Bonaparte the literary executioner, because Palm the bookseller was executed in Germany by order of the French.

George Withers the poet was imprisoned for several months in the Marshalsea, as a punishment for the offence he gave by his satires, in a little book entitled 'Abuses Stript and Whipt' (1633). In James II.'s reign, Richard Baxter, the eminent divine and nonconformist, was committed to the King's Bench, by a warrant from the detestable Judge Jeffries, who treated this worthy man, at his trial, in the most brutal manner, and reproached him with having written a cart-load of books, 'every one as full of sedition and treason as an egg is full of meat.' Bussy Rabutin, maliciously betrayed by the Marchioness of Beaume, as the author of 'Amours des Illustres de France,' published at Cologne in 1717, was sent to the Bastile, and then exiled seventeen years on his own estate.

Thomas Wilson, who was seized at Rome, and thrown into the Inquisition, in consequence of the heresies contained in his 'Arte of Rhetorique, for the Use of all such as are Studious of Eloquence' (1553), would have been burnt, if the prison itself had not taken fire; for the people then broke open the doors, that the prisoners might save their lives if they could, and Wilson made his escape. Henry Stephens the printer was condemned to be burnt for publishing a work entitled 'Introduction au Traité de la Conformité des Merveilles Anciennes avec les Modernes' (1566), which is so full of amusing anecdotes and satire against monks, priests, and popes, that many authors have been tempted to extract from it without acknowledgment. While Charles II. had the portrait of Hobbes on the wall of his bedroom, in reverence of his aristocratical principles, the bishops were strongly urging the necessity of burning him, in abhorrence of his religious doctrines.

For writing 'An Appeal to Parliament, or Sion's Plea against the Prelacy' (1628), Dr Alexander Leighton was twice publicly whipped and pilloried in Cheapside, his ears cut off, his nose twice slit, his cheeks branded with a red-hot iron, and he was also eleven years imprisoned in a filthy dungeon in the Fleet. William Prynne lost his ears for writing 'Histrio-Mastix; the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie' (1633), a scarce and famous work, in two volumes. The recent recommendation of his works in the Oxford Tracts have brought them again into considerable demand.

Queen Elizabeth being enraged at a book that was written against her, and which she did not believe was penned by the person whose name appeared on the title-page, declared that she would have him racked to discover its real author. 'Nay, madam,' said Bacon, 'he is a doctor; never rack his person—rack his style. Let this pretended author have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue his story; and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or not.' Voltaire, when at Berlin, wrote an epigram on his patron and host, the king of Prussia, for which he was rewarded with a flogging on his bare back, administered by the sergeant-at-arms, and was compelled to sign the following curious receipt for the same:—'Received from the right hand of Conrad Bachoffner, thirty lashes on my bare back, being in full for an epigram on Frederick the Third, king of Prussia. Vive le Roi.'

The present king of Prussia, conversing with George Kerwegh, a celebrated poet of very liberal opinions, said, 'I have to be faithful to my mission as a king, and I desire that you may be faithful to yours as a poet, for I do not like want of character. A warm opposition, founded upon conviction, pleases me; and I therefore like your poetry, although it sometimes contains a bitter dose for me.'

Milton, in his 'Treatise for Unlicensed Printing,' shows that in Greece and Rome no books were prohibited which did not blaspheme the gods or were not libellous. And passing on through the times of the emperors, after Christianity had been publicly established, he finds a similar indulgence of all books not blasphemous or calumnious; for even *heretical* works

were not prohibited till they had been condemned by a general council. But about the year 800, he finds this course altered, and the origin of the invention of licensing books. At one period in France, it seems that works on any subject, no matter what, were obliged to be written in a religious strain, to insure the quiet publication of them. Addison, writing from Paris in 1699, remarks, that 'as for the state of learning here, there is no book that comes out that has not something in it of an air of devotion. Dacier has been forced to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his translation; and has so far complied with the taste of the age, that his whole book is overrun with texts of Scripture, and the notion of pre-existence supposed to be stolen from two verses of the prophets.' Dr Johnson justly observes, that 'if nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, Power must always be the standard of Truth.' It is rather remarkable, however, that the doctor nevertheless advocates the punishment by law of authors who murmur at the government, or are sceptical in theology.

A modern writer very truly remarks that, 'Notwithstanding the vast increase of knowledge in the departments of physical science, and the partial demolition and decay of some ethical errors (the causes of great practical unhappiness), the cause of intellectual independence is not yet gained. The right of free thought is not so firmly established, that we have nothing more to learn or to suffer in its behalf. There is, it is true, no room to doubt that the Reformation in religion, by relieving mankind from the incubus of one sole infallible authority, has materially improved the condition of society morally, scientifically, and politically, no less than in its relation to the point originally at issue. We are in no immediate likelihood of such a crusade against science, as that directed by the church in Galileo's time against the Copernican system; but though knowledge, or rather the improved moral feeling that knowledge brings with it, has gained this triumph, yet is the human mind itself a combination of the same passions, obeying the same laws, and ready at any moment to manifest, we fear, the same passions, whenever the opportunity arises for the assertion of self-interest. We ask ourselves whether, all things considered, there is not as much evil disposition manifested in the intolerance with which rival sects persecute and plague each other, in this much-lauded nineteenth century, as was displayed by the persecutors of the Galileos in the sixteenth? The fagot and the cord, it is true, are no longer permissable instruments of religious or political controversy, as in the times of Huss and Servetus; but the ingenuity of power, whether lodged in church, state, or public opinion, has employed other methods of enforcing silence scarcely less painful to the mind of the sufferer.' In fact, the law no longer pillories an author who writes to the distaste, or, like poor Defoe, above the comprehension, of the powers that be, because it no longer pillories any one; but the imprisonment and the fines remain in force.

THE HUMANISING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.—*Topic, No.* 32.

HEART TESTS.

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reins to their good-nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villany and baseness.—*Burke.*

NECESSITY OF TRUTH.

We are so constituted, that obedience to the law of veracity is absolutely necessary to our happiness. Were we to lose either our feeling of obligation to tell the truth, or our disposition to receive as truth whatever is told to us, there would at once be an end to all science and all knowledge, beyond that which every man had obtained by his own personal observation and experience. No man could profit by the discoveries of his contemporaries, much less by the discoveries of those men who have gone before him. Language would be useless, and we should be but little removed from the brutes. Every one must be aware, upon the slightest reflection, that a community of entire liars could not exist in a state of society. The effects of such a course of conduct upon the whole, show us what is the will of the Creator in the individual case.—*Dr Wayland.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An instance of animal sagacity and humanity, unequalled in our remembrance, took place before our door on Saturday. An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels towards Galt. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of Mr Young's tavern, eyeing most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step further, or rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch colly, came up at the time, and seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself down gently beside him, and gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and by about a quarter of an hour's exertion, severed the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels, in the highest glee at his success.—*Galt Reporter.*

NATURAL GAS JETS.

A correspondent informs us that at the village of Wigmore in Herefordshire, there are fields which may be, and two houses which really are, lit up with a natural gas. This vapour, with which the subjacent strata seem to be charged, is obtained in the following manner:—A hole is made in the cellar of the house, or other locality, with an iron rod; a hollow tube is then placed therein, fitted with a burner similar to those used for ordinary gas lights, and immediately on applying a flame to the jet, a soft and brilliant light is obtained, which may be kept burning at pleasure. The gas is very pure, quite free from any offensive smell, and does not stain the ceilings, as is generally the case with the manufactured article. Besides lighting rooms, &c. it has been used for cooking; and indeed seems capable of the same applications as prepared carburetted hydrogen. There are several fields in which the phenomenon exists, and children are seen boring holes, and setting the gas on fire for amusement. It is now about twelve months since the discovery was made; and a great many of the curious have visited, and still continue to visit, the spot.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 188. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847. Price 1½d.

OUR INDIA CONNECTION IN PAST TIMES.

I have now attained that age when there is some dignity in remembering—when it is in vain to conceal from myself or others that my recollections carry me back to a time when they had not entered on this bustling, scrambling scene, and that what is matter of tradition to them was reality to me. But so changed is all around and about me, that I sometimes say, and often think—Are my recollections real?—did all this happen?—are persons, and places, and manners so different from what they were half a century ago? Many sad and bitter remembrances dispel the doubt, and tell me that, though customs are altered, gigantic improvements made, and many dear ones lost to me by death, and others as much so by circumstances, I am still the same; and that this is still the same world of trial, perplexity, and anxiety, though war is removed to remote and distant parts of the globe, though steam has almost annihilated time and space, and though free trade is established.

Great as are the changes which every one of my age experiences here, I don't know that to one who, like myself, has passed many years in India, any changes are so great as those which have taken place with regard to our connections with that country. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to the reader to trace some of these improvements. So many are now connected with India in one way or another—by marriage, by relationship, or by friendship—that they may like to hear some of the differences between India in the beginning of this century, and India now; not that they must expect any very learned disquisition on the subject: I only pretend to give a simple account of every-day matters, as experienced by every-day gentlemen, and especially ladies, bound for the East.

Now, indeed, connection with India is so rapid and so certain, that the Indian mail arrives with as much regularity as if it were from some port of Britain. But it was not so in my young days: six months, instead of six weeks, was an average passage. The Indian fleet was looked for with anxiety by the few whom it concerned for several weeks before it was due. In the small country town, it was the distinguishing characteristic of one of the many Mrs Smiths, that she had a son in India—now, almost every Mrs Smith has one, if not two, thus conveniently provided for—and when an Indian letter reached the post-office in those days, it could be for no one but *the* Mrs Smith. How peculiar was the colour and manufacture of the paper on which the said letter was written! for when the Honourable Company monopolised all trade, none but the magnates could afford any other than China paper. How brown was the ink! made after a precious receipt communicated by the doctor of the regiment. How travel-soiled and wayworn the precious missive looked! With what dignity it was delivered, and the heavy postage demanded, and thankfully paid! With what trembling eagerness was the large, closely-filled, well-crossed sheet glanced over! It could not be *read* till the anxious mother had ascertained that all was well; and then, when from her inmost heart she had blessed God for this mercy, the family were assembled to study it at leisure. It required some ingenuity to decipher the strange names of the localities: the first syllables were variously read; but it seemed likely they were not far wrong if the latter were rendered by *pore* or *gunge*. Before the day had closed, first one neighbour, and then another, had dropped in to inquire the news from India; that is to say, the news of their young townsman. Was he a general yet? Had some Hindoo rajah made him a present of countless treasures? Had an Indian princess, or 'Begum,' as they knew they were called, bestowed her hand and kingdom on him? For that a letter which had travelled so far, should only tell that perhaps the writer had got a step in his regiment—that he had been conveying treasure from one station to another—had been *in* at the death of a tiger—or, it might be, what was more important still, that a spinster had arrived by the last fleet—that as there were now three ladies, they had serious thoughts of getting up a fancy ball, each individual female to sustain three different characters in the course of the evening, &c. &c.—was inconceivable even to the good folks of those days, and was nearly as uninteresting as the politics, or prospects, or geography of that vast empire. Whether the war was carrying on against the Great Mogul, or the nabob of Oude, or that monster of cruelty, Tippoo Saib, they knew not, till the recollection of the interesting print of the sons of the latter being delivered to Lord Cornwallis made it quite clear, even to the lady who thought the Mysore was in Calcutta, that Tippoo Saib was dead, so that there was no use in making war against him, or those pretty gentle boys in their long white robes who were being taken as prisoners to be lodged in the dungeons of the English. What a cruel blow to the romance of the hardships they were to undergo, could she have seen the large and elegant house, the spacious grounds, numerous retinue, high-bred horses, English carriages, and luxurious pleasures that awaited them there; or, some years later, could she have met one of these identical pretty youths, transformed into a fat burly man, driving along the New Road, London! But we have wandered far from the long-expected welcome letters. When every word was known by heart, when a sound was assigned for every place, then came the question, When will the next ships be due? The next fleet may make a better voyage: we may hear again in three months. But if hope whispers thus, a louder voice will be heard, which

tells of French frigates that may intercept—of distant stations where there is no post—of other contingencies—and so they must hope on for six weary months longer.

But if 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' so 'familiarity breeds contempt;' and now, in this year 1847, an Indian letter is neither so honoured nor so important; maybe it is hardly welcome. There is no longer the dignity of a fleet; no longer the precariousness of wind and weather; of war or peace. All the excitement of uncertainty is removed. The mail is due: it is telegraphed. All important public events are known by this mode; and since the Cabul tragedy, public events have become important; before that, they were as little attended to as the affairs of the moon. Then the Marseilles Express still further blunts the edges of expectation; and lastly, almost to a day, the Southampton budget is distributed.

No doubt it contains many a welcome packet, many balms to lull the pangs of absence, much to make up for the misery of separation. But now that hot-pressed sentimental letter-paper, the most approved steel pens, and the finest ink, are almost as cheap on the banks of the Ganges as in London, whilst the mail starts regularly once a-fortnight, the contents, as well as the appearance of the letters are changed; for it serves to while away the interminable forenoon of a long hot day, to bestow some of its dulness on friends at home; and so even distant connections, if they have nothing to tell of themselves, often indite a closely-written sheet with *public* news. For now that an interest is excited, it seems impossible that it should ever flag; and if Akbar Khan, and Dost Mahommed, and the Ameers, are exhausted, is there not Lahore, and Goolab Sing, and the Ranee and her favourites? Amongst other precious treasures in the epistolary way, a few pairs of marriage-cards, tied together with silver cord, and without any further explanation, may be put into your hands, and set your wits to work to discover which of the dancing beauties who flitted before you at the balls of the last season has, on her return to the land of her birth, bestowed her charms on the glittering Captain Firefly, or which on the stately Mr Bigwig.

The importations of children are now so numerous, that the returns must be in proportion. Many years ago, marriage was never thought of till the Company's servants had reached the higher grades of the service, and till they contemplated following their delicate offspring home. Now, the judge's assistant, perhaps not come to years of discretion, or the lieutenant at a half batta station, thinks himself entitled to set up housekeeping; and before he is quite prepared, is surrounded by a numerous band of olive-branches, seldom the harbingers of peace in any sense of the word. By and by these must be sent to Britain for education. Girls are much more manageable than boys: accomplishments are attainable for them; and when they are *finished*, they look forward to returning to India, for which they have been specially prepared, and where they hope a life of joyousness awaits them. Some may have been so fortunate as to have a foretaste of gaiety, by a winter at Bath, Brighton, or one of the capitals; but others are shipped off direct from school; and in no more time than the bare voyage out would have required in the beginning of the century, their marriage-cards may be put into your hands, to announce that they are *settled*.

In bygone days, if the exportations of young ladies returning to their homes were less, those setting out in search of one were greater; and, sooth to say, it was far to go for such a purpose. True, India was as near then as now; but when we call to mind the obstructions to getting there, the actual distance was, as it were, doubled. The first step of all was to procure an invitation; for however urgent the wishes of the young ladies, all attempts to proceed to the East were vain without this. The East India Directors were not very scrupulous in ascertaining the cordiality with which the invitation was given, but they were peremptory in requiring two respectable householders to become security, that whatever fortune awaited the errant damsel in India, the government there should not be burdened by her. Then, instead of opportunities at least once a-month *via* the Cape, in a swift vessel, or by steam once a-fortnight, arrangements must be made to suit the fleets, which left England at intervals of about four or five months; and when it was imprudent to calculate on a shorter voyage than half a year, the outfit deemed necessary can scarcely be imagined. In addition to the countless dozens of under-clothing, a very large stock of full dress was considered essential; for as all articles of European produce, before the opening of the trade, bore extravagantly high prices in India, it was thought most unwise not to provide against all contingencies; and a young lady's wardrobe was generally so large, that much of it was frequently destroyed by white ants and cockroaches before it had been put on. Then what an array of trunks was required for these treasures, which were to be transported to Portsmouth in the heavy wagon—a work of many days! And here I must be permitted to regret those picturesque monster vehicles, with their eight stately horses, and good-tempered, ruddy-faced driver, in his clean white gabardine. How many visions did I conjure up, in my happy childhood, of the possibility of travelling from one end of England to the other, with all near and dear to me, in one of these moving habitations, stopping now and then for a few days to explore some spot of surpassing beauty! But these visions have long since vanished, and much, I fear, the subject of them has disappeared too, for years have passed since I saw a heavy wagon.

But to return. Instead of taking a seat in a first-class carriage, and whistling to Portsmouth between dinner and tea, as would be the case now, in those days the journey must be made in a post-chaise; for stage-coach travelling was eschewed by ladies. Seventy miles was too much on a stretch, and so a night was passed on the road; and this leisurely mode of beginning continued to the end. All the ships might not have arrived; the convoy of his majesty's frigates might not be ready; the last despatches from the India House not made up; and somehow it seemed as if many ships required more fair wind than one; for certain it is, the fleet often lay between three and four weeks at Spithead, waiting for what would not come. During this time many of the passengers lived on board, to avoid the expense of living at an inn. This added to the discomfort and length of the voyage; but necessity compelled them to submit. In fact, the time required to reach India by steam now is not greater than that often required formerly between embarkation at Portsmouth and making Madeira, at which island the fleets invariably stopped to take in wine for the Indian market, then an immense article of trade, though change has taken place even in this matter, and sherry is the white wine now preferred, so that there is no longer any motive for stopping here. It was, however, a delightful break, after the horrors of the English Channel and Bay of Biscay, to explore the luxuriant vineyards, visit the convents, and take leave of Europe on sunnier shores than our own island can boast. But to those who did not land, the delay added to the weary length of the voyage, and glad were they when they were once more under weigh. Then, when many of the passengers had been at least six weeks on board, the voyage might be said fairly to begin. The tedium of the daily routine soon became felt; the heat made the confinement more irksome; and any variety was welcome, even that occasioned by the ceremonies attendant on passing the line—a saturnalia now falling into disrepute, and a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance: however, six months of monotony make strange things endurable, and so this was tolerated.

The most effectual mode of killing time was usually found in the enacting of a play. Charades were not. Some days were pleasantly consumed in selecting such a drama as suited the performers and audience; several

more in making copies of the parts for each performer from the printed one: learning these parts by heart was a work of time; so was the preparation of suitable dresses, which required some contrivance; then more than one rehearsal was necessary; so that, before the grand performance came off, a considerable advance was made in the reckoning. We do not hear of such histrionic efforts now-a-days; in fact, it is hardly worth while: a three months' passage is not so intolerable. Music and dancing afford sufficient amusement. Under the old régime, the spinsters were never allowed to be a moment on the quarter-deck; in some vessels they did not even take their meals in the cuddy; and as to joining in a dance, the thing was too monstrous to be thought of. So they must have led a weary life, and been almost ready to rejoice in the excitement that a strange sail in those times of war produced. It seldom happened that a voyage was made without one or two such alarms. Then the decks were cleared for action, the bulk-heads knocked down, the guns all put in order, the passengers provided with small-arms, and the ladies desired to be ready to go below. As long as the men-of-war accompanied the fleet, there was not much danger either from French or American bravery, and it generally all ended in smoke, or rather in no smoke at all; but served as a most fruitful and delightful subject of conversation for the rest of the voyage. And then, if the strange sail proved a homeward-bound fleet, how rapidly were all the previously-written journals closed, and transferred to the cause of alarm, with heartfelt wishes from not a few that they could have accompanied their despatches! But though this fright might terminate thus pleasantly, it was not always so. When danger was no longer dreamed of—when the very day for anchoring in the Madras Roads, or taking the pilot on board, began to be discussed—when the bill of fare offered no delicacies, and scarcely necessaries—when the tea was curtailed to one cup, and the landing trunks, with all their finery, were in requisition—when nothing was thought of by the pilgrims but the speedy termination of their captivity—the enemy was often at hand, and they became prisoners indeed. In many instances French men-of-war were on the look-out, even in the Bay of Bengal, and against them the heavily-laden Indiamen had little chance. Some brilliant and successful efforts at resistance and escape were made, but it was generally considered hopeless; and then the ships were taken, and the passengers and crew, denuded of all save necessaries, were landed at Pondicherry. When an ineffectual struggle had taken place, prize and prisoners were taken to the Isle of France; the gentlemen were detained on parole, and the ladies allowed to find their way to their destination as best they could.

If this misfortune, and all others, were evaded, at long last the low shores of Madras lay before them, and here terminated the trials of those bound to the Carnatic, whilst a week's detention added to the weariness of those for Bengal. The only compensation for the delay was the quantity of fresh fruit daily brought on board by the strangely-attired natives—grapes, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, plantains of all sizes, in such abundance, that it was wonderful any one was left alive to find himself at anchor in Saugor Roads. Beyond this point the Indiamen did not proceed; here the passengers were at length liberated, and after all their discontent, many were prepared to bid adieu to the good ship with regret. This feeling generally subsided before they were actually over the ship's side. They were still one hundred miles from their destination, and had no means of reaching it till their friends or agents, in compliance with their request, had sent down a suitable boat. Three days must elapse before this boat could be at Saugor—three most uncomfortable days. All the regularity and order which makes a sea-voyage tolerable was at an end. The captain was gone with his despatches, the rigging dismantling, the decks covered with cargo, trunks, and crowds of natives, belonging to craft of all build and tonnage, to convey the lading to Calcutta. All this, and very much more, dispelled regret; and the little boat was gladly welcomed which was to terminate the voyage of the young expectants. How little were the miseries that awaited them in that boat foreseen! It was divided into two small compartments: a very short man could stand upright in it. For a few hours it would have been endurable; but to be exposed for three or four days—or if the wind were contrary, or the current strong, a week—to the heat, the mosquitoes, red ants, or animalcules still more disgusting, was what no one had anticipated. Well was it if discomfort was all they had to endure; for in the rainy season boats were sometimes wrecked by the impetuous torrent. Thus the last week or ten days was perhaps the most trying period of the long voyage; and when the City of Palaces was at length reached, mind and body were so exhausted, that everything was seen with a jaundiced eye, and instead of appreciating the comfort of being once more on shore, a fit of illness, of which home-sickness was a distinguishing feature, frequently prostrated the new arrival.

If, in these go-ahead days, the difficulties in starting are diminished—the time at sea less by one-half—the closing scene is the grand improvement. On reaching Saugor, the telegraph summons a steamer, which takes the good ship in tow, and in a few hours she is anchored in the stream of the Hoogly, opposite Fort-William. The view from the deck during the last few hours predisposes the new arrival for enjoyment, since few approaches can be more beautiful than that presented by the Botanical Gardens and Bishop's College on one bank, and on the other the lovely villas, which extend upwards of seven miles from Government House, and are known as Garden Reach. Almost before the anchor is down, boats are in readiness to land the passengers at Chaudpaul Ghat, on the esplanade, the favourite evening drive along the banks of the river. I may mention that *ghat* means landing-place, and that the one in question is a broad handsome flight of steps, opposite the road leading to Government House. All the fatigue and vexation of former days have been escaped, and the unwearied traveller is landed at once, and mounts the ghat, expecting to realise all the bright visions which have so long floated in her mind.

I have said that, in former times, comparatively few children were sent home; and of those, many never revisited the land of their birth, but awaited their parents' return with such a fortune as could establish either sons or daughters in life. Few old Indians came home with limited means, as they do now: they remained to die. Marriages were so much less frequent, that the great bond of children sent home did not exist—a bond that has done more to improve the moral condition of the Europeans in India than can be imagined, though the separation still entails much evil: first, the misery of parting; then the difficulty of properly educating, and, above all, of providing for their dear ones. The girls, with their Indian connections, it may be alleged, are sooner and more easily *settled* than in Britain; but with the boys' whole career, the case is widely different. Circumstances must be very peculiar to afford a troop of three or four urchins a home education: they must be sent to a boarding-school, that is quite clear, and perhaps they could not be better than at a good one; but the holidays must often be passed at school too—a great evil, blunting their affections, and depriving them of home pleasures and of the friends made there. Parents in India, and children at *home*, are still exposed to many of these disadvantages, though in a mitigated form; but the most serious one is now immeasurably less felt. Formerly, as long as boyhood lasted, all was so far well; but when the boys were educated, unless they procured appointments in the service, what was to become of them? Their father's long absence from his native land had prevented his forming connections to assist them in working out their own fortunes; and a parent whose cadetship had made him independent at sixteen, found it difficult

to understand how his son's education must commence when his had ended—which of course must be the case with all professional education. But suppose them *finished*, as their sisters had been, how were they to be *settled?* In Calcutta, there was the bar, and the *six* great houses of agency; but in the service of these merchant princes, few obtained even subordinate appointments, unless of the blood royal. Out of Calcutta matters were not more favourable. Indigo cultivation was the refuge for the destitute. To attempt it without a large capital generally ended in ruin; and unless the speculator's success was equal to his risk, he was scarcely within the pale of society, and was looked on by the youngest Company's servant as of lower caste than himself. Up-country *traders*, though dignified with the title of Europe merchants, were neither more nor less than shopkeepers, dealers in every article of European produce, in whose 'go-downs,' as their warehouses were termed, everything imaginable was found—wine, beer, cutlery, saddlery, stationery, confectionary, hosiery, haberdashery, millinery, &c. &c. The last was generally unsaleable. Not so the pale ale: even at from twenty to thirty rupees per dozen it found ready purchasers. So did the cheese at three rupees per pound; raspberry jam at five rupees do. Flannel was sold at seven rupees per yard, a hat at thirty rupees, and other things in proportion; and then the value of a rupee was never less than 2s. 6d., frequently more, so that the profit was considerable of the consigner and consignees. The former was the Honourable Company, or officers of their ships; the latter, generally speaking, adventurers who had absconded from shipboard, or soldiers who had purchased their discharge; but no gentleman or gentleman's son could become a Europe merchant. This was not understood in Britain; and when the monopoly of the Honourable Company ceased, golden prospects seemed open to the adventurer, and crowds of young men flocked to the East to seek their fortunes. A miserable fate awaited many; and had not the deficiency of the army, during the Mahratta and Nepaul wars, rendered it necessary to raise new troops, and to organise what were called local corps, with a commandant and adjutant from the line, and the subalterns when they could be picked up, the misery of the deluded adventurers would have been infinitely greater. Many were thus absorbed for a time who afterwards received appointments; others eventually took service with friendly native powers; some went to Persia; and those who could do no better, became indigo factors' assistants.

But very few of these were children of the soil. The Company's servants were too prudent to expose their sons to such risks, or too apathetic to calculate the advantages that would result from the removal of the monopoly, and judging from the evils which attended the commencement, joined in the outcry against the change; whilst the rest were satisfied with finding pale ale selling at three instead of thirty rupees per dozen, and the market equally glutted with every other article of European produce: they understood the discomfiture of the first adventurers, but did not foresee the blessings to themselves and their sons. *The* six houses of business in Calcutta have vanished, and left not a wreck behind! But how many have sprung up in their places, whose offices are not so hermetically sealed to young men of good education, industry, and integrity! The few magnificent Indiamen, with their full complement of officers, dwindle into insignificance before the *fleets* of free-traders that resort from all quarters of the globe, and anchor off Calcutta, besides steamers not only to Europe and the Eastern Archipelago, but on the Ganges. Instead of one newspaper, the organ of government, Calcutta produces several English, some native, and Delhi and Agra issue their gazettes. Education, so widely extended at present, requires a large staff of well-educated Europeans; and this demand must continue to increase, particularly now that the hills, almost unknown at the beginning of the century, afford a congenial climate. Many of the subordinate offices, both in the judicial and commercial departments, are now held by persons not in the service of the Company; and for these situations sons of their servants are peculiarly eligible. The cultivation of coffee and tea has added largely to the demand for Europeans of various ranks. At present, railways occupy the thoughts of all speculators. Many doubt, and shake their heads: they will be prudent if, like Lord Burleigh, they are contented with that ominous sign, and *say* nothing—for railways cannot appear less feasible than steam-navigation did. The first railway effort can scarcely be less successful than that of the first steamer—the Enterprise. She was four months steaming out round the Cape; and with any less energetic commander, she would probably never have reached her destination at all. This commencement for a time damped all efforts to establish steam communication between India and Europe; yet the old Enterprise did good service in the Burmese war, and her usefulness perhaps assisted in disarming the prejudices against the grand scheme of bringing India nearer home, which has been carried out spite of all opposition, although, incredible as it now seems, that opposition was decided and obstinate. Such are the changes which strike even those who, like myself, look at the outside of things; but every day, as it speeds on, the march of progress will contribute to facilitate the communication, and to draw closer the bond between England and our eastern empire, until that communication shall result, as we may fondly hope it will, in the regeneration of India.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

For many years the tendency of philosophical research has been towards the resolution of the apparently multifarious operations of nature into effects of one general cause—results of one universal law. Attempts have been made, and in some instances successfully, to reconcile the seeming discrepancies between different natural phenomena; and in cases of failure, the impression has been, not that the phenomena are irreconcilable, but that we have missed the clue to the explanation. The relations between chemistry and electro-magnetism, between animal and vegetable physiology, are becoming apparent: astronomy is unveiling the secrets of remotest space; and geology, while explaining the structure of our planet, finds itself dependent on mighty natural agencies, working in obedience to a fixed law. The latter science has often been designated as pre-eminently the science of dreams and vague speculations; but by the diligent accumulation of facts, such a degree of certainty has been attained, as to enable us to predicate with some confidence on the phenomena which it comprehends. Opinions, it is true, are still divided as to the source of central heat—the cause of volcanic and other disturbances of the earth's crust—some writers ascribing it to an interior fluid mass of fire, others to chemical action; the latter, as before observed, is now but another term for electro-magnetic action.

In No. 93 of our current series, we published a brief outline of the history of terrestrial magnetism, confining ourselves more particularly to its operation on and above the surface of the earth. In the present paper, we propose to give a summary of the views entertained with respect to what may be called geological or subterranean magnetism.

Whatever may be the direction of magnetic currents within the earth, it is not permanent on the surface. A chart of magnetic curves requires to be reconstructed every ten years. Halley was the first to attempt their delineation; and he threw out some ingenious speculations as to the cause of the variations, attributing them to the revolution of a magnet in the interior of the earth. The subject remained in abeyance until 1811, when Hansteen of Christiana investigated the phenomenon, and defined the variations of the curves, during

a period of two hundred years, with geometrical accuracy. In 1576 the needle stood 11 degrees east of north, from which point it returned until 1657–62, when it was due north. Continuing its march, the maximum of westerly declination, 27 degrees, was reached in 1815, since which period it has been again moving slowly to the east. Hansteen supposed the existence of two magnetic poles at each of the polar points of the earth, to whose revolutions the variations of the compass and of the magnetic curves were to be ascribed; but this view has been shown to be untenable. The labours of Barlow, Sabine, and Faraday, have gone far to divest the subject of many of its difficulties. The relation of magnetism to all matter, as discovered by the latter gentleman, is pregnant with important results towards a solution of the mystery: the objection that it was physically impossible for the earth to be a magnet, is now effectually set aside. Gauss of Göttingen, to whom this branch of science is so deeply indebted, computes the magnetic power of each cubic yard of the earth as equal to that of six steel magnets, each of one pound weight. With so tremendous a power, vitalising, so to speak, every inch of the globe, we are enabled to account for the eruptions, upheavals, and other disturbances by which it is visited.

The researches of Becquerel and Crosse have demonstrated that minerals, whether earthy or metallic, and crystals, can be produced by weak electric currents; and it is a remarkable fact, that electric currents are found to exist in mines. Wherever the test has been applied to the metalliferous deposits in Cornwall, Wales, on the continent, or in South America, the result is the same. Mr R. W. Fox has shown, in his communications to the Philosophical Transactions, and other scientific publications, that in the lead and copper mines of this country the direction of the positive currents is generally from east-west; subject, however, to local influences, by which they are sent in the opposite direction, or north and south, where the lodes are parallel. So certain were the indications of the galvanometer in detecting the presence of metallic substances or solutions, that the miners exclaimed, 'The little thing knows ore, but doesn't know the country;' the latter part of the observation referring to the absence of movement in the needle when the instrument was applied to non-metallic rocks or earths. Mr Fox succeeded in magnetising an iron bar, and in one case obtained an electrotype plate by the action of these natural currents. By the same agency he has converted copper pyrites into vitreous copper; and produced artificial veins of carbonate of copper and zinc 'in a wall of clay placed between the poles of a galvanic series. It appears to be highly probable,' he adds, 'that the metalliferous veins, and perhaps even the rocks themselves, impregnated as they are with different mineral waters, and thereby rendered imperfect conductors, if not exciters of electricity, may have an important influence in the economy of nature.'

In a recent number of the Journal, we quoted Professor Ansted's views as to the conversion of granite into mica-schist and clay-slate by the passage of galvanic currents; and Mr Fox has clearly demonstrated, that by such currents laminæ are produced in masses of clay and other substances. The more recent experiments of Mr Hunt have extended and confirmed the former in all essential particulars. According to Mr Evan Hopkins, who published a work about three years since 'On the Connection of Geology with Terrestrial Magnetism,' magnetic currents are continually passing from the south to the north pole, through and around the earth. He shows that the southern aurora, which observation has proved to be accompanied by a similar phenomenon in the north, differs from the latter in appearance, in consequence of the greater amount of vapour produced by the preponderance of ocean in the south. The form is alike in both cases; but the light of the southern aurora is white, while in the north it inclines to red and purple. We read that 'the saturated or hydrogenous nature of the currents coming from the south pole towards the north, will account for the observed peculiarity of the southern hemisphere in its general temperature, moisture, rains, the growth of vegetation, &c. as compared with that of the northern.' Magnetic and galvanic currents are shown to be identical, except that the action of the latter is in some degree restricted to liquids; and as all metals may exist in solution, their deposition, by means of the currents, admits of demonstration. In this case nature accomplishes on a large scale what experimentalists achieve with the galvanic battery; and, as Mr Hopkins explains, 'If we admit the existence of subterranean currents, and that these exert a slow decomposing power, like that of the voltaic battery, we have a sufficient power for our purpose. In the first place, we have a mechanical tension on the consolidated parts of the rocks, by the linear action of the currents passing through them; and should the intensity of the currents be very great, fractures would ensue more or less at right angles to the direction of the force. These fractures would admit air and water, and thus produce intense heat, by the avidity with which the metallic nature of the bases of the earths and alkalies combines with the oxygen. That nearly all the substances which constitute the crust of the globe are found *in solution* as well as solid, saturated throughout the rocks, and to such a degree sometimes as to issue out and form springs, is well known; therefore, judging from the violent effects on a small scale which we are able to produce by experiments, a heat would be engendered quite adequate to occasion all that takes place in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.'

In this way may be explained the formation of veins that have long puzzled the geologist. That it is in obedience to some law, is evident from the general direction of metalliferous and crystalline deposits being the same in different parts of the world. The oblique direction apparent in some instances arises from the force of tension acting at right angles to the line of structure, which is northerly and southerly. The parallelisms are, in fact, most remarkable. Humboldt found the primitive rocks, in which metallic veins chiefly occur, in South America following the same line as those of Germany and England: the same parallelism has also been traced between the upheaved rocks of Russia and Africa. It is assumed that the intensity of electric action increases in proportion as we descend deeper into the earth; and there are many striking effects witnessed in mines, which the existence of electric currents, disturbed by local causes, will alone explain. The heat in mines, particularly those of South America, is not constant; patches which at one time are at a very high temperature, become gradually cold, without any apparent cause, and after a time resume their warmth. The growth of minerals in old workings, as a mossy excrescence, is a fact well known to miners; and in some instances, as observed in Durham, Hanover, France, and in the gold mines of America, when a vein has been worked out, and the galleries left closed, they become filled with solutions of the rocks between which they are dug, and in course of time the deposits thrown down render them again worth the working—the mineral being solid, or in a powdery form, according to the intensity of the current. As is well known, crystals are hardly to be obtained by fusion, but may readily be produced from soft and moist substances; a point admitting of experimental proof. 'In order,' writes Mr Fox, 'to exhibit the mode of filling, and the formation of different crystals in the same fracture, place a mass of clay-slate between the poles of a battery, immersed in a metallic solution; it will be seen that the currents pass *only* in the direction of the cleavage. If the slate be broken across, so as to represent veins of fractures, crystals will be observed to grow in each fracture transversely; that is, in the direction of the cleavage planes.'

The igneous theory—the doctrine of central fire—has

for some time been slowly yielding to other views. All the phenomena attributed to fire may be produced by electro-magnetic currents. It is difficult to imagine the existence of fires unsupplied with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and a singular fact has come to light with regard to the earthquakes in South America, based on observations continued during nine years; the oscillations are from east to west, while the rumbling noise by which they are accompanied travels north and south, showing the influence of some law similar to that by which magnetism is governed. 'Even the cause of the variation of the needle, mysterious as it has hitherto appeared to be, may probably be referred to the relative energies of the opposing electrical currents, which are perhaps subject to occasional modifications; and the appearance of earthquakes and volcanic action from time to time seems to countenance the probability of such changes.'

Taking the ocean as the connecting medium between pole and pole, Mr Hopkins shows it to be the universal menstruum whence all the variety of materials that constitutes land is derived. The great ocean currents are from south to north, which, with the upheaval and subsidence of continents and islands, the changes of level continually going on, may be referred to the action of magnetic currents passing from one to the other pole. Everywhere, in fact, there appears to be a tendency towards the north, or pole of decomposition, from whence the decomposed substances are carried back to the south, to take on new combinations, and resume their part in perpetuating the operations of nature. In various parts of the world, the latitude of places is found to be slowly moving northwards, at the rate of from ten to twenty minutes in a century. It is a generally received fact, that the climate of Europe is colder at the present time than in the earliest periods of history. The first settlers in Iceland described it as fertile in many parts, and covered with trees; and there is evidence that the vine was cultivated where now is nothing but an icy desert. Mr Lyell observes, with regard to the material diminution of temperature in the northern hemisphere, 'we know that there are constantly some small variations in the respective geographical positions.' And it is worthy of notice, that while in the north we find fossils, and other remains of the torrid and southern regions, we never find in the south any but those of the adjacent seas, or peculiar to the locality. In the coal-beds of Melville Island, fossil plants are found which required tropical heat and light for their growth, and could not possibly have flourished through the cold and six months' night of the arctic regions. An island or continent moving from the south would naturally carry its sponges, ferns, corals, and animals to the north, modified by the changes of temperature through which it passed; and the immense deltas of floating wood in process of formation at the embouchure of the Mississippi and other rivers, to be alternately elevated and submerged during their ages of transit, would seem to be the means of providing an endless succession of coal-beds for the inhabitants of the chilly north.

As bearing on this subject, we may notice a paper by Mr Dana, in the American Journal of Science, on the 'Grand Outline Features of the Earth,' in which the phenomenon of parallelisms above referred to is ably discussed. The trends of coasts, mountain ranges of various continents, groups of islands, including the Pacific group—five thousand miles in length, although thousands of miles apart—are shown to lie in the parallel curved lines. It would appear from these facts, that the geographical distribution of the land is not a confused chance-arrangement, but that the earth has a systematic physiognomy—the directions of the leading lines being north-west and south-east. Taking the earth as an entire mass, it has a facility for splitting most readily in two directions, indicating a rupturing force and a structure by which the lines have been determined. Necker has shown the coincidence between coast-lines and mountains and magnetic curves; and according to Sir David Brewster, the lines of magnetic intensity, corresponding with those of equal heat, manifest a mutual dependence of the two phenomena.

This brief sketch of the opinions of scientific men on this interesting subject, places geology and magnetism in quite a new light, disclosing a field of labour that promises a brilliant harvest to the persevering investigator. The wasting away and degradation of the land, which have often been viewed with alarm, are now shown to be compensated for by a process tending to the renewal and perpetuation of the physical universe. We look forward to the labours of Professor Faraday as destined to throw further light on this interesting branch of science, in which he has already done so much. According to Sir John Herschel, we are to look to 'electro-dynamics for the *vera causa* of the Newtonian philosophy;' and we may borrow the words of that distinguished philosopher in conclusion, and say—'There are secrets of nature we would fain see revealed while we yet live in the flesh—resources hidden in her fertile bosom for the wellbeing of man upon earth, we would fain see opened up for the use of the generation to which we belong. But if we would be enlightened by the one, or benefited by the other, we must *lay on power*, both moral and physical, without grudging, and without stint.'

A SOIRÉE IN A PORTER'S LODGE.

Monsieur and Madame Bichonnet were not ordinary porters. They resided in the handsomest house of a respectable street of Paris; their lodge, situated on the ground-floor, on the left-hand side of the passage, at a convenient distance from the staircase, was large and airy, and looked upon the street. Their duties, which consisted in attending to the door, and keeping the house clean, were unusually light, and very liberally remunerated—considering that, like all the members of their worthy class, they were lodged rent-free, and kept by their landlord and the joint contributions of the lodgers in wood and candlelight all the year round, without mentioning the presents they regularly received on New-Year's Day. In short, M. and Madame Bichonnet were, as the reader can see, very comfortable people in their way; and they might have been perfectly happy, had not an unlucky spirit of ambition taken possession of their hearts, and made them resolved to shine, no matter at what cost. They gave parties to which the whole neighbourhood was invited; and so conspicuous did they render themselves, that the lodge of the Bichonnets became ere long a term synonymous with the focus of porter-scandal and refinement. Of course, though they were highly popular with some individuals, they were also much ridiculed by others; but on this head M. Bichonnet wisely observed, that they only met with the common fate of genius: 'they were envied and admired.' Like many illustrious individuals, the porter and his wife did not, however, differ greatly from the common race of mortals. Madame Bichonnet was a tall, muscular, raw-boned woman, whose florid complexion beamed with health, but who was, nevertheless, in a very delicate state; for, as she frequently assured her lodgers and friends in a low, languishing tone, 'she knew she was in a deep decline, and had already given up all worldly thoughts.' M. Bichonnet was a thin, tan-skinned little man, with a bright, restless, brown eye, and a highly pragmatical and consequential eyebrow. He seldom spoke, but the little he did say was all concerning his rank and importance in society. He had also a few profound ideas on politics, and 'our duties to our fellow-men,' of which he occasionally allowed his friends to catch a glimpse; for as those ideas were so very deep, they could scarcely be said to fathom them. Amongst M. Bichonnet's favourite notions, was the firm belief entertained by him, ever since the year 1830, that Louis-Philippe had not six months to remain on the throne. This assertion, which he made with many mysterious nods and hints, had given him,

amongst the timid and prudent people of the neighbourhood, a reputation of carbonarism. It was even strongly suspected by some wise heads that the convivial parties given in his lodge were only offered to republicans in disguise. These malicious rumours did not, however, prevent M. and Madame Bichonnet from resolving to have a party on Twelfth Night of the year 183–. According to the usual custom, they were to have a cake; and in the earlier part of the evening, M. Bichonnet went out to order it at the pastry-cook's before the arrival of the guests, leaving his wife, or, as he loved to call her, his spouse, alone in the lodge, seated in a soft-cushioned arm-chair opposite the fire, and dozing very comfortably; for, under pretence of making up for her bad nights, Madame Bichonnet was always dozing. She had not been long alone when her husband came in. Approaching the fire, he ceremoniously observed, 'The night is very cool, my dear; I must beg your leave to keep on my hat.'

M. Bichonnet would never have committed the solecism of doing such a thing without his wife's permission. Madame Bichonnet merely nodded assent, and seemed to expect something else; but as her husband remained silent, she said, after a pause, 'And the cake, my dear?'

'The cake is in the oven. I saw it myself; a large, golden-coloured cake.'

'Perhaps I shall never live to eat another,' mournfully sighed Madame Bichonnet. 'Will it be here soon?' she added, after a pause.

'In less than half an hour, my dear.' Another pause.

'Will it be quite hot?' asked madame, opening her half-shut eyes.

'Quite hot.'

The portress uttered something which sounded like a hum of satisfaction, and remained silent. In less than half an hour the cake arrived, carried by the pastry-cook's boy. It was immediately placed between two earthen dishes, which had been kept warming for this purpose; and, as Madame Bichonnet observed, 'it really looked like a cake you might wish to eat on your deathbed.' Some time elapsed, and though it was past seven, none of the guests arrived. Madame Bichonnet, who sat near the cake, became very impatient at this unreasonable delay, and in a querulous tone inquired 'if they were coming?' Her husband answered he did not know, but that he strongly suspected M. and Madame Miroiton, with their young ladies—he scorned the vulgar expression of daughters—would soon make their appearance; upon which Madame Bichonnet observed, with a significant smile, they had done well to invite M. Tourneur to come. The fact is, both husband and wife had quite a passion for match-making. The portress delighted in it for the sake of the thing, and her husband, because 'he felt it was a duty he owed to his fellow-men;' but there were evil-minded persons, who asserted their thoughts went no farther than the marriage-dinner. 'As though,' exclaimed Madame Bichonnet, when she was told of this, '*she* could think of such things with one foot in the grave!' Whatever were their real sentiments on this subject, it is, however, certain that the Bichonnets never gave a party without having at the same time some matrimonial design in view.

On this occasion the person for whose conjugal felicity they felt so lively an interest was a young shoemaker, M. Tourneur, who had recently settled in the street, and whose handsome shop was precisely opposite the window of the lodge. Antoine Tourneur was not yet a rich man, but his business promised well; his character was irreproachable; and though he could not exactly be termed handsome, good-temper was written on his frank, open features. He had, moreover, that smart, tidy look so characteristic of the Parisian journeyman. Indeed Madame Bichonnet averred, that of all the shoemakers who met at Montmartre on Saint-Crispin's Day—their yearly festival—he undoubtedly cut the most gallant figure; and that the dark mustache which he wore, notwithstanding his peaceful avocation, was perfectly irresistible. It is true that, notwithstanding those advantages, Antoine Tourneur had not expressed to Madame Bichonnet the least wish for a wife; but as she concluded that he wanted one, she resolved to provide him with one without delay. Fortunately for her purpose, she found two ladies—in the street too—who seemed quite willing to enter into her views. Perhaps it will be objected that one lady was enough for the purpose; but the prudent portress was of another opinion; she thought that if one did not suit, the other might; and that, in all cases, they would set one another off. This had been her plan hitherto; and, to say the truth, she had vast experience in those matters.

The eldest of those ladies—both of whom were well known to Tourneur, whose customers they were—was Mademoiselle Ursule, the staymaker, who lived next door to him. She was, according to her own assertion, twenty-five years of age; but her features—without speaking of common report, which said ten—assigned her at least six or seven more summers. She was thin and withered-looking; she dressed very richly and tastily; and there was certainly nothing vulgar about her. It was reported that she had money in the bank; and this, as Mademoiselle Miroiton, her rival, spitefully observed, was her only attraction. It was seemingly a powerful one, for it had enabled her to refuse several good offers of marriage. Mademoiselle Miroiton, who was a dressmaker, and the daughter of one of the neighbouring porters, had no money like Mademoiselle Ursule; but she was a good figure, had a brilliant complexion, a tolerable quantity of glossy dark hair, and a sparkling, though rather scornful, black eye; so that, as Madame Bichonnet wisely concluded, if Antoine Tourneur liked beauty, Mademoiselle Miroiton would do remarkably well for him; whereas, if he preferred wealth, Mademoiselle Ursule would be quite the thing. Having first delicately sounded the two ladies, and found them very favourably disposed, she next invited them to come and spend with her 'The Evening of the Kings,' as Twelfth Night is termed, intimating to them that Antoine Tourneur would be there, with only a few friends.

Just as Madame Bichonnet's patience was exhausted, and she observed very snappishly that the cake was quite ruined, a knock at the door announced the arrival of her expected guests. It was Antoine Tourneur, who came in with the Miroiton family; for, instead of taking Madame Bichonnet's hint, and bringing only their eldest daughter, M. and Madame Miroiton had thought fit to come accompanied by four of their children; the fifth, a lad of about fourteen, had remained at home to take care of the lodge. On seeing them enter, and on thinking of the size of her cake, Madame Bichonnet's heart failed her; but she nevertheless received her guests with every demonstration of joy. Shortly after their arrival, Mademoiselle Ursule made her appearance, very richly attired as usual; and, as Mademoiselle Miroiton observed in a whisper to her sister, as usual giving herself airs. These airs consisted in holding a delicate cambric pocket-handkerchief in her hand, and, when she meant to be highly disdainful, in applying a scent-bottle to her nose, which, as she often observed, was of the truly aristocratic form. Besides the staymaker, there were several other guests whom Madame Bichonnet now bitterly regretted having invited, as she had only meant them to 'fill up' the vacant spaces of her tableau, now quite thronged with Madame Miroiton's young family. These individuals were two ladies'-maids, who resided in the house, and a mysterious melancholy-looking young man, who lived nobody knew how, and always sang comic songs wherever he was invited. When they were all seated, and there was some talk of cutting up the cake, Madame Bichonnet perceived a circumstance she had hitherto overlooked: they were in all thirteen individuals present. Now, amongst Madame Bichonnet's weaknesses was the vulgar belief that when thirteen persons met, one of them

must certainly die within the year. On noticing this ominous fact, she therefore gave a very dismal groan, and intimated to her friends *they* need not have any fear, as she was certainly the doomed one. Everybody immediately sympathised with her, with the exception of Madame Miroiton, who, being a strong-minded woman, loudly asserted that this was a weakness she must overcome, and that she would not encourage her in it by sending home one of her children. Antoine Tourneur gallantly offered to absent himself, but Madame Bichonnet would not hear of it; and she at length decided that her husband should go and invite Rosine, a young bonnet-maker who lived in one of the attics, to come and share their mirth. M. Bichonnet departed on his errand, and after some time, made his appearance with Rosine; whom he had, however, found some difficulty in inducing to accompany him.

Her entrance into the lodge was witnessed with anything but pleasure by Mademoiselle Ursule and the daughter of the Miroitons. The former, especially, was highly indignant: the idea of associating with a bonnet-maker seemed to her perfectly preposterous; and notwithstanding the beseeching and timid glance which the young girl cast towards her, Mademoiselle Ursule immediately set her down for an artful designing creature, and applied her scent-bottle to her nose with great contempt. Mademoiselle Miroiton was at first equally annoyed; but on noticing the paleness of the new-comer, who was, moreover, in deep mourning, she immediately made room for her near herself, concluding that the contrast would greatly enhance the brilliancy of her own complexion, and the freshness of her attire.

The first impression which Rosine's appearance was calculated to produce, was not indeed to her advantage. But though she might at first be thought plain, few persons who examined her closely thought so long. Her features were not remarkably regular, but she had a profusion of fair silken tresses, which beamed like gold beneath her black crape-cap, eyes of a deep azure blue, dark eyebrows and eyelashes, and a sweet smile and pleasant voice, which rendered her at times quite fascinating, notwithstanding the languid and sickly expression her features had contracted during a life of privation and poverty. Having lost her mother a few months back, she was now an orphan; and as she was not a native of Paris, she had remained wholly friendless and alone in the great city. Fortunately for her, she found some employment in the house of a great milliner, who lived in the street; and although she had to toil almost constantly, in order to earn enough for her support, she was never heard to repine or to complain. 'In short,' as Madame Bichonnet observed to her guests shortly before she entered, 'she was a very nice girl indeed, whom she loved to patronise.'

Immediately after Rosine's entrance, Antoine Tourneur proposed to uncork two bottles of champagne, which he had brought with him; Madame Bichonnet instantly volunteered to find the champagne glasses from the cupboard of the first-floor lodgers, who had confided her the key of their apartment whilst they were away; and Mademoiselle Ursule immediately sent out one of the young Miroitons for two dozen of those biscuits, without which, the orthodox drinkers assert, champagne cannot be drunk. In the meanwhile a good deal of talking went on in different parts of the company: M. Bichonnet, who was more than usually dignified, conversed in a mysterious tone with M. Miroiton, a simple-minded man, discussing the respective merits of Thiers and Guizot, and assuring him, in a low subdued voice, that before six months he might expect to see Louis-Philippe dethroned. On hearing this piece of intelligence, the pacific M. Miroiton looked uneasily round, and with a cough of dismay, inquired of his friend how he had learned this. M. Bichonnet gave a mysterious nod, and merely said 'he knew it.'

'But, my good Monsieur Bichonnet,' urged the alarmed Miroiton, 'I hope you have no ill-will against the king?'

'Sir,' solemnly replied Bichonnet, 'I entertain no evil sentiment against Louis-Philippe; fate has never thrown us together, and we have, I may say, nothing in common either in feelings or opinions; but it is my duty to my fellow-men to inform them, when the opportunity occurs, that before six months have passed over their heads, he will have ceased to sit on the throne of France.' And leaving M. Miroiton in a state of unutterable dismay, he turned from him with a mysterious glance, as though thinking that enough had been said on the subject. Whilst this political discussion was going on, Mesdames Bichonnet and Miroiton were engaged in informing one another of the faults and merits of their respective lodgers. Madame Miroiton greatly inveighed against the avariciousness of hers; Madame Bichonnet made no similar complaints, but only lamented the want of politeness which existed in their conduct towards her. Thus, if a letter came, they insisted to have it brought up instantly; or they actually desired that Madame Bichonnet should not read their newspaper in the morning before it was sent up to them. In short, they went to such lengths, that M. and Madame Bichonnet had been compelled to draw up a little code of regulations, which was placed at the foot of the staircase for their benefit. By the first regulation, all the lodgers were requested to wipe their feet well before they went up stairs; by the second, they were recommended to keep no dogs, and not to receive visitors who were likely to be accompanied by those animals; by the third, they were informed that, on account of their portress's delicate health, they were expected never to stay out later than twelve o'clock at night. After that hour, M. and Madame Bichonnet hinted that they should lie under the painful necessity of not opening the door to them. To this regulation there was, however, affixed a *N.B.*, by which the lodgers were told that they could be admitted even after one or two, on paying a fine of fifty centimes [5d.]. On hearing this admirable code, Madame Miroiton sighed, and only wished they could have it too; but their lodgers were so restive, they would never agree to it, and Miroiton could never be induced to propose it to them.

'We never propose those things to our lodgers,' superciliously observed Madame Bichonnet. 'We do them, and they submit as a matter of course.'

Whilst the two portresses were thus engaged, the younger portion of the company had gathered round Antoine Tourneur, whose good-humour rendered him a general favourite. The young man who sang the comic songs, and the two ladies'-maids, whom Madame Bichonnet had invited because they were neither young nor pretty, as much as through any other motive, listened to his sallies in silence; but the Miroiton part of the family were in perfect ecstacies. Mademoiselle Ursule was too genteel to seem much amused; but as her vigilant eye noticed that though his discourse was directed towards her and Mademoiselle Miroiton, yet his glances more frequently wandered in the direction of Rosine, she began to look very superciliously on the young milliner once more, setting her down as an 'artful designing creature.' As somebody said something about the champagne, which had in the meanwhile been forgotten, Madame Bichonnet proposed to cut up the cake first. This was accordingly done, and Rosine, as the youngest lady present, was requested to hand it round to the company. She complied, and though somewhat embarrassed, acquitted herself of her office with much grace and modesty. Antoine was the last person to whom she handed his share of the cake, and perhaps for this reason, or perhaps because, as Mademoiselle Miroiton now began to think, he was engaged in gazing on the young milliner, he neglected to examine his portion of the cake, in order to see whether it contained the bean always inserted in it, and which renders him to whose lot it falls king for the evening.

The young man who sang the comic songs immediately discovered that he had not the bean; the ladies'-

maids found out as much; Madame Miroiton declared she had not got it; all her children echoed the words; M. Bichonnet did not speak, not thinking it dignified; and M. Miroiton, because his mouth was full.

'I suppose Mademoiselle Ursule is queen?' ironically observed Mademoiselle Miroiton.

'I am not queen,' sharply answered the staymaker, with a tone and look which seemed to say she might have been if she would.

Mademoiselle Miroiton coloured, and in a softened tone said to Antoine, 'Are you king, Monsieur Tourneur?'

Antoine started, and turning his eyes from Rosine, for the first time opened his portion of the cake. No sooner had he done so, than the dark bean appeared, enshrined in the yellow crust. Immediately a loud cry of 'Tourneur is king! Long live the king!' resounded in the lodge. Antoine laughed, and bowing, intimated his wish of speaking; but the loyalty of his new subjects was not thus easily checked, and the Miroiton part of the company especially showed their delight by making an unusual noise. When he was at last allowed to speak, he returned thanks in a short speech, and concluded by drinking the health of all present. No sooner had he raised his glass to his lips, than the cries of 'The king drinks! Long live the king!' again echoed round. But when this first excitement had somewhat subsided, Antoine was requested by Madame Bichonnet to use his privilege, and name a queen for the evening. On hearing this, Mademoiselle Miroiton looked modestly on her plate, whilst Mademoiselle Ursule applied her scent-bottle to her nose. 'Ho, ho!' continued Madame Bichonnet, with a knowing wink, and glancing towards the spot where Mademoiselle Miroiton and the staymaker were both seated, so that it could not be known precisely to which of the two she meant to allude, 'I think I know who will be queen.' She paused, struck aghast with astonishment and dismay—for Antoine had, with a low bow, placed the bean in the glass of Rosine, thus proclaiming her queen for the evening.

A deep ominous silence followed this daring act. Madame Miroiton gazed on Madame Bichonnet with an indignant glance, as much as to say, 'You see it!' and Madame Bichonnet turned up her eyes, and clasped her hands in amazement. M. Miroiton did not seem to know what to make of it; and M. Bichonnet solemnly shook his head two or three times, like one whom nothing can astonish. On perceiving Antoine's meaning, Rosine had coloured deeply, and, by the timid deprecating look she cast around, seemed to implore indulgence for her involuntary fault. But the singer of comic songs was staring point-blank at the wall; the two ladies'-maids, who readily took their cue, seemed, by the glances they exchanged, to say, 'What a shocking creature!' the looks of the Miroitons and the Bichonnets were equally stern and forbidding. Mademoiselle Miroiton was too desperately incensed to strive to hide her feelings; and though Mademoiselle Ursule partly triumphed in the mortification suffered by her younger and more attractive rival, her whole attitude showed the consciousness of injured dignity. Antoine alone looked kindly on her, and seemed to resent very much the manner in which the object of his choice was treated. The truth was, that, having perceived the drift of Madame Bichonnet's hints and allusions, he had felt piqued at being disposed of without his consent, and would have asked either of the ladies'-maids to be queen sooner than Mademoiselle Miroiton or Mademoiselle Ursule. Wishing to relieve Rosine from her embarrassment, he drank her health with studied politeness; but when he cried out, 'Long live the queen!' no voice save M. Bichonnet's, who felt himself bound in honour to reply, echoed his. Poor Rosine grew pale, and laid down her untasted glass, whilst Antoine frowned on the silent and rigid Miroitons. Willing, however, to make an effort towards conciliation, the young shoemaker said with a smile addressing the company, 'Ladies and gentlemen, let me hope you will drink the health of your queen.'

The melancholy-looking young man who sang the comic songs immediately drank a glass of wine, first muttering something which might sound as an assent to or a protest against the toast, just as the parties were inclined; but no one else pledged Antoine. Mademoiselle Miroiton, indeed, eyed him with great contempt, yawned audibly, and looking at her mother, carelessly observed it was late enough to go home. To this Madame Miroiton assented, and rising immediately, helped her daughter to put on her cloak and bonnet—for Mademoiselle Miroiton had lately assumed this badge of distinction. It was in vain that Madame Bichonnet begged of them to stay a little longer; they smiled scornfully in reply to all her intreaties; whilst, heedless of his wife's indignant glance, M. Miroiton, determined to make the best of the little time left, hastily gulped down two or three glasses of champagne.

'Pray, do stay,' urged Madame Bichonnet.

'No, ma'am, thank you,' dryly answered Mademoiselle Miroiton. 'I can assure you, ma'am, we are not blind; we can see very well through your schemes, and those of other people.'

'Yes indeed we can,' echoed her mother, with a scornful toss of the head; whilst even M. Miroiton, roused at last, and having now quite done with the champagne, repeated, 'Ay, sir, we can,' addressing M. Bichonnet; and with his wife on one side, and his daughter on the other, stalked out of the lodge, followed by his children, and closed the street door behind him with a thundering slam.

When they were gone—she would have scorned to do it before—Mademoiselle Ursule rose; and though she only opened her lips to say 'good-night,' the manner in which she uttered the words spoke volumes. The singer of comic songs, perceiving that his services were no longer necessary, departed, under pretence of seeing her home—she lived in the house opposite; and the two ladies'-maids took the same opportunity of saying something about their mistresses—who were both out—wanting them, and left the lodge, where only Antoine, Rosine, with the porter and his wife, now remained. After their departure, Antoine made several ineffectual attempts to create a little mirth: the Bichonnets were both dismally solemn; and Rosine, who began to fear she had been the occasion of a vast deal of mischief, was too ill at ease to enjoy herself any longer. Seeing the uselessness of his efforts, Antoine at length took leave of his hosts, without taking any particular notice of Rosine.

When he was gone, M. Bichonnet turned towards the young milliner, and in a solemn tone began, 'Mademoiselle, I feel it is a duty I owe to my fellow-men——' But there was something in Rosine's mild appealing glance which seemed to reprove him: he paused, looked embarrassed, and observed in a gentler tone, 'Well, well, I see you understand me; and so—good-night.' Rosine made no reply; but rising somewhat proudly, she retired, bitterly regretting having accepted the unlucky invitation, which had so disturbed the harmony of the evening.

Several days elapsed, during which nothing of importance seemingly occurred. Mademoiselle Ursule, who, since the Evening of the Day of the Kings, had taken upon herself the office of observing whatever was going on in the street, nevertheless found the opportunity of making several curious and interesting remarks. Thus she noticed that, on the Friday which followed that memorable evening, Madame Bichonnet, notwithstanding the delicate state of her health, and the severe cold, actually left her lodge, and ventured to cross the street, in order to enter the abode of the Miroitons; that she remained there upwards of an hour; and that, when she left at last, her features wore the expression of one highly satisfied with the success of a momentous enterprise. Mademoiselle Ursule, moreover, perceived that a very unusual agitation prevailed in the porter's lodge: through some mysterious means she even learned that,

during the course of the day, several secret conferences took place between Madame Bichonnet and the cook of the first-floor lodgers. M. Bichonnet himself seemed more solemn and dignified than ever. At last the important truth came out: the Bichonnets were, on the next Sunday, to give a dinner, to which the Miroitons and Antoine Tourneur were invited. The mystery was, however, kept up until the Saturday afternoon. It then happened that the portress let out an inkling of the fact to one of her neighbours, the consequence of which was, that, in less than five minutes, Mademoiselle Ursule entered the shoemaker's shop.

'Sir,' said she, addressing Antoine Tourneur, who stood behind the counter, 'I am in want of a pair of shoes; will you take my measure?' The young man bowed, and very politely led the way to a little back parlour, where the staymaker took a seat, and in a very slow and stately manner gave him numberless recommendations concerning the size, colour, and shape of her chaussure. Although Antoine heard her patiently to the end, Mademoiselle Ursule seemed to mistake the nature of his feelings, for she observed, 'I see you are in a hurry, and I am sorry to detain you; but as I shall be very busy next week, and as I shall not see you until the shoes are made——'

'What!' interrupted Antoine, 'do we not meet to-morrow evening?'

'Where should we meet, sir?' asked the staymaker with much seeming surprise.

'At Madame Bichonnet's of course,' said the young man.

Mademoiselle Ursule seemed to endeavour to recollect who the Bichonnets were; then, as though suddenly remembering, she loftily observed, 'Oh, bless me, no! I shall spend to-morrow at home, sir, with poor dear Rosine.'

'And is not Mademoiselle Rosine to be there either?' eagerly asked Antoine, whose features expressed some disappointment.

'Really, Monsieur Tourneur,' sharply observed the spinster staymaker, 'you must have an extraordinary opinion of myself and Rosine, to imagine that, after the insults we have there endured, we could ever be induced to cross again the threshold of Madame Bichonnet's lodge.'

'I beg your pardon,' confusedly answered Antoine; 'but when Madame Bichonnet spoke of my meeting pleasant company to-morrow, I really thought she meant you.'

Though somewhat soothed by the compliment, Mademoiselle Ursule smiled with unutterable scorn. 'Sir,' she loftily said, 'I will not speak of myself; I will speak of Rosine, whom Mademoiselle Miroiton has maliciously slandered, for what motive I know not'—Mademoiselle Ursule uttered the words in so significant a tone, as to leave no doubt but she was perfectly aware of it—'and whom, but for me, she would have deprived of the means of earning her bread.' Antoine looked up with astonishment: the staymaker continued—'Rosine works for a great milliner, who resides in the house where Mademoiselle Miroiton's parents are porters. Since the Evening of the Kings, this creature has so contrived her vile insinuations, that Rosine has been refused any more work. Seeing her pass by the day before yesterday all in tears, I called her in, and, as she can fortunately stitch very neatly, engaged her to work for me on the instant, so that she shall have work in spite of the whole Miroiton brood.'

'And has everything really happened as you relate it?' very gravely asked Antoine.

'Exactly so, sir,' dryly replied Mademoiselle Ursule. 'Pray do not forget my shoes. Good-day to you. I suppose,' she carelessly added, 'you go to the Bichonnets to-morrow?'

Antoine bowed in token of assent; and without seeming to notice the smile and glance of contempt which she cast upon him, he ceremoniously conducted Mademoiselle Ursule to the door. The staymaker went home, sorely puzzled to make out the shoemaker's real intentions, and quite disposed to quarrel with him for taking no heed of poor neglected Rosine, and dining with those odious Miroitons and Bichonnets; but though in such ill-humour, that her first act on entering the workroom was to scold Rosine for some imaginary fault, she had enough of self-control not to say a word about Antoine Tourneur, or the step she had taken. Perhaps the reader will feel surprised to see the staymaker now taking part for the young girl whom she treated with such contempt on the Evening of the Kings; but Mademoiselle Ursule did not pique herself in the least of acting upon logical principles: she boasted that she had 'strong feelings and lively sensibilities—that she was the creature of impulse,' &c.—which of course explained everything. The truth was, that although, as she herself truly asserted, she had never experienced the passion of love, she had, however—partly through Madame Bichonnet's hints—begun to think lately that her young neighbour, M. Tourneur, might prove an acceptable partner for life. His politeness she construed into a deeper feeling, veiled by profound respect; and although she felt no strong affection for him, yet there is no knowing to what pity might have led even her rather unsusceptible heart, when the rivalry of Mademoiselle Miroiton awoke all her jealous feelings, and for the present stifled tenderer emotions.

When Rosine entered the porter's lodge on the evening of the festival, she immediately looked upon her as on another rival, and found her artful, designing, &c. It is very likely this impression might never have been effaced, if Mademoiselle Miroiton had not chanced to take precisely the same view of the subject; which Mademoiselle Ursule no sooner saw, than she immediately perceived she must have been in the wrong. There could be no possible sympathy between her and her rival. When she learned the unworthy treatment the young milliner had met with from the porter's daughter, she felt highly indignant; and, as much from a feeling of justice, as from the wish of annoying Mademoiselle Miroiton, she took her into her employment. As she was naturally kind-hearted, the simplicity and gentleness of Rosine soon charmed her; and reflecting—for, from his conduct on the Evening of the Kings' festival, she began to suspect she might have been deceived in Antoine's feelings—that she had lived too long single to resign herself to the many tribulations of wedded life, and that it would be highly imprudent in her to trust herself to the fickleness of man, she prudently resolved to discard Antoine altogether: a task which she found the easier, that her heart had never been in the least affected. But though she might be quite willing to give him up for herself, she was anything but desirous that Mademoiselle Miroiton should enjoy the triumph of supplanting her; indeed, as she had a shocking temper, she felt it quite a charity to prevent their union. In short, she resolved that it should not be her fault if her rival ever became Madame Tourneur. It is true Antoine did not seem very deeply smitten; but then there was no knowing what arts might be employed. Ah! if he only knew what a dear good creature Rosine was; and much prettier than Mademoiselle Miroiton too! There could be no doubt about that! Indeed it was no difficult task; a shockingly vulgar creature! She herself, though not quite so fresh perhaps, might venture to compare. But even in her thoughts Mademoiselle Ursule was modest: she hated to speak of her personal advantages!

Such being her feelings on this subject, it is no matter of wonder that Mademoiselle Ursule should be exceedingly cross, when, on the Sunday afternoon, she perceived the Miroitons proceeding to the Bichonnets; but when she actually saw Antoine taking the arm of Mademoiselle Miroiton, dressed out in all her finery, and who, as she averred, cast a glance of ironical triumph on her as she passed by, her anger broke out in vehement denunciations against the faithlessness of men in general, and Antoine Tourneur's want of spirit in

particular. Rosine gently endeavoured to say a few words for the culprit, but she was immediately silenced by the indignant staymaker.

Several days elapsed, and notwithstanding her anxiety on this subject, Mademoiselle Ursule could not ascertain how the dinner of the Bichonnets had passed. The cook of the first-floor lodgers indeed informed her of the number of dishes served on the table, but further than this her knowledge did not extend, and the triumphant bearing of Mademoiselle Miroiton alone left her room to conjecture the issue of this important event. Towards the middle of the week, Antoine Tourneur brought home Mademoiselle Ursule's shoes himself. The staymaker received him very stiffly in the presence of Rosine, whose eyes seemed rivetted on her work, and sharply observed that the shoes did not fit. Contrary to her expectation perhaps, Antoine, far from disputing the fact, readily admitted it, and instantly offered to make her another pair. Mademoiselle Ursule, who was taken by surprise, and felt somewhat conscience-stricken—for the shoes were, in reality, an excellent fit—abruptly replied, that as she wanted them for the following Sunday, she must keep them such as they were.

'You can have the other pair by Saturday morning,' calmly replied Antoine.

Still Mademoiselle Ursule objected; but taking up the shoes, the young man showed her so plainly they did not fit, that she at length gave up the point, and consented to have the other pair made. This being decided, Antoine, who seemed in no great hurry to depart, entered into a very animated conversation with Mademoiselle Ursule, and after exchanging a few words with Rosine, at length took his leave.

'Well,' said the staymaker, now greatly mollified, 'I must confess that, with all his faults, Monsieur Tourneur is really a nice young man. And you see, Rosine, what might happen, if I only wished for it.' Rosine started, and looked somewhat surprised. Misunderstanding her feelings, Mademoiselle Ursule complacently continued, 'Yes, my dear, did I not prefer leading a single life, I might be Madame Tourneur; but though I may give up this prospect, it is not in order to see that odious Mademoiselle Miroiton marry him; and really, child, I wonder you did not take more notice of him just now; who knows what may happen?' She paused, and nodded very significantly. But Rosine coloured, and looked unusually grave.

On the following Saturday Antoine called with the shoes, which were this time an admirable fit; so at least Mademoiselle Ursule said, and Antoine did not contradict her, although he made a longer stay than the last time, and was still more lively and pleasant. But notwithstanding his indirect attempts to enter into a conversation with her, Rosine was so silent and reserved, in spite of Mademoiselle Ursule's encouraging nods and winks, that the staymaker gave her a good scolding when the young man was gone—upbraiding her for her prudery, stiffness, and so forth. To her reproaches Rosine mildly but firmly answered, 'I will not feign to misunderstand you; but, with the exception of a very simple mark of politeness, what reason has Monsieur Tourneur given me to think that he looks upon me otherwise than as a stranger? And he being rich, and I poor, what would his opinion be of me if I seemed to think differently?'

'Very well, my dear,' bitterly replied her friend; 'see him married to Mademoiselle Miroiton, and live and die an old maid, if such is your choice.'

Rosine made no reply, and here the subject was dropped. Although the shoes which Antoine had made for Mademoiselle Ursule were perhaps the best shoes that had ever been made (so she said at least), they were worn out in an incredibly short space of time; the consequence of which was, that she had to order another pair. She next discovered that she sadly wanted winter boots; then, as spring was coming on, a pair of summer ones. She even asserted that Rosine had nothing fit to put on her feet; that her shoes were too narrow; that they hurt her; and, in short, that M. Antoine Tourneur must take her measure. It was in vain for Rosine to protest against this; she was compelled to submit. The consequence of this was, that Antoine, who always made it a point—doubtless out of pure politeness—to take the measure and bring home the shoes and boots himself to his customers, was seldom less than two or three times a-week at Mademoiselle Ursule's house.

We must now return to M. and Madame Bichonnet, whom we have neglected too long. On the evening of the second Sunday which followed that on which they gave the dinner to the Miroitons, they were seated as usual in their lodge, Madame Bichonnet dozing in her arm-chair, and her husband looking on the fire, and thinking of nothing, or, as he more elegantly expressed it, 'wrapped in profound meditation,' when they were suddenly startled by a loud knock at the street-door. M. Bichonnet pulled the string placed near him for this purpose, the door opened, and Mademoiselle Ursule showed her thin and prim countenance at the other side of the glass casement which divided the lodge from the passage, and through means of which M. Bichonnet could reconnoitre every one who entered or left the house.

'Is Mademoiselle Rosine at home?' she hastily inquired. 'Bless me, what shall I do?' she continued in a tone of deep disappointment on being answered in the negative.

'I believe,' politely answered M. Bichonnet, 'Mademoiselle Rosine is gone to vespers.'

'Oh dear no,' smilingly replied Mademoiselle Ursule; 'she is gone to take a walk with her betrothed!'

'Her betrothed!' echoed the astonished porters.

'Yes,' carelessly rejoined the staymaker; 'she is to be married to Monsieur Antoine Tourneur next Sunday-week. I wanted to see her, in order to know whether she would have her wedding-dress of white *tulle* or muslin. But I daresay the muslin will look best. But bless me, now I think of it, she must be at home by this time, and I to stand talking here! Good-night, Monsieur; good-night, Madame Bichonnet.' And Mademoiselle Ursule hastened away, with a look of the greatest consequence, leaving the porters so astonished, that it was several minutes before they recovered from the surprise into which she had thrown them.

'Poor Mademoiselle Miroiton!' exclaimed Madame Bichonnet, clasping her hands, and turning up her eyes, 'I thought to have drunk her health at her marriage-dinner before I died; but it is all over now!'

'My dear,' solemnly said M. Bichonnet, 'this is what comes of mingling with people beneath you; this is——'

'Nay, Bichonnet,' mildly interrupted his wife, 'Rosine is a sweet-tempered girl, and she will really do better for Antoine than Mademoiselle Miroiton, with her high spirit. I daresay if I were to give her something, just a bit of lace, on the occasion of her marriage, it would not be thrown away; and I should like to see Antoine happily settled before I die. I am afraid the ceremony might affect my nerves; though I believe I should go, if they were to ask us to the dinner.'

'But, my dear, think of Mademoiselle Miroiton,' gravely observed her husband.

'Really I don't care about Mademoiselle Miroiton,' sharply replied Madame Bichonnet; 'her airs are insupportable; whereas I always liked dear little Rosine.'

'I believe, my dear,' solemnly said M. Bichonnet, 'that you are in the right. If they ask us, we will go to the dinner. To be friendly with them, is our greatest duty towards our fellow-men.'

In short, it required very few arguments to convince this worthy couple that Antoine Tourneur could not have made a better choice than in the person of the modest little milliner, whom they henceforth treated with the most flattering distinction. On the next Sunday-week Rosine and Antoine were married, to the triumph of Mademoiselle Ursule, and the despair of Mademoiselle Miroiton. M. and Madame Bichonnet,

who were amongst the guests, were delighted with the whole affair; which, indeed, they asserted, they had wished for and foreseen from the beginning. But though the bride and bridegroom were polite to them, there was not in their behaviour the warmth and cordiality which marked their intercourse with Mademoiselle Ursule. This difference became still more marked after their marriage; for whereas the staymaker was almost constantly their guest, the porters received no further invitations. Madame Bichonnet now began to think poor Mademoiselle Miroiton had been sadly used, and she called on her for the purpose of condoling with her misfortune; but the young lady, who had a high spirit, shut the door in her face, and informed M. Bichonnet's landlord of the code of regulations he had set up in his house; the consequence of which was, that the porters were discharged, and left the neighbourhood, 'with the consciousness,' as M. Bichonnet said, 'of having vainly endeavoured to serve his fellow-men.'

About a year after his marriage—need we say it proved a happy one?—Antoine met M. Bichonnet in a remote neighbourhood. He inquired after the health of Madame Bichonnet, and learned that it had greatly improved since they had opened a commercial establishment. Antoine looked surprised. 'Yes,' continued the former porter with his usual dignity, 'we sell fried potatoes on the Pont-Neuf.'

Antoine smiled, and wishing him every success, bade him farewell. Six months later, he met him again. He was more thin and dignified than ever. Antoine hoped his affairs were in a flourishing state.

'No, sir, they are not,' loftily replied M. Bichonnet; 'the year has been dreadful for trade, and we have suffered like everybody. I suppose you have suffered too?'

'No, indeed; I was never better off.'

'That is strange; all the tradespeople we know failed. But we have not, mind you. No, no, sir: we have given up the potato concern, it is true, but our honour is unsullied.'

'And where are you now?' asked Antoine.

'We have a porter's lodge in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. A poor place, sir. Ah! times are changed since we ate the Kings' cake with you in our comfortable lodge.'

Merely inquiring for his direction, Antoine took leave of M. Bichonnet. The same evening he held a long and private conference with his wife. Mademoiselle Ursule saw that something was going to take place; and though too proud to question them, she used her eyes and ears without scruple. The next morning she learned that Antoine was to call on his landlord, who resided in the house where Rosine had formerly lived, and which he had lately bought from its original possessor. What could Antoine want with him? For several days she could learn nothing, but the truth at last became apparent. On a fine morning, a small cartload of furniture, led by M. Bichonnet, and with Madame Bichonnet perched on the top of a very high bedstead, stopped at the door of the house opposite. As Madame Bichonnet nodded and smiled very benignantly to her, there could be no doubt about it. On learning that Antoine had recommended the Bichonnets to his landlord, who was in want of porters, Mademoiselle Ursule was at first highly indignant. Rosine, however, succeeded in pacifying her, by mentioning their unhappy state, and reminding her that if Madame Bichonnet had not entertained a wholesome apprehension of sitting down to a table when there were thirteen persons present, they would never have become acquainted. As for Mademoiselle Miroiton, she entered into a desperate rage on perceiving her ancient enemies once more in possession of their stronghold. She even sought out every opportunity of injuring them; but the porters had been taught by misfortune. They still occasionally gave parties, but avoided notoriety, and condescended to behave more politely to their lodgers. Ill-disposed persons asserted, however, that the new landlord's presence alone prevented M. Bichonnet from carrying on matters with as high a hand as formerly.

As for Madame Bichonnet, she was marvellously improved in health, and went about the house quite briskly, considering her delicate state—for she still spoke occasionally of her ailments, and indulged in dismal forebodings of not living beyond the spring; but, as Mademoiselle Ursule charitably observed, this was 'through habit.' Misfortune had not, however, soured Madame Bichonnet's placid temper. She spoke kindly of every one, and never said anything worse of Mademoiselle Miroiton than that, 'Poor thing! so, notwithstanding every effort she made, she could not get married after all. It grieves me to the heart; but indeed I always thought her too high-spirited for matrimony!'

We have dwelt somewhat lightly on the married life of Antoine and Rosine; but it is happy, and what more could be said? Mademoiselle Ursule, whose somewhat irritable temper they bear with the most praiseworthy patience, is still their best and most constant friend: they are thoroughly happy and prosperous, in the moral and worldly sense of the words.

The Bichonnets are still in their old lodge: they have left off a good deal of their selfish worldliness—would we might say all!—and are quite cured of the temptation of match-making. For indeed, as M. Bichonnet loftily observes, it hardly becomes the dignity of a French porter to meddle in such affairs; and he very much doubts whether his duty to his fellowmen does not forbid it entirely. The last tidings we had of the Bichonnets declare that, on the 6th of January last, an enormous twelfth-cake was cut up in their lodge; the persons present were, besides the hosts, Antoine Tourneur, with his wife and two children, Mademoiselle Ursule, and the melancholy young man who sings the comic songs, and who declared, that though they were not yet thirteen, there was no knowing what might happen in time, winking as he spoke towards Madame Tourneur and the children; a joke which obtained much success, and is not yet forgotten in the neighbourhood. The same young man is said to have paid great attention to Mademoiselle Ursule. As she is resolved to remain single, this must be a calumny; and yet it may be true enough, for Mademoiselle Ursule herself was the person who originated the report. On the same evening M. Bichonnet also confidentially informed one of his guests—which, it is not known—that Louis-Philippe had only a very short time to remain on the throne. He prudently refrained from saying how long, for fear the police might seek to involve him in some political conspiracy.

BELIEF AND CONVICTION.

Between these two there is all the difference in the world. Perhaps there are scarcely ten thieves or dishonest tradesmen in England who do not *believe* that 'honesty is the best policy;' but the actual conduct of each shows clearly enough that they are not *convinced* of this truth. Men scarcely ever act from opinions to which they have given merely theoretical assent. Unless the mind has been compelled into conviction by the reasons and grounds of assent having been repeated over and over again, brought before their eyes, and forced into their attention by instances and examples constantly renewed and impressed indelibly by the frequency with which they are presented—unless, I say, this be the way in which opinions are formed, they have not the slightest influence over men's actions. Just as in the material world the unceasing operation of some force, such as gravitation, is necessary to carry on and keep up with constancy the movement of the universe, where no mere casual impulse would suffice to produce aught beyond a momentary start, so in the world of thought

and moral action, it is no bare and momentary sight of the truth which can effect anything practical. The wisdom of age and experience is precisely this—*conviction from long familiarity with the proofs* of those truths which the young and inexperienced have merely read in books or heard from others. If you tell a young and vigorous man that he will injure his health by this or that practice, he will probably give his verbal assent; but no *impression* is made on the mind, and he proceeds to do that which the older man has so strongly associated with the feelings of pain and disease consequent on it, that even if he were as young and healthy, he would not, and could not neglect the danger. The statements of science are *believed* by the great mass of people of course on trust. If you tell one who is totally ignorant of astronomy, that on such a day a hundred years to come there will be an eclipse, he will believe it; but if any great stake depended upon it, such as his fortune or his life, he would immediately become restless and unsatisfied, showing clearly that his *belief* was not *conviction*, whilst the astronomer, who had gone carefully through every step of the investigation, would be perfectly at ease.

No one can ever become a man of decided character, whose opinions are not thus founded on 'conviction,' as opposed to mere 'belief.' For some excellent remarks on this point, the reader is referred to that admirable work, 'Foster's Essays.' For, without firm grounds for his 'belief,' he will 'waver about with every wind of doctrine.' If we examine the daily conduct of all classes of society, we see in every one this want of 'conviction.' If a set of propositions were drawn up, on which half a million of people agreed, by nine-tenths of them would the greater portion be violated in their conduct. Take, for instance, a set of such assertions as those relating to the preservation of health. 'Fresh air is necessary,' 'Exercise is necessary,' 'Moderation in eating and drinking,' &c. &c. Now, if people really were *convinced* of these facts, their conduct would show it. But they are *not* convinced, or anything like it. Nothing is so difficult as to *convince* people of the most obvious and generally admitted truths, especially if their own welfare depends upon acting on these truths. You may easily enough find persons to support aërial machines, impossible railways, or any other absurdity; but directly you try to make them *act* in accordance with principles, the truth of which they have admitted all their lives, you find you are talking to empty air. If one ten-thousandth part of the money, time, and energy were employed in putting into practice the most simple and evident truths, which are now squandered in useless vagaries, the comfort, health, wealth, and happiness of all classes throughout Europe would be more advanced in two years than in the last two hundred years. What is wanted is not a crusade to preach new opinions, but to get everybody to act up to those he already has. The object to be aimed at is the substitution of that thorough, clear-sighted, determined 'conviction' which impels a man on as effectually as if the pains and punishment of neglect were staring him in the face, and about to fall on him immediately—the substitution of this for that lazy 'belief,' which gives assent because it is no more trouble than to dissent. Money won easily is lost again easily: opinions taken up without much care are either changed in the same way, or at anyrate remain barren, lifeless, useless things. It is only by going carefully through every reason on which they are founded, and by thus having the mind deeply and frequently impressed with the reality of the truth, that these profitless and empty 'beliefs' can be converted into practical principles. The difference between one man and another will be found to depend very greatly on the attention he has given to the *proofs* and *reasons* of things. The creed of one man is his own property, for he has made it himself; that of another is made up of odds and ends borrowed from all sources, often disagreeing with each other, and having no firm foundation whatever. Such a man is 'unstable as water, and shall not prevail.'

THE INSTALLATION ODE.

We had thought that the days of ceremonial verse by poets-laureate were past with Mr Pye; but we were mistaken. Mr Wordsworth, it appears, does not enjoy the situation on the understanding of its being a sinecure. He has produced an ode on the occasion of Prince Albert's installation as chancellor of Cambridge university. And such an ode! No one can read it without pitying the poor old man who, for some paltry hundred a-year, has either felt it as his duty, or been reminded thereof, to cudgel his brains in order to make something that will sing on an occasion to the Muse indifferent. Finding, apparently, no idea of the present day to start with, he has been forced to go back to some of Mr Pye's compositions for material, and accordingly we have a commencement made with the following allusions to that favourite aversion of our youth, Napoleon:—

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,
Too long insulted by the spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO—TENOR.

War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, earth and heaven to dare,
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The despot's laurelled brow?

CHORUS.

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in freedom's holy cause—
Freedom such as man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory;
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

So much being done—and most thankful must the poet have been when he had done so much—a new effort has to be made. One can imagine the writer running distractedly over the whole field of his thoughts in quest of something more, and at length, after desperate exertions, making out a reference to another matter that excited public feeling in our youth, but one not bearing the slightest connection with the preceding.

RECIT. (ACCOMPANIED)—CONTRALTO.

But, lo! what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land, as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the isle's delight;
Flower and bud together fall—
A nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate hall.

Here another awful pause of thought. The poet, however, is now approaching ground which has some sort of connection with the occasion. Hear him—

AIR—SOPRANO.

Time a chequered mantle wears;
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the tree a blossom bears—
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep.
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

A guardian angel fluttered
Above the babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the island rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
'Victoria be her name!'
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTET.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold:—
'Infancy, by wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty.
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty.
Womanhood, in pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne,
Leaves of myrtle in her crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing,
More than all the world beside:
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied.'

This designed for lyric poetry! All of it, too, untrue in fact, seeing that Queen Victoria was not born to a certain expectation of the throne, and that therefore no joyful cry whatever ran through the land on account of her advent into the world. Criticism on the quartet part is forbidden by decorum; but we hope that the Queen knows how to estimate expressions which would be equally bestowed by a court poet on any person whatever occupying her place. The best, however, is now to come. We are next called upon either to believe as fact, or to regard as a pleasant poetical fancy, that at some indefinite time in the Queen's infancy, called 'that eve,' the following supernatural occurrences took place:—

RECIT. (ACCOMPANIED)—BASS.

That eve the star of Brunswick shone
With steadfast ray benign
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine:
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
And glittered on the Rhine.
Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night,
Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its light,
Not to the zephyr's sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day.

CHORUS.

This day, when Granta hails her chosen lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in the star serene,
Welcomes the consort of a happy queen.

From some recollections of Milton's Lycidas, we presume that Old Camus is the genius of the river Cam, a gentleman who speaks by his willows; thus, like the duke, finding tongues in trees, though, it would appear, not very truthful ones, since Granta could scarcely be considered as proud of an award in which her mind was very nearly as much for no as yes. Could some power but give us a correct return of the various motives which went to make up the majority that chose the Prince, oh William Wordsworth! what a comment we should have upon Granta's confidence in the 'star serene.' Let us hear, however, what farther these willows of Old Camus have to say—

AIR—CONTRALTO.

Prince, to these collegiate bowers,
Where science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic powers,
The memories of the wise and just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the founder's spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought,
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those sages taught—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the future by the past,
Learned how social frames may last,
And how a land may rule its fate,
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel,
The sport of factious hate or godless zeal.

For comment on this we are content to wait for the university commission, that cannot be much longer delayed. Now for a crash of sentiment to bring out all the musical powers of the affair—

AIR—BASS.

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A nation's strength that will not perish
While England's sceptered line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that wise* ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first above the yells of bigot strife
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

CHORUS.

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the Prince whom we greet
From its hero is sprung.
Resound, resound the strain,
That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again,
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The Pride of the Islands, Victoria the Queen!

And so it closes, without one poetical thought or happy expression from beginning to end, much less with a single gleam of healthy, natural, sincere sentiment—the whole a piece of the merest crambo, scarcely worthy of hoarse Fitzgerald, and certainly much less likely to have met with success in a tavern hall, had it been there spouted, than were the ordinary creaking couplets of that hero. What on earth can have induced the poet of the lakes to consent to the degradation of writing such a poem!

ASCENT OF THE BUET.

If the Alpine tourist be possessed of tolerable activity, and be desirous to obtain an unequalled mountain view—and, more particularly, a view of the monarch of mountains, Mont Blanc, sublimely seated in his awful state—let him, the tourist, if he be within any moderate distance of the mountain, by no means omit to ascend the Buet; for many years, until English perseverance and activity proved the contrary, supposed to be the highest accessible point of the Alps.

It was on the 24th of July 1844 that I left Chamouny, with my guide, Ferdinand Tissay, each mounted on a mule, at half-past three in the morning, on our way to the Buet. At half-past four we reached Argentiere; and here I could not help stopping for several minutes to admire, though I had many times seen it before, the wonderful ice-battlemented glacier of Argentiere, and the sublime granite spire of the Aiguille Verte, now tinged with the earliest beams of the sun, which, for peaks of such stupendous elevation, had already risen. At half-past five, we stopped for a short time at the Chalets of Poyat; after which we took the direction of the Col du Bérard. Our way at first lay over a stony and rather boggy ascent; and afterwards up an exceedingly wild and picturesque valley, with a loud torrent foaming as usual through it. Here the path became so exceedingly rough and steep, that I confess I was not sorry to leave the mules before we came to the Pierre de Bérard, which we were obliged to do, in consequence of our finding so much yet unmelted winter's snow. We left our mules with a youth who had preceded us on foot from Chamouny, and began our own journey on foot at half-past six, passing over a bed of snow, with a torrent audibly running underneath, for half an hour or more. At a quarter past seven we reached the Pierre de Bérard, a point beyond which mules *never* pass. Travellers have frequently made the Pierre de Bérard their halting-place for the night; and indeed there is a hollow under this rock large enough

* Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony.

to shelter several people; and an additional poor protection is afforded by a rough wall of stones to keep out the wind. But it is needless to add that bivouacs in such places, though no doubt highly romantic, should for obvious reasons be avoided, unless in cases of extreme necessity. For, after all, even 'for beggars or thieves,' a worse lodging could scarcely be found. I am always, I confess, for a good night's rest; and am apt to suspect the energy and perseverance of those who affect to despise conveniences. The hovel, formed in this desolate spot almost wholly by nature, was very damp and dirty, and contained a large patch of snow, yet remaining from the blasts and drifts of the winter. At this spot we first obtained a sight of the Oberland Alps, and from hence our way, though steep, was for a time free from snow. The weather was quite perfect; not a cloud was visible; the sky was clear of haze, and the air mild, yet not close. This pass of Bérard is one of those better known to shepherds and smugglers than to any other description of travellers.

At a quarter past eight we had of course gained somewhat in height; but we nevertheless saw cattle passing the snow, one by one, at a great height above us, and in a few minutes more we again entered on the snow. At a quarter before nine we caught sight of Mont Blanc appearing over the range of the Aiguilles Rouges. At twenty minutes past nine we attained a rough slaty ridge, quite free from snow; in fact the ridge of the pass. From hence we had a wonderful view of mountain-tops in all directions. It was not cold, but the sky now put on the appearance of the weather being about to change for the worse. Every peak, however, even the most distant, was quite clear; nor was there the slightest cloud or haze upon any part of Mont Blanc. From this pass we might have descended directly to Servoz; but our purpose was of a much more aspiring nature. After pausing a few minutes, we commenced and completed a fatiguing ascent of the now eternal snow, which was succeeded by a heart-breaking slope of bare slaty débris, occupying us together till forty minutes after ten o'clock. Again another slope of snow succeeded, and again another ascent of slaty fragments, which brought us, at a quarter past eleven, to the remains of the stone hovel of the philosopher Pictet, in which he used to take shelter when overtaken by bad weather in this elevated desert. One more short slaty ridge, and a steep slope of soft snow, brought us to the summit of the Buet, 10,154 English feet, according to De Saussure, above the level of the sea, at half-past eleven, after a fatiguing walk of five hours from the place where we left the mules, and eight hours exactly from Chamouny. The sun at half-past eleven was exactly over the Aiguille du Midi, as seen from hence. From this fine mountain-summit we looked clear away over the summit of the Brever, and of the Aiguilles Rouges (which we had so often looked up to from Chamouny), to Mont Blanc, and his attendant Aiguilles in all their glory. Mont Blanc, seen from this height, and at this distance, towered in kingly state over all his vassals. There were some clouds about, but none to impede the view; nor was there a breath of wind. The air, too, was quite mild; but my feet now became excessively cold, from my having been so long walking in the soft snow. The mountain summits visible from hence are so numerous, that to mention them all would be to make a catalogue of a considerable portion of the Alps. Beyond the range of Mont Blanc, towards the west, far in the Taxentaise, I saw very many undulating snowy summits, with a light thrown over them that gave them the appearance of the coloured waves seen in a surface of mother-of-pearl; in another direction, through a mountain gap, we got a peep of the Lake of Geneva. The Jura range, on the other side of the lake, was very distinct; so were the summits of the Oberland Alps, and all the heights quite round towards the Simplon. We were here, although the air was perfectly calm, at a height to which the voice of the torrent did not reach; and the impression of stillness I shall never forget. Close on the edge of the highest point of the mountain, where the precipice suddenly sinks down with frightful rapidity, and to which we scarcely dared approach, for fear of dislodging a mass of the soft snow, we saw the track of a chamois, that must have very lately passed. I observed several insects half dead lying on the snow during our ascent; and whilst we stood on the summit —oh, satire on human ambition!—several common butterflies flew over our heads.

The view from the summit of the Buet reminds one forcibly of one of the old-fashioned maps of all the mountains in the world at one view. In a word, it is the most unpicturesque thing possible, but possessing a grandeur and sublimity peculiar to itself, which, once seen, is never through life forgotten.

We could not remain on the actual summit for any length of time, for the snow was so soft, that we could not sit down, and no dry rock was visible, and my feet were aching excessively with the cold of the wet snow; so we descended to some dry rocks a little way down, where we changed our stockings, and got quite warm, and enjoyed the luncheon we brought with us very much. We remained here until one o'clock. Neither on the summit, nor during the ascent, did either I or my guide experience any inconvenience from the rarity of the air. During the ascent, I twice heard that peculiar solemn noise, difficult to describe, something between a deep sigh and a *lourd*, heavy, sullen, subdued sound of an explosion, which no doubt is frequently to be heard in these upper regions. It is probably occasioned by some slip or giving way of the snow under the influence of the mid-day sun. Beneath the snow-cliffs, my guide pointed out to me a place which, he told me, was that in which, in the year 1800, Mr Eschen, a Dane, lost his life. In the spot which he pointed out, the snow appeared deeply crevassed; and to the most unpractised eye, it was evidently not the way up the mountain. It was hard to believe that any one would have ventured into such a place.

I have already mentioned the stone hovel on the summit of the Buet, erected for the accommodation of the philosopher Pictet. I believe he made on this spot many observations with the barometer, as well as experiments on heat and radiation; the Buet is also alluded to by name, in a paper by him in the English 'Philosophical Transactions,' concerning the measurement of an arch of the meridian, dated 1791.

The steep and fatiguing slopes of slaty débris which I have mentioned before, are enriched with some of the rarest of the Alpine plants.

In descending, we glissaded the greater part of the slopes of snow; but where we kept the track of our ascent, I was surprised to find that our footsteps, though very deeply impressed, were almost entirely effaced by the action of the sun. Our descent was very rapid, and varied with frequent falls; the ensuing *glissading* of which may, without care, be carried far beyond a joke. So overpowering was the glare from the snow on the Buet, that I did not find a large goggling pair of green spectacles, together with a thick black crape veil, more protection to the eyes than was necessary.

We finally reached the spot where we had left our mules, below the Pierre de Bérard, at a quarter before three o'clock; that is, in an hour and three-quarters from the summit of the mountain, it having taken us five hours to ascend the same distance. I continued my way on foot, leaving the guide and mules to follow all the way down, and had now ample leisure to admire the scenery of the valley we had ridden up in the morning, which presents one of the wildest and most thoroughly picturesque scenes I ever beheld. Some of the rock and water scenes are scarcely to be exceeded for beauty and grandeur. No one should omit, if possible, during a séjour at Chamouny, an excursion as far at least as the Pierre de Bérard.

We arrived at the Chalets de Poyat at four o'clock, and I got back to Chamouny on my mule at a quarter

before six. Thus the expedition from Chamouny to the summit of the Buet, and back, occupies just about fifteen hours.

THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF LEIGH HUNT.

[From the 'Manchester Examiner.']

Of all living English writers, there is not one towards whom there exists a more general feeling of kindliness and gratitude than Leigh Hunt. This friendly gratitude has arisen from the peculiar characteristics of his writings—from their sympathy and genuine cordiality—their cheerful, hopeful tone—in short, their fulness to overflowing with that spirit which is best expressed by the beautiful but neglected old English word 'loving-kindness.' We know of no writer who has done more to make hearths and homes happy by peopling them with pleasant thoughts; for he quickens us into a livelier consciousness of our blessings, and communicates to our ordinary duties, and the simple objects of our daily wayside walk, a freshness and interest which it becomes a kind of grateful duty to him to acknowledge.

The tendency of all that Leigh Hunt has written is to *cheerfulise* existence. He reconciles us to ourselves, draws off our minds from remote visions of some future possible good, or painful remembrances of the past, and fixes our attention upon the actual blessings and privileges about us. He is one of the best teachers we know of that kind of contentment and gratitude which arises from a thankful recognition of those minor joys by which all of us are more or less surrounded, and to the value of which most of us are by far too insensible. And then with what a delicate and fine touch he pierces our selfishness! In what a kindly way he convinces us of our uncharitableness, and puts to rout our self-indulgent fallacies! With what a jovial hilarity he banters us out of our moroseness, and laughs at our ill-humour, until at last we are ashamed of our weakness, and determine to be wiser and better for the future! We never rose from a few hours' perusal of any of his charming books, without a sense of obligation to him for stimulating to a desire of generous activity those sympathies which habit and daily contact too often render languid and inert. Everything that comes from his pen is refreshing, and full of good-will to all the world. A belief in good, the recognition of universal beauty, and 'a brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance,' will be found pervading every essay he has written. To minds disturbed, or set on edge by crosses and disappointments, we know of no more effectual soother than 'a course' of Leigh Hunt. His own buoyant spirit is a fine example of the impossibility of crushing the heart of a true man, be his misfortunes and hardships ever so severe; and no man has suffered the rubs of fortune more bravely than he has done. A popular writer once spoke of him as 'the gray-headed boy whose heart can never grow old.' Those who are familiar with his writings will recognise the truthfulness of this remark, and remember how this perpetual youthfulness of feeling shows itself, in a thousand different ways, throughout all his works.

Another winning peculiarity of Leigh Hunt's writings is their frank, friendly, conversational tone—the pleasantly-egotistical and almost confidential manner in which he tells us every now and then of his own private notions and sentiments—so that we begin to fancy he is addressing *ourselves* in particular, and not his readers in general. There is such an easy, fireside-way about him, that it is like talking with an old intimate friend. He runs on from one theme to another with the most sprightly exuberance—now discussing with hearty sympathy the merits of Chaucer or Spenser, or some other old poet, and pointing out to us the beauty and true meaning of a favourite passage—now bringing out the sentiment of an ancient classical story, or dwelling upon his first impressions of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—then, perhaps, entering into a curious speculation regarding 'persons one would wish to have seen,' Shakspeare, for instance, or Petrarch, or Mahomet, or Cromwell, or Sir Philip Sydney—or, in a more gossiping vein, relating some characteristic anecdote of Cowley, or Pope, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Colley Cibber, or Mrs Centlivre; or reporting snatches of racy court scandal from the diary of Samuel Pepys. Then he will get into a philosophical humour, and discourse 'of the slow rise of the most rational opinions,' and quote wise and stately sentences from Lord Bacon's 'Essays' or Milton's 'Areopagitica.' On another occasion he comes to us when he is running over with news of the fields and the woods, and can speak of nothing but May-day, and May-poles, and the young spring flowers. He will give an hour's description of the pleasures of breakfasting in the country on a fine summer morning, with open window looking out upon a bright green lawn, with the air breathing in fresh and balmy, the sunlight streaming through the foliage, and casting its chequering shadows upon the favourite books and pictures with which the parlour walls are adorned; upon the table a few pansies freshly plucked, contrasting well with the snow-white cloth; and a bee humming about from cup to cup, seeking to partake of the honey which she herself probably assisted to furnish. At another time, perhaps, when some calamity has overtaken you, and affliction lies heavy upon a household, he comes in the guise of an old and tried friend of the family, with all a friend's privileges; and sits by your hearth, and suggests many a tender and solemn thought about death and immortality. His manner has more than its usual kindness; his voice sounds gravely, yet there is almost cheerfulness in its tone when he says that 'the best part of what you loved still remains, an indestructible possession—that although the visible form be taken away, yet that was only lent for a season, whereas the love itself is immortal, and the consciousness of it will ever abide to strengthen your faith, and soothe you amid the stir and fever of life.' Or it may be that he speaks of 'The Deaths of Little Children,' and then he almost makes you feel as if his true friend's hand were pressing your own, as he goes on to tell you that 'those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child—that the other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.' In the rough winter time again, 'when wind and rain beat dark December,' he will tell you of 'A Day by the Fire' which he had not long since—with all its home comforts and accompaniments—the pleasant hour before the candles are lighted—the gazing meditatively into the fire—the kettle 'whispering its faint under-song,' and the cheerful tea-table with its joyous faces, and the pleasant hours between tea-time and bed-time spent in the free utterance of thought as it comes, with a little music perhaps, or the reading of some favourite passages to stimulate the conversational powers of the circle; while every now and then the rain rattled against the windows, and the wind howled in such a way as to make everybody think of the sea and the poor sailors, and people who have to be out of doors in such weather; and last of all, the quiet half-hour after every one had retired but himself—when all around was silent, the cares of the day gone to sleep, and the fading embers reminding him where he should be: all these, and a thousand things else, in-doors and out of doors, in books, in nature, and in men, he talks about in a way so natural, easy, and colloquial—so marked by a pervading kindness of feeling—entering so heartily into all our tastes and thoughts, and enlisting all the while so thoroughly our sympathies, that we cannot but class him in the foremost rank of our most genial essayists, and place his writings among our choicest 'parlour window-seat books,' to be taken up in the brief intervals of active and social life, sure to find in them something which appeals to our most cherished tastes, and meets with our immediate appreciation.

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

Of all the members of society, the labouring man is the most dependent. Health is his only wealth, his capital, his stock in trade. When disease attacks him, the very source of his subsistence is dried up. He must earn his daily bread by daily toil; and, unlike many who occupy a higher position in society, he cannot do his work by deputy, nor postpone the doing of it till his health is re-established. Day by day the expense of sickness is added to the loss of income; and too often he recovers only to find his place occupied by another, and the first hours of convalescence spent in an anxious, and too often a fruitless, search after employment.—*Dr Guy.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 189. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE PROTECTOR.

The fate of Cromwell, as a man of history, is singular. After a lapse of time which seems more than sufficient to have dissipated prejudice, and silenced the outcries of party—after his character had long found what seemed to be its true level—a new agitation arises, and a revolution is called for in public opinion regarding him. 'The Protector, a Vindication,' is the title of a volume by Dr Merle D'Aubigné of Geneva, written in defence and praise of this remarkable individual.* It was originally intended as an article for a review, but grew into a book. We have in it no new facts regarding the Protector, but a considerable amount of fresh eloquence in showing him up as a great man. Dr Merle D'Aubigné, being satisfied that Cromwell was a sincere lover of evangelical Christianity, and anxious to promote the welfare of England on that principle, follows up the general line lately assumed by Mr Carlyle; so that the judgment of the last two centuries may on this point be said to be undergoing a very serious challenge. There is something interesting in thus seeing a new light attempted to be thrown upon a character which has so long stood among the shades of history.

Mr Carlyle's love for Cromwell seems mainly to spring from the admiration which this author bears for the earnest. Oliver was a man of strong views and profound convictions, who went resolutely through his work. This is enough for the eccentric philosopher of Chelsea. The present author is led by a different passion; he sees in Cromwell the arch opponent of the Roman church in the seventeenth century, and for this cause venerates him. To make all square to this point, we fear he scarcely gives a fair account of the religious principles of the two first Stuarts. These he makes out as the friends of the papal system; a somewhat odd position, in the first place, for the almost victim of the Gunpowder Conspiracy; and in the second, for him who had his head cut off because he never could exactly give up the Church of England. Even in the case of Charles II., one would say it was a somewhat unalarming friendship for Romanism, which never could confess itself till the deathbed scene had arrived. We should rather think that the Stuarts simply chanced to live at a time when the popular spirit was working strongly towards more liberal forms of policy, as well as to more zealous views of religion; and that placing themselves, as is very natural for the possessors of power, in opposition to this spirit, they unavoidably fell a sacrifice. As for there being anything peculiarly bad in the spirit of this family, it seems a vulgar way of accounting for the events, and, moreover, a somewhat equivocal vindication of their dethronement, seeing that, in adopting monarchy at all as a form of government, a people necessarily expresses its willingness to bear the risks which families run in the course of nature, of presenting imbecile or evil-spirited representatives. A much honester way of describing the Revolution were to say that the people came to lose all patience with the king's infatuation, and frightened him away without ever considering the constitutional bearing of the act. One-half of the errors of history are after-thoughts—philosophical accounts of things that proceeded from instinctive impulses, or took their main character from accidents small and great.

The outline of Cromwell's life given in this book is meagre; but it is enough, with the arguments accompanying it, to complete the extinction of the hypocrisy theory regarding the Protector. The profound cunning so long attributed to him now vanishes like darkness before light. There cannot, we think, be any longer a doubt that Cromwell was not only a man of vast capacity and energy—a thoroughly great man in the ordinary meaning of the term—but an entirely well-meaning man towards his country, aiming primarily at the establishment of the religious and civil liberties of the people, and only obliged to take power upon himself, because there was no other ready way of accomplishing that end. There was even a true humanity in Cromwell, albeit obscured and often set entirely aside by his religious delusions and his views of policy. In all these respects it is profound injustice to the Protector to compare him with Bonaparte. They take analogous places in their several chapters of history; but there was one simple but decisive difference in their characters—the one was a wholly selfish man, the other not so. Beyond this, however, we suspect that the vindication of Cromwell cannot be justly carried.

For one thing, it appears in glaring colours throughout Cromwell's life—and no eloquence of Mr Carlyle or Dr Merle D'Aubigné can extenuate the matter—that he would do any amount of evil that good might come. The execution of the king was an example. His practice with the Irish was to the same effect. When he landed there to restore order, he had to consider the plan that ought to be followed for the purpose. 'Should he employ a few weeks,' says our Genevan doctor, 'with the sacrifice of 5000 men, or several years, with the loss of perhaps 20,000? Having weighed everything, he decided for the hand of iron. That hand is never amiable; but yet there are cases in which it is salutary.' This is the way in which an evangelical minister of our day commences an apology for the most horrible butcheries on record in our history during the last five centuries. The page cannot, he admits, be read without emotion and pain, 'but it presents this great man to us as *following the most skilful course to arrive at a prompt and universal pacification.*' Can Dr Merle D'Aubigné

* Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. 1847.

be forgetful of the strong condemnation put upon this policy by one whom he must venerate—Paul? Can he be ignorant that the very same excuse would serve for the Duke of Alva, for Graham of Claverhouse, or for Judge Jeffries? Our author admits that his hero acted too much on the Old Testament. We deny, however, that such actions could flow from anything but the man's own nature. He was a bold, rough, decisive man, and his plans partook of this character. Further speculation on the subject is apt to become mere refining.

For another thing, we demur very much to the pretensions now made for Cromwell as a statesman. He did undoubtedly place himself in a position of great authority, and, as far as his authority went, he acted generally well. We must ever, for example, admire his energetic interferences in behalf of the oppressed Protestants of France and the Canton Vaud. No English heart but must beat high and proudly at the respect he secured for our country amongst foreign states. But Cromwell was merely a successful despot. We have it in his own words, that he believed it to be 'lawful for the lesser party, *when in the right*, to force the majority.' This is quite enough. He could do nothing to generate a system that would work apart from his own vast personal energies. The parliaments he called about him were all failures. We do not hear of a single minister or coadjutor possessing the slightest share of ability evoked by him. He was like some over-active men in private life, who prevent their servants and children from coming into any efficiency, by doing everything too well themselves. Hence, at his death, there was no arrangement for conducting the state without him. His family and whole system, as far as he had one, vanished away in a few months into an insignificance most surprising, considering what the Protector had himself so recently been. And it cannot but appear to us as saying wonderfully little for his government, that in little more than a year after its cessation, not a voice was heard praising it; but, on the contrary, the nation, like one man, was shouting with joy at the re-establishment of that which Cromwell had spent himself to suppress. The people of England were then confessedly a great and a reflecting people. If so, they could not have failed to appreciate Cromwell and his government, if either had been, on the whole, entitled to their esteem. How is Dr Merle D'Aubigné to reconcile the facts, that the people had both sense and good feeling, and yet saw Cromwell's body, within two years of his death, exposed on a gibbet without a word or act of remonstrance? The plain reading of the events, to our apprehension, is, that Cromwell, however in his own heart a well-intending man, was practically a grievance to his country. We can easily conceive him to have been so, if not from his own positive acts, at least from his preventing the establishment of such a constitutional system as would work peaceably, and give assurance of future peace. Even, perhaps, in that very misrepresentation to which Mr Carlyle and Dr D'Aubigné show he has been exposed for two hundred years, there is something condemnatory—for how should he have been from the beginning so totally misunderstood, unless under a sense of his having been somehow a source of suffering to his country? The very recklessness and debauchery of the ensuing age, as in some measure a reaction from the Commonwealth rigours, is a kind of impeachment of Cromwell, as much as it is of Charles Stuart. From a truly wise and just rule no such consequences could have proceeded.

The secret of the whole matter we suspect to be this—that Cromwell both started from a false point, and laboured under false views, in his particular actions. Though greatly in advance of his age in his ideas of religious toleration or non-interference, he was nevertheless one who set up a religious policy as something indispensable for the good of mankind, and something which he, as governor, was bound to see established. 'The supreme magistrate,' he said, 'should exercise his *conscience* in erecting what form of church government he is satisfied should be set up;' a maxim which would entirely justify James II. in his efforts to restore Catholicism. He did not offend much in this particular direction; he rather went the other way; but he still sought to apply to human affairs a Scriptural rule which, under an arbitrary interpretation, is quite inapplicable to them. With this radical error in his conduct, his state affairs could never go quite right. Perhaps it was only by reason of his natural good sense that they answered at all. Then, for a particular course of action, Cromwell did not look for a guidance in the Bible; he prayed fervently, and took his next ensuing emotions for the direction of God within him—a practice which of course must have led to the most dreadful mistakes. It meets ample condemnation from our author, and we fully concur in the judgment. Liable to such fallacies, borne away by impulses so irrelative to the common wisdom of the world, it is easy to understand how Cromwell—majestically great and good man as he, after all, was—ultimately failed in his aims, and drew things to a precisely contrary point. He was one of the many of God's own who have been ruined and lost by false though well-meaning faith; seeking to carry religion beyond its own only proper sphere—the silent temple of the individual heart; fastening it to the wheels of every vehicle of human affairs, only to have it spattered with dirt and made a mockery to the reckless. When will men see it in its true character, and abstain from profaning it by their injudicious zeal?

THE DANCING-GIRL OF INDIA.

The rajah of Hussunpoor gave a splendid *nauch* or dance, and supper, to the officers of a detachment of East India Company's troops, then on their way to the seat of war in the Ghoorka mountains. The festivity was conducted on a scale of profuse magnificence, such as the princes of Hindoostan are fond of displaying on state occasions, and which forms a remarkable contrast to their ordinary simple and even frugal style of living. The spot selected for the occasion was outside the town, at no great distance from the British camp. The enormous tent of the rajah was composed entirely of blue and white velvet, in alternate stripes, with a deep border of cloth of gold. The cords were made of twisted strands of silk and gold, with tassels of the same precious metal. The gilded tent-poles had spear-heads of solid gold. The canvas floor-cloth on which the tent was pitched was covered with a carpet of crimson velvet, with a deep fringe of gold bullion. On this, in the centre, was spread a snow-white cloth for the dancers. Attendants, in surcoats and trousers of blue velvet, with crimson shawls about the waist, and turbans of brocade, stood round the sides of the tent, some with silver maces, others bearing large fans, which they waved over the heads of the guests, and others with torches composed of strips of muslin steeped in oil and wrapped around iron spindles. These cast a wild and flaring light over this scene of truly Oriental splendour, in which the Cashmere shawls, jewelled turbans, and loose graceful garments of the native nobles were contrasted with the scarlet uniforms and glittering side-arms of the European officers. The latter were mostly 'old hands,' who had been long enough in India to be perfectly versed in the customs of the people. The guests reclined at their ease on cushions and couches, eating sweetmeats, or drinking the wines which were served in profusion by the attendants.

At length, at a signal given by the rajah, the *nauchnees* or dancers made their appearance. There were two of them, young Hindoostanee girls, with fine re-

gular features, and dusty bronze-like skins. Their large dark eyes appeared yet larger and more languishing from the circle of black pigment, called *soorma* (a preparation of antimony), which was drawn around the inner edges of the eyelids. The tips of their fingers and the soles of their bare feet were stained of a rosy hue with the juice of the henna plant. They wore full trousers, and skirts of gay-coloured muslins embroidered with gold, with a muslin chuddur or scarf over the neck, and a figured shawl about the waist—the dress of these females being far more modest than that of European opera-dancers. Silver anklets, hung with little bells, jingled to the slow movements of their feet. The large hanging sleeves of their vests showed the bracelets of gold and gems on their slender rounded arms. In their ears they had rings, of which the golden setting was hardly visible for the brilliancy of the jewels which flashed and glittered in the torchlight. These were presents from their admirers; for the dancers of the semi-barbarous East are almost as much petted, and as widely celebrated, as those of the civilised West—which is saying a great deal.

The musicians now struck up their monotonous scraping and thumping, and the nauchnees commenced their song and dance. The Oriental style of dancing, it is well known, differs greatly from that to which we are accustomed. It consists principally in movements of the body and arms: the feet, though in constant motion, remaining nearly in the same place. Our dances are addressed wholly to the eye, and are intended chiefly to gratify that taste for regular and graceful motion which seems as natural as the love of music. The eastern dance is decidedly of a more intellectual character. It is accompanied by a song, or rather the singing is considered the principal part of the entertainment, to which the dance is subsidiary. Its motions are intended to illustrate the sentiments conveyed in the words. To this end every movement, attitude, and look is made to contribute with wonderful skill. Most of the songs express the passion of love, with all its vicissitudes of gaiety, sadness, hope, suspicion, transport, jealousy, fury, despair. In these cases the acting is sometimes exquisite, and such as would excite admiration in any theatre. Sometimes a martial air is introduced, or a pastoral carol, or a song descriptive of the chase, or other incidents of daily life in the East. Many of these compositions are as famous as the favourite operas and ballets of our boards, and particular dances are called for by the guests of the nauch at their pleasure. The exertions of the dancers are so great, that their excitement soon exhausts them, and several sets are usually ready, who succeed one another, and vary the performances.

The rajah of Hussunpoor had been at some expense and trouble to procure the most celebrated dancers of the country; and many of them were greatly applauded, especially by the foreigners, who, strange as it may appear, almost invariably learn, after a while, to prefer this kind of exhibition to the graces of the ballet by which Taglioni and Elssler have acquired their fame. One of the nauchnees in particular attracted their attention, from her youth and modest appearance. She came forward at first with great diffidence, almost trembling, and sang a pastoral song somewhat similar to the 'Ranz des Vaches,' with a voice so plaintively sweet, and a manner so graceful and winning, that the call for its repetition was universal. She excited as much curiosity as an actress making her first appearance on the stage. Her complexion was fairer than that of the other nauchnees, and it appeared still more so from the contrast with the chuddur or mantilla which she wore, falling from her head over her shoulders, and which was of black stuff, after the fashion of those worn by the mountaineers of the north. The rajah, a fat old Mussulman, who prided himself on being a connoisseur in the art, was much taken with the new performer. He called to him the sirdar or director of the entertainment, and inquired her name and origin.

'Light of the world,' answered the sirdar, 'the girl's name is Lonee; and she comes from the province of Kemaoon, in the neighbourhood of Almora.'

'She is not a Ghoorka?' said the rajah.

'The maharajah is right. She is a Vaisya, and was taken captive by the Ghoorkas, who sold her to some merchants, of whom your slave purchased her at the fair of Hurdwar. She has been but two months in training, and promises to make an excellent nauchnee, but for her excessive desire to return to her native land.'

'I think,' observed the rajah with an air of great wisdom, 'that all these mountaineers are mad on that head.'

'True, Khodawund, servant of God,' replied the sirdar. 'They fall sick with longing for their barren hills and rocks, where the goats starve to death in winter, as I tell Lonee. I have been compelled, in order to keep up the girl's spirits, to promise her that, when she shall have earned a certain sum to repay me for what I have expended on her, she shall be free to return to Kemaoon. Perhaps the maharajah would like to hear the girl relate her own history in a song which Zalim Singh, the bard, has composed for her?'

'By all means,' said the rajah, and the rest of the company eagerly joined in the call. Lonee, who had been standing with folded hands and downcast eyes during this conversation, now came forward, and sang with expressive action some verses, of which the following is a free translation:—

LONEE'S SONG.

Where shines the god-mountain*
Sublime o'er the earth;
Where leaps the god-river
From ice into birth;
Where great Nundidevi†
Soars white to the moon—
There, there is my country,
Beloved Kemaoon!

The bright stars of midnight
Their dews o'er us wept;
In the valley of Deenah
All peaceful we slept;
And fearless the nightingale
Warbled his song—
He heard but the streamlet
Soft rippling along.

What voices of terror
Ring wild through the night?
Up!—up! 'tis the Ghoorka!
Arm, arm for the fight!
Bring buckler and broadsword!
Bring matchlock and bow!
From the hill-sides all round us
Down thunders the foe!

Too late was the warning,
The struggle was vain;
Beside their own threshold
My brethren were slain;
Afar from her kindred
Poor Lonee was torn;
A slave to the stranger,
She wanders forlorn.

Oh, noble Bahadurs,‡
No more let me roam—
Redeem a poor maiden
Who sighs for her home.
Think, gentle Feringhees,§
What fond hearts and true,
Beyond the Black Water,‖
Are pining for you!

* *Gungoutri*, the peak of the Himalayas, from which the Ganges takes its rise, is considered by the Hindoos to be the embodied form of Mahadeo, or Siva, the destroying power. *Gunga*, the deified river, is his daughter.

† *Nundidevi*, before the altitude of Dhwalagari was known, was considered the highest summit of the Himalayan chain. It rises 25,689 feet above the level of the sea.

‡ *Bahadur*, great personage, nobleman.

§ *Feringhee*, or Frank, is the usual term applied to Europeans by the natives of India.

‖ *Kala Pâni*, the Black Water, is the Hindoo name for the ocean, of which their ideas and descriptions are of the most terrific kind—something like those which were common in Europe previous to the voyage of Columbus.

This appeal, chanted in earnest, moving tones, was answered not only by general applause, but by the more satisfactory response of a shower of jewels and gold pieces—the former coming from the native nobles, and the latter from the British officers. Lonee, 'with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye,' hastened to gather up these contributions to her ransom, and was about to withdraw, when the rajah, who had been charmed by the novel and peculiar style of beauty of the young nauchnee, as well as by her character, so different from that of the class to which she belonged, bade her remain, and announced his intention of rewarding her deserts by promoting her into his zenanah. It was plainly his expectation that the damsel would receive this intelligence with transport, as indeed it was an unexampled honour for one of her profession. Poor Lonee, however, seemed to be otherwise affected. She stood for a moment as if thunderstruck; and then sinking at the rajah's feet, with joined hands, in the attitude of supplication, she exclaimed, 'Mighty rajah, asylum of the earth, your slave is unworthy to enter your zenanah!'

'Tush!' returned the old Mussulman; 'if I say you are worthy, that is enough. Only conduct yourself well, and you shall be favoured.'

'Light of the universe,' replied the nauchnee, trembling and wringing her hands, 'what shall your slave say? She has bargained with the sirdar to pay him a thousand rupees, and then she will be free to return to her home and her kindred.'

'Well, well,' answered the rajah impatiently, 'I will pay the money. Have I not said it? You shall remain with me, to entertain me and my zenanah. You shall dress in brocade and shawls of Cashmere, and shall feast on pilaus and sugar-plums. What more would you have? *Bus!* (enough!) you can go.'

But in spite of this permission, intended for a command, poor Lonee remained kneeling, with every sign of confusion and dismay. 'Oh maharajah,' she said, 'pardon your wretched slave, but her heart is in her native land, among the hills of dear Kemaoon.'

'Wallah!' exclaimed the fat old chieftain, puffing and fuming with anger at this unexpected opposition. 'What fool's nonsense is this? Native hills! Dear Kemaoon! Stuff! What is it to me where her heart is? Take her away!'

The attendants, in great haste, were about to obey this imperious order, when they were interrupted by the interposition of a third party. The English officers had listened to this conversation with attention, exchanging remarks now and then among themselves, and evidently sympathising with the dancing-girl. At this moment one of the youngest of them, whose uniform showed him to be a lieutenant, spoke hastily.

'This proceeding,' he said, 'appears to me unjust. If the girl has made a contract with her master, it is right that she should have an opportunity of fulfilling it.'

'Well; what then?' inquired the rajah angrily. 'Have I not twice said that I would pay the money?'

'But,' returned the lieutenant, 'it was a part of the agreement that Lonee should have permission to return to her native land.'

'Bah!' retorted the Mussulman, his round eyes gleaming with anger; 'what do I care for the agreement? What fuss is this about a nauchnee? Is she not a slave? Is not this my land? Can I not do what I please?'

'No!' replied the young Englishman quickly; 'not if you were the padshah himself. You shall not perpetrate this injustice in the presence of British officers.'

The rajah turned almost white with rage, and some very unpleasant scene would have ensued, but for the interference of Colonel G——, a tall, thin, gray-headed officer, with a yellow complexion, and an air of invincible coolness. 'Mr R——,' he said in English, 'you are too hasty; you forget yourself.' Then turning to the rajah, he continued in Hindoostanee—'It would be truly unworthy of our wisdom if we should allow a dispute about a dancing-girl to create ill-blood between us and our esteemed ally, the rajah of Hussunpoor. All this business may be easily settled. The noble rajah, with that generosity for which he is famous throughout the world (here the old chief stroked his beard), has condescended to notice a poor nauchnee, who is a slave, and to offer to pay her ransom, and to provide for her most liberally. Assuredly such munificence is not to be surpassed. But it seems that the girl is anxious to return to the country in which she was born; certainly a natural feeling, and one in which we all partake who are in like manner condemned to spend our lives at a distance from our native land. But she must understand that it is very doubtful whether she would find the home of her childhood, if she should be allowed to seek it. The ravages of the Ghoorkas have been dreadfully destructive throughout that unhappy land. Many villages have been swept away, and their inhabitants exterminated.'

Here poor Lonee, sobbing bitterly, covered her face with her hands, vainly attempting to hide her tears. The colonel continued, apparently unmoved, 'It is my opinion, therefore, that she cannot do better than accept the liberal and condescending kindness of our esteemed friend the rajah. But if she should obstinately persist in her resolution to return to Kemaoon, we must endeavour, among us, to make up the sum necessary to satisfy her master, to which I will willingly contribute; and I doubt not that the generosity of the rajah, and of these other princes, will be displayed with its customary magnificence.'

There is no virtue on which Oriental magnates so much pride themselves as on their liberality. The colonel was thoroughly acquainted with the character of those with whom he had to deal, and his speech was received with exclamations of '*Ucha! bhote khoob!*' ('Good! well-said!')—in which the old rajah joined, though rather sulkily. But he was well aware that his 'esteemed allies' were, in fact, his masters, and he had an especial dread of the shrewd imperturbable old colonel.

'Well, Lonee,' said the latter, 'tell us your final determination. Will you remain in the zenanah of his highness, or will you take the risk of wandering houseless and homeless over the hills of Kemaoon?'

'Protector of the poor,' replied the nauchnee without hesitation, 'how can your slave answer? She is a poor foolish girl, but her heart is in her native land, and if she does not see it again she will die.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the colonel, 'I think we can make up a purse among us to ransom the poor girl.' Here he was interrupted by his khitmutgar, or personal attendant—a Mussulman, clad in a showy surcoat of yellow muslin, with yellow trousers, and a blue shawl-girdle and turban, who came forward with joined hands, in the attitude of one asking a favour. 'Will the Colonel Sahib listen to the petition of his servant?' he said.

'What is it?' inquired the colonel, somewhat surprised.

'I have served the Colonel Sahib fifteen years, and he has found no fault with me.'

'True, Sahaduk,' replied his master, 'and you once saved me from a tiger. Well, what now?'

'Gurreebpurwar, protector of the poor,' answered Sahaduk, 'I want a wife. My wife died two years ago in Malwa, and I have a little child, and no one to take care of it when I am waiting on your highness. The Colonel Sahib's kindness has made me rich. The Vaisya women have the report of being excellent wives. Let your servant pay the girl's ransom, and marry her.'

'With all my heart,' replied the colonel laughing, 'provided you can get her consent. I am not her father, and cannot give her to you. What do you say, Lonee? Will you be the wife of my khitmutgar? He is a worthy fellow, and will take good care of you.'

The young girl looked earnestly at Sahaduk, who was a handsome man of about thirty, with a counte-

nance expressive of courage and good-nature. 'Will he take me to Kemaoon?' she asked.

'Certainly,' replied the colonel; 'we are on our way there at this moment.'

Lonee's countenance brightened up. 'And will he never beat me? We Vaisya women do not like to be beaten, like the wives in this lowland country.'

'My servant must answer for himself,' replied the colonel. 'I think I have heard of his beating his former wife; hey, Sahaduk?'

'Never but once, Gurreebpurwar,' answered the khitmutgar, 'when she neglected our first child, and it died.'

'Ah, then she deserved it!' said Lonee. 'I will be your wife, for I think you will treat me well; and I shall see Kemaoon again.'

'Well, off with you both,' said the colonel; 'get married at once, for we start to-morrow morning for Almora.'

The couple, so unexpectedly mated, retired; and the party, whose good-humour had been restored by this little scene, applied themselves heartily to the supper which was now brought in. The rajah washed away the remains of his sulkiness in a bowl of brandy punch, which Lieutenant R—— concocted by way of a peace-offering, and which the sinful old Mussulman drank without regard to the interdict of his religion. The entertainment was not long protracted, as the officers were compelled to withdraw early, having to set off before the dawn on the following morning.

In ten days, Colonel G——, with the troops under his command, had passed the Terrai, or belt of forest-land and marsh, noted for its deadly climate, which separates the plain of Hindoostan from the hill-country at the base of the Himalayas. The province of Kemaoon is composed entirely of rocky mountain ridges, intersected by narrow valleys or glens, like the most rugged districts in the Scottish Highlands. Though nearly under the tropic, the vegetation bears the character proper to the northern limits of the temperate zone. Oaks, pines, firs, the pear, the raspberry, the blackberry, and other trees and fruits to which they had long been unaccustomed, reminded the British invaders of their native land. The original inhabitants and proper owners of the country were the Vaisyas, a fine race of mountaineers, who, in their manner of life, and their simple, honest, industrious character, have many points of resemblance to the Swiss. They build good houses of limestone and slate, and cultivate not only their valleys, but even the terraced sides of their rugged hills, wherever this is possible. They have herds of small cattle, which they keep for their milk, but never kill them, that being forbidden by their religion. Although a brave and high-spirited people, they had the ill luck to be conquered by the Ghoorkas, or natives of Nepaul, to the east of Kemaoon, who took advantage of some civil dissensions among the Vaisyas to assail them when disunited, and unprepared for a contest. The Ghoorkas, who are a race partaking of the Tartar physiognomy and character, treated the conquered Vaisyas with great cruelty, ravaging their villages, murdering all who resisted, and selling their wives and children into slavery. Fortunately, in the course of their maraudings, they came in collision with the British authorities; and the result was the war of 1815, in which the Ghoorkas were expelled from the conquered territory. In this contest our troops were greatly indebted to the assistance of the Vaisyas, who, regarding them as deliverers, did all in their power to aid them, acting as guides and messengers, dragging their cannon up the declivities, and fighting bravely when they came to close quarters with the enemy.

Colonel G——, with the forces under his command, had been ordered to make a detour in the mountains near Almora, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from a strong position which they held in front of the British main body. Unfortunately, the guide who had been furnished him was not well acquainted with the country; and after wandering about for three or four days in the wildest recesses of the hills, the colonel found himself one evening in a rugged defile between two precipices, with no outlet in front but by a narrow and perilous ascent. Determined not to bivouac in this dangerous position, he pushed forward until he was checked by the alarming intelligence that the passage was barricaded, and occupied by a strong body of Ghoorkas. It would have been madness to attack them in the steep path where three men could not advance abreast, and Colonel G—— at once gave orders to retreat from the defile by the way in which they had entered. But at this moment word was brought from the rearguard that the enemy had appeared in great force at that end of the pass. It was plain to the colonel and his officers that they were caught in a trap, from which it would be impossible to extricate themselves by fighting, without heavy loss. A hurried consultation was held. Lieutenant R—— proposed to scale the side of the ravine with a small party, and surprise the enemy by an attack in the rear. The guide was sent for, and interrogated respecting the feasibility of this movement; but he declared his utter ignorance and perplexity. He was a Vaisya, but from a different part of the province, and had only travelled this road on one occasion many years before. While they were still engaged in the discussion, Sahaduk, the khitmutgar, made his appearance, begging to be heard. His wife, he said, was well acquainted with the country, and might be of service, if they would be pleased to listen to her.

'By all means; bring her here, Sahaduk,' said the colonel. 'Why did we not think of this before? Let us hear what she has to say.'

Lonee now came forward, no longer in the garb of a nauchnee, but apparelled as a Vaisya damsel, in a frock of gray camlet, with a black mantle of woollen cloth over her head. She was perfectly familiar, she said, with the place in which they were, having frequently visited it in search of bilberries and other wild fruit. She knew of a path by which not merely a small party, but, if they chose, the whole force, might ascend the side of the ravine, and regain the main road to Almora without difficulty.

'Show us that, my good girl,' said the colonel, 'and you will do us a service for which you shall be well rewarded.'

'No, Sahib,' said Lonee eagerly; 'not that. Is it not to free my country from these robbers? And did you not save me from the rajah, and bring me to Kemaoon?'

'Well, my daughter,' said the colonel, 'show us the path, and we will dispute about the recompense hereafter.'

Lonee was as good as her word. The track up which she led was steep and rugged, but practicable for infantry not burdened with heavy arms or baggage. A dozen men could have defended it with ease; but the Ghoorkas were probably ignorant of its existence. By midnight the whole detachment had made its way out of the defile in which it had been blockaded, and was encamped in a valley of some extent, offering a good field for action in case of an attack. Many houses were scattered through the valley, but they were tenantless, and appeared to have been lately shattered and spoiled by ruthless hands. 'The Ghoorkas have been at work here,' said Lieutenant R——. 'Do you know this place, Lonee?'

'Do I know it, Sahib?' she said. 'Ah, wo is me! it is Deenah! It is the valley where I was born. They are all gone. There is not one left. It is as the Colonel Sahib said. Oh, my father!—my mother! I shall see you no more!'

'Perhaps they have only fled, and will return as soon as the Ghoorkas are driven away,' observed Lieutenant R——. The remark appeared to inspire Lonee with new hope. She darted up the side of the hill which overhung the valley, and reached at length a lofty crag

which jutted out from the declivity. Standing there, she uttered a shrill, piercing cry, in the tone in which natives of mountainous countries are wont to call to each other. Three times she repeated this call, listening anxiously in the intervals. At length a response of the same kind was heard, but evidently from a great distance, and Lonee slowly descended the hill. There were, she said, some of her people in the neighbourhood, but they were afraid to approach. It would be necessary to wait till the morning, when she would be able to learn more.

When the morning dawned, the British officers perceived that their escape from the ravine had been discovered by the Ghoorkas, who had shifted their ground, and were now drawn up in great force in the road to Almora. Immediate preparations were made for an attack. The struggle which ensued was desperate, the British troops being superior in arms and discipline, and their opponents in numbers, with the advantage of the ground. The battle, however, was suddenly decided by an unexpected event. A furious attack was made by some fresh assailants upon the rear of the Ghoorkas, who, surprised and panic-stricken, broke and fled in every direction. The English officers, unwilling that their men should be scattered, soon recalled them from the pursuit. The auxiliaries who had so unexpectedly come to their aid were less forbearing. They were no other than the Vaisyas of the neighbourhood, who, warned by the cries of Lonee, had suddenly collected and assailed their enemies when they found them engaged with the English. They now pursued and cut them down without mercy, thus avenging the many outrages which they had endured at their hands.

When the pursuit was over, the Vaisyas assembled in a body, and came forward to greet their allies. They were headed by a noble-looking old man, whose stalwart form betokened great strength, and who bore in his hand a heavy wooden mace shod with iron, which had evidently been wielded with unsparing vigour. His looks, however, betrayed no exultation, but were composed, and even melancholy. He was heartily welcomed by Colonel G—— and his officers, who acknowledged the assistance which they had received from his well-timed attack. The old man received their compliments and congratulations very calmly. He said that he and his people should always be grateful to the English for taking so much trouble to deliver them from the tyrannical Ghoorkas. For his own part, he had not much cause for rejoicing: the Ghoorkas had spoiled his homestead, slain his two sons, and carried his daughter into captivity. His house could be repaired, and his fields stocked anew; but of what avail would it be to one who had no children to share in his good fortune, or to succeed him when he died?

Poor Lonee could endure no more. Casting off the black mantle which concealed her face, she threw her arms around her father's neck, laughing and weeping at the same time in the excitement of her joy. The astonishment and delight of the old man at thus unexpectedly recovering his lost child may be readily conceived. It appeared that Lonee's mother was still alive, and there were others of her kindred among the neighbours who were now coming in from all directions. The officers, as may be supposed, were much pleased at witnessing the happiness of their pretty protégée, to whom they themselves had been not a little indebted for their extrication from the embarrassment of the preceding night. As it was impossible to delay their march, Sahaduk was directed to remain at Deenah with his wife until the war was over—an order which, without disparagement to his courage, he was very willing to obey.

In a few weeks the Ghoorkas were compelled to evacuate the country, and a permanent military station was formed at Almora. Sahaduk resided there with his master, until the latter was ordered to another part of India. He then rewarded the faithful services of his attendant, and discharged also his debt of obligation to Lonee, by fitting up a handsome shop in Almora, which he made over in fee-simple to his ex-khitmutgar. Should any of our friends hereafter chance to visit the capital of Kemaoon, we recommend them to make their purchases in the linen-drapery line of the worthy Sahaduk Bhae, now one of the principal mahajans or merchants of Almora. Lonee is his faithful helpmate, the careful mother of half-a-dozen fine young mountaineers; and from all that we can learn, we have no doubt that he has honourably fulfilled his promise—never to beat her unless she deserved it.

THE FREE BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES AT EAST SMITHFIELD.

On one of the sultry days in July of the present year, the writer of this paper was induced to visit the free baths and wash-houses in East Smithfield, for the purpose of inspecting the establishment, of which he had read a good deal in the newspapers.

The baths are obscurely situated in Glasshouse Yard, East Smithfield, immediately contiguous to the western entrance of the London docks, and in the midst of a densely-populated district, composed for the greater part of the very poorest class, and embracing a great portion of Whitechapel, Wapping, Shadwell, Radcliffe, Commercial Road, the Minories, and Tower Hill. The place is somewhat difficult to be found, and the access to it is rather repulsive, by reason of the adjacent indications of squalor and poverty; but of course these circumstances only render it the more appropriate. The building, which is composed almost entirely of wood, seems originally to have been employed for a different purpose from that to which it is now devoted; and the operations are wholly conducted on the ground floor. The institution, which has been in operation about two years, was set on foot by a few private and wealthy persons, actuated by no expectations of private gain or personal motives of any kind, but solely with the benevolent view of mitigating some of the hardships pertaining to the lot of the poor inhabitants in the vicinity, and of all who chose to avail themselves of its privileges; and this not by donations of money or food, but by means less palpable and appreciable perhaps, but scarcely less essential—namely, by affording them facilities for cleansing their persons, their clothes, and their homes. Its original promoters still exercise an active superintendence over its affairs; and it is maintained almost wholly by voluntary contributions, the exception being, that a charge of one penny is made for a warm bath to persons of a class above those whom the institution was more especially designed to benefit. The individual by whom we believe the baths and wash-houses were originated—at all events, under whose management they have been conducted since their commencement—is a person of a benevolent turn of mind and unassuming manners, Mr Robert Bowie, who practises as a surgeon in the immediate vicinity. To him all the arrangements, so simple, unpretending, and economical, yet so efficient, are owing.

The institution is divided into two departments—namely, one for washing, and one for bathing. Poor people who choose to bring their clothes to be washed, are provided, free of expense, with suitable accommodation in a large apartment, and with washing-tubs, hot and cold water, soap, soda, the use of an ingenious apparatus for drying them in a quarter of an hour, and with irons for ironing them. Finally, before leaving the house, they may enjoy a warm or cold bath, if they choose to avail themselves of either, likewise gratuitously. When we think of the serious incon-

veniences and annoyance to which thousands of poor people dwelling in the crowded and narrow streets and lanes of the eastern part of the metropolis were subjected, before the existence of these baths, and to which many more thousands are yet exposed in other parts of it, and in most of the large towns in the kingdom, by being obliged to wash, dry, and iron their clothes in the one sole room in which a large family are so commonly 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' and where they have to cook their meals, eat and sleep, dress and undress, and perform all the minor offices of life, we can then understand and appreciate the invaluable boon which such an institution confers upon those who are able to avail themselves of its privileges. But the institution does not stop here. The kind-hearted and sagacious man who presides over it has sought to adapt its advantages to every conceivable phase and form of filth and wretchedness in which the human form and lineaments are so often found debased. Hundreds of persons—and many of them very young persons too—of both sexes, are so utterly destitute and unfortunate as to possess no single article of clothing besides those which they have on their backs, and those are often scanty, and of necessity far from clean. How could the society aid those persons in washing their clothes, when their whole stock of habiliments was imperatively required to cover their nakedness? This obstacle has been surmounted. To individuals of this class, who wish to wash their clothes, the society furnishes a change of clothing, to be used by them whilst they are so engaged, and also materials and an apartment for mending them afterwards. Before leaving the house, they may likewise have a warm or cold bath; and all this accommodation is offered without any charge whatever. Nor is this all. Limited as have been the means at the disposal of the society, it has extended its services beyond the walls of the building, and attempted even more radically to promote universal cleanliness and health among the poor in the vicinity, by providing whitewash, and lending pails and brushes to persons desirous of purifying their humble dwellings; and the boon so offered has been eagerly accepted by great numbers in the neighbourhood.

With respect to the baths, there were only two at the commencement of the experiment; and, in consequence, six persons were obliged to use the same water successively—a regulation obviously objectionable, and which must have been unpleasant to the bathers. By the addition of two other baths, in the course of time two or three persons at the utmost had to use the same water; and now, since the erection of two other baths, making six in the whole, each individual bathing has a fresh supply of pure warm water. The bather is also supplied with a piece of soap and a clean towel. The arrangements of the baths, though they are destitute of everything like ornament, and in some respects somewhat rudely constructed, are unexceptionable as respects privacy and decorum. The writer himself took a warm bath on the premises. and had soap and a clean towel allowed him, for all which accommodation he was expected to pay only a penny. The bath was certainly not so neatly or commodiously constructed, nor contained in so comfortable an apartment, as the second-class baths at the public baths and wash-houses in George Street, Marylebone, near Euston Square; but it ought to be taken into account, in instituting the comparison, that the charge for a warm bath at the latter place is fourpence, and that the establishment is a self-supporting one, and conducted on a much more extensive and pretending scale than that at East Smithfield.

We shall now briefly describe the internal economy of the institution. A large, lofty room, being the principal one in the house, is set apart for the washing and drying of clothes. We saw several women engaged in this work, superintended by the matron, amongst whom the greatest decorum and order were observable. We took occasion to interrogate the matron on the conduct of the people who came to wash, and she assured us that she had no trouble with them on that point, that they were uniformly civil in their behaviour towards herself and to one another, and that all of them expressed themselves grateful for the privileges afforded them. In this room there is a large steam boiler, used for the purpose of heating the water; not by *boiling* it in the ordinary way, but by pouring steam into wooden tubs filled with cold water, until it becomes heated. We saw only one objection to this method, which lay in having the tubs fixed in the masonry surrounding and supporting the boiler, by which the washers were exposed to the fierce heat both of the boiler and of the fire underneath. Washing clothes in warm water, under ordinary circumstances, is sufficiently hot work; but the process carried on as we have described it, especially on a day so sultry as that on which our visit was made, must have been painfully, if not intolerably, oppressive. Probably Mr Bowie, as ingeniously inventive as he is philanthropic, may be able to think of some mode of obviating this inconvenience: the only wonder is, that it was not foreseen in the first instance.

With the view of economising fuel, this boiler is used not only for heating the water in the wash-tubs, but also that in the baths placed in adjacent apartments; and, what is more remarkable, it is likewise made available for the drying of the clothes when washed, through the medium of an ingenious process which we shall describe, and which was suggested by Mr Bowie. A chamber, about the size, and having the appearance, of a large cupboard, is placed at the distance of a few yards from the boiler, with which it is made to communicate by a pipe of about eight inches in diameter, through which, by means of a revolving fan turned by hand, a column of heated air is sent into the drying chamber through the floor, which is of iron, and perforated with holes. The clothes intended to be dried are suspended from horizontal poles placed within the drying chamber; and by the agency of the heated air ascending through the perforated floor, they are effectually dried in the short interval of a quarter of an hour. This novel contrivance not only dries the clothes rapidly, but likewise ventilates and frees them from the peculiar smell that generally clings to long-worn garments; and thus, it is believed, all noxious, morbific, and contagious matters that may lurk in the habiliments are effectively decomposed, destroyed, or dissipated. The ironing and mending of the clothes are carried on in adjoining apartments.

The institution is open from eight in the morning till eight at night. During part of the day—namely, from eight until four o'clock—women are exclusively admitted to wash their clothes and bathe; and on the women retiring, from four until eight in the evening men are admitted to these privileges.

The reader by this time will be curious to know to what extent the class of people for whom those baths and wash-houses were more especially intended have availed themselves of the advantages which they offer. 'On the first proposition of the institution,' we are informed in the first Report of the committee, 'many benevolent-minded individuals doubted the utility of the trial, thinking the very poor so sunk in wretchedness, that they would not consider their appearance and personal comfort worth the trouble of improvement, and their filthy state more consonant with their circumstances.' These were men, we imagine, of the 'It-

Can't-be-Done' school, who are ever found ready to throw cold water upon any philanthropic or patriotic project, the promoters of which seek to accomplish their object by wandering away from the ordinary and beaten tracks of benevolence. The event in this particular case, however, has falsified their prognostications. 'The progress of the experiment,' continues the Report, 'having proved the contrary, many of those who were lukewarm in their support, or declined rendering their assistance, are now among the most zealous supporters of the institution. Many of the poor, although unable to procure a sufficiency of food, are found to take an honest pride in cleanliness of person and clothes. The institution, by encouraging this feeling, has led to more benefit in fitting them to seek for employment, and to obtain sustenance by industry, than if it had distributed its means in mere articles of food. It is with just gratulation that the result is stated of the first year's essay of the institution—namely, 27,622 bathers, 35,480 washers and dryers of clothes, and 4522 ironers. This is the best proof of the desire of the poor to be neat, clean, and wholesome, when they can have the requisites; and as to their acknowledgments, those who visit the building hear the recipients express themselves to this effect—"God bless those who give us this benefit: it is the best thing yet that has been done for us, for it makes us feel stronger, and better able to go to seek for work, and more likely to get it, than when we were so very dirty."' We were told by Mr Bowie that people came from Kensington and Greenwich, and indeed from almost all parts within twenty miles of London, to wash their clothes or bathe on the establishment, over and above those who resided in closer proximity to it. One poor man living at Ascot, having heard of the institution, on one occasion brought the whole of his family from that distance to bathe. At the time of our visit, the committee had made their Report for the second year; but it was not then printed. We learned, however, from Mr Bowie, that the number of poor people who came to wash and bathe on the premises during the second year had exceeded the number in the first year by about 15,000. About 140 persons, upon an average, bathe and wash in a day. Poor people who live in the neighbourhood are allowed to come twice a-week to wash. Most of those people have availed themselves of the baths and wash-house since their commencement. After four o'clock in the afternoon, a large number of labouring men employed in the London docks, which are adjacent to the baths, go to bathe every day. Of the persons who bathed and washed during the first year, upwards of 9000 came from a distance of from two to five miles; and above 1300 bathed and washed, who, on the preceding night, slept at places from five to twenty-five miles distant.

We have seen that the promoters, in their Report, dwell exclusively on the advantages resulting from their exertions in affording facilities to the poor for cleansing their houses and their persons, and so conducing to health, and multiplying the chances of their obtaining employment. These are unquestionably effects in the highest degree important; but we think this is taking too limited a view of the services rendered to the humbler classes by such institutions. We feel that they have a wider and higher vocation. They seem to us to be breaking up and preparing for moral and intellectual culture those waste and neglected spots which stud the surface of our great social territory, and which have heretofore teemed only with a rank, deadly, and poisonous vegetation of ignorance, misery, and crime. It is the uniform experience of all men who have sought to diffuse religious light and truth, or knowledge of a useful kind, among the great body of the poor, that there are depths in the social scale to which their efforts can scarcely penetrate, or on which they make no extensive or abiding impression. 'Cleanliness is near akin to godliness;' and we think we recognise, in the establishment of baths and wash-houses in our large cities and towns, and the efforts made, and to be made, to promote sanitory improvements and regulations, so many handmaids to the spread of religion, and knowledge, and happiness among the people.

THREE WEEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

On Saturday, June 26, 184–, we left London for Ostend, and proceeded thence to Ratisbon, and thence down the Danube to Vienna, Pesth, Drenkova, and Orsova. This latter place we left on the 8th of August, and for a time bade farewell to Christendom; once again launched upon the noble Danube, called by Wordsworth

> ——— 'the wandering stream,
> Who loves the cross, yet to the crescent's gleam
> Unfolds a willing breast;'

and thence steamed our rapid course to Nicopolis, Sistova, Rutzchuk, and Czernavoda. At this latter place we bade farewell to the Danube, after a voyage down its stream of upwards of twelve hundred miles, performed in twenty-six days, including seven days spent at Vienna, five at Pesth, and four at Orsova; so that we were ten days and nights on board. It was early in the morning of the 12th of August that I took a farewell swim in the Danube; and we left Czernavoda for Kusterjè in light carriages, each drawn by four horses, driven by one postilion. The luggage had been forwarded over night by one of the bullock-wains. Czernavoda is rather more than forty miles from Kusterjè, and we went the whole distance with the same horses, stopping three times—twice for a very few minutes, and once for an hour and a-half. The journey was performed in less than seven hours, including the stoppages. The horses were small and active, and were driven at a gallop all the way. They did not appear to suffer in the least from the pace, or from the heat of the sun, and arrived apparently quite fresh at Kusterjè.

Kusterjè is finely situated on a small promontory overlooking the Black Sea. It was once, I believe, a flourishing town; but it is now in a very ruined state, having been almost totally destroyed by the Russians. It boasts of some antiquity. Fragments of marble columns, and rich remains of Roman structures, are met with amongst its ruins; and the sound of its ancient name, Constantina, still lurks in its modern appellation.

The Ferdinand steamer from Constantinople having arrived in the night, we embarked early, and bade farewell to Kusterjè. On the whole, we had fine weather for our voyage; but there was wind enough to make our vessel roll a great deal; and we received a most uncomfortable practical illustration of the force of Lord Byron's well-known couplet respecting the up-turned billows of the Euxine.

August 13.—At about ten in the morning we quitted the 'vast encincture of that gloomy sea,' and entered the mouth of the Bosphorus, passing the classical Symplagades on our right.

The charms of the scenery of the Bosphorus cannot easily be exaggerated. Hills, forts, towers, and villages, appear in succession, whilst its bays and windings endow it with the several beauties of river, lake, and sea. The water is of the most transparent purity, and of the most beautiful azure colour that can be imagined. A large shoal of dolphins accompanied us for several miles, gambolling and leaping into the air from wave to wave; and we could distinctly see them when darting along far beneath the surface, although the water was far from smooth. Nothing could be more delightful than our transition from a tumbling sea to the swift current of this beautiful strait, that bore us down through scenes so novel, so interesting, and so intrinsically beautiful, to a city equally celebrated in ancient and in modern times.

The minarets of Constantinople now appeared in sight; and, much sooner than we expected, we found ourselves at anchor in the Golden Horn. Just as we arrived, the sultan was embarking to cross the Bos-

phorus, on his way to a mosque on the Asiatic side, it being Friday, the Moslem Sabbath. The officers of state accompanied the sultan in their brilliant caïques. It was a gorgeous and animating spectacle; and the thunder of the salutes from the ships of war, gaily decked out with their ensigns and streamers, seemed to bid us welcome to the waters of the Bosphorus, and to the full enjoyment of the view of the imperial city, then before us in all its glory: or rather, I should say, to a view of three cities in one—Constantinople and the Seraglio Point on our right; Pera on our left; with Scutari on the Asiatic side; palaces, mosques, and their minarets; cypress-trees, towers, and shipping; sky, water, and sunshine—all blending and harmonising together!

In due time we left our steamer, and transferring ourselves and baggage to the light caïques of the Turkish boatmen, we landed, and walked over a pavement that must be seen and felt to be imagined, up the apparently interminable ascent of Pera, and along its principal street, to the Hotel Belle Vue, where we established ourselves, much to our satisfaction.

But some ludicrous realities are very apt to intrude upon the most charming illusions. As we were sitting in all the pride and freshness of an arrival in an Oriental city, enjoying the brilliancy of the evening, and the grandeur of the view of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, expecting every sound, as well as every sight, to be equally new, our ears were suddenly regaled with the popular air of *Jenny Jones*, most sonorously performed on the key-bugle, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of loud voices, and the national adjuration, which Lord Byron calls the *English Shibboleth*, so plainly pronounced, as to satisfy us of what nation the musician and his companions were. In strong contrast to this, very shortly afterwards we heard the new and solemn sounds of the muezzin, calling the city to prayer.

Saturday 14.—Spent the greater part of the day in rambling about the hot, steep, and cruelly ill-paved streets of Pera and Galata. The whole town, now that the weather is dry, is very tolerably clean—thanks mainly to the dogs, hawks, and vultures, who are the scavengers of the place. The heat is very great; yet throughout the day there is an agreeable air from the Bosphorus. We were rowed out in the evening in caïques, and walked home after we were set on shore, making a little round by the cemetery of Pera.

August 15.—In the morning we crossed over the Golden Horn to Constantinople, to visit the slave-market. The slaves that are here exposed for sale are chiefly black females, who are bought by the Turkish ladies for household servants. They are said to be generally well treated; nor is the word *slavery* to be understood here in its ordinary vulgar sense of utter degradation and unmitigated suffering. We noticed a few white women and a few black boys to be disposed of. We walked round the market under a covered way, and saw, through lattices, a great many slaves in rooms set apart for their reception. Some were already equipped in the Turkish dress, and seemed to have the liberty allowed them of walking in and out of the apartment. They did not appear at all downcast, but were smiling, and seemed to have their joke amongst themselves as well as others. There were, however, some wretched-looking, black, meagre objects, leaning against the walls, half asleep in the sun, or squatting on the ground, ridding one another of vermin. They had nothing on but the coarsest possible drapery of sackcloth thrown over them, and yet they contrived to wear it not ungracefully. From thence we walked by the mosques of Sultan Ahmed and of St Sophia, and visited the obelisks and brazen column in the Atmeidan. These are the remains of ornaments set up by the Romans, in what was formerly the Circus, probably in the space between the two *Metæ*, called the *Spina*. The Atmeidan is now used for various exercises, chiefly military. We returned home to Pera, and I took a Turkish bath, which I found extremely agreeable.

You undress leisurely on a sofa, in a cool, airy part of the building, and a blue cotton cloth is wrapped round your middle, so as to form a sort of petticoat. You are next conducted into a room, the atmosphere of which is very hot, without being close or stifling. Water, hot and cold, is supplied from marble fountains, and runs in channels along the stone floor. Here you remain until the perspiration runs off the skin in large drops. If you can support it, you are conducted from hence into an apartment still hotter, and shortly an attendant arrives, who throws a bowl or two of water over you from the marble fountain, and then proceeds to lather you from head to foot with soft soap, at the same time gently rubbing and kneading the joints and muscles. After this you are again rinsed thoroughly with water, and are reconducted to your sofa, where you are carefully wiped and dried, and kneaded as before, and are left covered up, with a cloth, turban-fashion, wrapped round your head. Here you remain half an hour or more in a delicious tranquil reverie, to enjoy a pipe if you choose it, and inhale the fresh air of the apartment, and drink iced lemonade or sherbet. This may sound as if it were a dangerous proceeding; but it is the received custom so to do, and I suppose it allays beneficially the ferment raised in the circulation in the hot bath. The process throughout is agreeable, and leaves no subsequent lassitude, but rather confers a sensation of power to resist the heat of the climate.

After dinner we walked to the cemetery of Pera, and enjoyed a most lovely view of the Bosphorus. On one side was the setting sun, and in the opposite quarter of the sky a dark storm of rain, that cast a deep purple blush over the water, throwing a large ship of war, as she lay at anchor, out into bold relief. The picture was completed by the fine dusky hills of the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, with the faint outline of Olympus in the distance.

August 16.—Visited Scutari, the city on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Scutari is a large and ancient town, though considered as a sort of suburb to Constantinople. The principal street is wider than any we have yet seen in Constantinople or Pera, and the mosques and public fountains are beautiful. The cemetery is held in great veneration by the Turks. It is very extensive, and is adorned with vast groves of large and antique cypresses.

In the course of our walk we bought some excellent sweetmeats at a confectioner's shop, and seeing a pretty little girl of about seven years' old standing by, I offered her some; but she looked at me very gravely, as if I had affronted her, and ran away more than half-frightened. There were also for sale in the streets quantities of the most delicious grapes, of which we bought a large basketful; but it was evident that we were not looked upon in the light of eligible customers. It is generally observed that the inhabitants of Scutari do not take much pains to conceal their dislike of the Franks; very probably because it is less to their interest so to do.

The current of the Bosphorus is always strong, and when we returned, the wind had freshened considerably. This afforded us an opportunity of seeing the admirable manner in which the Turkish boatmen manage their caïques. They make use of sculls very much over-handed, and when there are two or more scullers, they pull powerfully and well together. The caïques are most elegantly formed, very light, and have their sides rather high out of the water. The sitters recline in the bottom, in order that the weight may be kept as low as possible. It is quite surprising how, in windy weather, they ride over the swell of the Bosphorus; and when it is calm, with what ease and rapidity they glide along. The Golden Horn, in particular, is throughout the day enlivened with hundreds of them, of all descriptions, in motion in every direction; from the caïque of the poor boatman, whose fare across is half a piastre, to the private caïque of the rich Turk, decked out with golden-fringed scarlet or blue draperies, and the rowers in their full-sleeved shirts and Greek caps, with the pasha him-

self, with his chibouk, majestically reclining in the stern.

August 17.—We went shares with another party of English in the expense of a firman, by virtue of which we gained admittance to the mosques and to the Seraglio Palace—the sultan being now resident at one of his summer palaces on the shores of the Bosphorus. I can scarcely pretend to estimate the number of square acres comprehended within the seraglio walls. I have heard its circuit estimated at three miles; but I believe this to be exceedingly vague. From without, you are agreeably bewildered by the domes and minarets, and the whole style of the architecture mingling so beautifully with the noble and ancient cypress trees; but when you are within the courts, or inside the apartments, you are occupied chiefly by the general idea of great spaciousness, rather than by any particular attractions offered to your view within; and you are not sorry to seize the first opportunity that presents itself of looking out of one of the windows upon the lovely prospects of the Bosphorus, commanded in almost every direction.

In many of the rooms there was a profusion of really handsome gilding; but the Turkish customs do not admit of the European style of furniture; and from the nakedness of the apartments, I thought it very likely that many such articles as rich carpets and ottomans are removed from palace to palace with the court. In one immense room we saw a very small table in bad French taste, and a few of the common French artificial bouquets under glass shades; but the arrangements of the bath-rooms, with their fountains and pavements of marble, were quite delicious. The few attendants that we saw about the palace were in their ugly, ill-made, European dresses—so generally adopted now by the Turks—and looked dirty and altogether ill-conditioned. The pleasure-gardens are not extensive, but are beautiful, and well-watered, and contain many plants growing in the open air which in England are seen only in hothouses. Works of art, pictures, and statues, are not to be met with in the Seraglio Palace; but perhaps it is a relief now and then to visit a palace that does not possess them. It is the witnessing the beauty of the general effect produced by the whole, aided by blue water, sky, and sunshine, that repays you for the exertions of the day.

We were then indulged with a sight of the interior of the great mosque of St Sophia, of that mosque also called the Little St Sophia, and of the mosques of Sultan Ahmed and of Sultan Solyman. On entering these sacred edifices, we were compelled to take off our shoes, and put on thin slippers, or walk barefoot. We were agreeably surprised at the magnificent dimensions of these mosques, and their fine general barbaric effect. They tell you that the interior diameter of the dome of St Sophia is fifteen feet wider than that of the dome of St Paul's. It is one mass of gilt mosaic-work, and its exterior is surmounted by an enormous gilt crescent, the dimensions of which I have heard very variously stated; there are also some wondrous legends afloat respecting the distance at which it may be seen when the sun shines on it. St Sophia is the largest of the mosques we saw; but the others I have mentioned are perhaps as well worth seeing, from their unmixed style of Oriental architecture. Innumerable silver lamps and ostrichs' eggs are suspended from the domes of them all. No detailed description of these wonderful edifices could be kept within any reasonable length of description. It was just at the hour of noon when we entered St Sophia; and at that moment the voice of the muezzin, himself unseen, rang with thrilling power through the entire building, and the whole of the Mussulmen present prostrated themselves to the earth. I never witnessed a more striking spectacle.

In the mosque of Sultan Ahmed we saw a kind of reading school for young lads, who were being educated, as they told us, as imaums, or priests. They were reading, I believe, the Koran out loud, in concert with their teacher, in a noisy, chanting, and apparently irreverent tone. When they concluded, all that were present rose up, excepting one, a strange-looking figure, who persisted in remaining with his book open before him, which they at length took away from him; and he then got up, and stalked away with the self-important gestures of insanity. He was described to us as being a wandering dervish, and reputed mad, which greatly enhanced his sanctity. Before we quitted the mosque, we saw a Frenchman, who was admitted to the mosques in company with us, inadvertently *spit* upon the pavement. We immediately called his attention to what he had done; for had the Turks observed it, we might probably all have got into trouble. I mention this circumstance, because there will be occasion to allude incidentally to it again.

I then hurried back to Pera to see the mewlewli, or dancing dervishes. They met in a place of worship of their own, with a kind of circus in the midst, with a very smooth floor. I counted fourteen dervishes prostrate round the circle. Their chief knelt on his carpet opposite the entrance, and was engaged audibly in prayer, to which the rest from time to time made responses. The chief had on a sky-blue robe, and a thick felt cap of a light-brown colour, in the shape of a truncated cone, bound round with a green scarf. The rest wore the high cap without any decoration, and long robes of dark hues. When the chief made an end of his prayer, a dervish in the gallery began a very loud chant, whilst the whole company, headed by the chief, paraded twice or thrice round the room, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, the inferior brethren making profound obeisances as they passed the carpet on which their chief had been seated. Then commenced a low, wild, melancholy strain, without any definite melody, but still not unpleasing, performed on a flageolet and flute. This continued for about ten minutes. The dervishes then once more prostrated themselves with their faces to the earth. A small drum then sounded; upon which the dervishes rose up, and let fall their outward robes, appearing in short white jackets, and long white coarse petticoats, that trailed on the floor. Their feet were bare. The music then struck up again, accompanied by a loud noisy chant, and every dervish, except the chief, and one other, who acted some intermediate part, began a slow, solemn, rotatory movement or dance, with their arms held out horizontally, their revolutions throwing out the white petticoat into a conical shape, with its hem or border steadily floating a few inches above the floor. This continued without intermission for a quarter of an hour. The dervishes then ceased their revolutions, and recommenced the obeisances, and after that once more resumed the rotatory dance for a quarter of an hour, accompanied by the music and the song in the gallery as before. The ceremony closed with a dying fall in the music, pleasingly managed; and before the last two or three devotees had ceased to turn round, the friction of the bare feet upon the floor, now that the music was low and still, was distinctly heard. There was something almost touching in the quiet and composed demeanour of the chief and his followers. The entire absence of any appearance of fatigue or giddiness on the part of the performers in this extraordinary ceremony is really quite surprising.

August 18.—Went up the Bosphorus in caïques to Therapia. In the afternoon we crossed the Bosphorus at Therapia, and ascended the hill called the Giant's Mountain, from the summit of which the view is really superb. You look in one direction to the Black Sea, and in the opposite direction, down the windings of the Bosphorus, to the Sea of Marmora, with Mount Olympus in the distance. We remained that night at Therapia.

August 19.—Walked and rode about Therapia and its neighbourhood. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful at every turn. Remained another night at Therapia.

August 20.—Returned from Therapia, by water, to Pera. The wind blowing rather fresh, there was more sea on than was agreeable in a caïque. On our way we

stopped at the Sweet Waters, a delightful place of public resort on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Here we saw a great many arabas, or carriages of the country, profusely gilt, filled with women and children, and drawn by oxen or horses with richly-ornamented harness. We caught glimpses of some very pretty faces among the women, who, for the benefit, no doubt, of breathing the air more freely, had loosened the asmacks of white muslin which usually envelop their necks and faces. There was, however, a guard stationed about the spot, to prevent anything like intrusion. The children were extremely pretty, with dark eyes and hair, and were handsomely dressed in their own native costume, which is peculiarly picturesque, and becoming to childhood. The ladies had coffee and sweetmeats with them in their arabas, with which they were served by their attendant black female slaves. Besides these, there were many family groups enjoying themselves under the trees, seated upon their bright coloured carpets, round the borders of which their yellow slippers were ranged in order. There were also present several Turks of rank, mounted on beautifully caparisoned Arabians, with boys on ponies; asses for hire, with scarlet housings; conjurers, venders of fruit, lemonade, sherbet, water, and sweetmeats. To complete the picture, the shore was lined with the caïques of the company, assembled from various parts of the shores of the Bosphorus, with their gaily-dressed rowers lying on their oars.

PASQUIN.

WHAT is a pasquinade?—A squib, a satire, a lampoon, a scurrility. Why is it so called?—Because such *mauvaises plaisanteries* were affixed, by their anonymous authors, to the statue of Pasquin at Rome. For what reason?—For this reason:—

There was once a tailor in the Eternal City, whose heart was filled with bitterness as he reflected on the unmerited jibes to which his profession was exposed as if by a general conspiracy of mankind. Maestro Pasquino, for so was he called, could not, for the life of him, imagine what people could find ridiculous in a calling which concerned itself with the grand distinction between the human race and the inferior animals. 'The world is mad,' cried he at last; 'stark, staring mad!' and as he came to this natural conclusion, he set himself to trace the symptoms of folly around him with an enthusiasm which soon amounted to a passion. It was meat and drink to him to see a fool; and soon the echoes of the jests with which he seasoned this repast extended beyond the shopboard, and were heard in the neighbouring piazza Navona. All Rome at last crowded to the tailor's studio, which took the place of the apothecaries' shops in the provincial towns of Italy, and became a kind of public Exchange for those who would hear or communicate the news of the day.

But this news, it will be felt, took its colouring from the mind of Maestro Pasquino. Everything was converted into materials for mirth or malice. Great lords were no more spared than if they had been so many tailors; prelates and cardinals were unfrocked without ceremony; and even the pope himself set up as a target for the shafts of ridicule. And what recourse could be had, since all was traced to the shopboard of Pasquin? It mattered not who the speakers really were, since Pasquin and his decimal fractions of humanity were the ostensible authors. It was a part of the jest to clothe it in vulgar language, and no one, however much aggrieved, could think of condescending to take vengeance for anything so low. The tongue, at length, was recognised in Rome as at once a safer and sharper weapon than the dagger; and everything, from a personal lampoon to a political libel, was given out as one of the *pasquinate*, or sayings of Maestro Pasquino.

At length the thread of Pasquin's life was severed by the shears of destiny; and then the pontifical government, rejoicing in the fall of its great enemy, cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of the police. Jibing was no joke now. Every man was held responsible for his own jest, and made to laugh for it on the wrong side of his mouth. Humour was buried in the grave of Pasquin—but not for long; for it arose again, as we shall presently see, with his monument. Opposite the tailor's shop-door the kennel was hardly fordable in wet weather, and a large irregular oblong block of stone had been laid down across it to serve as a permanent bridge. This block, as happens frequently in Italy, was of marble; and as it lay prone upon the street, half imbedded in the earth, it bore a kind of uncouth resemblance to a human back. The analogy was first detected by the urchins of the neighbourhood, who took a fierce pride in trampling upon the effigy of one of the giants of their race; but after the death of Pasquin, a superstitious awe mingled with their triumph, and when the shades of evening had fallen, they were observed to look upon it with suspicion, and occasionally even to cross over, and, like the Levite, pass on the other side.

At length, in the progress of some improvements that were making in the street, this block of marble was raised out of the kennel, and, to the surprise and joy of the Roman antiquaries, discovered to be a splendid torso. Its place of sepulture was near the piazza Navona, the site of the ancient amphitheatre, where the Emperor Alexander Severus celebrated the Agonalia; and the grand puzzlement was to decide whether it was the remains of a statue of a fighting gladiator—of a Hercules—of an Ajax—or finally, even of a Patroclus carrying a Menelaus, since another torso was found at no great distance, which might originally have been in union with it. Whatever it represented, however, it was esteemed a fine monument of ancient art, and its reputation with connoisseurs continued to increase rather than diminish, till, in the course of another century, it was placed by a critic of some authority above the best remains of antiquity, even the Laocoon and the Belvidere Apollo. We are told, it is true, that a German antiquary took this decision in such bad part, that he was about to box the ears of the panegyrist, whom he believed to be laughing at him; but we shall find that it was the fate of the statue throughout to cause such misunderstandings.

When the kennel-bridge of Maestro Pasquino was discovered to be an antique torso, it was placed upon a pedestal against the Pamphili palace, on the other side of the way; but no change of position could sever its connection with the defunct tailor. The discomfited urchins, looking up in wonder and veneration, gave their great enemy his name; and while the antiquaries were arguing and scolding about its origin, the people decided that it was the statue neither of Hercules, nor Ajax, nor Patroclus, but of Maestro Pasquino. Nay, when the Pamphili palace gave way in 1791 before the construction of that of Orsini, the latter relinquished its own name, like an obsequious heir, and was known thenceforward as the Pasquin palace. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since, at the moment when the mutilated statue was exalted on its pedestal, it was consecrated by the genius of the tailor, that before had seemed buried with him. It spoke with his voice—even with the Doric vulgarities of his tongue;

it breathed around his fine and pungent spirit; and every morning the Romans ran in crowds to read on its twisted back the bulletins of Pasquin. Satire, sheltered once more under the venerable name, was now as free as ever. The pontifical police retired discomfited; libels and lampoons became anew the order of the day; and Rome was never off the grin for a moment.

A collection of the sayings of Pasquin would be a curious work; but more curious, we fear, than amusing, since the associations of the time which gave pungency to the wit would now be wanting. A few political squibs are all that are preserved, and even these are not very remarkable to us of the present generation. But Pasquin did not merely speak in his eloquent placards; he assumed, on great occasions, a befitting costume, and became thus one of the *dramatis personæ*. Nor was he always a railer or jester; sometimes, in deference to public honour and virtue, he converted his natural grin into an approving smile. This was a policy which the professional wits of our own day would do well to follow. There is nothing so dull as a jest-book, and nothing so tame and stingless as an unbroken succession of satires. In 1571, when Colonna returned in triumph from the battle of Lepanto, he found Pasquin clothed in warrior's garb, with his helmet surmounted by the watchful dragon, and in his hand the bloody head of the Turkish prince, with a mortal gash on the brow. Twenty years after, when Gregory XIV., on mounting the throne of St Peter, passed through the street on his way to the Lateran Church, he received the homage of Pasquin, who had transformed himself, for the occasion, into a true courtier. He had restored his nose, and his mutilated arm, and wore a gilded helmet; carrying a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales, a horn of abundance, and three loaves, in the other. All this signified generally justice and plenty; but the loaves were a personal compliment to the pope, who had placed loads of bread in the public places, where it was sold to the people at a third of the usual price.

All this, however, is out of the usual character of Pasquin, who generally mingled a sneer even with his commendation. He was a great patron, for instance, of Sixtus V., to whom Rome was indebted for numerous fountains; and he signified his satisfaction with the pontifex magnus by dubbing him fontifex magnus. One day a Swiss of the papal guard struck with his halberd a Spanish gentleman, who promptly returned the blow, and with such effect, that the Swiss died of the chastisement. Upon this, the pope caused it to be signified to the governor of Rome that he would not dine till justice was done, and that he wished that day to dine early. Everybody knew that it was needless to plead for the criminal's life; but for the honour of his family, the Spanish ambassador and several of the cardinals interceded with the pope to have him decapitated like a gentleman. 'He shall be hung!' was the reply; 'but in order to diminish the disgrace of the execution, I shall myself assist at the ceremony.' The gibbet was accordingly erected under his windows, and when Sixtus V. had his love of justice fully gratified, he went in to dinner, thanking God for his appetite. The next day Pasquin was seen loaded with chains, halberds, gibbets, cords, and wheels; and being questioned on the subject, replied, 'It is a ragout I am carrying to excite the appetite of St Peter.' Numerous other pasquinades were directed against the severities of the pope; but they were too much intermingled with the religious heartburnings of that day to be read with much interest in ours. Sixtus, however, took everything very tranquilly, being aware of the immunities of Pasquin; till, unluckily, the satirist attacked the dignity of his family in the person of his sister Camilla Peretti. This lady, before her brother's elevation, had been indebted to her own exertions in a particular line of industry for her support; and in allusion to the circumstance, Pasquin was one day seen in a very dirty shirt, which he explained by saying that the pope had made his washerwoman a princess. Sixtus made many vain attempts to discover the author of this insult; till at length he offered him his life and a thousand pistoles for a confession, threatening him with the gibbet if he should be denounced by another. The terms were irresistible. The wit immediately presented himself at the Vatican, acknowledged his guilt, and demanded the reward. Sixtus was, as usual, just. He gave him his life, and the promised money; but had his tongue pierced, and his hands cut off on the spot, in order to prevent him from getting into any similar scrape for the future.

This affair, it may be supposed, shut the mouth of Pasquin for a time; but by degrees he resumed his audacity, till Adrian VI., in a transport of rage, ordered the anonymous joker to be cast into the Tiber. 'What!' said he, 'in a city where we can shut so closely the mouths of men, is it so difficult an affair to silence a block of marble?' But one of his courtiers turned him from the project, by assuring him that it would be vain to drown Pasquin, since his voice would be heard all the same from the bottom of the river like that of a frog in a marsh. But the threat appeared to be of more avail than perhaps would have been the actual deed; for it is certain that the spirit which animated the statue became comparatively silent from that moment; and in the present day, the jests of Pasquin are heard only during the sitting of a conclave.

In this brief memorial of Pasquin, it would be improper to omit mention of his rivals. The principal of these was Marforio, a statue discovered about the beginning of the sixteenth century near the arch of Septimus Severus, and eventually placed in the Capitol. The connoisseurs quarrelled about its origin as bitterly as about that of Pasquin; but although some would have it to be a Jupiter, some a Neptune, some an Oceanus, &c. it received its popular name from the place where it was found—the Forum of Mars. Pasquin and Marforio were rivals, inasmuch as the one represented the townspeople, and the other the aristocracy; but yet they were likewise comrades and accomplices, lending themselves to each other's jokes, like the Clown and Pantaloon of a pantomime. This was done by means of questions and answers. When Pasquin, for instance, appeared in the dirty shirt, it was Marforio's cue to ask him what he meant by such an impropriety. In fact the conferences between the two marble jesters became of public importance, and exercised a greater influence over opinion than is commonly imagined. 'Be virtuous and humble,' says Sabba di Castigline, 'for thus only can you escape the tongues of those two old Romans, natives of Carrara—Maestro Pasquino and Maestro Marforio.'

The aristocracy and the townsmen of Rome being thus represented, a third interlocutor was in due time added to the society to speak for the people. This was a *facchino*, found near the church of San Marcello, spouting water from a barrel into a carefully-sculptured shell. It was not, like the others, of ancient origin, being born of a chisel of the fifteenth century; neither was there anything very remarkable in its form; but this made it all the more proper to represent the people. The fashion, however, did not stop here. Babuino, an old figure of a satyr, resembling more a baboon than anything else (whence its name), put in its word; and then came the Abbé Sevigi, another statue so called by the populace; and finally, Madona Lucrezia, a colossal female, the object of the rival gallantries of Pasquin and Marforio. The court was at length in dread of a general conversation among the monuments of Rome; but fortunately the fashion extended no further than the six we have mentioned; and even these, after a time, grew tired of repartee, and returned to their marble repose. As for Lucrezia, it has been surmised that, notwithstanding the coldness and hardness of the materials of her heart, she was in reality not untouched by the tender assiduities of her admirers; since, on the 25th of April in the

year 1701, the day of St Mark, and the festival of Pasquin, she was known to wear a new and elegant bonnet, and to have a lace scarf on her shoulders in the very last taste of the day.

PHILOSOPHY FOR FARMERS.

The relaxation of commercial restrictions has had, among other effects, that of giving an impulse to agricultural industry, which has long borne the reproach of being behind the age. According to some authorities, agriculturists generally have proved themselves the most unteachable of mortals, willing rather to obey a mechanical routine, than to be guided by true principles. Whether such be the case or not, the ceaseless labours of the press are doing much to remove ignorance in every quarter; and science, which gradually insinuates itself into all human operations, is doing for agriculture what it has done for manufactures—taking it out of the domain of uncertainty, and showing it to be equally dependent on natural and philosophical principles. With these aids, and a more active competition, there can be little doubt but that agricultural pursuits will soon become characterised by a high degree of commercial activity.

It frequently happens that valuable scientific treatises are published, which remain totally unknown to the general reader, and thus become lost for purposes of practical utility. A paper of this character, on 'The Philosophy of Farming,' which appears to us to be deserving of wider circulation, has just made its appearance in the last volume of the 'Manchester Philosophical Society's Memoirs.' According to the author, Mr Just, 'all cultivation consists in bringing to the plant, or placing within its range of action, such a supply of material as natural means cannot furnish it with in the situation where it grows. In order to cultivate well, it is therefore as necessary to know what plants want, as for the builder and contractor of material to know what is required for building.' It is now pretty well understood that the growth of plants depends less on solid nourishment, than on fluid and atmospheric agents, of which the chief are carbonic acid gas, azote, and water. In chemical language, these comprise four atomic elements; and according to their presence in the soil, is the abundance and deficiency of the crop. On the continent, the investigations of Liebig and Dumas on this important subject, as well as those of scientific men in this country, have brought to light many important facts and data, the whole extent of whose application is yet a matter of research.

Perfect drainage appears to be no less essential for fields than for towns: to secure an abundant supply of the elements above enumerated, the main requisite consists in due permeability of the soil, so as to admit of proper drainage. Hence it is that clayey lands, by favouring accumulations of stagnant water, are in so many instances unproductive. The disposition of the drainage should, however, be such, that the whole of the soil concerned in the growth of the plants is permeable by the air, promoting a constant filtration and succession of materials that contribute to vegetable formations. Rain brings down ammonia from the atmosphere, and its beneficial effect on lands is greatly increased where the drainage is good, as the atmospheric particles then find their way readily to the roots of the plants, and the mineral substances in the soil are more effectually dissolved. 'The two fundamentals of all good farming,' says Mr Just, consist in 'thorough percolation of water through the soil, and a constant accession of air.' Rapid drainage is not less important; main drains ought to cease discharging at the end of four or five days, instead of, as at present, as many weeks, ceasing only in long droughts; and to be dug so low, that the superabundant moisture of the surface shall be at once effectually discharged, with a constant current, otherwise the drains soon become choked by mud. It is evident that the mechanical arrangement of drains must vary with the nature of the locality to be drained; and no attempts at drainage should be made without first ascertaining the nature of the subsoil. The following data are given as guides to the inexperienced:—'If, when the soil has been carefully removed from an area of a few yards in extent, and the surface of the subsoil has been left to dry, water is found to accumulate within it, when dug into, then that subsoil is drainable, and will draw water from the surface according to the depth dug; and the ground may be made perfectly dry by the usual kinds of drains, provided those drains be laid sufficiently deep, and allowed a free discharge. Whereas, if, after the same preparation, the subsoil or clay, when dug to a greater or less depth, be perfectly dry, then no drainage can be effected therein by ordinary methods, and recourse must be had to opening transit for the surface water in open channels, so that the supersaturation of the soil may run off as directly and quickly as possible.' The author contends that land cannot be drained too dry, as fluids are not so essential to the growth of plants as aërial and gaseous matters, and perfect aëration is as much required as perfect drainage. Air brings constant supplies of material from every quarter; and where the soil is kept properly drained, conveys nourishment in certain but invisible forms to the roots of crops. Another advantage attendant on aëration of the soil, is the increased economy and effect of manure; the more perfect the pulverisation of land, the more immediate is its contact with, and absorption of, the manures thrown into it; the descent of new particles into the subsoil is facilitated, and the whole quantity of productive soil is increased, with a fund of capability, so to speak, always at command within it.

From discussing the mode of treating soils, Mr Just passes to that of sowing seeds. 'Scattering seeds,' he says, 'indiscriminately over the surface of the ground previously prepared for their reception, is no more sowing them, than tumbling stones into trenches properly dug for the foundation of a building is laying those foundations.' The object of sowing is to secure proper germination of the seed. Seeds are to vegetables what eggs and ova are to animals; the condition of development of the latter is warmth and protection. With seeds it is 'a proper degree of temperature, a sufficiency of moisture, and a free access of air, with exclusion from the direct action of light.' Hence the great advantage of complete pulverisation of the soil, that the seeds may not be buried deeply, and yet at the same time sufficiently covered: for, if within the influence of light, the chemical change of the farinaceous matter of the seed into living tissues is retarded; on the other hand, if buried too deeply, the plant is so much exhausted by its efforts to reach the surface, as to impede materially its future growth. A large amount of seed is annually lost by falling into the hollows between the furrows of ill-ploughed land. 'It is not to please the eye only that the ploughmen of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and other well-cultivated counties take so much pains in drawing their deep furrows as straight as a line can make them, and laying them so compact, that not a crevice between them can be found in fields of many acres; but it is to favour this grand and fundamental principle of growth, though perhaps in few instances this service may either be known or appreciated by them.' The importance of these considerations becomes manifest, when regard is had to the physiology of seeds. The greater part of their substance is simple nutritive matter, intended for the support of the young plant until it can take care of itself. But if this nutritive matter is to be expended in efforts to escape from unnatural circumstances, it is clear that the capacity for growth will be diminished. A starved seed can no more grow up into a healthy plant, than a starved infant into a healthy man; and if so much care be bestowed on exposing steeped barley frequently to the air, to insure simultaneous germination, while being converted into malt, ought less care to be shown to

seeds while in the soil, when the food of millions is dependent on their proper growth?

The waste and misapplication of manure in this country is deplorable, and have been so often complained of by writers, that it might seem supererogatory to insist upon it farther; but there are some subjects to which attention can only be successfully directed by constant iteration and reiteration. In many parts of Germany and in Belgium, the most rigid economy prevails with regard to all waste animal and vegetable matter, and its proper application to land. In China, the same course has been pursued for ages; and, according to Mr Fortune's recent work, is still maintained in full activity. The measures now in contemplation for the effectual sewerage of towns are fraught with incalculable advantage to the agriculturist; but without some acquaintance with chemistry, no person can be certain that the manure he applies is that required by the soil, and a distinction must be drawn between germination and vegetation. Highly azotised manures are favourable to the latter process, but unfavourable to the former. Mr Just says, 'Guano sown along with the seeds of turnips prevents their germination, whereas, when scattered over the soil, or buried in the drills beneath the seeds, it promotes the vegetation of the plants to a very great extent afterwards. The same is the case when liquid manure, from banks in farm-yards, is applied to soils previously to sowing the seeds. I have known turnips sown on ground so treated fail to germinate entirely; and by injudicious application of night-soil, as a dressing for crops of barley, I have seen numbers of the grain totally destroyed by contact with it, and those which escaped pushed on to such a rank vegetation after this destruction, that they could neither fructify properly nor ripen.'

The same principle holds good with regard to propagation by means of buds and tubers; and here, at the risk of prolonging what is felt by many to be a wearisome subject, we quote Mr Just's observations on the treatment of the potato. 'The cuttings of potatoes,' he writes, 'or the whole tubers which we plant, have to undergo a similar change in spritting as seeds undergo in germination, and require similar conditions to favour that change and aid germination. Yet in our treatment of this most valuable and accommodating of all plants given to man for food, we err more against nature than in all others put together. Patient of every climate under the sun, we forget that it can be subject to any wrong, or require any of our care or concern for its welfare. Prolific beyond our wants, we have glutted our domestic animals with it, and employed it largely in the arts and distillery to contribute to our luxuries. Yet there is a limit to all things, and we are approaching the limits of the abuse which we can unrequitedly heap upon it. Something is wrong already both in the field and in the store; already it has partially failed in its germination during the spring; already it has become the prey of disease in its vegetation and maturation in the autumn. Nature is vindicating her right to be obeyed; and since we have neglected to learn from her by lessons of examples which she has offered, she seems determined to make us wise by dear-bought experience—to make us feel, that we may remember.

'The first law of nature against which we transgress with regard to the potato, is in our total neglect of the due preservation of our seed potatoes. If they are only good for food, we never inquire whether they are fit for planting. Yet were we but to reflect one moment, we should soon see how unnaturally we treat them. Nature, when she alone takes care of them, keeps them within the soil—like all other subterranean buds—during their season of repose; and because, in the warm climates, where they are indigenous, they cannot easily be cut off from a due temperature for their germination, she checks it by keeping them dry in the soil. We, on the other hand, dig them up from the ground, because we fear, and properly, the effect of frost upon them; but instead of keeping them dry, we heap them up wet in immense quantities on the ground, and cover them over there, to keep them so, *with soil*, thereby furnishing them, if they do not rot, with one requisite for germination; while the masses themselves raise and keep up the temperature to supply them with another, so that germination has not only commenced, but proceeded considerably, when we dig them up again for planting. Then, calculating upon the extraordinary degree of vitality with which nature has endowed the tubers, we pull off the sprits, cut up the potatoes, and endeavour to reduce that vitality to as low an ebb as possible before we plant them. If, by the spritting of potatoes, the whole of the diastase, situated just below the embryo in seeds, be expended, then there is no provision left for the conversion of fecula into saccharine matter for the formation of the first tissues of germination, and germination must therefore fail.'

When it is borne in mind that the cuttings, weakened as described, are in most instances planted in highly azotised soils, surprise at the general failures which have taken place will be greatly lessened. The remedy consists in storing up the potatoes intended for seed in places perfectly dry and dark, and, instead of one large mass, in small heaps, so that all tendency to generate heat may be obviated. The precautions with regard to the aëration of young grain crops are equally to be attended to with the young plants of potatoes. Without frequent stirring of the soil while the roots are forming, and complete aëration or ventilation, however favourable other circumstances may be, proper growth is not to be expected. The objects to be striven for by the agriculturist and cultivator are of such importance, as to reward any degree of perseverance. Implicit obedience to natural laws never fails of commanding success. Nature is not to be forced or diverted from her economy: the bringing to bear a little plain practical common sense on her multifarious modes of action, must tend to the realisation of the sound theoretical views of the chemist and meteorologist.

BARROW-BEGGARS.

MANY of our readers may not be aware that, some forty years ago, it was common, and still may be in some districts of Scotland, for mendicant cripples to be carried about the country in a handbarrow. It was incumbent on the individual at whose door the cripple was set down, to bestow the customary alms of a handful of oatmeal, or whatever largesse their bounty might prompt, and forward him or her, as the case might be, on to the next farmhouse—sometimes a few yards' distance, sometimes a mile—or, if not so forwarded, the beggar behoved to be lodged and fed by the person at whose door he was placed. In villages or small towns such conveyance was easily accomplished; but in thinly-populated country districts it was not unfrequently a matter of much trouble and inconvenience, where the great distance between the dwellings rendered it a positive burden.

Occasionally, the house at whose door such lamiter was laid was tenanted only by females, sometimes by a solitary aged woman, or by an aged and decrepit woman and her equally aged and decrepit husband. In such cases the only alternative was to hire assistance, if it could be found; or if the party was too poor to pay, the individuals who brought them would resume their burden, and tramp on to the next dwelling; and as these *barrow-beggars* were generally peremptory and irascible in their manners, to get rid of them was usually accounted a boon. Thus these lordly sorners performed a sort of alms-gathering ovation through the length and breadth of the land. When I was a boy of ten years of age or thereabout, one of these pests was set down at the farmhouse where I was the herd. She—for it was one of the tender sex—was a large, sallow, broad-shouldered Amazon, with a world of well-filled *meal-pokes* hanging round her burly person, over which depended a piece of greasy blanket, by way of mantle, and which was

secured at the throat by a large brass bodle-pin. She was dignified too, and evinced the bearing of a Semiramis—surly, imperious, and commanding as any beggar on horseback could be; and as the master and all the men and womenfolk were half a mile off, busy on the hairst rig, the goodwife—who, with myself and a half-witted son of the farmer, a lad of sixteen years of age, were the only inmates of the *town*—was sadly perplexed as to the disposal of the vagrant.

She had received a liberal *aumus* of two *goupens* of meal, bread and cheese, and a drink of milk, for which she evinced not a particle of gratitude, but sat on her well-stuffed cushion (I remember wondering if it could be meal) in sulky and offended dignity, till she should be conveyed to the next farm-steading, nearly a mile distant. After waiting nearly an hour, during which period this locomotive volcano manifested various symptoms of an eruption, by breaking out at frequent intervals in wrathful mutterings, at length a welcome relief appeared in the person of Randy Rob, a weaver lad from a neighbouring village, who at this juncture came up the croft whistling 'Maggie Lauder.' Rob had been fishing in the Earn, which ran immediately in front of the house; and to him the goodwife applied, with the promise of a liberal hire, to carry the lame woman to Cauldside, the next farm town. Rob readily undertook the job, provided Tam (the daft son) would carry one end of the barrow. Tam was delighted at the proposition; and after the two had whispered together for a moment, they were to be seen, with their portly burden, moving solemnly down the path that led by the side of the river, Rob in front, Tam behind. At first their pace was grave, then lively, then brisk, then zig-zag; anon, as if a new fancy inspired them, they danced and sung as they went, making the mendicant perform the most wonderful feats with her body and arms to preserve her equilibrium. At last, as if impelled by a new whim, they took to running; and as their path was close on the margin of the stream, and the jolting immense, the beggar woman was sadly put to her trumps to keep herself steady. The race was a short one; for as soon as Rob perceived that the footpath led them close to the river, where it was free of brushwood, he shouted, 'Noo, Tam!' and in an instant the beggar, bags, barrow, and all, were soused in the Earn.

In another instant she stood up to her middle in the stream, from which she was not long in extricating herself. To disencumber herself from the saturated meal-pokes, and rush after her now affrighted tormentors, was but the work of a moment; and the speed with which she gained on them was astonishing. The goodwife and myself had at the outset mounted the loupin'-on-stane to see the fun; and the worthy woman, with uplifted hands, uttered an ejaculatory 'Losh guide us!' as she beheld the beggar woman—she that had been born a cripple—overtake Randy Bob, and lend him a 'lunt i' the lug,' as she phrased it, 'that laid him on the craft as dead's a herring.' With Tam she was less successful, for Tam was lathy and light of foot, and mortal terror had lent wings to his heels. But the lame woman, after swearing like a trooper, and threatening 'to gi'e the hale toun a het waukening for't some misty morning,' took herself off, and was never again seen in that part of the country.

As for Randy Rob, he always maintained that 'he kent she could gang, but never jaloused the jaud was sae souple o' fit, or he wad ha' ta'en sooner to his heels.' As it was, he said 'his lugs rang wi' that uncanny thud for sax weeks after.'

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

Under the name of 'Ocean Penny Postage,' Elihu Burritt, that indefatigable apostle of peace—would that he could impress his hatred of war on his own countrymen!—has for some time been agitating the project of extending the penny post to correspondence with America. As the weight of letters on ship-board must be relatively trifling, it does not appear to us that any physical difficulties could stand in the way of such a scheme, and in other respects we feel assured, with Burritt, that there could be no serious obstacles to the undertaking, at least none that would not disappear on an earnest consideration of the subject. Of course this consideration would require to be mutual on the part of the British and North American governments. The real difficulty, we apprehend, will not be found with England, but with the United States, which have not yet obtained even a domestic penny post. In the following observations of Burritt, contained in what he calls 'An Olive Leaf for the English People,' the argument as to how an Ocean Penny Post 'will pay' seems fairly reasoned:—

'In asking England to give the world an Ocean Penny Postage, we do not ask or expect her to sacrifice a single farthing of revenue. Leaving for a while the consideration of the vast benefits which would accrue to commerce, civilisation, and Christianity, from an Ocean Penny Postage, let us discuss the important question, whether such a measure be practicable, or, in other words, whether it would *pay;* whether England would derive, directly and indirectly, as much revenue from a *penny* rate as from the present shilling rate of ocean postage. As the commerce and correspondence between England and America must be greater hereafter than that between any other two sea-divided countries on the globe, and as provisions are made and making for more frequent steam communication between them than between any other two countries divided by such an expanse of water, let us first inquire whether an Ocean Penny Postage would pay, if established between these two kindred countries. In instituting this inquiry, we would present the evidence of certain facts connected with the present and proposed rates of postage between England and America.

'1. The present shilling rate of postage, being exacted on the English side too, in all cases, and thus throwing the whole cost of correspondence upon the English or European correspondents, greatly diminishes the number of letters which would otherwise be transmitted to and from America through the English mail.

'2. In consequence of the present high rate of postage on letters, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, &c. a large amount of mail matter conveyed across the ocean lies *dead* in the English post-office—a dead loss to the department—the persons to whom it is addressed refusing to take it out on account of the postal charges upon it.

'3. Under the present shilling rate, it is both legal and common for passengers to carry a large number of *unsealed* letters, which are allowed as letters of introduction, and which, at the end of the voyage, are sealed and mailed in England or America, to persons who thus evade the ocean postage entirely.'

Of the benefits of an Ocean Penny Post, commercial and social, much could be said; as a means of creating and preserving friendship, it would be invaluable.

'It would,' continues Burritt, 'put it into the power of every person in America or England to write to his or her relatives, friends, or other correspondents across the Atlantic, as often as business or friendship would dictate or leisure permit.

'It would probably secure to England the whole carrying-trade of the mail matter, not only between America and Great Britain, but also between the new world and the old, for ever.

'It would break up entirely all clandestine or private conveyance of mail matter across the ocean, and virtually empty into the English mail-bags all the mailable communications, even to invoices, bills of lading, &c.; which, under the old system, have been carried in the pockets of passengers, the packs of emigrants, and the bales of merchants.

'It would prevent any letters, newspapers, magazines, or pamphlets from lying dead in the English post-office, on account of the rates of postage charged upon them; and thus relieve the department of the heavy loss which it must sustain from that cause under the present system.

'It would enable American correspondents to prepay the postage on their own letters, not only across the ocean, but also from Liverpool or Southampton to any post town or village in the United Kingdom; to prepay it also to *England*, by putting two English penny stamps upon every letter weighing under half an ounce.

'It would bring into the English mail all letters from America directed to France, Germany, and the rest of the continent, and *vice versâ*.

'It would not only open the cheapest possible medium of correspondence between the old world and the new, but also one for the transmission of specimens of cotton, woollen, and other manufactures; of seeds, plants, flowers, grasses, woods; of specimens illustrating even geology, entomology, and other departments of useful science; thus creating a new branch of commerce, as well as correspondence, which might bring into the English mail-bags tons of matter, paying at the rate of 2s. 8d. per pound for carriage.

'It would make English penny postage stamps a kind of international currency, at par on both sides of the Atlantic, and which might be procured without the loss of a farthing by way of exchange, and be transmitted from one country to the other at less cost for conveyance than the charge upon money orders in England from one post-office to another, for equal sums.'

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

Two little girls went into the fields to gather flowers. Here they found buttercups, dandelions, violets, and many other pretty blossoms. One of the children was pleased with everything, and began to pick such flowers as she met with. In a little while this girl had collected quite a bunch of flowers, and though some of them were not very handsome, yet altogether they made a beautiful bouquet. The other child was more dainty, and determined to pick no flowers but such as were very beautiful. She disdained to gather the dandelions, for they were so common; and she would not pluck the buttercups, for they were all of one colour, and did not take her fancy. Even the blue violets were not good enough for her. Thus the little pair wandered on through the fields, till they were about to return home. By this time the dainty child, seeing that her sister had a fine collection of flowers, while she had none, began to think it best to pick such as she could get. But now the flowers were scarce; not even a dandelion, a buttercup, nor a violet was to be found. At length the little girl begged a single dandelion of her sister, and thus they returned home. When the two children went to their mother, she asked how it happened that one had so pretty a bouquet, while the other had but a single flower. The children told their story, and their mother then spoke to them as follows:—'My dear children, let this little event teach you a useful lesson. Jane has been the wiser of the two. Content with such flowers as came in her way, and not aiming at what was beyond her reach, she has been successful in her pursuit, and has brought back a beautiful bunch of flowers. But Laura, who could not stoop to pick up buttercups and dandelions, because she wanted something more beautiful than could be found, collected nothing from the field, and was finally obliged to beg a dandelion of her sister. Thus it will always happen, my children, in passing through life. If you are content with simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, such as are scattered freely along your path, you will, day by day, gather enough to make you contented and happy. If, on the contrary, you scorn simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, and reach after those which are more rare and difficult to be obtained, you will meet with frequent disappointments, and at last become dependent upon others. Seek not, then, my children, for costly enjoyments or extravagant pleasures. Be industrious in gathering those which are lawful, and which are adapted to your situation. In this way you will cultivate a contented spirit, and secure your own peace. If, on the other hand, you disdain enjoyments that are suited to your taste and capacity, you will be hard to please, and perpetual discontent will dwell in your bosom. Thus you see that one course will result in something better than riches, while the other will bring evils that are worse than poverty.'—*Green's Annual.*

DOGMATISM.

Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit: fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner, till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence—till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early nor too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.—*Watts.*

LAMENT OF THE 'RASH BUSS.'

I'm an auld residenter on mony a farm,
And never yet dreamèd that I did ony harm;
Among nature's gentry I held up my head—
Took up wi' nae greedy or grovelling weed;
My food is the rains, and the dews, and the springs,
My neebors a' happy and innocent things:
I canna weel tell what offence I can gi'e,
A sponsable, douce residenter like me.

Frae cauld sleety showers I defended the lamb,
That gratefu' played round me when simmer days cam';
The gowans and buttercups found me a bield;
Each humble companion I'd shelter and shield;
The lark in my bosom oft biggit her nest,
And nursëd her brood till they flew from my breast;
The paitrick, the pewheet, the wild bumble bee,
Looked up to an auld residenter like me.

When schuils they wad scale, how the bairnies wad scrow
Around me, and ilka ane pook at my pow!
They thoughtna o' lesson, o' question, or creed,
While plaiting o' caps for each wee curly head;
Wi' whips or wi' rattles, the simmer day lang,
The wee bits o' birkies were happy and thrang.
But alas for their daffin, their fun, and their glee,
There's a plot laid to starve and exterminate me!

When threatened, I thought that I never could fail
Of safety, while lasted the law of ENTAIL.
My last hope is vanished, for now ye maun ken
My doom is decreed; for the parliament men
Have loosened the strings o' the purse o' the State,
And lavished forth gold for to hasten my fate.
The high and the low men of every degree
Have leagued for to starve and exterminate me.

They've cuttit lang cundys, I think they ca' drains,
The deil tak' the hale o' the pack for their pains!
They've ta'en my heart's bluid wi' their newfangled plans,
I wither and pine 'neath their merciless hands.
There's Smith, and there's Parkes, and there's Méchi, and ithers,
Although just no banded thegither like brithers,
Yet in their great object they stievely agree,
And that is to starve and exterminate me.

They say that there's multiplied mouths on the earth—
A 'spirit' abroad—I must yield, and so forth;
I'll lift up my voice, and as lang as I'm able,
I'll cry like the frogs to the boys in the fable—
'This sport may be brimful of hope to mankind,
This sport may heap blessings on blessings behind;
Though sport unto them, ah! it's death I maun dree:
Sad fate for an auld residenter like me!'

ANNAN, *July* 1847. JOHN PALMER.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

SOME months ago, we announced that, after the 1st of May, we could not insure a supply of odd numbers of the above work, and expressed a hope that parties would not delay to complete sets. Since that time, the stock of numbers on hand has been pretty nearly exhausted, and, with a few exceptions, we cannot now undertake to furnish any separate sheets. In the course of October, the stereotype plates of the work will be either altogether cancelled or considerably altered, with a view to the issue of a new edition, the publication of which will commence, immediately on the completion of the Tracts, towards the end of November.

This proposed new edition of the INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE will consist of the same extent of numbers (100) as that now withdrawn, but will in other respects be very materially improved. Some subjects will be omitted, or greatly condensed, and others of a more enduring and important nature will take their place. The subjects will also undergo an entirely new arrangement, and the appearance of the work will be improved by leaving out the general title on each sheet. The principal aim of the publishers is to render the work more encyclopædic than it has hitherto been, more perfect as regards the later discoveries of science, and consequently more worthy of the approbation which it has been so fortunate as to secure. Prospectuses further explanatory will in due time appear.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 190. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847. Price 1½d.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER—BUT NOT THE ABBEY.

About ten o'clock in the morning, as you walk down towards Westminster, it need not excite your surprise to meet a pretty considerable current of individuals setting out on their daily profession of begging—real or sham poverty-stricken wretches, blind, lame, or deformed; women in rags, hung down with infants; organists, fiddlers, and hautboy players. All are going out on an excursion in search of daily bread, and respectively take themselves off towards the streets of the opulent and compassionate. Each has his beat. Mingled with this stream of mendicants may be observed numbers of individuals going forth, not to beg, but to seek for some species of honest employment—workmen out of work, and pale-faced sempstresses who gladly toil the livelong day for a groat. Towards evening a different set of persons—shabby, but clever, ingenious, and up to anything—issue from the same locality. Bedouins of the streets, their line of business is plundering the rest of the community. The spot whence these various classes proceed is one of many such in the metropolis. Situated immediately to the north of Westminster Abbey, from which it is separated only by a thin border of decent-looking mansions, it consists of a cluster of narrow streets, lanes, and courts, the whole of which seem very much left to themselves in the way of scavengering. On the same principle that an Irishman in rags is more picturesque than an Englishman in a whole doublet, the scenery of these streets would form a favourable study for artists. George Moreland would have found subjects for his pencil in every alley—windows broken, and partly mended with paper and old hats; pigs in one corner of a court, and a donkey eating cabbage-blades in the other; queer-looking men and women lounging at doors; viragos scolding children, whose amusement for the last hour has been throwing about a dead rat; nondescripts in half-male and half-female attire selling decayed strawberries out of wheelbarrows—such would be the materials of the picture. The yells and smells to complete the piece could not unfortunately be put on the painter's canvas. And all this is going on daily within a stone's throw of one of England's proudest temples! How grateful to the wearied soul the sweet tones of the organ swelling through the aisles of the abbey! How beautiful and appropriate to man's infirmity the prayers and litanies chanted by priests and choristers! How utterly valueless the fabric and all its contents, living and dead, as far as the Christianising and humanising of the neighbourhood is concerned!

Deserted pretty much by church and state, or left only to the perambulations of the policeman, the quarter to which I allude has latterly been discovered to be not exactly what it should be; and so far has improvement gone, that at present a strath of houses is in the course of clearance, in order to permit the opening of a new thoroughfare. But as nothing is correspondingly done to lodge the dispossessed inmates, it may be doubted whether the new and fine street will substantially lighten the bills of mortality. Another move towards improvement has been the introduction of schools for the loose surface children of the district. This move, as usual in such circumstances, has not come from the state; it has originated entirely in private benevolence. Yet the utmost which has been done is a mere trifle in comparison with what ought to be accomplished. Thousands of children roam about altogether unschooled, and thus in complete preparation for ruin body and soul. The case is a bad one; but the world cannot expect that a handful of benevolent people are to give half-crowns and guineas to educate all the children who come into existence. It is the public's business, and the public should see to it.*

A few weeks ago, in company with Mr Walker, a city missionary, and Lord Kinnaird, I visited this densely-peopled part of the metropolis. Our first call was at a school where about a hundred and twenty children received gratuitous instruction; and from this we proceeded to the Juvenile Refuge or Ragged School, which has recently been set up in the neighbourhood, in Old Pye Street. Formerly a tavern of a disreputable kind, with a skittle alley behind, the house has been repaired and adapted for the purposes of an establishment for feeding, educating, and teaching boys of the most abandoned and destitute class. The Ragged School Union, a body of benevolent subscribers, which has other similar establishments in operation, is at the expense of the undertaking. The manner in which the school is conducted resembles what I had seen in Aberdeen and Dundee, with this difference, that a few boys, who have no proper home, are allowed to sleep in the house; with this exception, the pupils get dinner and a little bread for supper. The utmost pains has been taken to render the place unattractive as respects subsistence; nevertheless, I was told that the temptation of dinner and supper, poor as it was, had an evident tendency to empty the no-food-giving schools — a circumstance viewed with justifiable alarm by the managers, and which will require to be closely watched and guarded against. My own conviction from the first has been, that unless conducted on a system of rigorous investi-

* By a statement lately published concerning Westminster, it is shown that out of a population of 57,000 persons, there are 16,000 children under twelve years of age, of whom 12,000 do not attend school. In Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, out of 112,000 persons, it has been found lately by examination from house to house, that 16,000 children of an age for school do not go to any, not even a Sunday school.—*Third Annual Report of Ragged School Union.*

gation, this class of institutions may, to a certain extent, prove demoralising, and seriously injure schools of a useful kind at which no meals are given.

There were nearly a hundred boys present at the time of our visit. The whole had just bathed, and were going through some bodily exercises to warm themselves. Of almost every one of them some anecdote could be told: a history of crime, suffering, and less or more of reclamation. One was the son of a coiner, lately transported, and his early years had been spent in signalling the approaches of the police to his father's abode; another who was pointed out was the son of a cab-driver, from whom he had habitually stolen all the money he could lay his hands on: this boy was now reclaimed, vastly to the satisfaction of his parent. Some rather curious facts were mentioned:—A well-known thief in the neighbourhood had brought his son to school, in order that he might not acquire his own bad habits. 'I lead a dog life,' said he, 'from which I would willingly preserve my boy; as for myself, I am too far gone to mend. Had there been such schools when I was young, I should not have been what I am. I propose giving a pound yearly to help the institution.' What a revelation! A man acknowledging himself to be a public depredator, offers to support a school which is to prevent crime! Can society do nothing to bring this generous and repentant thief back to virtue?

The teacher, however, affords the best insight into the nature of the school. In his report he observes, 'I began work with a dozen boys, and gradually increased the number to fifty, all of whom were filthy and ragged, knowing nothing of order or decency. Some of these boys had been sent out daily by drunken parents to provide them with money by begging and stealing, being often treated cruelly if unsuccessful; others were employed in vending and assisting in the manufacture of base coin; many of them had been in the habit of prowling the streets at night, sleeping in sawpits, staircases—one among the ruins of an old arch, another for three successive nights in the inside of a large garden roller; others frequented theatres and public-houses, and some had been committed for petty thefts. Thus the school is a refuge for those who are just entering on a course of vice, or who may be discharged from prison for the first time. Already a great improvement is visible in these poor lads. They seem grateful for the care bestowed on them, anxious to please their teacher, attentive to his instructions, and decidedly improved in their moral character. Any one of the boys (eight in number) who sleep in the house I can now safely trust with money; and of all the parts of clothing which I have been enabled by kind friends to the school to give to the boys generally—such as trousers, shirts, boots, caps, and pinafores—not an article has been lost or misapplied. The masters of trades, in their daily reports to me, give equally favourable accounts; and for the very short time they have been engaged have made great progress. Some of the most ragged are already clad in trousers of their own making; the once filthy are becoming tidy; the lately vicious are now showing signs of superior habits; the formerly irregular are now punctual; and some come to school each day without breakfast, and go through their various exercises without tasting food of any description until dinner hour. This change in the boys is in many families already beginning to produce a powerful effect on the parents, begetting a care and solicitude for their children hitherto unknown, as well as a very kindly and respectful estimation of the institution itself.'

Our next visit was to a model lodging-house, 25 Great Peter Street. Various houses of this useful class have lately been established in London with a generally good effect. Ordinarily, the establishments in which a poor person gets a night's lodging are of a very horrible character—dens of filth and disorder, the fertile sources of crime and disease. Not unusually from thirty to forty persons—men, women, and children, married and unmarried—are crammed into one apartment, without any regard to comfort or decency; and the scenes of confusion, fighting, and noisy disturbance they for the most part present baffle description. To supersede houses of this kind, it is not necessary for societies of benevolent individuals to do anything more than show from a few examples that a humble class of lodging-houses may be conducted on a proper footing by private parties, and yet be *made to pay*. This has been the view taken of the subject by Lord Kinnaird and his friends. They do not desire to arrest private enterprise, but only to give it a proper direction. Two houses of three storeys each, with a communication between, have been fitted up and rented; no expense for building has been incurred, the houses having been taken as they stand. One of the houses contains beds for single men, and the other has beds for families. Several beds are in each room; but those for families are secluded by intervening curtains. Nearly seventy individuals, exclusive of children, can be accommodated nightly. The beds appeared clean and neat, considering their character; and all else was in the best order—charge for a single bed 3d., for a double one 6d. For these charges, however, the inmates have the use of a kitchen, wash-house, and sitting-room, with every suitable accommodation for twenty-four hours. Conducted down stairs to the kitchens, I found several persons engaged in cooking. In the wash-house adjoining, several rows of small lockfast cupboards were pointed out, and each inmate can have the use of one on depositing 2d. for the loan of a key. If deposits were not taken, many keys would disappear and be lost. Up stairs, on the street floor, is the general sitting-room, with the rules of the house inscribed over the fireplace, and a table in the centre, at which books and papers may be perused. The keeper produced a small stock of books and periodicals (chiefly our own publications), which he described as being read with avidity, and, it may be hoped, with advantage. Three things, we were informed, contribute to maintain perfect order in the establishment—firmness in enforcing the rules, reading, and devotional exercises. Morning and evening a chapter of the Bible is read, and a few comments or words of exhortation follow; an appropriate prayer is also offered up. The officiating minister is a town missionary; but sometimes the inmates engage in reading verses of the Scriptures alternately, for mutual improvement and edification. It is interesting to know that these pious exercises are well attended, and eagerly indulged in; nor can we entertain a doubt of their efficacy. I remember being told of a dissolute individual—a victim—who in a distant country had brought himself to the depths of misery by his misconduct, bursting into tears on hearing read the first verse of the twenty-third psalm—

> The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green; he leadeth me
> The quiet waters by.

Recollections of a happy childhood, of a fond mother and pious father, of sunny school days and early aspirations—aspirations blighted—all rushed across the mind of the unfortunate. A chord deep in the heart had been struck. From that time he was an altered man. Circumstances of this nature occasionally occur in the lodging-house we are speaking of. Religion, through the revival of early impressions, asserts her efficacy, and, let us hope, with permanent benefit. 'I have never,' said the missionary, 'met with the least opposition or disrespect at our meetings; the utmost attention prevails; and any one passing through the apartment is careful to make no noise. I never witnessed a more serious congregation. As to practical results, the general conduct of the lodgers has much

improved; cases of profane swearing and drunkenness, which at first were common, seldom occur; several have been expelled for drunkenness; some have begged to be admitted again, promising to reform, and have kept their promise; a number have obtained places and regular employment, and are in all probability rescued from a life of vagrancy. Several have given up dissolute courses, and been restored to their friends.' The intelligent keeper of the establishment corroborated these statements; and gave it as his opinion that the religious exercises were of the utmost value in producing a spirit of happiness and decorum among the inmates.

The order, cleanliness, security, and comfort which the institution offers, have made it a favourite resort of well-disposed individuals, who would otherwise have to seek refuge in the mean receptacles in the neighbourhood. Hundreds are refused admittance for want of room. And how does it pay? Admirably well. The entire expenses per annum, including interest on original outlay, are L.150. The returns are from L.4 to L.5 weekly, or about L.250 during the year; thus proving beyond a doubt that a humble class of lodging-houses may be well conducted, and yet be a source of profit. The returns, however, might be greatly extended, by increasing the accommodation, were that in the present instance desirable. But profit is not in itself wanted. The whole affair is a mere experiment, and as such it has already been most efficacious. Keepers of 'travellers' lodging-houses' in the vicinity have been compelled to attempt a reform. Thirty persons lying indiscriminately on the floor will no longer be tolerated. Nearly all the houses have been less or more cleaned; one keeper has introduced a distinction of rooms for married and single; and a house of the worst class has been shut up. The conviction is gaining ground that nothing but decency will any longer answer, and that good order is by no means incompatible with a full and sufficient profit. Similar efforts have led to similar convictions in other parts of London; and we may by and by expect to see the ordinary rivalry of private enterprise effecting a universal reform in one of the worst features of the metropolis.

From the model lodging-house in Great Peter Street, we proceeded on an excursion into some of the meaner alleys and courts in the neighbourhood, in order to see the accommodation of families in separate dwellings. It was all very bad—as miserable as what comes under notice in any parts of Edinburgh or Glasgow, though by no means with the same environing of filth. It is only in Scotland that dirt is indelicately obtrusive. In one room about ten feet square, we found living an old shoemaker, two sempstresses, and a girl. They seemed to have scarcely space to turn themselves; and, except a bundle of rags in a corner, there was no vestige of a bed. Yet there was cheerfulness in this dismal den. The cobbler was busy with his hammer; and the two drudging females had received the pleasing intelligence that the making of shirts was up a halfpenny. Here and elsewhere were terrible complaints of the dearth of bread. When I mentioned that I was sure there would be a good harvest, and that great quantities of corn would soon arrive from America, the good news seemed to come like a ray of sunshine in the midst of gloom, and for a moment sent a thrill of joy through the heart. I was sorry for one poor woman whom we found inhabiting a small dingy room on the ground-floor of a house in a very narrow alley. She was rheumatic, and had not been able to walk for fifteen years: she could go to the door only by crawling on her hands and knees. This poor old creature, nevertheless, did not appear unhappy. She spoke resignedly of her sufferings. On inquiring if two little girls who were with her were her grandchildren, she replied 'that they belonged to a neighbour who had to go out daily to work, and that she took charge of them as a matter of duty. It was our duty to assist each other.' In this way are the poor constantly found assisting the poor.

Mr Walker, the missionary who accompanied us in this ramble, mentioned that, some years ago, when he began his domiciliary visits in Westminster, he was received with great jealousy and open threats of vengeance. The people could not understand how any person in his station should come about them unless for some selfish purpose; nor could they believe that their children should be invited to go to school unless to make a job of them. Their notion was, that the free schools were a new trick on the part of the rich to squeeze the poor! With the quiet perseverance of a Scotsman, Walker combated with, and ultimately vanquished, these fancies. The free schools are now exceedingly popular; and the missionary is a recognised friend and counsellor throughout the district. Of this we had some evidence: in the course of our walk, he was several times stopped by women of a humble class to get his advice on matters which concerned them. I should imagine from this, and other circumstances which have come to my knowledge, that town missionaries, even as regards secular counsel, are of the greatest possible service, and form an indispensable enginery of humanity and civilisation in the present condition of large cities.

As we entered the chariot which had been in attendance, and drove into the glare and bustle of Palace-yard —amid crowds of ladies and gentlemen hurrying to see the new House of Lords, and lawyers pushing along with their bags towards 'the hall'—I almost felt as if suddenly dropped into a new world; so totally dissimilar are two states of things closely in connection with each other. W. C.

THE BOUNDARY LINE.

A SKETCH.

It is a sweet, bright day in early spring. Young leaves are upon the hedges; primroses are gemming each grassy bank; and 'the corn is springing fresh and green.' The scene is in Ireland, and beautiful as ever; for the desolation of the land seems to have passed away. So at least thought a young stranger, a visitor from a more favoured spot, as silently placing her hand on that of her companion, to check the ponies' reins, she stood up in the little carriage in which they then were driving, and gazed downwards from the summit of the hill, over wood and dale and shining river, drinking in, with sanguine heart and glistening eyes, the glorious prospect—the fair promise—of that fertile, verdant land.

Full of the hopes that view had excited, she had turned eagerly to share them with her friend, when her attention was caught by the sound of people at work inside the hedge; and the expression of chastened delight, which had just rested on her face, flitted into a smile full of mirth, as she exclaimed, 'Do look at that animated active group; were ever there women so hard at work before!'

And a busy, and even cheerful picture at the first glance it was. As the little carriage now drew up beside a wider opening in the fence, Clara pointed out to her companion, close by within the field, three girls working, as she had observed, 'with might and main.' She could not well interpret the grave and half-reluctant smile with which her own merry glance was returned, and surprised, but still amused, she continued looking through the hedge. Though a moment's reflection showed her they were not quite suitably employed, still the hearty good-will with which they lent themselves to their task, the look of rosy health that mantled in their cheeks, and the comfortable substantial clothing in which they were attired—all lessened the dubious feeling with which she felt tempted to regard an occupation that seemed in this instance as much a matter of choice as of necessity.

And so she still looked on smilingly at the energetic movements and glowing faces of the young girls, thus manfully employed in levelling the old ditch that had once bounded the road, and which they were now

wheeling out in heaps to top-dress the field. With a smile she looked on—but it was only for a while; for at last she saw one girl lift her hand to her heated brow, and then work on; another drop her arms languidly by her side, as she turned her barrow over on the heap; while the third, the fairest and slightest, raising her head at the sound, gave one anxious glance at the weary ones, and then with a gay laugh hastily throwing her shovel aside, insisted that it was her turn to wheel the barrow now. Then a noisy, good-humoured altercation ensued, the elder ones protesting that she was too soft and too young for that heavy part of the work; until at last the five minutes required to overcome her generous intention afforded all sufficient rest and renewed strength to commence their unfeminine employment again.

'Five minutes more, Clara,' said her companion, whose turn it now was to smile at the thoughtful expression transferred to that lately beaming face—'five minutes more, while I just ask one question, for I have known those industrious girls long and well.' And as she spoke, the youngest turning her head, with a blush and smile of recognition dropped her little curtsy, while another, who was still nearer, leaped up on the bank to inquire whether their honours wanted anything she could do.

'Nothing now, thank you, Joany; I see you are hard at work. But where is your father? I suppose employed on the roads, while you mind the farm?'

A free but good-humoured laugh lighted up Joany's black eyes as she carelessly answered, 'Wisha, no, ma'am; he wasn't good enough for that same; you'll find him below there on the sunny side of the ditch, and mighty proud he'd be to stop your honour for a *shanamone*;'* and throwing an arch look across the hedge as she made this somewhat familiar reply, she bounded off the bank, and the next instant was wheeling her barrow again.

'Poor motherless girls, with an idle good-for-nothing father,' said the lady with a sigh as the ponies crept slowly down the hill. 'By degrees he has habituated them to do the work of men; and, like the females we read of in savage life, there they labour, day after day, summer and winter, while he spends his time, as Joany just hinted, sauntering and gossiping by the highway-side. Then the elder ones, grown bold and hardened, at last have lost all taste for the quiet duties and minor comforts of home; while the youngest, always delicate, but neglected and lonely, feels herself, for the sake of companionship, forced to follow in their steps; and with that cough and pain in the side, caught when the weather was less genial than now, will in all probability be low in her grave before she sees another spring.'

Poor Ireland! Often as she has been held up as a warning, it is somewhat hard to derive one from the industry of her daughters; and instead of averring that 'even her failings lean to virtue's side,' to declare that her best efforts have their alloy. And yet who that has dwelt amongst those children of her soil in months lately past; who that has witnessed their struggles, their mistakes, their resignation, but must have sorrowed over the long and deeply-rooted habits which leave them without the ability, and almost without the inclination, to meet their altered circumstances. An out-of-door friend surely the potato was—out of doors it was cultivated, and out of doors it was kept. What experience, then, of domestic management could be attained by her who thus spent her hours abroad, bearing more than her share in the culture and preparation of that food which never required her presence within doors, except during the simple process of placing it on the fire? Or how can she now turn, without many a failure, almost hopeless, to the thrifty meal-chest, the complicated pudding, and the store of bread?

But not in Ireland alone, not only amidst her unfortunate peasantry, can examples be met of the mistake to which we now advert. There are other classes too, other places may be found, where unpleasant consequences have resulted from shifting the load of life to unfitting shoulders; from placing the hand to the machine it is incompetent to guide. 'Bear ye one another's burthens,' is a rule of conduct far different from doing one another's business; and much as a labour of love can lighten toil, either of body or of mind, when mutually borne, the *boundary line* drawn between occupations proper to either sex can seldom be passed without some unfortunate result.

We have known the young and fair seek to heighten their attractions by vieing with the bolder sex in their amusements, by entering into more than the spirit of their sport—shooting at a mark, or feathering an oar; and one—that brightest beauty who, since then, has aspired to royal honours—we can remember in long-past days was never so much at home as when in the saddle, never so eloquent as when speaking of her steed. But these are comparatively harmless follies—straws on life's lighter current; 'only pretty Fanny's way,' forgiven for her sake, or forgotten when she grows wiser; and wiser she must grow, if she would safely climb the onward path. Yes, a time comes when amusement can be no longer the object, when graver interests are concerned, and a steadier line must be pursued; and then, be assured that the more definite is each orbit, the brighter and the happier will be the mingling of the two at the points where they unite.

Was ever business more prosperous when the wife kept the accounts and wrote the letters, while the husband sought amusement, or gossiped at his club? Was ever parish worthier where the pastor visited the markets, or enjoyed a hit at backgammon, while his more than help-meet penned eloquent discourses within the study walls? And yet such things have been: while, on the other hand, oh tell us were the threads more fairly spun when Hercules held the distaff amidst the Lydian maidens?—or was the infant wail less frequent when Hooker rocked the cradle, and penned his immortal work upon his knee? No: go hand in hand, true partners through life, aiding each the other in your separate or united way; but never, never take advantage of the willing heart to throw on it your own allotted burthen; never, never let the vain, ambitious, over-active spirit undertake the province of another, and engross to itself the things that should concern it not.

But to come back to our story, or rather—for that was but one instance—to commence a new one. There once was a gentleman and a lady who married for love: they had many good things beside—a fair house, broad lands, and smiling friends; and if these accessories did prolong the charm, still the love was all the same; for a twelvemonth passed away, the bride glided into the wife, the wife became a mother, and yet their happiness was undiminished—fresh and new, as if they had but just doffed their bridal robes. At home or abroad, they were inseparable still; indeed home seemed their chosen sphere of enjoyment; and though the Nimrods and Justice Shallows of the neighbourhood laid wagers, and smiled, and wondered how long it would last, still the spell remained unbroken, and the gentleman remained at home.

A year and a day, as old story runs, glided away, and thus they might have been seen—the lady in her garden, the gentleman beside her: she a queen amidst her flowers, he her devoted minister; and all—husband, gardener, clustering roses—all bending to her sway; her judgment planning, her taste presiding; the flexile branches, the shapely beds, 'the gay enamelled' borders, the harmonious contrasts, all bearing witness to her perfect taste; while quite allowable, and most amusing, was the little absolute air with which she asserted her sovereignty, and defended her possessions; repelling all interference when her husband, in his ignorance, would suggest some alteration—as if lilies could overshadow pinks, or tulips rival roses!

* Gossip.

Not quite another year has passed again, and still the lady and the gentleman are to be seen together; but now it is a wintry day, on a bleak hill-side, and the pretty broad-brimmed straw-hat, with its fresh gathered garland, has been replaced by a close bonnet, which, we must confess, tied down closely as it is to resist the blast, droops so deeply over the face, that it shuts in the bright eyes, and only displays a mouth that somehow forgets to smile. No wonder: we have intruded on a serious discussion—we had almost said debate—but it is not yet come to that. There is a plantation to be laid out, its form defined, and the lady is quite right, for she stoutly maintains that the curve is the line of beauty; but as that line, in the present instance, would include the best of his meadows, the gentleman has insisted that a right angle is far more correct: he maintains his ground, and the beautiful and the useful are at issue now.

Ah, lady, do not pass the boundary line: pause for a moment—you know not whither you may wander, or how near you may be to abandoning the beautiful for ever: turn back to your own kingdom—your bright flowers, your cradled child—raise up those shrouded eyes, bring home the smile to that lip, and let woman's wit and woman's heart on the instant devise some means of mutual extrication from the horns of that dilemma. But no: before our words have been spoken, the sentence is pronounced—'Have it all your own way;' and moodily the husband has turned away and walked down the hill, while, with a look of triumph that disdains to notice the cloud gathering in the horison, the lady gives her directions, the labourers set to work, and the line of beauty sweeps in grace across the field.

Another year—can this be the fireside once so charming? Where are the open books, the attentive ear, the intelligent remark? Where the sweet music, the fairy tones, the blended voices; and where the artless prattle of that gleesome child? The instrument is closed—the music in its portfolio—the books are on their shelves symmetrically ranged—and the boy—oh, he was so noisy, he never could be quiet; let him rout away in the nursery, and stun the servants if he likes, but here it could not be borne, for his parents are both—asleep!

Blame them not: the gentleman has been up since the gray of the morning; he has ridden twenty miles to cover, he has had a run of as many more, he has killed his fox, and he has ridden home again, and after a late dinner, he has finished his bottle; what could be more natural than that he should now take a nap? And the lady—could you have only seen her through this arduous day; had you seen her yesterday, could you see her tomorrow, and every day again as the year passes on, you would wonder still less that books, and music, and childish prattle had lost their charm, and that nothing was half so delightful as that easy-chair.

It is now many a day since the plantation was commenced; already it towers above its enclosure, and changes the face of that bleak hill-side, adorning its rugged brow with a leafy crown. There it stands, a monument of the taste that presided over its formation, a proof of the advantage that may be sometimes gained even by a trifle. But was it a trifle? In itself most surely; as a first step, who could reckon its importance? If the hill-side is changed, what have those years been doing to the lady? Come suddenly into her presence now, and recognise, if you can, the bright queen of the roses in other days. Were we sharp-sighted, then we might have seen, even in that flowery garden, in the will that would rule supreme, in the spirit that would brook no interference, the germ of that temper which has been so fully developed since; and yet even a microscope, in the brightest ray of the sun, could have hardly revealed the poison that was lurking there.

We have related how the husband gave up his point, and walked moodily away; but the mood did not continue, and they met again with smiles. The sun rose brightly next morning, and they wandered together to each favourable point of view, until he saw with her eyes only, and acknowledged she was quite right. She was right—and she never allowed him to forget it, until at last he acquired the habit of thinking that nothing was right without her; and proud of the constant appeal, the reliance on her judgment, she forgot how unsuitable, how incongruous, were the subjects she sometimes ventured to discuss. Thus for a while they ran in harness together: but only for a while; the sphere was too petty for a divided rule; the more energetic spirit took the lead; and at last, weary of sometimes agreeing, sometimes jarring—weary of a yokefellow that would never yield an opinion, and yet admitting those opinions were often the most judicious—the husband gradually loosened himself from his share of the burthen, and once again repeated, 'Have it all your own way.'

But this time it was no passing phrase: he had been taught a lesson, he had become convinced in his own mind by trial, by opposition, by defeat, that no one was so intelligent, so energetic, so faithful—in fact, that he was possessed of a steward beyond all price; and congratulated on all hands for having such a treasure of a wife—so clever, so active, so alive to his concerns—at last, well content, he left them all in her hands.

And she, quite proud of the trust and the responsibility—delighted with the authority and absolute command—exchanging her graceful drapery for a weather-proof cloak, tying her coal-box bonnet closer down upon her head, and drawing on her husband's boots—reader, only his boots!—resolved to defy all seasons and their change, and indefatigably plunged into the mysteries of draining, the management of turnips, and the merits of guano.

It is said that women do nothing by halves; whatever passion they indulge in for the time, absorbs their whole nature; so no wonder that the lady's fancy for out-of-door pursuits entirely engrossed her, and that thus she might have been seen more and more devoted to her farm day after day: and without referring to any general rules, no wonder that home lost its attraction to the once delighted husband, or that, in relinquishing the control of his acres, his active propensities sought another field where he might sometimes take the lead: no wonder that the bright boy grew weary of his uncompanionable maid, that he often escaped from his nursery into what company and what mischief he could; and no wonder, at last, that the picture we have drawn should close the day—yawning, instead of conversation; instead of music—sleep.

The lady has just descended by that winding path through the brushwood deep into the quarry, and somewhat severely she has been lecturing the workmen there; for the ground is ploughed and waiting, the limekiln is ready, and yet the lime is not burned, the stones are not even broken yet. Her brow clouded, and her temper slightly ruffled at the dilatoriness with which her orders have been executed, she has turned away with a passing conviction that had sometimes obtruded itself before—that a woman's authority is but limited after all; and she was just in the act of meditating a complaint on the subject to her now careless but good-humoured husband, when suddenly a wild and piercing scream struck upon her ear, and rooted her to the spot. It was echoed back by a loud cry from the labourers she had just left, and at the same instant what appeared a bundle of clothes thrown over the edge of the precipice fell through the tangled bushes, and lighted heavily on the ground, a few paces from the path where she stood transfixed. Strangely familiar that bundle looked—that green velvet—that snowy drapery, as it fluttered amidst the stones: could any one have been stealing the raiment of her child? Oh, think so, poor mother, as long as you may! Look not upwards to that floating feather, where the little cap is caught upon a bough; slowly and gently may the truth dawn upon you! But now the workmen rush past; a suppressed yet fearful murmur strikes upon her brain, and

before she can half collect its sense, before her failing limbs can move towards the heap, they raise it up tenderly—her very child itself! * * *

The fire burns brightly on that hearth as of yore, yet the candles are not lighted or the curtains drawn; for the evenings are still long, and a gentle moon is shining through the windows and chequering the floor. The room, too, is very quiet, the books are unopened still, and still the piano is mute; but the fireside is deserted, the easy-chairs are vacant, and those who used to occupy them with so much enjoyment are no longer—asleep. Look round the room, and you will perceive a still greater alteration, bringing back a memory of earlier days. Fresh flowers are on that marble slab, flinging their odour through the apartment; bright pictures scattered on that table; a guitar upon that stool; and though all seems settled for the amusement of one neither literary nor industrious, though books and workboxes are still in the back-ground, yet decidedly the room has lost the look of unoccupied arrangement which gave it such a formal, dreary air in those fox-hunting and farming days. Within the moonlit window is a silent group: no sound is in that chamber but the crackling now and then of the oaken boughs, as they light up briskly on the hearth, or the faint vibration of the last chord as the guitar is placed upon the floor beside the lady, who sits upon a stool almost as low, and rests her head on the pillow of the sofa, where, pale and still, a little figure is laid; while, leaning on the casement, looking down with deep tenderness on both, stands the husband and the father, restored to hope and happiness again.

The room is very still—a hushed and solemn stillness, as if a prayer had just been uttered, or a hymn been softly breathed: at last the silence was broken—hardly broken by a faint silvery little voice, as the fair child, leaning his head backwards on the pillow, turned his face upwards to his father with a sweet and loving smile, and said, 'Papa, look out into the moonshine, and tell me is the hawthorn still in blossom. It was the first flower of the year, mamma, which I thought to throw that morning at your feet, when in my haste to get away from Jane, I lost my balance, and fell over myself.'

'My own fairest flower!' said his mother tenderly, pressing the little hand within her own to her trembling lip; 'many a bud has blown and withered since that sorrowful morning—passing away all unheeded, while our own one was struggling back to life; but that is so long ago, that instead of flowers in the moonshine, the scarlet berries are now ripening on the thorn.'

The child mused thoughtfully; then he murmured, 'So long ago—and I thought it so short. Oh, mamma, it must have been because I was so happy; you never leaving me—beside me all the day, with your soft hands, and your sweet voice, and your loving eyes; and then, in the long evenings, when papa would come in with his little stories and his pleasant smile. Oh, I am never, never lonely now; I will never be so again. Tell me, mamma, will it not be always so?'

'With God's blessing, my child,' replied the lady with emotion, as she arose and bent to kiss him, then turned to the window; the next moment an encircling arm was round her, and something glistened like a tear in the eyes that answered her own. Just then the moon was going down, sinking behind the tuft of trees that crowned the opposite hill, but its round edge seemed to linger for a moment, pouring a flood of light across the landscape, and resting on the boundary line of that plantation, the scene of her first triumph, the monument of her perseverance and her taste. Beautiful it looked as the pale orb threw a silvery veil over each separate tree; graceful was that undulating line as it shone out into radiance or deepened into shadow; and most perfect and enchanting was the combination of all. There was no stiffness, no formality, no awkward turn; yet the lady gazed on it in silence with saddened eyes, gazed till the bright circle had diminished to a thread; then, while just light enough was left to read her husband's face, to meet the confiding look that sought her own candid brow, she chased away her tears with a brightening smile, and pointing to the hill as she turned from the window, whispered softly 'That was a great mistake after all!'

EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

THE GNAT FAMILY.

The gnat family is universally detested, as among the most unwearied, bloodthirsty, and formidable of insect tormentors. Their insatiable appetite, joined to their venomous powers, and these added to their enormous productiveness, and their hateful ubiquity, justify us in regarding them as one of the scourges of the human race. They are excessively troublesome even in our own country, the temperate climate of which is unfriendly to venomous creatures of most kinds; but their annoyance is felt under both extremes of temperature, exasperating alike the unhappy inhabitants of Mosquito Bay, and the wretched tenants of the most northerly regions. In spite of the irritable feelings we can scarcely help bringing to the inquiry, it will be found that there is much that is instructive, much that is even entertaining, in the history and habits of these little blood-suckers.

The proper—that is, the technical—name for this tribe of insects is the *Culicides:* they belong to the order of Dipterous or double-winged insects. The common gnat, *Culex pipiens,* is a delicate pretty insect, rather less than a quarter of an inch in length. It is furnished with a long slender proboscis, which projects downwards and forwards, having at its extremity a pair of little sucking discs: this organ forms the siphon up which the creature draws its fill from our life-stream. On the sides of this are placed, at different distances, several lancet-like processes, some of which appear intended simply to cut, while others seem adapted also to inject the irritating poison into the minute wound; and these are barbed, and resemble in some respects the sting of the bee. The 'hum' of the gnat, or, as the poet Spenser calls it, 'its murmuring small trumpet,' is a sound familiar to every ear—to most of us far more familiar than agreeable. This, which is really a pretty and not unpleasing sound in itself, were it not that it is a flourish preparatory to an onslaught, is produced by the rapid vibration of its delicate gauze-like wings. The sound has a precise analogue in the deep-toned hum of the 'fan' of our blast-furnaces, where the vanes of the blower cut through the air with vast rapidity, and produce, in so doing, the musical notes we hear. The fragile wings of this insect have been estimated by Latour to vibrate at the rate of three thousand times a-minute; a rapidity which, when it is regarded as a succession of muscular contractions and relaxations, is something far more wonderful than the most enormous speed to which mechanism was ever driven. The gnat makes its appearance in the greatest numbers at eventime, but its persecutions are by no means confined to that period. It delights chiefly in shady woods and in moist situations, from whence great hosts may occasionally be observed to issue, and in the vicinity also of stagnant pools, which form the nursing-places of the young. It has been frequently remarked, that it is the female insect which pursues us for our blood, and that the male is innocent altogether of the crimes his partner delights to commit. The insect makes its attack in the following manner:—After the flourish as aforesaid, and with a courage equal to all its noise, it flies directly upon its victim, and falls to. Alighting gently upon the surface, it lowers its formidable weapon, gently and gradually thrusting it into the skin until it has pushed home all its lancets. The fluid which produces the subsequent pain in the wound is then injected into it, as has been plausibly supposed, for the purpose of rendering the blood more fluid, and better adapting it to the

suctorial capabilities of the insect; and now the thirsty creature takes its fill. These operations are repeated until it is satiated, when it flies away, oftentimes becoming gorged and less active, as if completely intoxicated with its potion.

The early history of the gnat is peculiarly interesting. It contains one of those exquisite demonstrations of the skill of the Creative hand of which the kingdom of animated nature is replete. The celebrated entomologist Reaumur made it the subject of some of his beautiful and accurate investigations. From his account of the operation, we glean the following particulars relative to the deposition of the eggs of this insect. Let us go to some stagnant pond between five and six in a summer morning, and we shall see this interesting phenomenon, if we watch pretty narrowly, going on over its whole surface. There is a female gnat; she has taken her station upon a broken twig, or a fallen leaf floating on the water. She is then seen to cross her two hind limbs like the letter X, and in the inner triangular interval she commences her ingenious labour. In this interval she places first three eggs in the form of a triangle, which, being moistened with a kind of glue, adhere firmly together. This forms one extremity of a *boat* she is about to make. Her crossed limbs form, so to speak, the 'lines' or scaffold by which she regulates the subsequent shape and size of her tiny vessel. She proceeds laying egg after egg; and by gradually opening her scaffolding, she shapes the boat accordingly, and in this manner proceeds until the egg-boat is completed, each of which contains from two to three hundred eggs. The animated scaffolding is then removed. The mother takes her flight, and commits her craft to the mercy of the wind and waves. This wonderful little structure has been aptly likened by Messrs Kirby and Spence to a London wherry in configuration, being sharp, and higher at both ends, somewhat convex below, and concave above, and always floating on its keel. It is not the least remarkable fact connected with this amazing feat of nautical architecture, that each individual egg, if dropped into the water, would sink to the bottom. The boat is quite buoyant; it defies the most tempestuous blast which crosses the mimic ocean in which it sails; the waters may go over it, or it may be forcibly pushed down to the bottom, but it will rise again to the surface, its buoyancy unaffected, and without a drop of water in its cavity. How plain and broadly-marked even in these workings of a humble and insignificant insect is the Divine forethought and skill, which, while rearing a universe, and mapping out creation, remembered, and so securely provided for, the wants of the family of a gnat! In hot weather the eggs are rapidly hatched; and in about three days the larvæ, having left their temporary habitations, are to be seen in full activity, with their heads downwards in the water. As these larvæ are uncommonly funny fellows on the field of the microscope, they have the honour of frequently showing off at popular exhibitions; and the surprising feats of agility they perform have long been the admiration of the spectators. They are well known in the north as '*scurrs*,' and may be collected in abundance during summer from almost every wayside pool. The larva breathes in a very odd way by means of its tail! at the extremity of which is its respiratory apparatus. It has the power of leaving the surface of the water, and diving to the bottom; but it must always return for fresh air; and most comical it is to see it thrust its tail up for this purpose, while its great head hangs some distance below the surface. This larva has several changes to undergo before it becomes the perfect insect: after moulting several times, it becomes transformed into the pupa; and then comes the final change to the perfect gnat. The pupa now serves as a boat for the emerging insect. The time comes on; the necessary preparations are complete; the insect raises itself from its floating tomb, places its feet upon the water, expands its tender wings, and takes farewell of its former dwelling. From first to last, these transformations occupy about three weeks or a month.

Sometimes gnats make their appearance in incredible numbers, or are unexpectedly seen to pour in dense clouds like smoke from some locality. A correspondent of the 'Entomological Magazine' states that in one summer, in a particular district, they appeared in such numbers, as actually to make it necessary to 'shovel them' out of the houses. It is related also 'that, in the year 1736, they were so numerous, that vast columns of them were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury cathedral;' and an alarm was actually raised that the cathedral was on fire. A letter in an early volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions' states, that on one occasion they filled the atmosphere near Oxford, and rose in several tall columns from some apple-trees to a considerable height in the air. At Norwich, an alarm of fire was created by the inhabitants observing a dense volume, apparently of smoke, stream forth from one of the spires of the cathedral. It was mentioned that these insects are numerous and excessively annoying even at the poles. Captain Sir John Ross, in the Appendix to the narrative of his second voyage, states that gnats first made their appearance about the 10th of July, and by the 22d had become so excessively numerous, as to prevent the necessary duties of the ship. They were seen in vast clouds overhanging the marshes, their larvæ contributing the principal food to the trout of those lakes. The poor Laplanders are horribly tormented by them. It is almost in vain that they smear their bodies with fetid unguents, birch oil, and fearful messes of all offensive things; the blood-thirsty insect scorns such defences, and sends its proboscis through them all. They are in the habit of stopping up the vents of their huts, allowing the interior to be filled with suffocating smoke, and thus protected, they betake themselves to rest; yet even then, the indomitable creature will scarcely consent to leave them unmolested. In short, what defence can be suggested against an army of invaders so numerous as to be compared to the dust of the earth or the flakes of a snow fall?

The mosquito has been generally considered by naturalists as belonging to the gnat family, the *Culicides*. Some doubt may exist upon the subject, but there can be none that it is the true representative in the tropics of the gnat at the poles and at home. The mosquito is not quite so large an insect as the common gnat; but if less in size, it is a much more dreaded and dreadful enemy. It is, we believe, Mr Westwood who considers the mosquito to have been 'the plague of flies,' the emissaries to execute Divine wrath upon the Egyptians. Neither is its sphere of torment limited alone to hot climates; it appears to endure the intense winter of the Crimea, and does dreadful mischief in its summer to the Russian soldiers. Dr Clarke says they are actually compelled to sleep in sacks! and even this does not prove an efficient protection, as cases of mortification in consequence of their bites are not unfrequent. In America, the accounts of mosquito-bitten travellers are most painful to read. We sometimes meet with the travels of a learned enthusiast, who gives us a glowing picture of the glories of the banks of the Orinoco: let us take some scattered remarks from Baron Humboldt's 'Personal Narrative' as a set-off against these romancings. He says there are three different species of mosquito. Some will sting from an early hour in the morning all day long until five in the afternoon, when they disappear, and a second set 'mount guard.' These have their hour of attack, and then retire, and are followed by the night army, the most dreadful and venomous of all. During the intervals of the disappearance of one host, and the appearance of the next, a brief and delightful repose is given to the tortured Indians. All along a particular district of this great stream, the lower strata of air, from the surface of the ground up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, are filled with these insects to such a de-

gree, as to give the appearance of a condensed vapour. The Indians say there are 'more mosquitoes than air.' The swelling caused by their bites does not disappear for several weeks. An old missionary, in accents of despair and grief, said 'he had spent his twenty years of mosquitoes in America;' and his limbs were so much covered with the enduring marks of their wounds, as not to have a single spot of native whiteness about them! Some of the Indians living in these districts are so hard put to it, as to be compelled to bury themselves in sand, only leaving out their heads, which they cover with a handkerchief. A curious anecdote is related in 'Loudon's Magazine of Natural History' regarding the effect of mosquito bites upon the countenance. A gentleman having indulged over-freely in wine, lay down to sleep on a sofa without the customary protection of a mosquito net. He reclined in such a way, as to expose exactly half of his face to the operations of the enemy, which soon attacked him in great numbers. His appearance the following morning was something wonderful; one side of his nose and face preserved their usual expression, but the other was so hideously contorted and swollen, as to make him appear on that side a totally different person.

Expedients for defence against these plagues are frequently almost in vain; but such as are in use it may be as well to mention. In India, mosquito curtains are the common preservatives; but wo to him who suffers even one of his little tormentors to get within his white walls! Just before retiring to rest, a kind of whisk is whirled about in the air, putting the ranks of the enemy in confusion; the favourable moment is seized, and the individual leaps into his cot, while the curtains are rapidly drawn behind him. The Indians in America go at night to sleep on islets in the midst of the cataracts, where few mosquitoes will follow them. They also anoint themselves with turtle oil, and cover their bodies with paint and bolar earth, but are wounded through these. In some fenny districts in England, where gnats are very numerous, it is said to be the custom to wear veils. The pain of the bites may in some cases be alleviated by a solution of ammonia, or soothed by a weak lotion of hydrocyanic acid. With these remarks, we take our leave of this tiny but troublesome family.

PLAIN ANSWERS TO PLAIN QUESTIONS ABOUT EMIGRATION.

Many things have occurred to deter conscientious persons from recommending emigration, but the theory, for all that, remains intact. Nothing is more natural than for people to overflow from an old and closely-occupied country into one the reverse in all respects. The main consideration is as to the qualifications of individuals for the hardships inseparable from the settlement of new countries. These once overcome, there is certainly much of a gratifying nature in the life of the independent settler. Entertaining these views, we are always glad when we can publish any information likely to be of use to intending emigrants. On the present occasion, we present the substance of a letter lately written by an experienced colonist, from Pyrenees, in the Port Philip district of Australia. We have retained the arrangement of the letter, and as far as possible the simplicity of the language; and the reader is requested to observe, that it contains the replies of a plain uneducated man to the questions of a familiar friend, who was thinking of joining him at the antipodes.

I. Climate, diseases, and remedies? The climate is very healthy; hot in summer, but not sultry, as in India; cold in winter, but mild and bracing. We have frosts in the morning, but they clear off about two hours after sunrise. As for diseases, there are none peculiar to the country, which is in general very healthy, and persons living in the bush more especially are seldom or never ill; a store of medicine, therefore, is hardly necessary.

II. The average price of lands next year? This question I cannot answer, not being able to form the slightest conjecture as to what government intends doing with us squatters after the 30th June 1847, when our present license expires. At present we pay L.10 a-year for occupying government lands, according to this process:—If a settler can find any space of country with sufficient water and pasture ground to keep his stock upon, he applies to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, who grants him a license, whether he has a large or small quantity of stock; the Commissioner generally marking the boundary in the proportion of twenty-five square miles for every four thousand sheep or six hundred head of cattle. But there are many stations that are not twenty-five square miles, and will not carry more than two or three thousand sheep; while, on the other hand, there are many that will carry fifty thousand; and yet all pay alike L.10 a-year. There is likewise an assessment of one penny per head on sheep, threepence on cattle, and one shilling on horses, a-year. But as we expect there will be entirely new regulations next year, I must refer you to the newspapers, as also to the colonial coffee-houses, where you will get some information four months before it reaches us.

III. Intercourse of settlers? However desirable it is to be near each other, and pleasant to have frequent intercourse, I would not have you set your mind upon it; for at present the country, for upwards of sixty miles all round us, is occupied, and it is only a chance if any might be for disposal at the time you require it. When a station that has been occupied is to be disposed of, its value is always included nominally in that of the stock, as government will not sanction the buying or selling of crown lands.

IV. Price of sheep, and fair number to begin with? The price of sheep always fluctuates according to that of wool. Two months ago they were worth 12s. per head, now they have fallen to 6s. 6d.; in fact they are regulated by the wool market at home; and if you were to read the Port Philip papers at the colonial coffee-houses, you would generally see under the heading of 'Sales this Week' something near the price of sheep; but put no faith in the price current at the end of the paper. Wool is our ruling commodity; therefore, if you find at home that wool is likely to rise to 1s. 6d. or 2s. and upwards, you may be sure sheep are up to 10s. or 15s. &c.; if likely to go down to 1s. or 1s. 3d. as now, sheep are from 5s. to 7s. per head. We sold our wool for 1s. 3d. last year, but it will be only 10d. or 1s. this; so that you see you must judge entirely by the home market. This in a great measure answers the other question, as to what amount of capital to commence with. As sheep fluctuate so much, the number must entirely depend on price; but I would not advise beginning with less than from seven hundred to one thousand ewes. If you lay out L.500 in sheep, you require L.300 to carry you over the first two years; after that your wool would pay expenses.

V. As to wages, and the propriety of bringing out servants? This question I can answer with confidence. Bring no servants of any kind; for although the law indicates the means of compelling them to serve out the period of their agreement, still there are such facilities of evasion, and so many inducements to evade, arising from the high rate of wages, and the scarcity of all kinds of labour, that you would be subjected to much annoyance and loss. I have enclosed a paragraph I saw in the paper the other day, which will give you some idea of the amount of wages, although 10s. per day, I am told, is an error of the press, they earning considerably more. Married couples are getting L.35 to L.50 a-year; female servants L.20 to L.25; shepherds, &c. L.28 to L.30 (with rations); and mechanics L.1 a-week; in fact, labour is so scarce, that any money is given sometimes, especially in harvest and lambing time.

VI. Bringing out agricultural implements, tools, &c.? Bring out nothing; everything here is as cheap as in England, even iron and steel. We have no mines in

this quarter, though there are plenty in Adelaide. Coal has been found near Western Port, about forty miles from Melbourne; but it is worked only to a very limited extent, on account, I suppose, of the scarcity of labour.

VII. As to water and crops? Settlers only take up that country which is sufficiently watered by creeks, rivers, or lakes. In this district we have nothing but creeks, which only run in the winter, and form a sort of water-holes in summer. On the Goulbourn side, there are several large rivers and running creeks, but no navigable rivers anywhere. The country generally will grow any kind of crops, and any description of seeds. Bulbs and plants can be obtained at the market gardens.

VIII. Advantage of sheep-farming? It is impossible to give an accurate idea of this; for sheep-farming, like every other farming business, entirely depends on management. There is no doubt of it being a good speculation, if you can make up your mind to work hard yourself, put up with privations, and do without hired labour as much as possible.

IX. Bringing out a wife? Though I am an advocate for matrimony, still I must warn you that English young ladies are not at all fitted for the bush. When at home by their comfortable firesides, they imagine they will be able to rough it; but let me tell them it is a very difficult matter to get quietly into the way of doing so. There is only one class of females fit to emigrate with young beginners—and these are farmers' daughters who have been brought up to work; for I can assure you there is no dancing the Polka in the bush.

X. First steps on landing? There are steamers that will take you from the ship to Melbourne for 2s. 6d., and your luggage, if a small quantity, and all ready; but they will not wait. If you have a large quantity, it must be forwarded to you by lighters, which will cost about 5s. per ton. There you will find plenty of carts waiting to convey your luggage, for a couple of shillings, to any respectable boarding-house or hotel. I would recommend Mrs Larriniore's or Mrs Hamilton's boarding-houses, where ladies and gentlemen are boarded and lodged for L.1 per week. The hotel charges are about the same as in London. All kinds of provisions are considerably cheaper than in England—namely, Meat, 2d. per lb. of all kinds; bread, 7d. 4 lbs.; cheese, 8d.; tea, 1s.; sugar, 3d.; flour, 2s. per stone; potatoes, 4s. per cwt. Bring as little clothing as you possibly can do with. Coloured shirts are always worn on board ship and in the bush. In fact, incumber yourself with nothing but what is absolutely necessary for the voyage—every article of wearing apparel being quite as cheap as at home, except boots and shoes, which are much dearer. In order to give you some more precise idea, I would say bring out two pairs of Gambroon, and one pair thick coarse cloth trousers for shipboard; one pair corduroy trousers for the bush; two coats for shipboard and in Melbourne, as in the bush you do not require them; a pea-coat and blue cap for the voyage and bush; two dozen coloured shirts; two dozen pairs socks; half-a-dozen thin merino or flannel shirts (if you are in the habit of wearing them); pewter utensils for your cabin; a lamp, and six pounds sperm candles; bed and bedding. Our dress eight months in the year is nothing but a coloured shirt, pair of trousers, and leathern belt. In winter, we generally wear a blue baize shirt over the coloured.

XI. Is a frame-house necessary? No. Melbourne is as large as Ostend, and you can rent houses from one to twenty rooms as cheap, or cheaper, than in England. In the bush a slab hut can be put up quickly and cheaply. Our timber is hard to cut, and therefore all bush work is done with cross-cut saws, mauls, and wedges. All timber is felled with cross-cut saws, not axes, as in America. As boring for water is a thing very little known or practised in the bush, I am unable to say what depth you would have to go, so much depends upon situation.

Finally—If you are a sportsman, and set a value on a good gun, why, then, bring one; but if only for casual purposes, I should say not, as you can get one, with everything requisite, as cheap in Melbourne. My principal advice all through this letter is, bring out nothing but money, save and except what you cannot do without; for when I tell you we make our own steam-engines, and every description of castings, and that you can purchase from a grand piano to a penny rattle as cheap as in England, you will see the absurdity of incumbering yourself with more luggage than is necessary. Whatever money you have, pay into the Bank of Australia, save and except about L.50 in sovereigns, and a little silver, which bring with you for use, or voyage, landing, &c. Have your letters directed to the post-office, Melbourne; but remember, no paper money is current here save Melbourne notes, therefore bring no English bank-notes.

A NEW HEROINE.

A LADY one day complained of the state of her health. Even the newspapers had lost their excitement—'She could not relish her murders as usual!' This is not a *jeu d'esprit*, but an actual speech; and it is enough to make one fear that the publicity of the journals is not an unmixed good. But as the bad parts of human nature *must* continue to be exhibited in the thousand mirrors of the press, those who would neutralise the evil should take every opportunity of calling into action the higher and purer sympathies of the heart. And not rarely does the daily news itself supply us with the means of so doing, and present in the very same page an antidote to the poison, although we are only too liable to pass over the former in favour of the chalice which offers a coarser intoxication.

That the details of crime, as given daily in the newspapers, indurate the sensibilities—just as frequent public executions used to breed felons at the foot of the gallows—cannot be denied; but they present likewise, and not unfrequently, details of virtue, which require only to be brought prominently forward to counteract the former influence, and maintain a healthy tone in the mind. Among the latter, we have just observed, in a provincial journal, an anecdote of female heroism which merits record much more than the most splendid deeds of valour in the field, and we are proud to afford it a wider circulation and a more permanent page. An obliging correspondent, who resides near the place in question, not only vouches for the truth of the facts, but enables us to give the incident with some completeness.

In a house in Morden Street, Troy-town, Rochester, a young girl called Sarah Rogers, about fifteen years of age, was in charge of a child ten months old. She had laid down the infant for a time, and missing it on turning round, ran out into the garden to look for it. The child was not to be seen; and the poor little nurse, in obedience to a terrible presentiment, rushed to the well. Her fears were only too just. The covering of the well was out of repair; and on dragging away the broken boards, she saw the object of her search in the water at the bottom—a distance of sixty-three feet. A wild scream broke from the girl at the sight; but she did not content herself with screaming, and she knew that if she ran for aid, it would in all probability come too late. Sarah Rogers, therefore—this girl of fifteen—lowered the bucket to the bottom, and grasping the rope in her hands, descended after it. In thus descending, without any one above to steady her, she swayed against the rough stones of the well, and mangled her hands to such an extent, that the flesh is described as having been actually torn from the bones.

She reached the bottom nevertheless; and although standing in three feet water, contrived to get hold of the drowning child with her lacerated hands, and raise it above the surface. She then emptied the bucket, which had filled, and placing her precious charge in it, awaited

the result. That result was fortunate and speedy, for her scream providentially had drawn several persons to the spot, and Sarah Rogers had presently the delight to see the bucket ascending with the infant. Still the brave and generous girl was unsatisfied; and when the bucket was lowered for herself, she could not be prevailed upon to enter it till they had assured her of the safety of the child.

The infant was found to be severely, but not dangerously hurt; while it was feared that its preserver would lose for ever the use of her hands. But this, we are happy to say, is now not likely to be the case. The wounds will in all probability yield to the influence of care and skill, and Sarah Rogers will be able, as heretofore, to earn her bread by the work of her hands. But she is a poor, solitary girl, with no relations able to assist her, and even no home upon earth but that of the grateful parents of the child. These, unfortunately, are not in a condition to render their aid of much importance. They have declared, it is true, that for the future Sarah Rogers shall be like one of their own family; but the husband is nothing more than a clerk on board her majesty's ship Poictiers, and is probably but ill prepared to sustain such an addition to the number of his household. Would it not be well, in a case like this, in which governments are necessarily passive, for such private individuals as have not more pressing claims upon their liberality, to come forward, and do honour publicly to fidelity and intrepidity, even when found in a poor, little, friendless servant-girl?

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.

Academies were originally nothing more than schools, in which philosophers communicated certain doctrines to their disciples or scholars. The name was adopted from the circumstance of Plato teaching in some shady recess of the garden of Academus at Athens; while Aristotle taught or disputed as he walked about the Lyceum, whence his adherents were called Peripatetics. The former name suited better the sedentary habits of learning; and though distinguishing at first the school of Plato exclusively, it came to be applied to succeeding learned and literary societies, whose common object was the cultivation of knowledge. The Academy of Alexandria served still more directly than the schools of Athens as a model for the modern world. It had its philosophers and scholars, its resident members and foreign associates, and, in fine, its celebrated library, destroyed eventually by the Caliph Omar. In Rome, the entertainments of Mæcenas were the only substitute for an academy; for Augustus was the patron, not of letters, but of flatterers and parasites; and it was not till after the fall of the Western Empire, that any attempt was made to resuscitate the literary institutions of Egypt and Greece.

The founder of the first academy of the modern world was Charlemagne, who, with the assistance of the English monk Alcuin, instituted a society in his palace for the study of grammar, orthography, rhetoric, poetry, history, and mathematics. The Academy of Oxford, founded a century later by Alfred, was rather a school of instruction; and it was not till the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, that true academies sprung up in almost every country in Europe. But our present business is with that constellation of literary luminaries known later, in a collective form, by the name of the French Institute.

The father of the French Academy may be said to have been Valentine Conrart, a gentleman of some distinction, being a counsellor and secretary to the king, who, about the year 1630, brought together a society of literary persons, calling themselves successively—Academy of Beaux-Esprits, Academy of Eloquence, and Eminent Academy. Four years after, the reunion was mentioned to Cardinal Richelieu, when already Gomberville had declared—

Qu'il n'est point d'Apollon que le grand Richelieu;

and the cardinal at once offered his protection. The offer was accepted, though not without some dissentient voices being heard, and the society was re-named the French Academy. It had now a director, a chancellor, and a secretary; kept records of its transactions; and was confirmed by royal letters patent in 1635. In 1663, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres was instituted by Colbert, and called by Louis XIV. the Little Academy, from the circumstance of its being at first composed of four members of the French Academy. These individuals the great minister assembled from time to time in his own house; and the chief task he prescribed for them was the illustration of the passing reign by means of inscriptions on monuments and medals. They superintended, likewise, the designs of the royal tapestries, the contemplated embellishments of Versailles, and other matters of taste.

Some time before this, as we are told by Dr Birch, certain worthy persons residing in London, being 'inquisitive into natural, and the new and experimental philosophy, agreed to meet weekly on a certain day to discourse upon such subjects, and were known by the title of the Invisible or Philosophical College.' This society waxed gradually, till at length it attracted the attention of Charles II., and became illustrious under the name of the Royal Society of London. Colbert was not slow in perceiving the national advantages attending such an institution; and only three years after the date of its charter—namely, in 1666—he called around him the most celebrated geometricians, natural philosophers, mechanics, anatomists, and chemists, and established the Academy of Sciences. Although Colbert, however, was only the founder of these two academies—that of Inscriptions, and that of Science—his services were all-important to the French Academy, of which he had long been a member. To him it was indebted for most of the distinctions and privileges it obtained during his ministry; and it was he who commenced the library of the Academy by a donation of six hundred and sixty volumes. He installed it in the Louvre in 1672, and commemorated the event by a medal. The title of academician was an unfailing passport to his favour, and he delighted to entertain his colleagues in his elegant house of Sçeaux.

Then came the Revolution, when academies of learning were but little thought of, and when the heads of some of the most distinguished members rolled, with as little distinction as those of mere nobility, upon the scaffold. The greatest of these victims was Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, who, at the age of twenty-five, had already distinguished himself so much, as to become an associate of the Academy. Twenty-six years after, when he was in the very height of his fame, he was arrested and dragged before the terrible tribunal. Only one man in all Paris dared to raise his voice in his favour. This was M. Hallé, a brave and noble citizen, who read publicly at the Lyceum a report on the discoveries of the great chemist, which was afterwards transmitted to the tribunal. Lavoisier himself condescended to request permission to live for a few days, that he might finish some important experiments; but the chief of the small number of mean and insignificant men whom the French of that day permitted to decimate them, without daring even to utter a cry, replied, with a ferocious growl, 'We have no more need of savants!' and the philosopher, who had not completed his fifty-first year, was cut off in the very commencement of his glorious career. This was not one of the political or party murders of the time. He was sacrificed in the mere frenzy of ignorant imbecility, together with twenty-seven other men who, like him, were by profession farmers of the revenue.

After the Reign of Terror, it was discovered that France really had need of savants, and that some savants had been of great use even in matters relating to the defence of the country. Chaplat and Berthollet had taught the improvement of gunpowder, and Monze that of cannon; and men began to wish that the three

Academies, tacitly dissolved in the confusion of the time, could be reconstructed anew. This was at length effected, and in a way which added greatly to the solidity of the edifice. The three were fused into one great whole, called the National Institute; and this divided into classes, comprehending the physical and mathematical sciences, moral and political science, and literature and the fine arts. The object was generally the advancement of the arts and sciences, and this was to be obtained by continual researches, the publication of discoveries and transactions, and correspondence with learned and literary men in other countries. The number of resident members was one hundred and forty-four, with an equal number in the provinces, and each class had the privilege of choosing eight foreign associates.

But soon the exigencies of the time robbed France of a great proportion of its savants; for Bonaparte carried with him into Egypt nearly a hundred men who had attained eminence in the arts and sciences. This illustrious corps shared the fatigues and dangers of the common soldiers, and on more than one occasion excited the admiration of the whole army by their heroic courage before the enemy, and the patient endurance with which they bore the privations of the desert. At Cairo they were formed into an Institute of Egypt, which cannot be considered otherwise than as a branch of the French Institute. Monze, one of the founders of the Polytechnic School, was the first president; Bonaparte the second; and their place of meeting was one of the greatest palaces of the city. Their task was to compile an exact description of the country; to execute a detailed map; to study ruins and natural productions; to make observations in physics, astronomy, and natural history; and to inquire into the practicability of ameliorating the condition of the people by the introduction of machinery, canals, and new processes adapted to the soil. All this was soon at an end. The French were compelled to evacuate Egypt, the savants were called away in the midst of their labours, and the fragments of the eastern Institute were reunited to the Institute of France.

In 1803, when Bonaparte was silently preparing to ascend the imperial throne, he regarded with some alarm the condition of the Institute, the greater part of whose members had by this time become attached to studies connected with moral and political science. Discussions on such points were very awkward at the time; and the 'man of destiny' discovered that the classes into which the Institute was divided were too *few* for the requirements of its object, and very liberally gave it a new organisation, dividing it into four classes instead of three. These were—1st, Physical and mathematical science, consisting of sixty-five members; 2d, French language and literature, forty members; 3d, History and ancient literature, forty members; and 4th, The fine arts, twenty-eight members. This, it will be seen, as compared with the republican constitution, divided literature into two—French and universal; and entirely swamped moral and political science. His next step, after he changed his name from Bonaparte to Napoleon, was to make a corresponding change in the name of the society, which from the National became now the Imperial Institute.

The imperial régime passed away, and the Restoration restored the Institute nearly to its original form, as well as to its national name. In 1815, the Bourbons abolished the four classes of the emperor, and re-established the four original academies, but in this order: the French Academy, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Fine Arts. Thus united, they formed the National Institute, under the personal direction of the king, but each with an independent organisation, and the exercise of certain peculiar powers. In 1832, the class suppressed by Bonaparte was restored by Louis-Philippe, under the name of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; and the Institute therefore may now be supposed to have reached its highest development.

The business of the different academies is multifarious. The dictionary, we all know, is due to the French Academy, and it cost an infinite deal of time, trouble, and speech-making. When Colbert attended a sitting to judge for himself how they proceeded in their labours, he listened for two mortal hours to a debate on the single word *ami*, and left the house impressed with the conviction that no society could get on more rapidly in a work of the kind. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres is unlimited in the number of corresponding members; and through this branch the roll of the Institute is embellished with the names of the most distinguished scholars in Europe. This academy is charged with the superintendence of public monuments, and the conservation of those already existing; and it has likewise the principal part in editing the 'Journal des Savans.' The Academy of Sciences is divided, as at first, into two principal departments—the physical and mathematical. The number of its foreign associates is limited to ten. Bonaparte was proud of his distinction as a member of this branch; and when he was already decorated with the trophies of Italy, he appeared more than once, in public solemnities, in the habit of the Institute. The Academy of Fine Arts is divided into five sections, and has a committee charged with the publication of a dictionary of the fine arts. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences is likewise divided into five sections, but has only five foreign associates. The honoraires attached to the title of member of the Institute amount to 1500 francs (L.60) a-year.

It will be observed that the grand distinguishing feature of the Institute, is its combining in one society the principal departments of human knowledge. We do not see very clearly the advantage of this kind of centralisation; which is attended with the effect of rendering the title of member somewhat obscure. A 'member of the Institute' may be either a farce-writer or an astronomer.

THREE WEEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

August 21.—Crossed the Golden Horn in the morning, for a ramble about Constantinople. Went first to the leather bazaar, where we made a few trifling purchases; and thence to the madhouse. This latter is divided into two spacious courtyards; in the first of which we were shown, much to our surprise, some wild beasts in large dens!—by way, I suppose, of preparing us for what we were next to see. Accordingly, in the next court, we saw the patients, about twelve in number, all confined by very strong iron chains and collars round their necks. Their cells were large, but neither paved nor floored; and it seemed as if the poor wretches must often suffer agonies of cold. They were all more or less clothed, though rudely enough; and their persons were not wholly neglected. One poor wretch, who was just about to undergo a washing, was a pitiable spectacle. He was quite naked, but with the iron chain and collar still about his neck, and his body disfigured with bites of vermin. As he sat on the ground in this condition, with his bare shaven head, he was no inapt representative of Job in his affliction. We noticed but one very noisy patient. There was an Arab patient, with only a rough blanket thrown over him, sitting in the farthest window of his cell, with the sun streaming in through the bars over his dark features, as he laughed and conversed wildly with a visitor. Such a study for a painter I scarcely ever saw before. Two other patients, in opposite corners of the same cell, had been smoking, and were now throwing their cherry-stick pipes at one another. Another, whose arm was bound up, as if severely injured, had, as they told us, twice broken his chain. We were given to understand, I know not how truly, that it was permitted to irritate the patients to frenzy, as though their ravings were oracular, and the effect of divine inspiration. Any one within the court had

access to the cells and the patients. I was surprised with myself at not feeling more shocked than I did, at a spectacle which I should certainly have shuddered at had I heard it described as I saw it with my own eyes. There is something in our preconceived ideas of happiness or misery that usually exceeds the reality.

We continued our walk to the desolate site of the barracks of the exterminated Janissaries. The whole quarter is in a most ruinous condition. We saw what had been a beautiful marble fountain quite dried up and disfigured—the truest emblem of desolation. We then came to a single column, with the Roman eagle at each of the four corners of the capital. The design of the column was not very striking, and was apparently of late Roman architecture. From thence we made our way to the historical column, or the column of Honorius and Arcadius. Of this the base alone is standing, and even that is in a very ruinous condition. The column fell down about the year 1716, two years before Lady Mary Wortley Montagu came to Constantinople. We ascended the remaining steps of the winding staircase, which once, I conclude, conducted to the summit of the column, and found a small chamber inside the base. The whole seems to have been constructed of white marble, the blocks of which material are very large.

August 22.—Went in the afternoon in a caïque to a spot called the European Sweet Waters, on the European side of the Bosphorus, on the banks of the little river that runs into the Golden Horn. Here there is a pretty summer kiosk belonging to the sultan.

August 23.—Made a few purchases in the bazaars, and dined in Constantinople on kabob, a genuine Turkish dish, and very good. It consists of mutton cut into small pieces, broiled on skewers, and served up on large flat cakes resembling crumpits.

August 24.—Dancing dervishes again at two o'clock.

August 25.—Rode round the old walls of Constantinople. It is a curious and interesting round to take, with some fine points of view. On our way we passed under the aqueduct of the Emperor Valens, which is a stupendous work, and still serves as an aqueduct; but without the assistance of natural scenery as an adjunct, aqueducts are rarely beautiful objects.

In the course of our ride I saw several hoopoes, birds which I never before saw on wing. They are frequently sold in the streets as articles of food. On our return, we passed by the smoking ruins of above a hundred houses that had been burnt down four days ago; but a hundred houses is not considered as a conflagration of much consequence in Constantinople.

Before we reached home, we met a Greek funeral. The corpse was carried on an open bier, strewed with flowers, and its face exposed. The Bible was laid upon its breast. Two boys followed with lighted candles, with priests, friends, and hired mourners, chanting a dirge. We rode home by the bazaars, and crossed the Golden Horn by the bridge of boats, and so through the cemetery to Pera.

August 26.—Grand military review at Scutari. This, we were informed, was the first review that had taken place in the present sultan's reign, and the second only since the adoption, to a considerable extent, of European military systems and dress. About eight hundred troops were reviewed—light and heavy cavalry and artillery, and large columns of infantry. The light cavalry regiment of lancers looked well in a body, and the red fez, or bonnet, with its deep blue tassel, and the red pennon of the lance above, presented, when viewed in a mass, a surface tinted like the flowers of the cactus. Individually, men, arms, and accoutrements were very shabby. There were no scabbards to the bayonets; and as far as we could judge, knowing next to nothing about military matters, much could not be said in praise of the manœuvring of the troops. The artillery practice, however, was more creditable. The review took place on a fine tract of undulating open country, with mountains in the distance—the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, Constantinople, and the cypress-crowned cemeteries of Scutari filling up the view. The sultan, preceded by a guard and the officers of his household, came on the ground in an odd but picturesque carriage, with a body of the shape of a sedan-chair, richly gilt, with a crimson hammercloth, and drawn by four beautiful white horses. He was followed by the queen-mother, and the foreign ministers, in carriages, and by the chief officers of state, superbly mounted on Arabians. We obtained a very good view of the sultan's features: he is much marked with the smallpox, but has fine dark eyes.

Here were also several very handsome arabas, filled with the women of the imperial harem; but they were closely veiled, and their guards kept all spectators at a most respectful distance. The arabas were drawn by white oxen of great size and beauty, with handsome frontlets, and from the yokes over their necks proceeded long bent pieces of wood, curved backwards, to which the tails of the animals were attached, and held up in the air with pendant bells, tassels, and ribbons.

Presently, what should we hear but a report that a Frank had got into a dispute with the Turks, and that he had been severely beaten, and dragged to Scutari as a prisoner between two horse soldiers, and that in all probability he would undergo the bastinado. The account had been, as usual, exaggerated; but it was true that he had been beaten, and was obliged to keep his bed in consequence. One of our party went to visit him, and he turned out to be the identical Frenchman who had accompanied us to the mosques, and who spat upon the sacred pavement. We never heard the origin of the quarrel on the day of the review; but it is clear that a man who could commit so gross an inadvertence as he did on one occasion, might well be supposed not to have acted very wisely on another. On our return, we bought another basket of the delicious grapes of Scutari.

August 27.—Saw the sultan go to mosque on horseback, attended by the grand vizier and other officers of state. We then, by a short cut, got up the hill before the cavalcade, to a point where the road wound round the ascent, and again secured a good position for seeing the procession. Several Turks stood by with petitions to present, which were all received in order by the appointed officer as the sultan passed by. It was quite realising one of the scenes we had read of, in childhood, from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The sultan's saddle-horses, of which several were led, and those on which his officers were mounted, were of the greatest beauty.

August 28.—In the course of our walk we passed once more through the slave-market, which had a livelier appearance than when we visited it before. The greater part of the slaves were black females. We saw some miserable-looking objects among the little black girls; and one black lad was being rubbed all over with oil, in the hot sun, which gave him a most attractive polish. But what delighted us most, was to see some dishes of hot potatoes and garlic, which a man was carrying on his head, upset in the crowd, and the little hungry black wretches scrambling for them. This slave-market, notwithstanding the dirt of it, abounds, like every other corner of Constantinople, with interesting studies for painters. We were then just going to look about us once more in the bazaars, when we heard the cry of 'Fire in Pera!' This was to us equivalent to 'tam proximus ardet Ucalegor!' and we lost no time in hurrying back across the Golden Horn, with a mixed mob of Jews, Armenians, and others, who closed their shops with all haste in the bazaars, and hurried away to save their property in their dwelling-houses in Pera. We got across the water in the midst of an extraordinary tumult, and rushed up the hilly streets of Pera—not the pleasantest or the easiest ground in the world to hurry over. We found that the fire was not far from our hotel, but that it was being rapidly got under. I saw one small brass fire-engine,

that could scarcely have had as much power as an ordinary garden engine, hurried along on men's shoulders to the scene of action. But the Turkish firemen wore workmenlike dark dresses, and were armed with powerful axes, and very long poles, with iron hooks and spikes at the end, intended to be used, if necessary, or thought to be so, in pulling down the houses adjoining those on fire, so as to smother the fire with the rubbish. Turkish houses, it must be observed, are not built for perpetuity, being, in fact, little stronger than temporary wooden sheds. One way or another, however, the fire was extinguished; whereupon we all recrossed the water, to prosecute our day's excursion in the streets of Constantinople, and no sooner got thither, than we again heard the alarm of 'Fire!'—this time in Constantinople. Passing by the shop of a perfumer, with whom we had had some bargainings in the early part of the day, we found him hastily shutting up his shop, and hurrying off to the scene of the conflagration, which was near his residence, just as we ourselves had hurried off to Pera a short time before.

August 29.—Ceremony of the dancing dervishes at their convent at Cassim Pasha. I went rather in expectation of some ceremony different from that which I had already witnessed at Pera, but was disappointed. I here saw a very little boy, quite a child, running about in the dress of a dervish. The high conical cap gave him a most ludicrous appearance. When the ceremony began, the poor little thing went through the prostrations and reverences with the rest. But I was really quite glad to see that he soon grew tired, and so put on his slippers, and went out to play in the open air with others of his own age.

In the afternoon we rode round by the bridge of boats to the aqueduct of Valens, and to the old city walls, as before, and outside the city to the suburb of Eyoub. Eyoub, or Job, the standard-bearer of Mahomet, was killed by the Saracens, and was buried there. Hence Eyoub is considered by the Turks as a most sacred place of burial, and here also is their most sacred mosque, where each succeeding sultan is inaugurated, by girding himself with the sword of Othman. The Turks, as true believers, do not much like the Franks to approach the place. The cemeteries are here kept in good order, and the tombs are covered with ivy and creepers of various kinds, and are picturesquely disposed (as indeed everything is in Constantinople) beneath the shade of lofty trees. We then ascended the hill beyond, and obtained a superb view of Constantinople and the Golden Horn. We rode from thence along the brow of the hill, looking down upon the valley of the European Sweet Waters; and in a valley near the sultan's kiosk we saw an encampment of Turkish artillery, to which we descended, and so crossed the hills home to Pera.

August 30.—To Therapia for the second time. Rode in the afternoon to the gigantic plane-trees in the Sultan's Valley, and to the Valley of Roses, and the village of Buyukdéré. Slept at Therapia.

August 31.—From Therapia, on horseback, to visit the city aqueducts, by the villages of Belgrade and Pyrgos, and so to Justinian's aqueduct, and home to Pera, making a ride of about thirty miles through a very interesting country. We first ascended the valley of Buyukdéré, and highly enjoyed the beautiful prospect, as we looked back upon the Bosphorus from the great arch of Sultan Mahmoud's aqueduct, between Buyukdéré and Bagdsche Koï. On arriving at Belgrade, we saw the whole system of collecting water in large reservoirs, or bends, as they are called, for the use of the cities of Pera and Constantinople. The forest of Belgrade is the only woody region near Constantinople. The thick shade is considered a great protection to the reservoirs, and on this account the wood is never cut; and this, again, is probably the cause why Belgrade is, at certain seasons, extremely unhealthy, and very subject to malaria fever. Two out of the seven aqueducts, we remarked, were not conducted in a straight line, but with a considerable curvature in the line of their direction.

On arriving at Justinian's aqueduct, we halted for an hour under the shade of its immense structure, and examined it in every accessible part, and climbed up the hill that formed one side of the valley across which the aqueduct is built. On the summit, where the stonework was broken away, the stream of water conveyed by the aqueduct was visible. It was two feet deep, and two feet across; but the channel was only half-full. The water was running with considerable rapidity. Underneath the shade of the arches were two wild-looking shepherds, with sheep, cows, and goats. The goats were hanging about the stonework in the most picturesque manner possible. I observed a few fine butterflies in the woods of Belgrade. In the course of the day we saw several hoopoes (birds which I have made mention of before), and caught a tortoise, and met some strings of camels laden with charcoal. Water-wheels were in general use for irrigating the cultivated lands.

September 2.—At two o'clock, to the ceremony of the howling dervishes of Scutari. The preliminary prayers and prostrations resembled those of the dancing dervishes, but with this difference, that incense was made use of, and that the accompanying song had a slight resemblance to what I have heard in Roman Catholic services. These howlers do not wear a dress peculiar to themselves, as the dancers do, but appeared to consist of devotees of every kind of profession and denomination. However, to show that there must be a community of feeling between the dervishes of both kinds, I will mention that we saw one of the dancing dervishes standing, in a composed attitude, amongst the chiefs of the howlers. After a repetition of some long prayers, and hideously-vociferous and noisy responses, the devotees, at least fifty in number, stood up in a row, quite close together, and began to recite or repeat the words, '*Lă-ăllăh-ĭl-ăllăh!*' (accented agreeably to the *quantities* I have here marked), bowing themselves backwards and forwards, keeping strict time to their recitative. This motion, and the repetition of the words, became gradually more and more rapid, with occasional violent ejaculations of '*Hu!*' whilst the noisy chant and responses, in a yet shriller key, were kept up without intermission by two others who remained kneeling on the floor. The movements and vociferations gradually assumed a more frantic character; the agitations of the devotees, and, I am shocked to add, of several children who bore their part in the ceremony, became dreadful. The heads of some were tossed about so violently, that their features were scarcely distinguishable, and their limbs quivered with excitement, whilst they uttered appalling guttural noises, mingled at the same time with some extremely fine deep bass notes, which were heard at intervals in the storm of vociferation; but at a signal given by the chief who presided over the whole, all the howlers reseated themselves round the room with the utmost apparent composure! Some few, indeed, wiped the sweat from their brows; but not one appeared exhausted, or even out of breath.

A pause now ensued, during which the dancing dervish, who had hitherto remained a tranquil spectator of all that had passed, came forward and pirouetted, after the manner before described of his own sect, in the middle of the circle by himself for several minutes. Then the howlers rearranged themselves, and began all their movements afresh, with the exception that this time their motions were rocking from side to side, instead of backwards and forwards, with their recitative as before, but with the accentuation of the syllables changed, from anapestic, as it were, to iambic, thus, '*Lă-ĭ-lăh-ĭl-lăh-lāh!*' Again, in the second act of the performance, did the noise become stunning; again did the contortions and excitement of the devotees seem to be approaching some inevitable climax; again did the poor children bear their part as before; when the whole exhibition, at a given signal from the chief, ended quite

suddenly: the dervishes quietly resumed what outer garments they had laid aside, and—walked away!

The whole was little better than a revolting and obscene sight. All these howlers were low, ruffianly-looking fellows. There were several blacks and several soldiers amongst them. We were given to understand that they are tolerated by the government, but that they have had their orgies modified, and their ceremonies cut down, by command of the late sultan. They are generally considered as impostors, and are held as far less respectable characters than the mewlewli or dancing dervishes. Round the room in which the ceremony took place were suspended various iron instruments, with which the howling dervishes used to maim and torture themselves, or at least pretend to do so; but such exhibitions have been forbidden by authority. However, our impression was, that had they indulged in such pastimes, we should have felt little or no pity for any pain they might have suffered. The exhibition lasted two hours.

September 4.—Visited the great cistern of Constantine. It is underground, and contains a vast body of water. It is constructed inside with very handsome arches and pillars, and scarcely conveyed the idea of having been originally intended as a cistern. It was impossible for us to see the whole extent of it. I understand its Turkish name signifies 'The Thousand and One Pillars.' To-day we again passed by the Burnt Column, as it is called. It is the shaft of a Roman column that seems to have once been in the middle of a terrible conflagration, so ruined, split, and blackened is it by the fire. We had frequently seen it before in the course of our rambles.

September 7.—In the afternoon we left Constantinople for Malta by the French steamer.

Thus we passed twenty-four days at Constantinople; and without making any excursion to a greater distance than Therapia or Belgrade, we were actively employed during the whole of the time. With the exception of the interiors of the mosques, in my opinion the chief attractions of Constantinople lie out of doors, in the exquisite views of the hill-enthroned city, and of the Bosphorus and its shores, that you obtain on every side. Above the general mass of the houses rise the spreading cupolas, relieved so happily by the lofty and glittering minarets, which, not without an elegance all their own, partake of the gracefulness both of a church spire and of the mast of a ship. These, together with the dark cypresses, the ever-clear and blue Bosphorus, with its light caïques and shipping—the ever-busy scene, the gay harmony of lively colours, the sky, sunshine, and fresh breeze—are the chief ingredients in the picture; a combination perhaps unequalled in any other part of the world. Happy are they who possess the talent of drawing! Not only the general large features of Constantinople, but the boatmen, the porters under their enormous burdens, the beggars, the itinerant venders of a thousand different articles, are subjects for the pencil—on the water and on the land, all equally admirable.

The Turks are apparently not without a certain natural refinement of manner; but I do not imagine that much insight into their true character can be obtained, or that anything can be learned concerning their domestic economy, unless some proficiency in their language be made, and after a long residence in the country, or through opportunities afforded only to a few. I have heard, from high authority in such matters, that a dinner at a pasha's table is really excellent. From what may be seen in the shops, they appear to be good cooks and delicate confectioners; and when this natural talent comes to be assisted by a few hints from the cuisine of France, the result is no doubt, as it is said to be, eminently successful.

It is a drawback at Constantinople that there are no public places of entertainment. All acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people must be picked up in the daytime in the streets and bazaars. Neither is it very safe to go out of doors after dark. The troops of dogs without homes or masters that are seen in every street during the day, generally asleep in the sun, towards dusk give themselves the rousing shake, and begin to show their wakefulness by barking at every Frank they meet. At night they prowl about the city, and would probably, especially in the winter season, attack any one that fell in their way. There are several dismal stories current of persons, strangers to the conditions of the place, who have been actually devoured in this manner. Further, whoever is taken up in the streets at night without a lantern, is forthwith consigned to the guardhouse.

The goods in the bazaars are set out in most picturesque and tempting array. One bazaar is appropriated to the sale of arms, another to the sale of drugs, a third to leathern slippers, a fourth to horse furniture; and so on, for furs, jewellery, silks, embroidery, &c. &c. The motley crowd, exhibiting the dresses of all nations, and made up of all ranks, degrees, and callings, and the brilliant and varied colours of the greater part of the articles exposed for sale, seen down the bazaars in long perspective, with the arched roof of the building high over all, with a light subdued just sufficiently to take off the glare, form a scene that a painter might succeed in expressing on canvas, but of which words cannot convey an adequate idea. I need not add that the sellers reap a tolerably plentiful harvest from the European customers. The bargaining, without which no purchase is ever completed, is often very amusing. Half, or even one-third, of the original demand is usually taken with the greatest composure.

It is absolutely necessary in Constantinople to walk a great deal, and to be equal to fatigue. The arabas are the only wheeled carriages, which only go at a foot-pace, drawn by oxen; and to these most of the streets are inaccessible. Nor is riding on horseback always convenient. However, very good horses are to be procured, when required for distant excursions. They gallop well, and are remarkably sure-footed in steep and slippery places.

In such a merely amateur and sketchy excursion as ours, we must, in a city like Constantinople, have passed over a thousand points important to be studied and understood. Much, however, that is perhaps of value, and certainly much that is very pleasing, will remain indelibly fixed in our recollections; serving at the same time to feed and cherish one predominant feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness—that England is our home.

JUDICIAL COMBATS AND THE WARS OF NATIONS.

One of the dark spots on the disk of the middle ages was the trial by judicial combat. When the fierce tribes of Huns and Alans, Goths and Lombards, at once inundated and destroyed the Roman empire in the west, they also displaced its enlightened civil jurisprudence, and at the same time established a rude appeal to justice, in accordance with the system of Feudality which they organised throughout Europe. This rude appeal to justice was the trial by judicial combat. The savage of a tribe considers it his right and duty individually to revenge wrongs or to repel attacks; the administration of justice is with him a personality; he individualises awards and punishments; he takes judicature into his own hands; he has no notion of giving up his individuality in this respect to society. As Feudality was but a more definite organisation of Tribism, so also was the trial by judicial combat but a more organised system of personally settling a quarrel, a dispute, or a difference between individual and individual. The difference, and the progress, so to speak, in favour of the latter development was, that it was public and recognised, not private or secret.

As the quarrel between two persons is in close analogy, on a small scale, with the war between two nations,

having similar origins and developments, it may be well to trace something of the history of the trial by judicial combat, since it may lead us to inferences upon the military system, of which it is a portion, generally.

The trial by judicial combat was the offspring of feudality. In that state central power was weak. The monarch and his court had little influence during the greater part of its history. The state was composed of tribes, newly fixed in their position, and holding their land from their chiefs under the tenure of fiefs. These barons, therefore, had a court and centre of their own, and in this they claimed to administer justice, with little reference, if any, to their lord paramount—the monarch. They had conquered the lands upon which they had settled with the sword; and drawing his blade, every injured baron sought justice with its point. His adversary met him also with the sword, and the vassals of each supported their respective leaders in the contest. There was no appeal to a written law, to a regular magistracy, or to the decision of a sovereign national court. The same system spread from the barons to their vassals, until it became a recognised public institution, and the form of trial by judicial combat established itself throughout Europe. In civilisation, written documents, witnessed deeds, or attested agreements, regulate the stipulations between individuals, and are evidence as to the facts. In feudality, on the contrary, reading and writing were too rare attainments to be useful in the general affairs of life. National treaties and royal charters were indeed committed to the pen of a clerk, but transactions between private parties, and the details of personal business, were carried on by word of mouth or delegated promise. The proof of claims, and the evidence of facts, was thus therefore difficult, and encouraged both deception and evasion, whether in criminal or in civil cases. The definition of evidence, the decision as to whether a court should accept positive or circumstantial proof, the determination as to the respective credit to be attached to discordant witnesses, and generally all intricate questions, were, under these circumstances, matters of extreme difficulty. Recourse was consequently had to the appeal to trial by combat between the adversaries. They publicly fought hand to hand, and thus decided their differences before their judges. Undoubtedly the innocent often fell thus under the more mighty arms of their guilty antagonists; and by this absurd system justice was left to the decision of chance or force. Yet so military was the nature of feudality, in which every soldier was a freeman, and every rood of ground held by tenure of martial service, that the judicial combat was, for a considerable period, considered as one of the wisest institutions both of civil and criminal jurisprudence. It gradually superseded the ordeal by fire, water, or dead body, as well as the plan of acquittal by oath or compurgation, until it became the distinguished and cherished privilege of a gentleman over all Europe to claim the trial by combat. Not only contested questions, but abstract points undetermined by law, were thus decided by the sword, until justice dropped the scales, and waved only a bloody blade. Evidence was in the point of the sword, and the successful argument in the keenest edge, wielded by the strongest arm. Witnesses, and even judges, were not exempt from a challenge to the combat, nor could it be refused by them without infamy. Moreover, women, children, ecclesiastics, and aged or infirm persons, who could not, from circumstances of sex, or age, or position, be expected to use the judicial sword in their own right, had nevertheless the liberty, or rather obligation, of producing champions, who would fight upon their behalf from individual attachment, or from consanguineous or mercenary motives. In fine, religious ceremonies were added to the judicial combat; and what was really a recourse to the decision of fortuity, or to the preponderance of animal prowess, became superstitiously accounted a direct appeal to God. Its arrangements were settled by edicts, commented on by legists, and became almost the sole study of the feudal nobility.

Such was the origin and development of the trial by judicial combat. Although its institution was popular, and accordant with the spirit of the times, its evil effects soon manifested themselves. The clergy, whose canon law was excellent, and who perhaps regretted the disuse of those ordeals which appeared to appeal more to the interposition of Providence than did a personal conflict, were among the first to protest against the trial by judicial combat, as contrary to Christianity, and inimical to good order. So consonant was it, however, with the fierce spirit of the times, that even superstition fell powerless before its influence, and the censures and admonitions of the ecclesiastics were disregarded. At length the evil became so obvious, that the civil power could no longer disregard it. Henry I. of England prohibited the trial by combat in questions of property of small value, and Louis VII. of France followed his example. The central power of the feudal monarchs was, however, yet feeble, and any restrictions which were to be made upon an institution so popular among the barons, required to be effected with prudence and policy. It was nevertheless the interest of the kings to abate these ferocious contests, and centre the administration of the laws in their own courts. Louis of France, not inaptly named St Louis, earnestly attempted to introduce a better system of jurisprudence. He wished to displace judicial combat, and to substitute trial by evidence. The great vassals of the crown, however, possessed such independent power, that his beneficent regulations were principally confined to his own private seigniory. Some barons, nevertheless, of their own accord, gradually adopted his plans; and the spirit of such courts of justice as existed grew daily more and more averse to the trial by combat. On the other hand, the successors of St Louis, awed by the general attachment to judicial combat, still tolerated and authorised its practice; and so the struggle continued for several centuries. In the course of these, however, the royal prerogatives gradually increased; and what was of more importance, the ideas of the people received a more pacific and intelligent development, as the first germs of the municipal system were manifested among them. Still, instances of judicial combat occur as late as the sixteenth century both in the annals of England and of France. As these decreased, with the ferocious habits they engendered, a great impulse was given to European civilisation by a more regular administration of justice. The authorisation of the right of appeal and of review from the courts of the barons to those of the king, was the grand desideratum; and this was gradually obtained. Royal courts, hitherto held at irregular intervals, were fixed as to time and place, and to these judges of more distinguished talents were appointed than those who administered in the judicature of the barons. They regulated the forms of law, and endeavoured to give consistency to its decisions; and the people were thus led to have more confidence in their decrees than in those of the barons, and were eager to exercise the new right of appeal. The order and precepts of the canon law in use among the ecclesiastics, being good in themselves, also contributed to this reform in jurisprudence. About the middle of the twelfth century, likewise, a copy of 'Justinian's Pandects' was found in Italy; and this led to a revival of the study of the Roman imperial code of laws, and so added greatly to the growth of more enlightened ideas on the administration of justice. Thus gradually was the trial by judicial combat abolished, and a more liberal system of jurisprudence established in its stead throughout Europe.

Let us now see what analogy exists between the history of judicial combat and that of national war. A person is a separate individuality. A nation is an aggregate individuality. As the judicial combat was a contest between the individuality of two persons, so also is war a contest between the individuality of two

nations. The origin of the trial by judicial combat was in the barbarous habits of our ancestors. Such likewise was the origin of war. The first was contrary to the spirit of Christianity: so also is the latter. The one was opposed to reason and enlightenment: so likewise is the other. The analogy so far between them is perfect, and requires no argument to liberal minds. Let us try to discover, therefore, if we may not build upon it a hope for the cessation of national wars. In doing this, let us first bear in mind that however obvious may be any error which has crept into the human mind, its eradication requires a long period. Absurd and barbarous as was the custom of judicial combat, its abolition occupied centuries; and in like manner, although the protestation against national warfare has already for some while been raised, but little progress was made until the last half century. Gradual, however, as was the abolition of judicial combat, it *was* at last effected, and effected too by causes which have their parallels in relation to national warfare. As an individual person is to a nation, so also is an individual nation to the world. Judicial combats destroyed national order, as the wars of nations disturb the harmony of the globe. As it was the interest of the nation to abolish the one, so also is it the interest of the world to abolish the other. As the king represented the nation, so likewise does the people represent the world. It was the interest of the king to abolish the judicial combats of the feudal barons, and it is the interest of the people to abolish the wars of the national kings. In the one instance it was the policy of royalty to abolish the former, as in the other instance it must be the policy of the people to abolish the latter. In all cases an enlightened interest is powerful, and must ultimately prevail. Christianity, again, was opposed to judicial combat: its ministers denounced it. Christianity is also opposed to national warfare; and its ministers begin to declare against it. Lastly, the progress of enlightenment directed its opposition against judicial combat, which fell before these reiterated attacks; and an enlightenment, most probably more potent than ever, is now directing its powers to effect the downfall of national warfare. It must fall ultimately before these united influences. As judicial combat was abolished, so also will national warfare be abolished by the combined efforts of popular interest, religious feeling, and enlightened reason.

ONLY TRY.

The United States Gazette translates the following from a French paper:—They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge-box a marshal's baton. Might not one say in these days that every chorister carries in his windpipe a fortune? Here is one example at least:—About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy, at Bergame, by a singular contrast, the company of the opera-house was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Cruvelli, Leodoro, Bianche, Mari, and Dolci, commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergame. There were, among others at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy the orchestra and the choristers are worse paid than in France, if possible. You enter a bootmaker's shop—the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work by playing the clarionet, the hautboy, or the timbrels in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor. One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him carnestly, said to him very kindly, 'It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere.' 'Quite likely, sir: you may have seen me at the theatre, where I take a part in the choruses.' 'Have you a good voice?' 'Not remarkably, sir; I can with great difficulty reach *sol*.' 'Let me see,' said Nozari, going to the piano: 'begin the gamut.' Our chorister obeyed; but when he reached *sol*, he stopped short, out of breath. 'Sound *la*—come, try.' 'Sir, I cannot.' 'Sound *la*, you fool.' '*La, la, la.*' 'Sound *si*.' 'My dear sir, I cannot.' 'Sound *si*, I tell you, or I'll——' 'Don't get angry, sir, I'll try: *la, si, la, si, do*.' 'I told you so,' said Nozari with a voice of triumph; 'and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practise, you will become the first tenor in Italy.' Nozari was right. The poor chorister, who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

You have promised that through life
We shall journey heart-united,
Husband fond, and faithful wife,
And I trust the vow thus plighted:
Hand in hand, and side by side,
Through life's storms and sunny weather,
We will our one fortune bide,
And at last grow old together.

What if Time's unsparing wing
Of some pleasures has bereft us?
Let us not by murmuring
Lose the many that are left us.
What though youth and bloom depart,
Swift as birds of lightest feather?
Why repine with feeble heart?
Shall we not grow old together?

Few indeed have been our years,
Yet enough our hearts to bind, love;
And to show how many tears
In life's brightest cup we find, love!
Since in our united youth,
We twain sported on the heather,
Dearest! it is meet, in truth,
That we should grow old together!

D. M. M.

THE SHOWER-BATH.

Although the shower-bath does not cover the surface of the body so universally as the usual cold baths, this circumstance is rather favourable than otherwise; for those parts which the water has not touched feel the impression by sympathy as much as those in actual contact with it. Every drop of water becomes a partial cold bath in miniature; and thus a stronger impression is excited than by any other mode of bathing. The shower-bath, for the following reasons, possesses advantages superior to all others:—1. The sudden contact of the water, which in the common bath is only momentary, may here be prolonged, repeated, and modified at pleasure. 2. The head and breast, which are exposed to some inconvenience in the common bath, are here effectually secured, by receiving the first shock of the water; the blood is consequently impelled to the lower parts of the body, and the patient feels no obstruction in breathing, or undulations of blood towards the head. 3. In the cold bath, the heavy pressure on the body, occasioned by the weight of the water (the free circulation of the blood, in the parts touched by it, being, for some time at least, interrupted), is an unfavourable circumstance in certain instances. The shower-bath, on the contrary, descends in single drops, which are at once more stimulating and pleasant than the immersion into cold water, and it can be more readily procured, and more easily modified and adapted to the circumstances of the patient. When this kind of bath is first resorted to, it may be used gently, and with water having some degree of warmth, so as not to make the shock too great; but as the patient becomes accustomed to it, the degree of cold may be increased, and the water may be allowed to fall from a greater height, so as to make the shower heavier.—*Dr Graham.* [As an additional precaution, we should recommend beginners to cause the water to fall on the neck and shoulders, instead of the head.]

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 191. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847. Price 1½d.

HISTORY OF A BURNIE.

'The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang.'

Burns.

Far and high in a mountainous tract of the south of Scotland, in a hollow more green than brown in the side of a hill, the burnie commences its existence in a spongy or mossy piece of ground, all covered over with plants bearing small white flowers. It is a wild solitary place, where few living things are seen besides the hoodie crow, which comes here occasionally to converse with companions of his own species about dead lambs and such windfalls. At first you can see nothing like a rill—it is only a *syke*—but a little way onward, the syke begins to assume the form and movements of a burnie, and you may see it stealing along under the grass in a thread so slender, that the fairies might step over it at night, and scarcely know it is there. A very infantine affair is the burnie as yet—and rather like a sleeping than a waking infant:—you might lay your ear close down to it, and you would only hear it making the faintest murmur among its pebbles and its grass, like the breathings of a baby in a cradle. By and by, however, it begins to grow, and to become more noisy, and to leap over little stones that lie in its way, as if it had acquired a taste for fun, and were determined to indulge it. And yet it is doing so 'its leefu' lane,' as they say in Scotland; for not a soul is at hand to witness its pranks. The very rushes that fringe it get leave to grow as long as they will, there not being a bairn within several miles to come and pull them. At length our burnie comes to a place where there was once a herd's house, a little green and sheltered spot—people lived in it for many years, and were well acquainted with the burnie at this stage of its life-course—but they have long since left the place; and the only trace of them now is a few grassy mounds that once were walls. Onward it goes for many a turn, beneath the green hills—quite happy in its companionless journey—trotting, hopping, jumping—singing a merry song to itself, though there is not a bird to answer the descant—for we are yet far above the region of birds and bushes too—shining out brightly in the sunshine, though there seldom comes an eye to catch its dazzle. Well may it be thus bright and happy, for see how innocent it is—not a tinge in its clear waters—not a speck on the clean-washed pebbles left dry by its margin! Happiness and purity—how well they suit each other!

Such is the infancy of a burnie. But infancy is but a passing stage with burnies as well as bairns. Our burnie must leave these alpine solitudes, and come into society, albeit to lose a little of the beautiful simplicity of its character. Bushes now begin to be seen along its banks; one of the first is an old thorn, with the earth all worn away round its roots, in consequence of the sheep coming there to rub themselves against its bark. In sheltered places, the ferns grow luxuriantly along the little haughs. The immediately adjacent braes being too steep for the sheep to feed along them, we see them all starred with primroses. Here at last is a green place, with short grass all besprent with gowans, opened fully to the sun—and upon it a lassie laying out clothes to bleach. Turn a corner, and behold a herd's house: it is the eldest hope of the family who is now putting the waters of our friend the burnie to their first economic use on the green. Two younger children, somewhat farther down, have made a side channel for a portion of the stream, and are busy erecting thereon their mimic rush-mills. Truly our burnie is now in a hopeful way. The house—a *wee wee* cothouse it is—has one little window at its end, directed towards the burn; and there sits a cat, winking with listless satisfaction under the glow of the summer sun. There, too, sits a curched grand-dame working her stocking, and rejoicing in the genial warmth which perhaps rarely comes so far up the glen—thinking, mayhap, of the days when she was full of young life like the burnie, and little recked of the many cares she has since gone through, or the sad memories which she has in the course of family years laid in the auld kirkyard.

Whisking blithely past this outpost of civilisation, our burnie now descends into a rough gulley or ravine between steep banks, where it suddenly falls into a dreadful passion—kicks and flings, and fumes and sputters, at an awful rate; takes first one big stone in the side of the head, and then another, jumps madly over the heads of some, and goes poking under the ribs of certain others that are too big to be so dealt with—in short, it is a terrible specimen of youthful violence for the time it lasts, which fortunately is not long. After the whole scene is past, we see our friend coming out calmly along an open green, as if nothing of the kind had taken place. It has now come to the place where farm-steadings begin. You see them with their lowly thatched roofs at different points in the surrounding landscape. One or two plantations also vary the sombre hues of the hill-sides. Here the burnie may be said to have come into the world. Old-fashioned country wives put it to a good deal of use in bleaching their linen webs. Bairns paidle about in it the whole summer day. There are now some nice haughs along the banks, with cocks of meadow-grass dotting them all along. Gentlemen occasionally come up thus far to fish. Perhaps you may have been all along indulging in delightful fancies as to the simple innocence of our burnie; but if you consult some of the people hereabouts, it is

far from unlikely that you hear a different account of it. They probably repute it as a very wicked burnie, exceedingly apt—for all so small and gentle as it looks just now—to rise in great floods, and carry off hay-cocks, and claes, and pigs, and whatever else, before any one has the least idea of it. Also a very capricious cappernoitie burnie with regard to its channel; sometimes on one side of the strath, and sometimes on the other; leaving in some places as much breadth of dry channel-stones as would serve for a good large river, let-be a burnie. Hard-headed country lairds never out of lawsuits about bounds in consequence of its pranks! To all of which, however, pray lend an ear of caution and reserve; for if people are known best at home, so also are they apt there to be subjects of prejudice. No doubt our burnie has a spate now and then, and takes its own way with the strath: but are not these only traits of a lively energetic character? Isn't it better to have a boy who makes us a little uncomfortable now and then, than one who is everlastingly tame and stupid? Depend on it, as to our burnie, even its failings lean to virtue's side.

Still in the uplands. Still the green hills rise on every side. Scraggy old forests patch the braes here and there. Sometimes a ruined tower, green and yellow with moss and lichen, stands like an old broken-down robber in our path. Our burnie has now grown to be a pretty copious flood. One thinks of it, as of a jacket-outgrowing boy, that by this time something might be made of it. Fatal thought! See half a mile onward, down the glen, our burnie's first mill! Seized the moment it has sufficient strength, and yoked into this eternal machinery—poor burnie! Is there house-room for nothing in this world but what will work? Alas, no! And yet a mill by a burn-side is not exactly what a mill is in some other circumstances. A pleasant enough sort of place it generally is, of shade and sunshine, birds and bees, daisied greensward, sparkling waters: the very wheel has a mossiness of outline that extinguishes half the idea of the mechanical. And then the miller is always such a comfortable fellow—

> 'Merry may the maid be
> That marries the miller,
> For foul day and fair day
> He's aye bringing till her.
> He's aye a penny in his purse
> For dinner and for supper,
> And, if you please, a good fat cheese,
> And lumps of yellow butter.'

The unfortunate thing is, that, once discovered to have any power of work in it, the burnie can get no more rest, but must drive a wheel every half mile of its course as far as it goes. See then a long series of mills along its banks—some for meal, some for sawing, and so forth—all of them very neat little establishments, and no doubt exceedingly useful to the natives; yet one cannot but regret the drain they make upon the proper channel of the flood, diverting it nearly all into tame mill-courses, and leaving in dry weather only a track of pebbles where there ought to be a sparkling streamlet. The only consolation is, that there really is something so respectable in the useful. Not that it gratifies selfishness in man, but that it enables so many to breathe in and enjoy this bright world, who otherwise would not do so. Bravo, then, thou burnie, since this mechanic power of thine has such associations—since this very water that the miller's children are so happy to dabble in, seeking for mennons and eels (though never catching any), gives them the bread they eat, and puts those very duds upon their backs—not to speak of the service which hundreds of other people find in the results of its unconscious and unwearying toil!

In this advanced part of its career, the burnie has a sober middle-aged appearance. The sparkle of youth is past—no more pranking with opposing stones, or jinking under overhanging bushes—no more brawling and scampering down rough glens. It has become a douce-looking *water*, flowing for half a mile at a time without a ripple, and only having a little fun and prattle at fords, or when it tumbles over a wear. It now passes through the stately woods surrounding dignified mansions, which advertise themselves as all the better of the capital trouting stream near which they are situated. Being no longer to be treated as a child, men have built bridges over it almost every mile of its course. In some places—for the sake of the land—it has been confined between two long mounds, showing decidedly that the days of chivalry are past with it, and that now there is nothing but rationality to be tolerated. These are great changes from the vicinage of the first herd's house and the daisy-pied washing-green; but the burnie submits, as knowing it to be all in the natural and proper course of things—like a sensible woman quietly donning caps when she knows that ringlets wont do any longer. Still, however, there is many a snug farm which rejoices in having the burnie running past its borders. Its long bright runs over the brown stones, terminating in deep black pools overhung by ashes and saughs, and each occupied by a clan of bull-trouts, yet afford good sketching ground for the lovers of the picturesque. All is not commonplace. There is a mixture of the *dulce* with the *utile*. There is even a town which gazetteers speak of as 'beautifully situated on the ——,' naming the burnie, if it has a name, which peradventure it has, though many burnies pursue a pleasant existence anonymously. So do not suppose that this mediæval sobriety has quite taken away all that is worth noticing in our burnie.

A little farther on, its individuality terminates in its junction with a bigger water, which is again absorbed some miles lower down by a first-rate river. A sad moment it is which beholds the end of this one of nature's living things, albeit we know that its waters continue to exist in another form; and yet it is consolatory to think that its individuality has ended while yet free from all that is incongruous with its primitive brightness and purity. Cotton factories begin upon the water into which it falls. Coal-mines pour their ochry rills into that stream. It washes rags for sundry paper-mills, and takes on a vast deal of blue from a fulling establishment. Well that our burnie should have been snatched away from a recognised existence before it could be visited by any of these utilitarian degradations! Happy, happy, beautiful burnie! live thou for ever amongst the hills as hitherto—the loved of simple hearts, the joy of childhood that will never forget thee, however far it may wander—the same in all time, while every living thing that sees thee ages and ages till it goes to dust! Enough be it for thee that the bright lips of gowans kiss thee as thou flowest; that green woods delight to be reflected in thee; that summer's own sun has a heightened lustre in thy glancing waters. Enough be it that duties are assigned thee which, if thou hadst consciousness, thou wouldst not grudge to perform, seeing that, while they take not from thy beauty, they cheer human hearts, thus linking thee sensibly to that humanity which, in the wonderful harmony of all things, feels that such essences as thou belong to and are a part of itself.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THERE is no subject perhaps which is so often mentioned, but so little understood by the public in general, as that of the 'nerves.' How often do we hear all classes of the community refer any unpleasant sensation or fanciful ailment to their being merely nervous; little understanding, however, when they make use of this term, what possible connection there can be between their feelings and their *nervous* system. Perhaps we shall surprise them when we mention that they can neither eat or drink, walk or talk, nor perform any action whatever, either voluntary or involuntary, but through the medium of their nervous system—a 'system' the nature and functions of which we shall here endeavour to explain.

In man and other vertebrate animals, the great centre

of the function is the brain and spinal marrow; the latter a prolongation of the brain, as it were, down the spine. Now this great centre of nervous matter is endowed with two distinct functions. 1. That of being able to convey *motor power* to the muscles, by whose agency we are enabled to perform all the ordinary actions of the body, all the movements of our limbs. 2. That of sensation, which is of two kinds—*common sensation*, or that feeling of pain which is produced on the injury of any part of our body; and *special sensation*, to which are to be referred the five senses—of feeling, of sight, of hearing, of smelling, and of taste. From this mass of matter, capable of endowing the parts of our bodies with the power of motion, and of feeling or sensation, numerous trunks are sent off to all parts of the human frame—ramifying over its structure to such an inconceivable state of minuteness, that we cannot touch any part of our body with even the point of a needle without being conscious of pain, proving that some part of this great nervous centre has been injured or excited into action.

The great nervous trunk which supplies the lower extremity of man is equal in thickness to his little finger; divide it, and he loses all power of moving his limb, all sense of feeling: the limb, to all intents and purposes, is dead; and, deprived of its nervous influence, mortifies. This power of endowing parts with motion and sensation is situated in two distinct structures, of which the brain and spinal marrow are composed; and anatomists, from their colour, are accustomed to call them the *white* and the *gray* matter. In the brain, the gray matter for the most part is external, enclosing in its folds the white matter; whilst in the spinal marrow it is internal, being completely surrounded by the white. Now, as a general rule, all the nervous trunks of the body and their branches, with the exception of nerves of special sensation, are composed of fibres derived from these two sources—that is, from the white and the gray matter; and these nervous trunks are conductors of that *change* produced in the nervous centre by the influence of the *mind*, which gives rise either to motion or sensation. But a most extraordinary fact, and one which is capable of being proved by direct experiment, is, that the change which takes place, to give rise to the phenomena of motion, has its origin at the great nervous centre, the source from which the trunks arise; and further, that this change takes place in the white matter. On the other hand, the change which gives rise to the phenomena of sensation takes place at the extremities of the nervous trunks—that is, at their ultimate distribution; and this change takes place in the gray matter.

The anatomist, in his dissections, is able to prove satisfactorily the origin of these nervous trunks; and he finds that all those arising from the spinal marrow, and most of those which are said to arise from the brain, do so by two roots, one of which is connected with the white matter, and the other with the gray. He can, and has still farther proved by experiments performed on the living animal, that irritation by pinching or pricking of the root which arises from the white matter gives rise to no sensation, as the animal shows no signs of suffering whatever; but irritate the root arising from the gray matter, and evident signs of suffering are immediately induced. Again: if in the dead animal we excite muscular contraction by means of galvanism, we must send the charge of electricity through the limb by means of the root arising from white matter, as no effect would be produced if we attempted to do it by means of the root arising from the gray. Allowing, then, the fact, that these nervous trunks are composed of two sets of fibres, one conveying sensitive, the other motor influence, let us apply it to practice.

Some part of the body meets with an injury—a change is immediately effected in the extremities of the sentient fibres, sensation is developed, and the change thus induced is conveyed by the sentient fibre to the brain, and through its medium to the mind. Through the mysterious agency of the mind, then, the motor power of the great nervous centre is brought into action, and a change is induced; this change is conveyed by the trunks to the muscles supplying the injured parts, or to other muscles, by whose combined action it is removed from further injury. But it is not necessary that an injury should be inflicted that motor influence should be generated, as the mind has the power of inducing it at will. All the movements of our bodies are effected by muscular action, and through the agency of the will. We move not a hand or foot, nor look at an object, without the mind having first willed that it shall be done.

But there are many actions in the human body which are performed independently of the will, though evidently under the influence of the mind, and through the medium of a nervous system; and this system is called by the anatomist the *sympathetic*. It consists of a number of little knot-like bodies called by the anatomist *ganglia*, which are extended along each side of the vertebral column—the whole of these ganglia being connected, by means of fibres, together. Now, it appears that each of these ganglia is capable of generating nervous influence, independently of the brain; hence each may be considered as a distinct nervous centre. The trunks arising from these ganglia are distributed principally to all those organs on which the vitality of the body depends, which are employed in secretion and its nutrition. It is the medium by which all parts of the body are brought into relation with each other, so that no one part shall become diseased or injured without the rest sympathising with it, and indirectly, therefore, becoming affected as well. Familiar examples of this fact are of every-day occurrence: a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting, owing to the sympathy which exists between the brain and stomach; and *vice versâ*, a blow on the stomach will produce fainting, and even death, from the shock to the nervous system, and the arrest of its influence through the medium of the brain.

And now let us turn our attention once more to the influence of the mind over the functions of the body, through the agency of this part (the sympathetic) of the nervous system. We will here select a few familiar examples. What is referred to when one's mouth is said to be 'watering' at the sight of some favourite fruit or food, is dependent on the influence of the mind acting through the medium of the nervous system supplying the organs secreting the saliva. Tears, again, are abundantly secreted under the moderate exciting influence of the emotions of joy, grief, or tenderness. When, however, the exciting cause is violent, they are suppressed; hence, in excessive grief, the anguish of the mind is lessened on the flow of tears. Fear stops the flow of saliva; and it is a common practice in India to detect a thief among the native servants by putting rice into their mouths, and he whose mouth is driest after a short time is considered the culprit. Under mental anxiety, persons become thin; freedom from it favours deposit of fat. It would be an endless task, however, to recapitulate the many examples that could be brought forward proving this influence of the mind; so that nervous complaints must be looked upon as disorders of the mind, and not of the body; cure the one, and you will cure the other.

Mental influence having then this power over the functions of the body, we cannot be surprised at many diseases being a consequence of its depraved or abnormal condition. Nor can we be surprised at many of the remarkable phenomena displayed by mesmerists: their patients on whom they exhibit are generally highly sensitive, with minds naturally liable to become excited under the manipulations of the operator. For this reason, also, homœopathy, hydropathy, &c. have succeeded in curing many patients of their fancied ailments, because it only required some strong excitement to remove the morbid mental impression. Hence change of scene and diet, change of usual habits (for all the followers of these systems make it imperative on their patients to follow implicitly certain rules), and lastly, and not

least, a full determination, desire, or will on the part of the patient himself to get better—have succeeded, in a variety of complaints arising from mental causes, in effecting a cure.*

THE TWO SISTERS.

'As mine own shadow was this child to me,
A second self, far dearer, and more fair.'—SHELLEY.

I WAS born in the village of Offingham, of which my father was the vicar. I have lived long, and have visited many lovely spots, and been the inmate of many happy homes; but never have I seen on earth a paradise like this, my early home. The village was a small sequestered spot, far from the bustling world; our house was an old-fashioned stone dwelling, with deep mullion windows, tall chimneys, and small projecting turrets; a broad terrace ran along the front, from which a bank of soft green turf sloped to the lawn beyond. The house was covered to its roof with myrtles and roses, and the garden was a wilderness of sweet flowers and shrubs. Yet lovely as was the scene without, within there was a far greater charm—peace and content reigned undisturbed. I have often since wondered whether my parents, up to the time at which my tale begins, had known what sorrow was; my remembrance of them is like that of a soft yet brilliant evening sky, where not a cloud chequers the deep blue vault of heaven, or casts a shadow on the earth beneath. I cannot recall one look of sadness on their faces, or remember one anxious or discordant word. Heaven's own peace brooded o'er the house.

But sorrow comes to all sooner or later; and how heavily it falls on the heart grown old in happiness and prosperity! Life opened brightly on me amidst these influences: a happier, gayer child never gladdened its parents' hearts. Soon after I had attained my seventh year, I was awakened early one morning by an unusual commotion in the house. People were hurrying past my door; I heard voices speaking in subdued tones in the passage, and amongst them recognised my father's, giving hurried directions to the servants. An undefined sense of coming evil fell on my spirit; I lay still, scarcely daring to breathe, watching with a beating heart the time when my nurse would come to dress me. Several hours must have elapsed; all was so silent, that even to me, young as I was, the suspense became insupportable: I sprang from my bed, and stealing along the corridor, knocked softly at the door of my mother's room. A strange woman opened it: seeing me, she bent down and whispered, 'Go to bed, miss, your mamma is very ill.' But I would not be repulsed; and pushing past her, entered the darkened chamber. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw my mother lying very still and pale, and my father sitting on the bed beside her, with his head buried in his hands; on a chair by the fire sat my nurse, with a baby on her knee. I did not cry, though my little heart was bursting with emotion; but creeping gently round the bed, I said, 'Harris, may I speak to mamma?' I think my father must have heard my voice; for with a convulsive sob he said, 'Take her away!' I was led back to my room, and desired to lie still until Harris came to me. I cried bitterly when left alone, but fell asleep while listening for her step. It is needless to dwell on that time. By degrees I was made to understand the truth: my mother had given birth to a little girl, and expired a few hours afterwards. It is difficult, even for a mind inured to these bereavements, to comprehend at first their full extent; how much less can a child realise the truth of such afflictions. They told me that my mother was dead—that I should see her no more on earth. I saw the hearse that bore her away; her chair stood empty by the fireside, and I no longer heard her sweet voice in the house; and yet I believed that I should see her again; and often in the daytime I went to her favourite haunts in the garden, hoping to find her there; and whenever, in the silence of the evening, I could escape from observation, I stole into her room with an assured certainty that she would have come back: not finding her as I expected, I lay down on her bed and cried bitterly.

Sorrow cannot, however, dwell long in the heart of a child; and mine was soon dispelled by the smiles of my little sister. I could not understand the silent abstraction of my father: his grief was too deep to seek relief from any earthly source; he shut himself up in his study, and allowed no one to enter; he never asked for his children, and I observed that the baby was carefully kept from his sight. Long and fearful must have been the struggle in my father's soul: the wife who had cheered and blest his home was gone, and life for him had lost its brightness. In the first anguish which her loss occasioned, he refused all comfort: but succeeding months brought calmer thoughts; his children, *her children*, remained to him; for their sake he would rouse himself, and devote the remainder of his life to their improvement, and strive by redoubled tenderness to supply the loss they had sustained. Selfishness was foreign to his nature, and even in grief he forgot himself in the desire to benefit those around him. The house gradually resumed its cheerfulness; and though we never ceased to feel the change that had fallen on our home, yet we were once again a merry, happy family.

As I grew older, my father saw the necessity of placing me under the control of some judicious lady: the rough and fearless girl, the playmate of many brothers, needed the guidance of a female friend. And never was choice more fortunate than that made for me: Miss Franklin became a blessing to us all. Quietly and gently she assumed the management of the household, and we soon unhesitatingly obeyed; for we respected as well as loved her. Even the impetuous spirit of my brothers yielded to her mild control. I never remember any contention between them; she seemed at once to command their obedience, and to guide them as she chose. With me, no authority was needed: I followed wherever she led, an unquestioning and devoted pupil: to be near her, to listen to her words of kindness and instruction, became the chief pleasure of my life. I had dreaded her arrival, and with childish waywardness had determined not to love her myself; and above all things, not to allow her to tyrannise over my darling Amy. This sister had already become the first object of my life: I loved her passionately, and had constituted myself her teacher, and controller of all that concerned her; I therefore looked upon Miss Franklin as an unwelcome interloper, a rival to my power over Amy. I met her with little courtesy, and am afraid showed very plainly my predetermined intention of disliking her. It was not, however, in the power of mortal to resist Miss Franklin; at least it was far beyond mine; and I not only yielded myself submissively to her guidance, but, what was far more difficult, learned by degrees to see her gaining influence over Amy. This child loved her with an energy peculiar to her nature, and I felt at times a pang I cannot describe in seeing her growing partiality for Miss Franklin, whose gentle and undemonstrative manners won Amy's love, whilst my own vehement caresses were received with careless indifference. I endured all the torments of jealousy, for Amy's love was the only thing on earth I really cared for: yet, in the midst of my unhappiness, I do not think that I was ever unjust to Miss Franklin. I never blamed her, for I felt her superiority; and while I mourned Amy's preference, I could not but acknowledge how wise it was. I think few people understand how deeply and silently a child may suffer: childhood is regarded as the gay, buoyant period of life; and those

* The reader will receive this explanation of mesmeric phenomena as a hypothesis representing only the individual opinion of the writer of the above paper.—*Ed.*

alone who make children their study, can tell what a world of joy and sorrow, of struggle and suffering, lies in their little hearts. Insignificant as the events of their baby-life may seem to the matured mind of man, they are all-important in themselves, as the means by which the child is trained for the coming duties of life. From this want of entering into their feelings, I have seen many a one punished for sullenness, when a word of sympathy in its little grief would have saved its temper from the ordeal of unjust correction. At this period of my life, had my silence and irritability been misconstrued, how might my character have suffered! But Miss Franklin read my heart, traced each feeling to its source, and checked the evil that was springing. 'Fanny,' she said one day when I had long sat moodily at work, 'I wonder what you love best in the world?'

'Oh, Miss Franklin, how can you ask? Amy, to be sure: I love Amy better than the whole world beside.'

'I am sure you *think* so; but tell me what you mean by love? I think our definitions of the word would differ strangely.'

I remained silent, for indeed I did not understand her question. My love for Amy seemed a part of my very life; and I could no more define the feeling, than I could have analysed the beams of light which shone from the bright sun above our heads. I looked up inquiringly, I believe, for Miss Franklin continued, 'Your love for Amy springs from love of yourself, not from pure devotion to your sister: you love her as your plaything, as the creature over whom you have a fancied right. That readiness to yield our own wishes to promote the happiness of others, which I regard as an essential attribute of pure disinterested love, I do not see in you. When Amy is happy with me, and in the simplicity of her heart shows a preference for my company to yours, a cloud gathers on your brow, and the colour mounts to your cheeks. Dearest Fanny, this is not love; it is selfishness.'

I was deeply mortified, and Miss Franklin, who never willingly wounded the feelings of any one, dropped the subject. I never, however, forgot her words, and as I grew older, I felt them influence my actions more and more. Amy's welfare and happiness became dearer to me than my own, and gradually I learned to feel the bliss of resigning my own desire to hers. It was Miss Franklin's continual study, as we grew older, to render us dependent on each other for amusement and happiness; and often she would say, 'Fanny, when I leave you, you must be Amy's guardian friend; she needs your care; the gay volatile child cannot yet stand alone; to you she must look for everything.' I have since felt that the chief aim Miss Franklin had in view in all her instruction, was to give a right direction to the love I bore my sister, to render me a safe guide and judicious friend to the creature whose beauty and talent already threatened to be dangers in her path. Amy was the idol of the house; caressed and spoiled by all, she manifested the faults peculiar to a child thus situated. To make me aware of these faults, to point out to me the perils that beset her, was Miss Franklin's constant endeavour. It was as if a foreshadowing the peculiar trials that were to be our portion was ever present to her soul. Alas! how soon were my prudence and wisdom to be tested.

My father's health had been long failing. In spite of his efforts to shake off grief, it had slowly done its work: he was no longer young when my mother died, and the ravages made in his constitution by sorrow for her loss were never repaired. He gradually became feebler, and Miss Franklin did not conceal from me the knowledge that death was fast approaching. My brothers had all quitted our home: one by one they had taken their places in the world. Two were already in India, one at college, and the youngest was studying engineering in a distant town. I was therefore the only child left to comfort my father's declining days. I look back with melancholy pleasure to the hours I spent with him at this period. I was old enough to be his friend and companion, and he loved to pour out his heart to me. He talked of his early days, of my mother, of the unbounded happiness they had enjoyed together, of her death, and all that he had since suffered. The thought of rejoining her was ever present to his mind; and as I listened to his hopeful trust in the mercy of God, and his glad anticipation of a reunion with her he had lost, I learned the best lessons of religion.

With his own thankfulness to depart and be at rest, however, mingled many an anxious feeling for his daughters. 'My boys,' he would say, 'must fight their own way in the world; for them I am content; but for you, Fanny, and for my little Amy, I often tremble: yet why distrust our Father's love? When I am gone, will He not still remain, an all-sufficient Friend, the orphan's sure Protector? Trust in His goodness, my child, He will never fail you.'

Then he would talk to me of Amy—that precious legacy bequeathed by his dying wife; and with tears in his eyes intreat me never to leave her; to watch over her, and be her guide, adding these words, which sank deep into my soul, and became the spring of my future actions, 'Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own: thus when we meet in Heaven, you may present her to the mother who died in giving her birth, with the joyful consciousness that you have faithfully fulfilled your mission on earth.'

Soon after this my father died: the lonely desolation of the weeks that followed his decease I will not describe. I was stunned by the blow; but soon recognising the importance of my task, I roused myself to fulfil the duties which now devolved upon me. Had it not been for my excellent friend Miss Franklin, all my efforts would have failed: she was my support, my counsellor: in the painful arrangements which followed our bereavement, she spared me every needless pang; and consulting with my brothers, she arranged our future plan of life. It was of course necessary to quit the vicarage immediately, as the new incumbent was impatient to take possession. The property destined for us was invested in the hands of my eldest brother, a merchant in Calcutta, and had been the nucleus of his present immense fortune. The interest was carefully remitted to us, and as far as pecuniary means went, we were without anxiety. A pretty cottage, which had formed part of my mother's fortune, was chosen for our future residence. With an aching heart I left the home of my happy childhood: in spite of my better reason, a foreboding of coming evil seized upon me; and as I entered the carriage that was to convey us to our new abode, I felt as if all my happiness were left behind in the dear old vicarage we were quitting. It was not so, however; though sorrow and difficulty awaited me, and long years of self-denial and labour were in store for me, yet peace and content lay beyond. In the severe school of adversity, my spirit gained strength and vigour; and the blessedness which accompanies every act of self-sacrifice, the peace which attends every conscientious effort to perform the painful duties of life, were eventually to be my portion.

We were so far happy as to retain our dear friend with us for some years, until I was old enough to take upon myself the full responsibility of directing our little household. I had attained my twentieth year when she left us. She had, for our sake, postponed her marriage with one to whom she had been long and devotedly attached, and whose urgent and reiterated claim upon her she felt it wrong longer to resist. Her loss was irreparable; but we could not oppose her departure. In quitting Amy and myself, she had the happiness of seeing us united in the closest bonds of affection: sisters in heart and soul, firm and faithful friends. Her lessons had not been lost on either of us. Amy was the joy and pride of my life. Often as I looked at her, I thought how easy was the duty my father had bequeathed me, and recalled the solemnity of his manner with a smile. Alas, alas for the weakness of human nature! the struggle was yet to come.

Miss Franklin had not quitted us more than a few months, and we were already planning a visit to our friend in her new home, when one morning a letter was put into my hand, the contents of which struck dismay to my heart. Hastily folding it, I rose, and with all the self-command I could assume, walked to my own room. There I again read the letter: it was all true. In plain legible characters I saw that ruin—worldly ruin—stared us in the face. It contained the news of the death of our brother in India, and at the same time announced to us that, as he died insolvent, all remittances would henceforth cease. The business-like tone of the letter struck a chill sense of the extent of our calamity home to my very heart. I buried my face in my hands, and for a while brooded in utter hopelessness over the fate before us. All passed in rapid vision before my mind: poverty, with all its attendant miseries; poverty, not for myself alone—*that* I could have faced—but for Amy, my sister, the child of so much tender love—the gay, bright, sunny creature, whose step bounded over the earth as if it yielded nought but flowers—must the chill hand of penury blight her young life, and wither ere its prime that bud of promise? The thought had agony in it. Then did my father's solemn injunction recur to me, nerving my heart to bear, and strengthening my soul to do, all that might be demanded from me. In that moment I bound myself to shrink from no effort, to dare all things, so that my beloved sister might be shielded from the impending evil. I prayed for strength, I implored Heaven to guide and aid me in my firm resolve. As I rose from my knees, the sound of her sweet voice came from the garden beneath. 'Fanny, sister,' it said, 'what keeps you away from me so long? I am waiting for you.' I hastened to join her; and with all the calmness I could command, told her of our misfortune. The gentle girl scarcely comprehended the meaning of my words; but seeing the sorrowful expression of my face, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and with her sweetest smile said, 'We may be poor, dear Fanny, but we shall still be together: poverty cannot separate us.' I clasped her to my heart: 'No, Amy, our hearts can never be disunited.' I already felt that we must part, and her unconscious words pierced me to the soul.

I wrote to our dearest friend, now Mrs Wentworth, begging her advice. The next day brought her to us, and again she stood between us and sorrow. She saw that we could no longer keep up our little establishment, and wisely counselled us to give it up at once. She arranged all for us; and after seeing everything put in a right train, she carried us to her house, where we were welcomed with cordial kindness by her husband.

I had now leisure to think on the course I must pursue. My brothers were all involved with ourselves in this ruin, and were, moreover, either married, and with families dependent on them, or still struggling to establish themselves in the world: we could look for no help from them. For the first time I stood alone. I could not ask advice from Mrs Wentworth: she would hear of nothing but our remaining with her and her husband, and this I could not listen to. Their means were limited, and I could not consent to be a burden to our friends. God had given me strength and health; to the liberality of my father, and the care of Miss Franklin, I owed an excellent education; and I felt that I could myself maintain Amy. For her sake labour would be sweet. I resolved to seek for a situation as a governess; and though well knowing the trials and difficulties of such a career, I felt as if the motive would give me courage to meet them all. The thought that my dear sister was safe from harm would animate my drooping spirit, and send me on my way rejoicing. Having taken my resolution, I sought Mrs Wentworth. At first she opposed my plan, bringing forward all the difficulties it would entail upon me, all the sacrifices I must make, and urging me, with the warmth of a loving friend, not to leave the home she offered me. Seeing that my purpose was unalterably fixed, and in her heart, I am sure, approving the spirit that urged me to seek an independence, she gradually yielded. I accepted, without hesitation, her proposal, that Amy should remain under her care. With her I knew my sister would be happy, and in no other situation could I have been satisfied to leave her. Amy was now thirteen, and from her peculiar disposition, needed the guidance of one who understood her well. Proud and haughty by nature, she would have been a tyrant had she not lived with those whom she respected and loved, whose intellectual as well as moral superiority she was compelled to acknowledge. With a warm enthusiastic temperament, she loved the few to whom she gave her affection with passionate devotion, and by this love she could be guided like a little child. Mrs Wentworth and myself alone possessed this power over Amy, and to her I gratefully confided my treasure.

It so happened that my friends had been applied to a few weeks before to find a governess for two little girls whose mother, from delicacy of health, was obliged to give up the charge of their education. The situation promised many advantages, and I thankfully accepted it. My hardest task still remained. As yet, Amy was ignorant of my design. I knew that she would oppose it with vehemence; her pride would rebel against the idea of her sister's becoming a governess; while her generous nature would shrink from the thought that, while she remained idle, I was labouring for her advantage. It was long before I could make her listen patiently to my reasons: she clung to me, and with passionate sobs intreated me not to 'degrade' myself—to stay with her. Finding arguments fail, I determined to appeal to her feelings, and gently told her that, by such conduct, she rendered my task doubly difficult; that without her assistance I did not feel equal to the duty that lay before me; that she must try to help me to do that which I was sure her better judgment would show her to be right. She looked wistfully at me through her tears, and struck with the calm sadness of my manner, 'Fanny,' she said, 'I am very selfish. While you are thinking only of me, I am making you more unhappy. Kind sister! teach me to be like you; teach me how I may help you, and you shall not find me ungrateful or unworthy of all your goodness.' I then explained to her the various reasons that rendered the step necessary; to which she gradually yielded her assent, ever repeating, however, that when she was old enough, she would work for me; to which I answered, we would then work together. This thought seemed to cheer her, and she soon regained her wonted gaiety.

I will not dwell upon our parting, nor detail the many trials that awaited me in my new abode. I am sure that it was the desire of the whole family amongst whom I now became domesticated to be kind and considerate; but none except those who have tried this mode of life can know the lonely feelings that attend it. To exchange a happy home, in which I had been the loved and honoured mistress, for the chill and enforced courtesy of strangers, was painful enough; but more than all did I suffer from the contrast between my pupils and my darling Amy. At first, it seemed all labour in vain to endeavour to influence these wild and giddy creatures, and often have I wept to think how little success attended my utmost efforts. I was, however, but a novice in the work of education; and had yet to learn, that before the seed-time comes, the ground must be weeded and tilled, or the harvest will fail. I have lived to see my dear pupils grow into sensible and refined women, and to bless God that I did not abandon my task as hopeless.

The neighbourhood in which Sir William Monkton's residence was situated was peculiarly devoid of society, and Lady Monkton's health rendered all formal visiting impossible: the monotony of our life was therefore seldom broken in upon, except by intercourse with the curate of the parish, who was a frequent and ever-welcome guest. He was one of those rarely-endowed beings whom it is a privilege to know, whose presence exerts

a powerful influence on all around him; one whose graceful manners and gentlemanly deportment are but the external signs of a pure heart and a cultivated mind. He devoted himself, with heart and soul, to the high profession which had been his early choice; every talent, every energy was absorbed in the fulfilment of the duties it imposed upon him. He was idolised by the poor, while the rich and educated never failed to leave his society the better for his cheerful, earnest conversation and unostentatious piety. At Monkstown his company was welcome to all: in the weary hours of languor and suffering which composed the life of poor Lady Monkton, his presence cheered and supported her; from his lips she learned lessons which turned her sorrow into joy: to Sir William he was a frank and intelligent companion; while his playful humour rendered him a favourite with the little girls. Such was Herbert Somerville when I first became acquainted with him. I saw him day after day, and soon found in his kind sympathy the best support under the trials of my new position. He aided and encouraged my efforts to fulfil its duties, and by always setting before me the purest motives for my actions, made me feel that even Amy's welfare must be subservient to the higher desire of doing the will of God. He taught me to look for happiness alone in the endeavour to do what is right and well-pleasing in the sight of Him who searches the hearts of men; and while he thus elevated my moral nature, he led me on to new and vigorous mental efforts, by opening to me the higher walks of science and literature. Our intercourse became more and more intimate; and it will scarcely be matter of surprise that, as I esteemed him more, I unconsciously learned to love him. I have heard many people call it unmaidenly in a girl thus to bestow her affection unsolicited by the object of her choice; but it seems to me that those who so condemn know little of the innocence and singleness of mind which form that peculiar charm of the female character. I do not speak of those who are trained in the school of the world—who, living amidst its artificial glare, early imbibe a spirit foreign to the native purity of woman—but of the many who walk along the calm, unfrequented paths of life, ignorant alike of the ambitious aims and heartless vices of the world beyond. In the breast of such, love springs unconsciously, and has already grown to be the master-passion of her nature ere chance betrays it to herself. Thus it was with me: I walked beside an abyss, heedless of danger.

Let me, before proceeding further, exculpate Herbert from all blame, which others, in compassion for my subsequent sufferings, may feel disposed to attribute to him. He never, by word or look, showed me a preference that could have misled one better versed in the world's ways than I was. His affectionate interest in me was such as a brother feels for a dear sister; and when, taught by experience, I retraced his actions, I felt that his kindness sprang from friendship, not from love.

I had resided five years in Sir William Monkton's family, during which time I had frequently visited my dear sister. Each time I saw her, I felt increased surprise and delight at the progress I perceived in her mind, as well as at her surpassing beauty. Her face, lighted by the lamp within, beamed with a radiant loveliness, which nothing but the rare union of high mental power with the gentler virtues of the heart can give. Her form was instinct with grace—that native grace which emanates from a pure and lofty soul, and breathes in every gesture. She was indeed a creature to command the highest admiration, and at the same time win her way to all hearts. On my return from these visits to Mrs Wentworth, I could not refrain from speaking to my pupils of Amy. They had often expressed a strong desire to see her. Lady Monkton now joined in the wish, and at her request I wrote to invite my darling sister to Monkstown. She joyfully accepted the invitation so kindly given, and soon became the favourite of the house. Never did a mother watch a child with more proud delight than I followed this gay and joyous being, as she moved along, attracting universal admiration.

It was not long before I saw one eye bent upon her with such an earnest gaze that I started as I beheld it. How could it be? I had eagerly desired that Herbert should see my Amy—should admire and love her: it had seemed the one thing needful to my happiness that these two should know and love each other. As day by day passed on, I felt increasing disquietude; my eye restlessly followed Amy whenever Herbert approached her; and a chill sensation crept through me as I saw him pay her those nameless attentions which bespeak the existence of love. Amy's manner of receiving them proved to me how well she appreciated Herbert's noble qualities of mind and heart: I saw that they already loved, and my reason told me they were worthy of each other. Suddenly the truth was revealed: I discovered in the same moment that I too loved, and that he whose priceless heart I would have died to win, already loved another—that other, my own sister Amy. In the stillness of the night did my soul vent its bitter anguish: the first wild burst of grief had subsided, the tumult of feelings too fearful to be dwelt on had been appeased, and my father's voice again, in the deep silence of that midnight hour, sounded in my ears, 'Live for your sister; study her happiness before your own.' Alas! alas! the moment was come in which I could only insure her happiness by the sacrifice of my dearest earthly hopes. 'Yes, father!' I exclaimed, 'with God's help I will redeem my pledge;' and falling on my knees, I poured forth my soul in prayer and supplication for wisdom and strength to fulfil the arduous task imposed upon me.

With renewed powers I now began to survey the position I held. One comfort I had—that no one ever suspected the love I had cherished in secret: it must be my first object so to control my feelings, that none might ever guess the sacrifice I must make. I trembled to think of the watchfulness it would require to veil my heart's secret from Amy—from her who had ever read my soul, and from whom no thought had been concealed. I foresaw that I should become the confidant of both parties, and I nerved myself for the task. If I could once see them happily united, I thought I should then have rest; but how to meet the suffering which lay between this time and that which would see the sacrifice accomplished! Amidst such reflections I passed the night; the morning with its cold gray light dawned in the east; the time for action was approaching. I could not feign illness, for what illness would have kept my faithful Amy from my side? and it was her searching glance I now shrank from encountering. Sweet, innocent, guileless Amy! Happy in the first consciousness of being loved, she was less alive to any change in me than she would otherwise have been; and thus I was spared many a pang. I do not shrink from the avowal that at times my courage failed: there were moments when the effort of concealment seemed too great for me, when I longed to lay my burden down at their feet and die. My hope in life, or aught it could bring me, was dead. Amy no longer required me; she had found in Herbert a friend and guide whose love was more to her than mine; and though she would indignantly have spurned the idea, yet I felt that my work was done. I have lived to see that this was but a morbid, selfish feeling. The work of life to one earnestly resolved to do his duty can never end; and at this moment while I write, though age has dimmed my sight, and left me helpless and alone as far as the severance of earthly ties can leave us so, yet do I wait in patient hope of still further usefulness to my fellow-creatures. God spares the withered tree with wise design; let us not mar it by our selfish murmurings.

In a few months Amy and Herbert were betrothed. From the moment in which I first became aware of their mutual attachment, I never wished it otherwise. I laboured to promote their happiness; I listened to

the outpourings of these two hearts devoted to each other; I strove to awaken in Amy's sanguine nature a due sense of the cares and responsibilities she was taking upon herself; taught her to perceive the finer shades of beauty which lay beneath the reserve of Herbert's nature; tutored my mind once more to listen to her praises from his lips without a shudder; and learned, after many struggles, to live for them alone.

At length the day arrived on which I was to give up all claim to Amy, and resign her to a husband's care. The habit of self-command had, by hourly practice, become so strong, that I did not flinch even at this most trying time. The wedding was to take place from the house of our beloved friend Mrs Wentworth, who in this, as in all former events of our lives, acted a mother's part to us. The morning of the important day dawned brightly. I assisted my beautiful Amy to array herself in her simple bridal attire, and led her down to her expecting friends. My heart was proud of my lovely sister; and happy in her joy, I forgot myself. I placed her hand in Herbert's, and with a firm voice said, 'Herbert, I give to your charge my dearest earthly treasure; love and cherish her, as I have done.' The ceremony was performed by our kind friend Mr Wentworth, and we returned to the parsonage to breakfast. While I could look on Amy's happy beaming face, it was easy to bear up; but the time of separation came. I saw them depart, and watched the carriage that bore them away with apparent calmness. When it was out of sight, I hurried to my own room; but ere I reached the door, fell heavily to the ground.

Months passed, and still Mrs Wentworth devised new excuses for keeping me near her. But my pupils had waited for me: Sir William and Lady Monkton, with a kindness unparalleled, refused to fill up my place; and at length I returned to their hospitable house, and resumed my former duties. Herbert and Amy had pleaded eloquently that I should live with them; but this I firmly, though gently resisted. It was a source of heartfelt joy to think of them, to visit them occasionally; but hourly to have witnessed their domestic happiness, would as yet have been a martyrdom. I continued to live for many years at Monkstown, until the marriage of my two pupils left me no pretext for a longer residence there. Lady Monkton's sufferings had ended in a calm and peaceful death soon after my return from Amy's wedding; and though Sir William would have placed me at the head of his house, and given me the honourable title of his wife, my heart too decidedly rejected the thought of marriage to allow me to hesitate for a moment. I declined his proposal, but retained his friendship.

Amy had four lovely children; and conscious of my own strength, I now gladly consented to become the inmate of their home. Years had changed my feelings; Herbert was to me no more than the husband of my beloved Amy—my own kind brother. Their children became my own in heart; I loved them, and devoted myself to their education with an energy I had thought lost to me for ever. People often wondered why Miss Jerningham never married, and prophesied that I should yet renounce my self-imposed duties as maiden aunt; but time rolled on, and found me at my post, still zealously and happily employed.

God has lengthened my days beyond the usual span allotted to man. I have survived all my race; I have wept over the graves of the young and the old, as they one by one fell from my side. Some were taken in full maturity; others dropped like blossoms from the tree. But death cannot separate the hearts that truly love. There is a world beyond the tomb where my beloved ones wait for me; there I shall rejoin the spirits that are gone before me—parents, sister, brothers, adopted children of my love, friends—I shall see you all! And now, while I linger here, the thought that the secret of my heart was faithfully kept, my pledge to my father redeemed, and Amy's happiness secured, will gladden my few remaining days. Let those who would be happy themselves, learn that the only means of attaining their end is to devote themselves heart and soul, without the smallest reservation for the idol self, to the welfare and happiness of others.

THE SCOTTISH PARISH SCHOOLS.

Amidst the discussions which have lately ensued on the subject of national education—some arguing for a state endowment, and others as strenuously representing its impolicy—it is somewhat strange that none of the belligerents has attempted to draw any distinct and practical conclusions from the Scottish parochial system of instruction. For a century and a half, Scotland has had a state-endowed national education; and it would go far to settle the question as regards England, if we could ascertain how the Scottish system has wrought. Nothing can be more easy than to make this investigation.

At the Reformation, there was a clean sweep of the whole ecclesiastical and educational institutions. The mob pulled down the abbeys and churches, and the landed gentry and crown got the revenues of the incumbents. Knox included the institution of parish schools, as well as kirks, in his schemes of renovation; but he made little progress in his designs, because the holders of the church revenues foresaw that they would be called on to support the teachers. James VI., in 1616, while Episcopacy was the established form of religion, enacted that there should be parish schools. Charles I., in 1633, ratified this enactment: still nothing was done. The landed gentry were too powerful for the Stuarts. The institution of parish schools was not effected till 1646, when the Convention enforced the establishment of an elementary school in every parish; enjoining that two-thirds of the salaries of the teachers should be paid by the landlords, and one-third by the tenants. From this epoch might have been dated the general establishment of schools, had the Restoration not intervened. When Charles II. ascended the throne, all the acts of the Convention were rescinded, and among others that on education. From this time, all was confusion in Scotland till the Revolution, when a vigorous and rational policy was substituted for misrule. The old laws relative to parish schools were now discussed; and in 1696, an act of the Scottish parliament was passed, ordaining the appointment of a school in every parish, and compelling the expenses to be borne by the heritors (landed proprietors). The new Presbyterian clergy, to whom had been given the power of supervising education by a previous act of 1693, warmly espoused this arrangement. From 1696, therefore, every parish in Scotland (a few in burghs excepted), to the number of about a thousand, has had a school for elementary education. Such is a very brief outline of the efforts to establish a national system of instruction in this portion of the United Kingdom. It is interesting to observe that even as early as the Reformation the subject was agitated: it was agitated from time to time afterwards, over a space of a hundred and forty years; nor did the agitation cease till it was finally successful in its object. What, therefore, is but a modern and spasmodic movement in England, assumed a determinate character in Scotland nearly three centuries ago.

Since 1696, various acts of parliament have been passed, tending to improve the condition of the parish schoolmasters as respects house and salary; the burdens being continued, as they originally were imposed, on the heritors. At present, the minimum annual salary is

L.25, 13s. 4d., and the maximum L.34, 4s. 4d.* School fees, however, within regulated bounds, are taken; and, with the endowment and fees together, a large number of the schoolmasters may be said to realise about L.50 per annum. The house and garden, to be sure, are worth something—perhaps L.8 or L.10 yearly: more it can scarcely be; for by a stupid blunder in the act of parliament, the schoolmaster's house is 'to consist of not more than two apartments, including a kitchen.' It is almost needless to say that the word *more* ought to have been *less*—a serious error for the unfortunate educators, for it confines them, in many instances, to an order of dwellings little removed in character above the cottages of the peasantry. Besides these emoluments, the schoolmasters, in the greater number of parishes, derive certain fees from the registration of births, marriages, &c.; but all such employments as clerk to the kirk-session, distribution of poor funds, and the like, form no part of their statutory duties, and ought to be prohibited, as distracting attention from the higher vocation of a teacher. They are generally conferred with a view to eke out an income which all admit to be too scanty; and we are sure the intelligent teacher, were he enabled to '*live by his calling*,' would be the first to relinquish them.

The appointment of the schoolmaster, as well as the nature and amount of his qualifications, rests with the heritors; but previous to settlement, he requires to pass an examination before the established clergymen of the presbytery, and subscribe the Confession of Faith. For a number of years, the appointment, as well as the supervision of the teachers, and likewise the prescription of books and routine of instruction, may be said to have slipped in a great measure out of the hands of the heritors, and come under the authority of the clergy. Though originally and legally a civil institution, a resolute attempt has been made to render the parish schools part of the ecclesiastical establishment; as if, in fact, the school of each parish were nothing more than a pendicle of the church. It is only necessary to say that no officious interference of the clergy can substantially alter the character of the institution, however much it may limit its usefulness. The only valid excuse for the undue clerical rule to which the schools are exposed, is the frequent neglect or indifference of the heritors, many of whom, being habitual absentees, can give no proper attention to the social condition of the parish in which their property lies. The obligation to sign the Confession of Faith still further tends to bring the schools under the domination of the clergy. Acting as a test, it limits the appointment of teachers to members of the Established Church, and thus imparts an exclusive and sectarian character to what ought to be of the widest application.

The education conferred by the parish schools is for the most part strictly elementary; but as the fees for attendance are very moderate—usually from 2s. to 3s. a-quarter—no one need complain of being without the means of instruction, such as it is, for his family. Both from the universal diffusion of the schools, and their unexpensiveness, 'education,' as Dr Chalmers observes, 'has been visibly obtruded on the notice of every little vicinity; and had it not been for this aggression upon them from without, the people would have felt no impulse towards education from within, and so would have stood fast in their primeval ignorance.' There can, indeed, be little doubt that to the establishment of parish schools the Scotch are primarily indebted for the taste for education which now generally prevails amongst them. An institution of a humble kind has aroused faculties which might have been otherwise dormant, and laid the foundation of that social order and prosperity for which this part of the United Kingdom is fortunately distinguished. The advantages of the parish schools are perhaps most visible among the rural population. All are able to read and write. Every man and woman can at least peruse their Bible, and sign their name—accomplishments still comparatively rare among the peasantry of England. So far, therefore, the parish school system of Scotland has wrought well. Endowed by the state, and propped up by state functionaries, it cannot be said that it has in any respect fostered a spirit of subserviency, or cramped the nobler desires of the people. To say anything of the kind, would be to give the parish schools credit for infinitely more energy and purpose than they have ever possessed. Confining themselves to a humble species of technical learning, there they rest, or only go the length of inspiring higher tastes than they can adequately satisfy.

The truth is, the Scottish parish schools, as they now exist, are an institution of the past—they have had their day. Neglected by heritors, curbed by ecclesiastical superiors, and without a vestige of popular government, they have become an antiquated and effete thing. Society has shot far a-head of them; and though the teachers as a body have greatly advanced in point of acquirements within the last twenty years, yet so inadequate is their remuneration, and the machinery at their command, that they are either compelled to forego their schemes of improvement, or to seek for situations beyond the pale of the Parochial System. Schools of a much superior kind, supported principally by fees from pupils, have been almost everywhere established. Some years ago, it was found, on investigation, that the parish schools did not instruct above from a fourth to a fifth of all the children receiving education in the country, the great majority being educated in other schools; and since that period, we have no doubt the proportion has greatly diminished.

Other causes besides meagreness of instruction have conspired to ruin the reputation of the parish schools. The most fatal of these has been their sectarian character. When instituted in 1696, nearly the whole people belonged to the established Presbyterian church; and to prevent 'papists and prelatists'—the bugbears of the day—from becoming teachers, a religious test was instituted. As long as the kirk was the only communion of any importance, no objection was taken to the test, or to the general scope of the instruction. With dissent, new feelings arose. The kirk, during the last hundred years, has suffered some half-dozen secessions—parties dissatisfied on points of church government—and these have latterly become so important in point of numbers and spirit of resistance, that the kirk may be said to be at present struggling for existence. As the test for teachers includes an obligation to support the established church, it of course not only excludes candidates from among a vast body of the people, but provokes the erection of schools by dissenters. From this cause alone the parish schools have gradually lost much of their hold on popular affection. Another circumstance has materially helped to injure their usefulness. Whether from the want of legal powers in superiors, want of funds to allow of retiring salaries, or general want of energy, many schools are afflicted with teachers incompetent, from age or infirmities, to execute their duties in a suitable manner. The removal of a schoolmaster from physical or moral imperfections is a rare event. We happen to know of a case in which a teacher, who

* The salary is regulated every quarter of a century by the average fiar-price of grain during that period; so that the minimum and maximum above given are periodically liable to a rise or fall as the case may be.

frequently presented the spectacle of a drunkard to his pupils, lived unchallenged, and died in his vocation.

Attempts have in different places been made to improve the character of parish schools by special endowments and otherwise. The largest bequest is that of a person of the name of Dick: it amounts to upwards of L.4000 per annum, and was made for the maintenance and assistance of the country parochial schoolmasters of the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray: the money was directed to be applied in *addition* to the contributions of the heritors, and in such a way as to encourage active schoolmasters, and elevate the literary character of the schools. To some extent this bequest has acted beneficially; but as the old government of the schools remains unchanged, with the addition of a special regulation far from generally palatable to the teachers interested, it has not effected the degree of improvement which a broad national principle would have enforced. Efforts, bold and intelligent, directed to the renovation of single schools, have usually been as unsuccessful. In vain has benevolence showered her gifts on a favoured institution. It has been found impossible for teacher or patron to enlarge courses of instruction which may any day be brought back, by clerical interference, to the narrow routine which squared with the notions of our grandfathers. We know of no task more preposterous and ungracious than the attempt to improve the Scottish parish schools, without reorganising them on an entirely new footing. With a view to elevating the position of the teachers, government, we understand, proposes to supplement their salaries from the national exchequer. We would earnestly deprecate a step of this kind, unless the existing test were at the same time abolished, and the government of the schools thoroughly reformed. To give an additional endowment in present circumstances would, in Scotland, be considered equivalent to endowing the schools of a sect—a sect which assumes the guise of nationality; while at the same time it would perpetuate abuse, and render subsequent reform a matter of extreme difficulty.

It is much to be feared that government lacks the knowledge and energy to deal with this important question on the scale it deserves; and it is also doubtful if Scotland has representatives in parliament willing or able to point out the true course to be followed. Hitherto, the Scottish members have been scandalously neglectful of this great subject, allowing one of the most admirable institutions of the country to dwindle into comparative insignificance. Now is the time to remind representatives of their duty. The Scottish parish schools ought not to be sacrificed by neglect, but be made the basis of a far grander and more widely-applicable institution.

Before pointing out what we consider to be the reforms desirable in the parish schools, it may be useful to recur to what should constitute the true principles of national education. These may be stated almost in a word. The state, as a matter of duty and expediency, is bound to provide means for educating the whole people. In justice, it must educate either the whole or none; for the whole contribute equally to the national purse. Elementary education consists of two things—secular and religious instruction. The two should go together, so that the child may grow up with a full consciousness of his duty to God as well as to his neighbour. As there are widely different sects, however, it would not always be practicable to impart religious in the same classes with secular instruction; and therefore there must be a division to a certain extent. From the example shown by other countries in precisely analogous circumstances, it would be quite possible, and certainly advisable, to put the secular instruction into the hands of the appointed teachers, and to leave the religious part to parents, or the pastors of those congregations to which the children respectively belong—with the exception of such elementary religious instruction as would be approved of by the parishioners: to this extent religion might be taught by schoolmasters. All that is desirable and proper, therefore, is, for the state to pay only for the erection and support of school-houses, and for the secular branches of education. With respect to the religious culture, its cost, if anything, will be cheerfully liquidated by the religious bodies to which the parents of the children are attached. Whether the funds requisite for conducting the schools should be contributed immediately from the national exchequer, or partly raised from local and general assessment, is a point of detail that admits of consideration, and which it would not be difficult to settle. Our own opinion inclines to local assessment, at least in part, and also to local administration, subject, nevertheless, to general supervision and control. In all countries where a national system of education has been instituted, there exist a head and departmental boards; and without some such machinery in this country, it is difficult to see how a universally applicable system of instruction could be carried on.

Such are our views as to national education, expressed in as few words as possible. These views are not new. They are the result not only of long consideration, but of personal investigations into methods of school instruction in now nearly all the countries of Europe. Ten years ago, we saw a system such as we have figured working beautifully in Holland; and it is no little happiness to find that the sentiments we promulgated (1838), in describing the national education of that country, have since been embraced by men of widely-differing persuasions in both England and Scotland. We, in fact, from all things around us, feel assured that no other system than such as has been indicated will be practicable, or carry with it the public esteem. The time has gone by for endowing the schools of sects. Any such plan is the mere make-shift of men incapable of appreciating public feeling, or who lack the courage to bring forward, and adhere to, a project for sound national education.

Why, it may possibly be asked, should we not be contented to see sectarian schools endowed, as is at present proposed by the Committee of Privy Council, in lieu of what they assume to be impracticable as respects a national system? All who are disposed to think seriously on the subject, must reject a compromise of this kind. Laying out of view the invidiousness of some sects receiving, and others rejecting, the national bounty, is it no small matter to endow and perpetuate distinctions which, it is to be hoped, if left to themselves, will by and by subside? Christianity is at present in a condition of working towards purity and unity through the conflicts of contending opinions. Why, then, do anything to exasperate and prolong divisions? Why endow a multitude of separate sects which, in the progress of society, will coalesce and disappear? But there is perhaps a still more serious ground of objection. It is of the first consequence that the children of a parish, town, or district, should all attend one school, and be reared in kindly intercourse with each other. This can be achieved only by a national system of instruction. Already, by the erection of sectarian schools — provoked into existence by exclusive tests—a very serious evil has been done, the seeds of much future strife and enmity having been sown. And we can well foresee how greatly intestine dissensions would be aggravated by extending the means which keep alive so unholy a course of procedure.

Entering into the spirit of these observations, the plan for improving the parish schools of Scotland is exceedingly apparent. 1. The test must be abolished, and the office of teacher thrown open to general competition; 2. Teachers should receive a respectable salary, varying in amount, however, according to capacity and extent of duties—say from L.50 to L.100, independently of the fees, which they would be entitled to exact; 3. The government and supervision of the schools should be reposed in a general board, and also in local boards, elected wholly or in part by rate-payers; 4. District

schools in towns, and in populous rural parishes, to be embraced in the general system; 5. The expense of the schools to be borne by general local assessment on all property, along with contributions from the state, as might be agreed on;* 6. With respect to religious school instruction, Scotland happens to be favourably situated. By far the larger proportion of the people are Presbyterians, who, however differing on points of church government, agree as to religious doctrines and formula; and therefore, except in a few parishes and districts, there would most likely be no dispute on this subject. Wherever there was any difference of opinion, the plan of separate religious instruction could easily and satisfactorily be arranged. Of other parts of the organisation, including normal schools, it is unnecessary to speak. We confine ourselves to the general features of a plan which must sooner or later be resorted to, if the parish schools are to be brought into harmony with the age—if dissensions are to be appeased, and the cause of social melioration advanced.

Oh for the return of days of vigorous statesmanship, when there were courage and manliness to propose and adhere to measures which the conscience suggested as being in accordance with truth and justice! Oh for an end to the days of sham and of unprincipled make-shift expediency! W. C.

THE CHIFFONNIER OF PARIS.†

The chiffonnier of Paris differs in national and individual qualities from the street-grubber of London, though earning his bread in a not very dissimilar manner. In one respect both are alike: their trade is easily begun, nor is it usually commenced till everything else has failed. When the victimised Parisian finds himself without character and without resources, he wants but half-a-dozen francs in his pocket to provide himself with a back basket and an iron-pointed crotchet or rake, to begin the world anew, and embark in an independent profession. Once equipped as a chiffonnier, he has no sooner familiarised himself to the ignominy of this wretched trade, than, having adopted it by necessity, he continues it by inclination. He finds a charm and a recompense in his nomadic existence, in his endless wanderings, in his vagabond independence, and indulges a profound contempt for the slaves who shut themselves up from morning to night in a workshop or behind a counter. Let them, mere machines of others, regulate the employment of time by the hands of the dial; he, the chiffonnier, the philosopher, works when it pleases him, and rests when he chooses, without thought for the night or care for the morrow. If the east wind freezes him, he warms his blood with a dram; if the heat incommodes him, he doffs his harness and his tattered frock, stretches himself in the shade, and goes to sleep. Is he hungry—he can soon earn a few sous, and feasts, like Lucullus, upon a crusty loaf and sour cheese. Is he sick—what matter? 'The hospital,' says he, 'was not invented for dogs.'

The victim of every privation, the chiffonnier is proud, because he believes himself free. He treats with haughtiness even the rag-merchant himself, to whom he carries the harvest of the day, and from whom he is in the habit of receiving from time to time a slender advance upon that of the morrow. He gives himself the airs of a patron; and declares that if the dealer does him less than justice, he will transfer his commodities to a rival. His pride is visible through the multiplied fissures of his tattered vesture.

The rag-merchant is the able alchemist who transmutes into gold the offal and refuse of the streets; and with the proceeds of rejected rags and putrefying bones, speculates in the rise and fall of stock. He receives the chiffonniers in a fetid and filthy shed, and his fashionable friends in an elegant saloon. His place of business is hideous beyond description, incumbered with the most disgusting impurities, masses of the foulest tatters, rotten planks, and decaying anatomies that infect the air, the whole brought thither by beings of an aspect scarcely human, and weighed in balances of a formidable and grotesque appearance, under the surveillance of a noisy, quarrelling, and decrepit shrew. But if we pass beyond this forbidding vestibule, and penetrate into the private apartments of the merchant chiffonnier, we shall encounter the usual pomp and appendages of civic luxury—the gilt and gorgeous *pendule*, the collection of showy pictures and prints, the bronze bust of the emperor, the sideboard loaded with crystal and porcelain, and the grand pianoforte of madame or mademoiselle, the latter a well-educated and accomplished lass, the worthy heiress of no scanty hoard. We could mention the name of one of this fraternity, living at present in the Rue Jean Tison, who gave at the marriage of each of his two daughters a dowry of sixty thousand francs.

If the wholesale dealers realise such gains, it is plain, considering the nature of their merchandise, that but little is left for the actual chiffonnier; in fact the most industrious among them seldom get more than three or four francs a-day. These are they who, in defiance of a regulation yet in force, that of the 26th July 1777, perambulate the streets during the night. The chiffonniers, like the moths, are composed of two races—the diurnal, and the nocturnal; and these latter, commencing their peregrinations at the moment when the street-sweepers retire to rest, have the best chance of some fortunate discovery. They adopt certain favourite quarters, generally giving the preference to the Faubourg Saint Germain, the Chaussée d'Antin, the Faubourg Saint Honoré, abounding in noble residences of the most opulent classes. Constantly attending the same circuit, they become known to the household servants, and particularly the cooks, from whom they receive occasional contributions from the larder, engaging in return to restore any lost article of value which they may discover in their researches among the offal of the establishment. Once established and recognised in a certain beat, they begin to derive an income from other sources than their professed occupation. Lazy and sleepy subjects, whom fortune has condemned to rise early in the morning, fee them to break their slumbers. We have the honour to know a chiffonnier who goes every morning from Mount Sainte Genevieve to the Assomption to knock at the doors of a grocer, a confectioner, and a wine-seller. This commission brings him in thirty centimes, each party paying him ten (or one penny) per day; an amount which this thrifty economist informs us defrays three-fourths of his expenses for lodging.

The day practitioner does not consider himself debarred from social pleasures. He will be found at the barriers, on Sundays and holidays, dancing and drinking with his wife; and he patronises the drama when the piece is to his mind—tender, touching, sentimental, and interesting; such as *Lazare le Pâtre*, *Grace de Dieu*, or *Paul et Virginie*, or any other of the class, where, above all other recommendations, *the traitor is punished in the last scene*.

Whatever his prosperity, the chiffonnier has never any furniture of his own; he sleeps in furnished lodgings, at the settled price of twenty centimes a-night, which the mistrustful proprietors generally exact in advance—'Twopence down, or you don't lodge here.' The individual who can disburse, throws himself, without quitting his rags, upon a straw mattress. In these dismal chambers, open to all the miserable offspring of poverty and crime, the common bed is a long sloping plank, and the common coverlet a remnant of decayed carpeting, nailed to the wall at one side of the room,

* We refrain from complicating the question by any reference to church property—which is essentially public property—now in the hands of the heritors. Whether that property, at least in part, should be devoted to purposes of education, will not escape consideration when the subject comes fairly before the country.

† The principal particulars in this paper are gathered from an article on the subject in a French work, purporting to describe the humbler trades of Paris.

and fastened with hooks at the other. Should any quarrel arise in the night among these 'strange bedfellows,' the keeper of the den makes his appearance, armed with a long and portentous bludgeon, and by angry threats, or the application of his weapon, seldom fails to reduce to order the refractory party.

In such squalid resorts the chiffonniers often come in contact with robbers, of whom they involuntarily become the passive accomplices. They are not expected to take part in the crime; but to reveal the mystery of a criminal enterprise, would be to devote themselves to the implacable vengeance of the gang. An old chiffonnier, suspected of having betrayed two thieves, was found one morning assassinated at the corner of a court. The murderers had surprised him at early dawn; they had severed his head from his body, and, by an atrocious refinement of barbarity, had thrown it into his basket.

The chiffonniers, both male and female, talk slang; the general dialect of thieves, it would seem, in all countries, though not exclusively confined to them. The class under consideration have nevertheless a general character for integrity, which they could never have earned, much less maintained, but by repeated acts of honesty and disinterestedness. Restorations of recovered property are frequent among them, of which we could relate numerous instances. On the 11th of October 1841, the widow Boursin, an old chiffonnière of the Rue Mouffetard, well known in the neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin, discovered in a mass of rubbish a diamond shirt-button of considerable value. She occupied the whole day in going from house to house before she found the owner, to whom she immediately restored his property, demanding the price of her day's labour, and refusing all further reward. We should also make honourable mention of Père M——, an old soldier of the Imperial Guard, a chiffonnier, and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour. This veteran had two orphan grandchildren left to his charge: he dedicated his pension to the purposes of their education and establishment; and mounting the basket and crotchet on the shoulders so long familiar with the knapsack and gun, sought his own subsistence in the offal of the streets. For this he is held in honour among the tribe, who duly appreciate his virtue and self-denial.

Perhaps the worst characteristic of this class is their love of strife and tumult, which shows itself in a perpetual inclination to quarrel with one another, and with all the world. In every popular outbreak, they are the first to commence deeds of violence, and the last to be reduced to order. The most stable government has trembled to its base at the mad outcries of the chiffonniers, when, at the head of a torrent of the wan and haggard population of the faubourgs, they have rushed upon the wealthy quarters of the city. The cause of terror is not the apprehension of pillage, but of the overthrow and destruction of the whole social fabric. They feel how feeble are the regulations of public order against an army of insurgents who have nothing to lose.

In quiet times, the chiffonniers make war only on the domestic animals—the dogs and cats, whose carcasses they sell to the knacker. A mastiff fetches from thirty to forty sous; a dog of average size from five to ten; a cat four sous in summer, and eight in winter. The fat of the cat is used by the 'tondeur,' or dog-barber, a trade peculiar to Paris; and dogs'-foot oil is in continual request among the various craftsmen of the capital. The furriers receive the skins, under whose hands that of the dog becomes the veritable black fox; and the hide of poor puss a genuine zibelline, or sable.

Collateral branches of this delectable profession extend beyond the walls of Paris, and provincial practitioners are to be met with in all the principal towns of the departments: but these are mostly dealers, not doers: the true chiffonnier, such as we have described him—independent, thoughtless, proud, somewhat honest, thoroughly undisciplined, and '*toujours Frrrrançais*'—is as essentially Parisian as the Column Vendôme or the Arc de l'Etoile.

A VISIT TO A VEGETABLE GIANT.

In the western part of the island of Java are some relics and remains of a very great and ancient city named Padjajarian. This city was formerly of so magnificent a character, as to have been sung and celebrated in the verses of the poets, and to this day the strains of Wayang tell of its vast extent, of its glorious buildings, and, above all, of the size and majesty of the palace of the kings of Padjajarian. The earthquake and time have swept the city and its inhabitants into a common oblivion, and have left little but the poetry to inform us that there ever existed this glorious and famous city. But one vegetable monument remains behind, which the earthquake might shake, but could not destroy, and which time itself has only strengthened—this is the Vegetable Giant, a visit to which we are now about to describe.

This huge tree, which spreads out its great branches over a large area of ground, formerly overshadowed the royal palace, and was the wonder of the whole city; and now, when palace and city are only constituents of the dust around it, the tree flourishes, and commands the admiration of the traveller, and the adoration of the majority of the Javanese nation. The place where it is found is now known as Batatulies. At its foot is a small wooden structure where a few Mohammedan priests officiate, to whose care is committed the conservancy of this monarch of the forest, and of some supplementary relics, upon the proceeds of the exhibition of which, and on the fees for the attendant religious ceremonies, they contrive to pick up a tolerable livelihood; for the tree is in an odour of sanctity beyond all other trees in the island. Wo and bad success to that miserable peasant who goes to market without paying his adorations and coin at the shrine of the giant tree! Besides this, the fame of the tree has spread far and wide, and many come to behold and wonder, who may pay the customary offerings without adoring the deity of the place. The subsidiary relics consist of some pieces of old Padjajarian tombstones, and a marvellous bit of rock, into which some Hercules of old is said to have set his foot. These are held in equal veneration with the great tree, and their worship is commingled with the services of the mighty vegetable idol which towers above them. The tree stands at no considerable distance from the wayside, and forms an imposing feature of a landscape by no means deficient in grandeur. It is placed upon an elevated plain, and is conspicuous from all sides of it, and attracts the attention of every one even at some distance. So noble is its appearance, so majestic its port, that it has been said if once beheld, it cannot soon be forgotten. Coffee plantations crown the fields and the sides of the hills, offering a striking contrast of feebleness and colossal strength in the vegetable kingdom. Shining rivers, waving ricefields, woods and mountains, with a fuming volcano in the distance, complete the picture of its situation.

The trunk of the tree is of dimensions so vast, that very many men, by their united hands, cannot embrace it; botanical data do not exist for the determination of its age; the tree is too sacred probably to allow of the requisite steps for that examination. The trunk at first sight almost appears as if it consisted of a number of trees all intimately united together; and from all sides of it huge irregular boughs jut up of all sorts of shapes, and in every direction, while the deep furrows and hollows consequent upon extreme vegetable old age contribute to give the monster a grandeur and awfulness of character not easily conceivable. Perhaps the greatest marvel about the tree is the remarkable fact, that it is actually made up of two trees united into one; and most curious to relate,

two trees of the same genus, but of *different species!* Both have grown together, so as to form one indivisible trunk of enormous size; but the distinctive features of each species come out in the branches, and appear, even to the eye of the casual observer and untutored savage, in the remarkable difference in the colour of the foliage. At a little distance the spectacle is very peculiar. The leaves of one species are of the most lively and beautiful green, while those of the other are dark green on the upper surface, and a very pale green on the under. The one species has long, slender, drooping branches, adorned with elegant foliage, refreshing even to look upon; from its majestic appearance this kind is commonly planted before the palaces of the Indian princes; its larger branches put forth fascicles of roots, which, instead of descending as they commonly do to the earth, have crept along the aged trunk, wrapped their strong arms around it, and have ultimately blended themselves with its substance. The other species, less graceful in growth, has shorter, more rugged, and lustier branches, and by these and the colour of its leaves was readily distinguished from its twin sister. Below, both were, as it were, fused into one vast mass, mingling its juices and fibres together. The trees both belong to the natural family *Moraceæ*, a race of trees which has given birth to some of the giants of the vegetable world: they are of the genus *Ficus*. This genus is held very sacred in Java, for it is believed the spirits of the departed delight to make their habitation in the grateful shadows of its branches. In this tree, above all others, the manes of the dead are wont to dwell, holding intercourse the one with the other, and propitiated by the services, or exasperated by the neglect, of the relatives and friends they have left behind. Solemn, indeed, therefore was the regard, and deep the religious estimation, in which this monster tree was held by the Javanese.

It was in the latter part of the year 1818 that my visit to this celebrated wonder was made. The visiting party determined on setting out on the expedition before sunrise, which is the pleasantest period for travelling, impelled not merely by the idle curiosity excited by the thousand fables current relative to this marvel-doing, marvellously-great tree, but instigated by the more praiseworthy desire of ascertaining its scientific character and standing. Since, however, the natives regarded the tree with a superstitious awe of no common intensity, and considered it a heinous degree of sacrilege for a European so much as to break off the smallest branch, it was probable they would resist all botanising attempts upon its sacred boughs, and it became expedient, therefore, to get the authority of the Indian prince then having power in the island to sanction the meditated investigation. This was readily granted, and with it the assistance of a military convoy; and so all started before day-dawn. The route lay for the most part along the military road; and after passing long rows of the huts of the natives, the party at length emerged upon the plain on which the tree stands. Immediately to the right was the vast object of attraction, its aspect imposing in the extreme, which was heightened by the dim shadows of a departing night, still covering hill, valley, mountain, and plain in a dusky mantle of vapour, through which the first beams of the sun were now struggling. Even at this early hour, the belief of the wonderful blessings which were bestowed upon the worshippers who made the proper offerings to the leafy god, had drawn a considerable number of them together, some of whom were lost in contemplation of the green idol, while others were humbly kneeling before the pieces of stone, and the giant's footmark in the bit of rock in the chapel. On perceiving their occupation, the expedition halted, not wishing to disturb their devotions; but these were instantly stopped when the visitors were descried, the devotees rising from their knees, and quitting the chapel. The priests then approached, and stood near the entrance of the chapel, waiting to learn the purpose of the invaders. They were addressed by an Indian interpreter, who, after saluting the venerable fathers in the Oriental fashion, gave vent to a long harangue, which stated in a good many words what we may express by a very few. The principal visitor had recently arrived in Java, from the most distant regions of the earth, to examine the plants of the island, and more particularly to make himself acquainted with this venerable and most sacred tree. Their lord the prince, himself a real lineal descendant of the most noble and ancient race of Padjajarian kings, having therefore a hereditary right over the tree, on being acquainted with the visitor's intentions, had been pleased to vouchsafe his consent to the expedition, and had given orders that the visitor might cut with his own hand a few of the smallest branches of the sacred tree. It was also intimated that nothing would please the prince more than if the departed spirits who dwelt in the tree would suffer the visitor to remove a few of the precious flowers growing upon it.

This rather startling proposition was attentively listened to by the priests, who seemed puzzled to comprehend its entire import. They held an earnest conference together, and commenced pronouncing in a gentle whisper certain mysterious verses; after which, kindling some rice chaff, they threw upon it a quantity of incense, the smoke of which went up in a dense cloud, and filled the tree with its sweet odours. Every eye was fixed upon the curling wreaths rolling from branch to branch; and when at length the whole mass of the foliage was enveloped in the cloud, the chief-priest, an aged, awful-looking person, stood forth, and after bidding the stranger welcome, proceeded to inform him of the result of their sacrifice. Never had the priests of this most holy tree beheld a better omen in the rise of the sweet-smelling vapours and their dispersion through its branches, than on this happy occasion. The visit of the illustrious stranger was most agreeable to the spirits of the departed; they were most willing to grant his requests, and to give him many additional blessings; while those who with sacrilegious hands should presume to desecrate this holy tree, disease and evil should fall upon and utterly destroy. The great difficulty was thus removed: the full permission of the priests being gained, and the customary offering made at the shrine, the visitor proceeded to scramble in a most irreverent manner up the aged sides and lateral branches of the tree, the priests themselves urging several peasants who were at hand to ascend also, and assist the stranger in collecting what he required. On ascending, words can scarcely describe the scene which presented itself. The tree was clothed all over with elegant flowers and parasitic plants. Orchids, in a multitude of species, crawled up its withered branches, and flung down flowers, and roots, and leaves, in one waving mass of fantastic fragrance and elegance. Lichens scaled up the wooden cliffs, and ferns of many species grew up from the dark hollows, while loranths sucked the vital juices, and scrophulariads covered the branches in a patchwork of brilliant hues. The tree was, in fact, a garden in the air: the rain of ages had washed down into its cavities dead leaves and decaying material, and thus a rich vegetable mould existed in them, which was highly fitted for, and gave exuberant nourishment to, the host of plants which in some inexplicable manner had found their way thither. After remaining in the tree for some time, and fearing to exhaust the patience of the priests, the visitor descended, together with his delighted coadjutors, bringing down with them a vast collection of flowers from this parterre of nature—if the phrase is not too violent—and even then perceiving, to their regret, that fully half the species had not been gathered by them.

On unfolding their treasures, one little flower especially was found, which was hailed with vast exultation by the peasants and priests. Its petals were of a beautiful rich crimson colour, but the throat of the flower was of the colour of glittering gold. This was the celebrated flower, the possession of which would confer riches and

happiness inconceivable upon the owner. It was a splendid reward, then, for the toil of the amateur collectors to receive a few of these bliss-bestowing flowers; each received his portion with the liveliest joy. The most lovely objects of all, however, were the flowers and fruit of a plant originally discovered by Thunberg, and named the *Fagræa auriculata*. The flowers are very large, of the most magnificent aspect, and quite equalling the very loveliest members of the glorious Indian Flora, and the fruit seems to the eye equally lovely and inviting. This plant, living a half-parasitic kind of life, and also nourished by the decaying soil before-mentioned, pushed aloft its stem and branches in unparalleled luxuriance, marking over the dead boughs of the great parent with charms and a verdure long since departed from themselves. Altogether, the result of this very curious and interesting botanising excursion was the discovery of upwards of thirty-four species of plants living upon the vegetable giant; and it has been said many were even then left behind. After carefully preserving their specimens, and bidding farewell to the priests, the party returned, in no ordinary degree gratified and instructed by their visit to the Vegetable Giant.

It is not right that the name of the visitor should be withheld: it was the illustrious botanist—the author of the 'Flora Javoe,' 'Rumphia,' and other works of the highest rank—C. L. Blume.

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

In Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a Company of Skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Northmans, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other gymnastics; but Klopstock, Goëthe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland, it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian.

'When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapour, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapours rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

'A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

'At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the waters, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with

the rising wind. But however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow.'

MARIA LA FANTESCA.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, there dwelt in Rome a young girl, whose singular history rendered her an object of universal interest. Her surname was never known, but she was commonly called Maria la Fantesca, or Maria the Servant-girl. She was born in one of the villages near Rome, and at an early age was placed by her parents, who were very poor, in the family of an eminent sculptor. Before she came of age, she had conceived such an admiration of her master's works, that she formed the bold resolution of devoting herself to the study of art; pursuing it at first in secret, but cherishing a hope of one day attaining public success. Maria confided her intentions to an artist who frequently visited her master's studio, and begged of him to give her secretly a few lessons in drawing and modelling: the artist not only granted her request, but induced his friend Dr Corona to aid him in the instruction of the enthusiastic girl.

This first step gained, Maria devoted every moment she could snatch from her household duties to modelling and drawing: she was never idle. To execute something worthy of her master's praise, was the highest object of her ambition. Life had now new charms for her: if her resolution at any time wavered, or she felt overcome by the difficulties of her task, Maria used to go secretly to the Vatican, and there, surrounded by the great works of ancient art, her enthusiasm was speedily rekindled, and her courage revived. She would pass hours together in looking at her favourite statues, and gazing upon them until she felt her mind thoroughly imbued with their beauty. These were her lessons. She was determined not to fail; and as if aware that in this resolution she possessed the surest guarantee of success, she laboured unremittingly, and overcame obstacles which would have daunted a less hopeful spirit.

The pursuit of sculpture as an art has rarely been attempted by a woman, and difficulties met Maria at every step; still she allowed nothing to turn her from her purpose. She listened eagerly to every word of advice and instruction which she chanced to overhear her master giving to his pupils, and treasured all up in her memory; and afterwards, in her quiet hours, when she had time for reflection, or to pursue her studies, she turned this instruction to good account.

By this steady pursuit of her object, by her perseverance, and a careful economy of time, Maria made a progress that astonished the friends who were in her secret. At length she set to work upon a statue, on which she had bestowed long and anxious thought, and which she hoped to render worthy of public exhibition. She told no one of her project; and it was only in hours stolen from her daily duties, or, more frequently, from her nights' rest, that she could prosecute her work. Two years did the energetic girl labour on in secret, unaided even by the voice of encouragement, but supported by her own enthusiasm. At length the statue stood before her, a finished work! It was a statue of Minerva; and although by no means faultless in execution, its deficiencies in finish and proportion were compensated by a grandeur in the attitude and general expression, and a beauty in the features, which seemed almost inspired. The statue was completed; the last finishing touches were given to it; and Maria had it secretly conveyed to the hall in which the exhibition was to take place. The judges appointed to award the prize to the successful candidate were assembled; crowds flocked from all parts of Rome to the Capitol, and every seat was occupied. All were eagerly discussing the merits of the various works of art exhibited.

It so happened that Maria's master was president on this occasion, and it consequently fell to him to crown with a wreath of laurel the prize work of art selected by the judges. Maria, in her simple servant's dress, unnoticed and unsuspected, had followed in the crowd, and taken her seat in the gallery. With a beating heart she sat watching intently the progress of the ceremony. There was a breathless silence, and the opinion of the judges was at length declared—it was unanimous. Reader, can you imagine the feeling of mingled rapture and amazement which overpowered poor Maria, when she saw her master step forward, and, amidst the deafening applause of the assembled multitude, place the laurel crown upon the head of her Minerva? On every side she heard the praises of the statue, and of the talents of the unknown artist.

Maria returned home, silent and alone; and here a still greater joy, if possible, awaited her. She went back to her ordinary duties, but her face was flushed, and her whole frame fevered with excitement. Presently her master's bell rang, and she obeyed the summons: but when she now entered the room, she could control her emotions no longer. She fell on her knees, and bursting into tears, confessed her secret. Her master looked at her in silent astonishment and admiration, then raising her up, he overpowered her with questions as to the means by which she had attained such proficiency in an art so entirely removed from her sphere of life. Maria humbly and modestly related her story. She told him of the irrepressible desire which first determined her to be a sculptor—the study and labour she had devoted to the art—and all the hopes, the fears, and difficulties which she met and overcame. The good old man listened with deep interest; and embracing the poor girl affectionately, he promised to adopt her as his daughter and his pupil, assuring her that such a beginning augured the brightest success.

Maria's story was soon known throughout Rome, and a universal feeling of interest was awakened in the fate of the self-taught artist. She was courted and flattered, and received into the highest circles, all vieing to bestow the greatest honour on Maria la Fantesca; but her joy was no longer the same as that which had animated her in her secret hours of study, when, unknown and uncared for, she laboured on, stimulated only by the love of her pursuit, and the sole companion of her hopes and aspirations. Then, indeed, she had looked forward with rapture; she now looked backward on the past with satisfaction, but not wholly without regret.

Maria's triumph was of short duration: the brilliant star shone but for a moment, and then vanished. Whilst her fame was the universal theme in society at Rome, she was fast fading away. Excitement and over-study had undermined her health, and she fell a victim to a rapid decline. The poor girl had plucked the flower of her hopes, but only to see it wither in her grasp.

KIND WORDS.

They do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They never blister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not *cost* much, yet they accomplish much. 1. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. One cannot be in a habit of this kind, without thereby pecking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. Philosophers tell us that the angry words a man uses in his passion are fuel to the flame of his wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Why, then, should not words of the opposite character produce opposite results, and that most blessed of all passions of the soul, kindness, be augmented by kind words? People that are for ever speaking kindly, are for ever disinclining themselves to ill-temper. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. And kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They

soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings; and he has to become kind himself. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, hasty words, spiteful words, silly words, and empty words. Now kind words are better than the whole of them; and it is a pity that, among the improvements of the present age, birds of this feather might not have more of a chance than they have had to spread their wings. Kind words are in danger of being driven from the field, like frightened pigeons, in these days of boisterous words, and warlike words, and passionate words. They have not the brass to stand up, like so many grenadiers, and fight their own way through the throng. Besides, they have been out of use so long, that they hardly know whether they have any right to make their appearance any more in our bustling world; not knowing but that perhaps the world was done with them, and would not like their company any more. Let us welcome them back. We have not done with them. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used. We cannot spare them.—*New York Evangelist.*

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

The boldness of innocence, and the timidity of guilt, so often observed by moralists and poets, may be thus easily accounted for. The virtuous man is conscious of deserving nothing but reward: whom, then, should he fear? The guilty man is conscious of desert of punishment, and is aware that every one who knows of his offence desires to punish him; and as he is never certain but that every one knows it, whom can he trust? And still more, there is with the feeling of desert of punishment, a disposition to submit to punishment, arising from our own self-disapprobation and remorse. This depresses the spirit, and humbles the courage of the offender, far more than even the external circumstances by which he is surrounded. Thus says Solomon, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.'

> What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
> Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just,
> And he but naked; though locked up in steel
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
>
> —*Wayland's Moral Science.*

SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.

The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says a London journal, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence, it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market to-morrow, and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper-ore were sent from Australia to England last year, to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a 36 hours' process: saving all this useless freight of the 8400 tons of refuse, and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost of the value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates!

CURE FOR VAGRANCY IN INDIA.

The following very characteristic order has recently been issued by Sir Charles Napier, and very strongly recalls to mind the stringent laws against vagrancy promulgated in the days of Queen Elizabeth:—'The cantonment of Kurrachee is infested by vagabonds who came with the troops from Bombay. The police and bazaar-master are to arrest all such men as have no ostensible means of earning their bread, and send them back to the place from whence they came to Scinde. Those who do not belong to Bombay, are to be put to work on the roads for a month, and then liberated for three days; at the end of which time, if they do not find work, they are to be again sent to the road-gangs. There are good wages and plenty of work going on in Scinde! and the lieutenant-general, governor, will not allow vagabonds to be loose on the public to rob industrious people. This order to apply to all the other stations in Scinde.'

POETICAL ANTIDOTES.

Oh sing me a song about love, the fond true love of the olden lays,
Of undying faith, of heroic deeds, achieved in those glorious days
When chivalry's laws were omnipotent, and all save honour was given,
To win one sigh from the worshipped one—the sigh that makes earth a heaven!

Oh sing me a song of poesy, gushing forth from fount and rill,
Where nymphs reposed in wild wood shade at noontide bright and still,
Or fairy folk their revels held what time the moon did fling
A silver glare from her pale lamp to light the festive ring.

Oh sing me a song of music's joy when the bursting chorus rose,
And a hundred timbrels and harps of gold awoke that dread repose,
Where the depth profound of the solemn fane re-echoed sacred story,
And one sweet voice, heard lone and clear, called on the Lord of Glory!

Oh sing me a song of the sculptor's hall, but in mystic numbers sweet—
For 'tis holy ground! Be still, be hushed—here soul with soul doth meet;
Words but profane this solemn place, where, in wrapt illusion blest,
The weary heart of the world-worn man in the sculptor's hall may rest.

Oh sing me a song of the painter's fame, of that immortal art
Whose talisman calls into life and light the phantoms of the heart;
Before whose idols the people fall, nor dream as they pay their vow,
That 'tis to the genius of godlike man the souls of the vulgar bow!

Oh sing me a song about breathing flowers, and gardens, and happy groves,
Where birds and butterflies rove at will, and a thousand sportive loves;
Wreathe roses around the ancient trees, fling coronals in the air—
Ye gems of earth! ye lovely things! so fading, frail, and fair!

Of nature oh sing! of art divine—of aught that hath power to raise
The spirit, borne down and crushed beneath the weight of these leaden days;
Air, water, earth—I demand of ye a medicine for the soul:
But all will be vain till, Genius, thou dost consecrate the bowl!

C. A. M. W.

PLENTY FINERY, BUT NO AIR.

In a late newspaper, we observe an account of the decorations of a new steam-vessel which has begun plying between Glasgow and Liverpool. The painting, carving, and gilding are described as something beyond all previous efforts at steamboat embellishment. Not a word is said as to whether the cabins are ventilated. How often would passengers give up all the finery which surrounds them for a mouthful of that article so grudgingly dispensed in steamers—fresh air!

FINE SUMMER WEATHER.

The heat has now reached its climax. During the last three days the thermometer has been gradually rising up to blood heat, which it actually reached in many houses yesterday. The external air could be compared to nothing more appropriately than to the blast of a heated furnace.—*Calcutta paper, May 27.*

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 192. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE NOVEL-WRITER'S WORLD.

There is a point of view from which fiction may be studied with advantage, but from which I never had the pleasure of seeing it contemplated. There might, I think, be derived from this department of literature a great sense of thankfulness that the actual world was not, as the fictitious one is, of the novelist's creation. It is very true that the fictionist makes a number of much more entirely virtuous men and women than the Author of nature has done; but then comes in the sad drawback that they are thinly sown, and mixed up with such a set of horrid people of all kinds, that they are of no manner of use but to be married at last, or at least to live happily all the rest of their days after the novel is concluded. The question is, if a world composed of a few Mr Allworthys, and Lady Bountifuls, and Lord Trueloves, in connection with a host of such indifferent characters as the novelist deals in, would answer. I say not. The villain of the piece would to a certainty have us murdered, or at least cast in a ruinous lawsuit, before Mr Allworthy could come to the rescue or hear of our case. Virtuous innocence would have no chance, for it would be found that that system of making a heroic peasant of the name of William Hawthorn spring out of the wood, to play off an irresistible sapling cut from the last hedge, would not work in real life. It would always be ten to one against the worthy fellow coming at the proper time. I have great doubts, moreover, if those admirable reduced widows, who live in cottages or fifth floors, with paragons of daughters, would find themselves saved, in any considerable number of instances, from executions, by the happy return of long-lost sons with fortunes from India. The unparalleled inhumanity of the landlords of all poor widows' houses, in novels, would be too much for that set of amiable characters, and the consequences would be extremely distressing.

One great result of our having the novel-writer's creation established, would be a putting down of that vast class, the 'good enough people.' Now I much fear that we should not do nearly so well in this world if we wanted that class. They serve an immense number of useful purposes those good enough people. The most of the new generation are brought into the world and educated by them—they raise the corn, furnish the butcher-meat, and import all the groceries required by mankind, not to speak of many other professional services. I don't know but they pay nearly the whole of the taxes. What we should do without such serviceable, albeit commonplace citizens, I cannot pretend to imagine. The novelists, indeed, would take care to provide us with a set of most romantic, and far more sinned against than sinning malefactors, who might be supposed to make up in some degree for the absence of the good folks; but I have doubts if a few amiable housebreakers and high-minded assassins would quite come to be the same thing. There could not fail to be some inconvenience felt from this great blank in society. Who knows but it might be fatal to the entire machine?

Another result would be a very general separation of the inclination from the ability to be liberal and generous. In the actual world, of the people who are able to be generous, there must be a very considerable number who are likewise disposed to be so; for how otherwise should our public charities be supported, not to speak of private benefactions, which we may also presume to be numerous? But if the novelist's world were established, all who had any money in their pockets would immediately become to the last degree selfish and hard-hearted, and there would be no liberality except amongst the coinless. It would obviously serve a poor purpose if we only found we could get names to bills from persons who had no credit at the bank, or invitations to dinner from individuals forced to live upon potatoes and point. It would help marvellously ill to get us over a difficulty, if every one we applied to were to say, 'My dear friend, I have all the wish in the world to oblige you, but I am myself at my wit's-end for half-a-crown.' It would only be tantalising to find the desire of advancing our fortunes exclusive to those who were themselves out of suits with fortune. Better, we would think, that all were iron-hearted alike. But the positive inconvenience of living in a world where rich people could in no way be bled, must strike everybody so forcibly, that it is scarcely necessary thus to dilate upon the subject. A world without heat, or light, or water, or some other of the great physical elements of existence, can be contemplated with some degree of patience, but not a world without a rich relation, or a friend susceptible of being squeezed.

It seems to me also very clear that the actual character of our relatives and associates in the world is greatly superior to what the novelists would give us. In the actual world, one often has a decent enough sort of uncle—perhaps half a father to one, supposing real fathers to be wanting—always sure to have an exhibition of lamb and sherry at his nephews' service on Sunday afternoons, and pretty sure to help handsomely in the outfit of nieces for marriage at home, or for expeditions to go and reside with married sisters in India. Now this the novelist would entirely deprive us of, giving us, instead, some rascally old dog who conceals wills in our favour, and treats us with all sorts of gross cruelties. Stepmothers of actual life are often exceedingly worthy creatures. I have known many who were a blessing to their adopted children. But the stepmothers of the novelist—what atrocious wretches they always are! That, too, were a bad exchange. Then as to persons connected with us in our affairs.

Did anybody ever know a novelist's steward or agent turn out aught but a rogue? Only imagine us obliged to commit our property to such persons as fiction can furnish for that purpose, what a beggarly reckoning should we have of it in a few years! Beyond a doubt, every estate in the country would, in a novelist's world, shift owners each generation. It must be owned that, in the ideal creation, we should probably have some small consolation in one of those exceedingly faithful and attached old servants who always insist upon sharing their ruined master's or mistress's fortunes without wages or perquisites. This may, however, be allowed, and still the balance will be vastly in favour of the real world, seeing that the stewards of that creation are usually worthy persons, doing their best for their employers' interest, and thus saving them from all occasion to evoke the disinterestedness of their inferior domestics.

There are a few features of the novelist's creation that I am not quite sure about. For instance, that certainty of murder coming out. One somehow feels it to be an unpleasant peculiarity of the actual world that a throat may be cut, and the doer of the deed escape detection. It seems much preferable that the guilty man should be sure to be exposed by some bloody handkerchief, or some marks of his feet on the floor, or some bone discovered in digging a well, as is the common case in novels; so that he is sure to be punished for his crime. On the other hand, there are so many things to give us a general assurance of the good management of Providence, that we may perhaps be allowed to doubt if a certainty in the detection of murder would be an improvement. It is just possible that the tightening of this apparently loose screw might lead to the unfastening of some other of greater importance, in which case we might wish that murder was once more concealable. Since there is a doubt, however, I am willing that the novelists should have the benefit of it. It will not serve them much.

Finally, in one grand particular the novelist's world is so much inferior to that which actually exists, that even the most determined lovers of excitement may be happy to think that there is no fear of the one being exchanged for the other. I allude to the infinitely higher strain of romance attaching to the character of the persons and events of the actual world. Not that the novelist would not willingly give us as much romance in character and incident as we chose to have; but then we do not choose to have much from him, always demanding that he shall consult probability, or our notion of the average of things, and refusing to him whatever seems to trespass in the least upon the domains of extravagance. For this reason, the fiction-world is necessarily a tame equable sort of world. Very different is the world of actuality, where one day a Bonaparte rises to astonish mankind, and another day ships take upon themselves to sail against wind and tide, and men begin to journey from London to Edinburgh between breakfast and supper. Men, too, do such strange things in the actual world—things come about in such odd ways—life is so full of whimsical surprises, and happy coincidences, and entirely original trains of events, that there is no end to our entertainment. In the progress of science, a liberal mind can never be without something like a continual feast. Even the newspaper of the day presents in general such wondrous doings in some part or other of the world, in public or in private affairs, that the best romances are apt to appear tame in comparison.

I return, then, to the expression of thankfulness with which I started—that we live in the actual, and not in a fictitious world.

'TIS USELESS TRYING.

'You will never succeed—'tis useless trying,' was the answer we received one day when talking of something quite unimportant to you, dear reader, but very near our own heart. The voice was one we always listen to, and not seldom follow; but this time its discouraging arguments were unheeded. We *did* try, and we *did* succeed.

The fact set us moralising on the good or evil tendency of these three words—'Tis useless trying.' And the conclusion we came to was this, that for one vain idea dispelled, one wild project overturned by their prudent influence, these chilling words have rung the knell of a hundred brilliant and life-sustaining hopes, and paralysed into apathy a thousand active and ardent minds, who might otherwise have elevated themselves, and helped the world on in its progress. What would America have been if that strong-hearted Columbus had been discouraged by sneers and arguments about the uselessness of his attempt to discover a new world? Or where would have been Newton's stupendous theory, if, at the commencement of his researches, some meddling friend at his ear had whispered, 'Don't try; you will be sure to fail?' In aid of the 'Never-try' doctrine comes vanity, with its potent arguments that no attempt at all is better than a failure. We deny the fact *in toto*. Should a man fail in a project too high for him, he at least becomes acquainted with the extent of his own powers; he loses that inflated self-exaltation which is the greatest bane to real merit; and in finding his own level, he may yet do well. And better, far better, that all the pretenders in the world should sink back into deserved obscurity, than that one spark of real talent should be extinguished by the cold-hearted check—'Tis useless trying!' Now, having prosed enough, let us enlighten our arguments by a story.

Between ten and twenty years ago—the precise date is immaterial—there was in the city of New York a barber's apprentice, a young boy named Reuben Vandrest. His Dutch lineage was shown by his surname, which, in course of years and generations, had been corrupted from Van der Dest to Vandrest, while for his Scriptural Christian name he was indebted to a worthy Quaker, his maternal grandfather, who had come over with William Penn. These names were, in truth, all the boy owed to his progenitors, as from his cradle he had been an orphan, cast on the charity of the wide world. But the excellent sect to which Reuben's mother had belonged, is one of the few who never cast the lambs from their bosom, and the orphan child was not deserted. The Friends took care of him; and when he was able to earn a livelihood, one of their number received him as an apprentice. Such was the short and simple story of the barber's boy.

Without entering on metaphysics, every human being has some inner life which the world outside knows nothing of. Thus from his earliest childhood the passion of Reuben Vandrest had been music. He would follow the itinerant minstrels of the city through one street after another, often thus losing his meals, his rest, everything except his schooling, which precious thing he was too wise to throw away even for music. He made friendships with blind pipers, Italian hurdy-gurdyists, and, above all, with wandering fiddlers; for, with an intuitive perception, the violin—the prince of stringed instruments—was his chief favourite. From all and each of these wandering musicians Reuben was intent on gaining something: they were won by his childish manners and his earnest admiration—for love of praise is the same in a blind fiddler as in an opera-singer—and by degrees Reuben not only listened, but learned to play. No instrument came amiss to him; but his sole private property was an old fife: and with

this simplest of all orchestral varieties the poor barber's boy used to creep to his garret, and there strive, with his acute ear and retentive memory, to make out the tunes he had heard in the streets, or invent others.

But the grand era in the boy's life was coming. One day as he stood wistfully looking at a violin which he held in his arms fondly and lingeringly, prior to returning it to its right owner, a poor street musician, the idea of its construction first entered Reuben's mind. He had been accustomed to regard a violin as a mysterious thing—a self-creating, sound-producing being; and never once had he considered of what it was made, or how. Now he began to peer into its mysteries, and to find out that it was only wood and catgut after all. He questioned his friend the fiddler, but the man had scraped away during a lifetime without once casting a thought on the mechanism of his instrument. True, he could replace a broken string, and at times even manufacture a bridge with his penknife, but that was all. When Reuben inquisitively wanted to learn how violins were made, the fiddler shook his head, and said he did not know.

'Do you think I could make one?' pursued the anxious boy.

A burst of laughter, so cuttingly derisive, that Reuben's face grew crimson, was the only answer. 'Why, you little simpleton,' cried the fiddler when his mirth had subsided, 'surely you'll not be so silly as to try? You could as soon build a house.'

'But violins must be made by somebody.'

'Yes, by people who know all about it; not by a lad like you. Take my advice, and don't try.'

Reuben said no more; but he could not get the idea from his mind. Every violin that he saw he begged to look at: he examined the varieties of construction, the sort of wood used, the thickness and fashion of the strings; and after weeks of consideration, he at last determined to try and make one for himself. During the long light summer nights, he worked hour after hour in his garret, or on the roof of the house; his natural mechanical skill was aided by patience and ardour; and with the few tools which he borrowed from the good-natured carpenters who had given him the wood, he succeeded in forming the body of the violin. But here a long cessation took place in Reuben's toil; for he had not even the few pence necessary to purchase strings; and the bow, which he could not make, it was utterly out of his power to buy. He sat looking in despair at the half-finished instrument—a body without a soul—and even his fife could not console him.

But one day a kind-hearted customer noticed the slight pale-looking boy who had arranged his locks so gently and carefully, and Reuben became the glad recipient of a dollar. He flew to buy catgut and an old bow, and with trembling hands stringed his instrument. Who can describe the important moment? Leverrier's crowning calculation for the new planet, Lord Rosse's first peep through his giant telescope, are little compared to poor Reuben's first attempt to draw sounds from his violin. The sounds came; string after string was tuned; the bow was applied; and the violin had a soul! Feeble and thin the notes were, but still they were distinct musical tones; and the boy hugged his self-made treasure to his beating heart, actually sobbing with joy.

He played tune after tune; he never noticed that evening darkened into night; he forgot his supper; he forgot too—what but for his musical enthusiasm would long since have come into his mind—that though the childish fife might pass muster in the house of his master, a violin never would. The good Quaker, one of the strictest of his sect, thought music was useless, sinful, heathenish; and a fiddler in his eyes was equal with a thief. Therefore who can picture Reuben's consternation when his garret-door opened, and his master stood before him? Reuben bore all Ephraim's wrath in silence, only he took care to keep his darling violin safe from the storm, by pressing it closely in his arms.

'Thou hast been neglecting thy work and stealing fiddles,' cried the angry man.

'I have not neglected my work,' timidly answered the boy; 'and I have not stolen the violin—indeed I have not.'

'How didst thou get it?'

'I made it myself.'

Old Ephraim looked surprised. All the music in the world was nothing to him, but he had a fancy for mechanical employments, and the idea of making a violin struck him as ingenious. He examined it, and became less angry. 'Will it play?' asked he.

Reuben, delighted, began one of his most touching airs; but his master stopped him. 'That will do,' said he; 'I only want to see if it sounds—all tunes are the same. And I suppose thou wilt turn musician?'

Reuben hung his head and said nothing.

'Well, that thou canst never do, so I would advise thee not to try. Forget the fiddle, and be a good barber. However, I will say no more; only thou must play out of doors next time.'

But all the discouragements of the old Quaker could not repress Reuben's love for music. He cut, and curled, and shaved, as in duty bound, and then fled away to his violin. From the roof of the house his music went forth; and in this most original sonnet-room, with the open sky above him, and the pert city sparrows, now used to his melody, hopping by his side, did the boy gradually acquire the first secrets of his art. It is needless to enumerate the contrivances he resorted to for instruction—how he wandered through the streets with his violin at night, to gain a few cents wherewith to purchase old music; and how he gradually acquired skill, so as to be admitted into a wandering band.

One night when this primitive orchestra was engaged for a ball at a private house in the city, the first violin mysteriously disappeared. In this dilemma young Reuben found courage to offer himself as a substitute. It was a daring thing. The other musicians first laughed at him; then heard him play the part, which no one else could take; and finally suffered him to try. For the first time in his life the barber's boy witnessed the glare of a ball. It seemed to him a fairy scene: he was dazzled, bewildered, excited, and in his enthusiasm he played excellently. The night wore away; the dancers seemed never weary; not so the aching fingers of the musicians. Reuben especially, to whom the excitement was new, grew more and more exhausted, and at last, just as he had finished playing a waltz, fell fainting from his chair. Most of the gay couples passed on—it was only a poor musician; but one young girl, in whom the compassionate and simple nature of a child had not been swept away by the formalities of young ladyhood, held a glass of water to the boy's lips.

'Cora Dacres bringing to life a fainting fiddler!' said a tittering voice. 'Oh what a nice story when we go back to school!'

The girl turned round indignantly, saying, 'Cora Dacres is never ashamed of doing what is right. Are you better now?' she added gently to poor Reuben, who had opened his eyes.

The boy recovered, and she disappeared again among the dancers; but many a time did the auburn curls, and soft, brown, sympathising eyes of the little school-girl float before the vision of Reuben Vandrest; and the young musician often caught himself repeating to his sole confidant—his violin—the pretty name he had heard on his waking, and dimly recognised as hers—Cora Dacres.

Long before he was twenty-one, Reuben had entirely devoted himself to the musical profession. The turning-point in his career was given by a curious incident. One moonlight night, as he was playing on the roof as usual, he saw a head peep out from the uppermost window of the opposite house. This head was drawn in when he ceased playing, and again put forward as soon

as he recommenced. A natural feeling of gratified vanity prevented the young man from yielding to his first shy impulse of retiring; and besides, sympathy in anything relating to his art was so new to Reuben, that it gave him pleasure to be attentively listened to even by an unknown neighbour over the way. He threw all his soul into his violin, and played until midnight.

Next day, while at his duties in his master's shop, the apprentice was sent for to the house opposite. Reuben went, bearing the insignia of his lowly trade; but instead of a patient customer, he saw a gentleman who only smiled at his array of brushes.

'I did not send for you to act as barber,' said the stranger in English, which was strongly tinctured with a foreign accent, 'but to speak to you about the violin-playing which I heard last night. Am I rightly informed that the performer was yourself?'

'It was, sir,' answered Reuben, trembling with eagerness.

'Who taught you?'

'I myself.'

'Then you love music?'

'With my whole heart and soul!' cried the young man enthusiastically.

The stranger skilfully drew from Reuben the little history of himself and his violin, and talked to him long and earnestly. 'You have a true feeling for that noble art, to which I, too, belong,' he said. 'You may have many difficulties to encounter; but never be discouraged—you will surmount them all. You have had many hindrances; but listen, and I will tell you what befell me at your age. I once came, a poor boy like you, to the greatest capital in Europe, my heart full of music, but utterly without means. My only wealth was my violin. I left it one day in my poor chamber, while I went out to buy a loaf with my last coin. When I came back, my violin was gone! It had been stolen. May God forgive me for the crime I contemplated in my mad despair! I rushed to the river; I plunged in: but I was saved from the death I sought, and saved to live for better things. My friend,' continued the musician after a long silence, during which his face was hidden by his hands, 'in all the trials of your career remember this, and take warning.'

'I will—I will!' cried Reuben, much moved.

'And now, after having told you this terrible secret in my life, it is as well that I should not reveal my name; and besides, it could do you no good, as I set out for Europe to-morrow. But should you ever be in Paris, come to this address, leave this writing, and you will hear of me.'

The gentleman wrote some lines in a foreign language, which Reuben could not make out, though among his musical acquaintance he had gained a little knowledge of both French and Italian. He then gave Vandrest the address, and bade him adieu. The young man long pondered over this adventure, and it was the final point which made him relinquish a trade so unpleasing to him for the practice of his beloved art.

It is a mistake to suppose that the profession of music is an easy, careless life, to which any one may turn who has a distaste for more solid pursuits. In no calling is intellectual activity and arduous study more imperatively required. He who would attain to even moderate eminence in it, must devote years of daily patient toil to dry and uninteresting branches of study. A poet may be one by nature: it is utterly impossible that a musician can be great without as deep science as ever puzzled a mathematical brain. He must work—work—every inch of his way; must dig the foundation, and enrich the soil, before he can form his garden and plant his flowers. Thus did our young ex-barber of New York: he studied by science what he had before learned through his natural genius, and rose slowly and gradually in his profession. Sometimes his slight and ordinary appearance, which made him look more boyish than he really was—his quaint old-world name—and, above all, a simplicity and Quaker-like peculiarity in his dress and manner, aroused the ridicule of his companions, who followed music more for show than through real genius and love of the art. But the story of his early perseverance always disarmed them; and it was a common saying, with reference to young Vandrest, that he who could make a violin, would surely learn to play it.

By degrees the young violinist rose into note, and became received into society where he could hardly have dreamed that he should ever set his foot. But it is a happy peculiarity in the domestic manners of the new world, that real talent ever finds its way, and takes its own rank in society. Thus many a rich citizen was pleased to welcome to his house Mr Vandrest, the young and unassuming musician, whose gentle manners and acknowledged talent were equally prized. The barber's apprentice of New York was utterly forgotten, or only thought of as a proof of how much a man's fortune lies in his own hands, if he will only try.

In one of those elegant reunions which were established when worthy Brother Jonathan was first beginning to show his soul and mind—when Bryant's songs, and Allston's pictures, and Channing's lectures, first gave evidence of transatlantic genius—Vandrest again heard the name which had never utterly gone from his memory through all his vicissitudes—Cora Dacres. He turned round, and saw the altered likeness of the girl who had held the water to his lips on the night of the ball. She had grown into womanly beauty; but he remembered the face still. She had not the faintest memory of him—how could it be so? Light and darkness were not more different than the pleasing, intellectual, gentlemanlike man who was introduced to her, and the pale, angular, ill-clad boy whom she had pitied and aided. Sometimes Vandrest thought he would remind her of the circumstance; but then a vague feeling of sensitiveness and shame, not entirely the result of the memory of those poverty-stricken days, prevented him. He went home, and again his old violin might have heard breathed over it the name of Cora Dacres; but this time not in boyish enthusiasm for whatever was pleasing and beautiful, but in the first strong, all-absorbing love of manhood, awakened in a nature which was everyway calculated to receive and retain that sentiment in its highest, purest, and most enduring character.

Reuben Vandrest (hate him not, dear reader, for having so unheroike a name: I will engage that, if Cora loved him, she thought it most beautiful; and so would you, if any one dear to you bore the same): well, Reuben Vandrest, who had hitherto cared for nothing on earth but his violin, soon learned to regard Miss Dacres with the enthusiastic attachment of an earnest and upright nature; for with all the allurements of a musical career, Reuben continued as simple-minded and guileless in character as the primitive sect from which he sprung. And Cora was worthy to inspire the love of such a man: whether she returned it or not, Reuben did not consider—he was too utterly absorbed in the new delight of loving, and of loving her, to think of asking himself the question. He visited at her house, and became a favourite with her father—a would-be amateur, who took pleasure in filling his drawing-rooms with musicians, and treating them as costly and not disagreeable playthings.

But at last Mr Dacres was roused from his apathy by the evident and close friendship between his daughter and young Vandrest. Though he liked the violinist well enough, the hint of Reuben marrying Cora sounded ill in the ears of the prudent man, especially when given by one of those odious good-natured friends with whom the world abounds. The result was a conversation between himself and Vandrest, in which, utterly bewildered and despairing, poor Reuben declared his hidden and treasured love, first with the shrinking timidity of a man who sees his inmost heart rudely laid bare, and then with the firmness given by a conscious-

ness that there is in that heart nothing for which an honest man need blush.

'I am sorry for you, Mr Vandrest,' said the blunt yet not ill-meaning citizen. 'But it is impossible that you can ever hope for Cora's hand.'

'Why impossible?' said the young man, recovering all his just pride and self-possession. 'I am not rich; but I have an unspotted name, and the world is all before me. Do you object to my profession?'

'By no means; a musician is an honourable man, just as much so as a storekeeper.'

At any other time, the very complimentary comparison would have made Reuben smile; but now he only answered, while the colour deepened on his cheek, 'Is it because of my early life? My father was of good family; but, it may be, you would blush to remember that your daughter's husband once served in a barber's shop?'

'My dear sir,' said Mr Dacres, 'you forget we are Americans, and talent and wealth are our only aristocracy. The first you undoubtedly possess; but without the second, you cannot marry Cora; and there is no chance of your ever becoming a rich man.'

'Will you let me try?' eagerly cried Vandrest.

'It would be of no use; you could not succeed.'

'I could—I could!' exclaimed the young man impetuously. 'Only let me hope. I would try anything to win Cora!'

And in this earnestness of love did Reuben pursue his almost hopeless way. He had pledged his word that he would not speak of his love to Cora, that he would not try to win hers—this her father imperatively demanded; but Mr Dacres also promised that he would leave his daughter free, nor urge her to accept any other husband during the three years of absence that he required of Reuben Vandrest.

They parted—Reuben and Cora—with the outward seeming of ordinary acquaintance; but was it likely that a love so deep and absorbed as that of the young musician should have been entirely suppressed by him, and unappreciated by her who was its object? They parted without any open confession; but did not Cora's heart follow the wanderer as he sailed towards Europe?—did she not call up his image, and repeat his unmusical name, as though it had contained a world of melody in itself?—and did she not feel as certain in her heart of hearts that he loved her, as if he had told her so a hundred times?

When Vandrest was preparing for the voyage, he accidentally found the long-forgotten note of the stranger musician. It directed him to Paris; and to Paris he determined to proceed, as all Europe was alike to one who knew not a single soul on the wide expanse of the old world. He arrived there; and found in his unknown friend the kind-hearted and talented Swede, who, on the death of Paganini, had become the first violinist in the world—Ole Bull.

The success of the young American was now made sure. The great violinist had too much true genius to fear competitors, and no mean jealousy kept him from advancing the fortunes of Vandrest by every means in his power. Reuben traversed Europe, going from capital to capital, everywhere making friends, and, what was still more important to him, money. He allowed himself no pleasures, only the necessaries of life; and laid up all his gains for the one grand object of his care—the acquiring a fortune for Cora. He rarely heard of her; he knew not but that her love might change; and sometimes a sense of the utter wildness of his project came upon him with freezing reality. But intense love like his, in an otherwise calm and unimpassioned nature, acquires a strength unknown to those who are alive to every passing impulse; and Reuben's love,

'By its own energy, fulfilled itself.'

Ere the three years had expired, he returned to America, having realised a competence. With a beating heart the young musician stood before his mistress, told her all his love, and knew that she loved him too. It was very sweet to hear Cora reveal, in the frankness of her true heart, which felt no shame for having loved one so worthy, how her thoughts had continually followed her wandering lover, and how every success of his had been doubly sweet to her. But human happiness is never unmixed with pain; and when Cora looked at the altered form of her betrothed, his sunken and colourless face, and his large bright eyes, a dreadful fear took possession of her, and she felt that joy itself might be bought with too dear a price. It was so indeed. Reuben's energy had sustained him until came the reaction of hope fulfilled, and then his health failed. A long illness followed. But he had one blessing; his affianced wife was near him; and amidst all her anguish, Cora felt thankful that he had come home first, and that it was her hand and her voice which now brought comfort to her beloved, and that she could pray he might live for her.

And Reuben did live. Love struggled with death, and won the victory. In the next year, in the lovely season of an American spring, the musician wedded his betrothed, and took her to a sweet country home, such as he had often dreamt of when he used to sit on summer evenings on the house-top in New York looking at the blue sky, and bringing music from his rude violin. And in Reuben's pleasant home was there no relic more treasured than this same violin, which had first taught him how much can be done with a brave heart and a good courage to try.

Reader, the whole of Reuben Vandrest's life was influenced by his acting up to that little word—'try!' Two old proverbs—and there is much sterling wisdom in old proverbs—say, 'Everything must have a beginning,' and 'No man knows what he can do until he tries.' Now, kind reader, keep this in mind; and never, while you live, damp the energies of yourself or of any other person by the heartless and dangerous sentence, ''Tis useless trying.'

CLOUDS.

Clouds have long done good service in the cause of the poet and the moralist: the one has found them objects of grandeur and beauty; the other, emblems of the vanity and perishableness of human ambition and human life. But the endless variety of form, hue, and appearance assumed by clouds, is no longer the exclusive property of fancy; the philosopher has classified and reduced them to a certain degree of order; and as observations accumulate, they will become as important in the interpretation of what are at present atmospheric parables, as they have been in illustrating a thought or pointing a moral.

To Luke Howard is due the credit of first giving distinctly recognisable names to certain forms of clouds. The terms which are intended to express the different appearances are—*cirrus*, *cumulus*, and *stratus*. The first and last of these are the two extremes of cloud formations the most widely separated; between them, however, various combinations occur, which are described by different combinations of the words—*cirrostratus*, *cirrocumulus*, *cumulostratus*, and *cirro-cumulo-stratus*.

Observations on the weather require a large share of patience and perseverance on the part of the observer, as a great number of facts must be recorded before the slightest approach can be made towards the establishment of a law. These qualities, with a moderate degree of intelligence, are sufficient to enable any one to institute a course of daily and systematic observation, the results of which might prove of high value in the hands of the scientific. A treatise* just published at Prague

* Ueber die Periodischen Erscheinungen am Wolkenhimmel. Prague: 1846.

by Karl Fritsch, a member of the Bohemian Academy, is an instance of what may be accomplished by diligence. The author, *aided by his sister*, has maintained a series of hourly and daily observations on the clouds during several years—the form, mass, outline, colour, all have been noticed; and the general conclusions appear to be suggestive and interesting.

Stratus is the long level layer of cloud seen frequently at sunrise or in rainy weather, resting apparently upon the horizon. When the vesicles of which it is composed are so loosely diffused as not to prevent the view of distant objects, it comes under the designation of fog or mist. Its formation commences with the exhalations that rise from the earth immediately after sunset; for some time after sunrise, they remain condensed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, where the masses of air are not yet sufficiently warmed to prevent their accumulation. As the warmth increases, currents of air begin to ascend more or less rapidly, carrying the stratus upwards into the higher and colder regions of the atmosphere, where further condensation takes place, producing cumulus and cumulostratus, until the region is reached where the temperature is at the freezing point; the mist is then converted into a mass of floating crystals, forming those light feathery clouds classed under the term cirrus.

Cumulus is that massy spherical form of cloud described by sailors as the 'ball of cotton.' It is sometimes piled in such gigantic heaps, as to resemble a mountain range covered with snow; forming, with its various colours, the grandest spectacle in cloud-physics. In fine weather, it is the cumuli which first appear; and for several days together they may be seen going through the process of accumulation and dispersion with the regularity of an established routine. Some hours after sunrise, when the temperature of the air increases rapidly, cumuli rise slowly out of the stratus, and collect in huge masses in the east. That their formation is influenced by the sun, is shown by their following him in his course; at mid-day they are in the south, and in the evening in the west. They gradually increase in bulk until the temperature reaches its maximum, after which they decrease, till, just before sunset, they disappear. At other times, while new cumuli are added from below, cirri are rapidly thrown off above; a portion of the former pass into the form of cumulostratus—a layer or bank of cloud with cumuli resting upon it—and the cirri become cirrostratus. If the process continue, other formations originate from these four varieties of cloud—cirrocumulus, and cirro-cumulo-stratus. The transition from one to the other is so gradual, that a quick eye, and rapidity of discrimination, are required to enable the observer to pronounce between them. The cloud last mentioned may be confounded with the *nimbus*, or rain-cloud; and in fact, partaking, as it does, of all the formations, it frequently gives off copious showers, which, reproducing the stratus—the formation of every kind of cloud at the same time—may often be seen in rainy weather.

Cirrus, as before described, is the light feathery cloud seen in the highest regions of the atmosphere. Among seafaring men it is known as 'cat's-tail;' and although consisting of frozen particles, it is the most changeable in appearance of all the clouds. Sometimes it has the form of a cluster of threads—more commonly of filaments—crossing each other so as to resemble an immense network, with the knots at the intersections. At other times it has a fleecy, shaggy appearance, moving along with a lazy motion, until towards sunset, when it is condensed, through all the modifications, into a brightly-illuminated nimbus. The general direction of the filaments or parallel bands is from south-west to north-east. At the equator, Humboldt found it to run north and south, thus favouring the hypothesis that cirri are conductors between distant foci of electricity.

The simultaneous formation of the different kinds of cloud is more frequent in summer than in winter, owing probably to the greater height to which they ascend, and to the more frequent change of wind in the former season; it appears also to depend materially on the simultaneous movement of contrary currents of air. Cirri are produced in horizontal, cumuli in vertical currents. The formation of the first-named takes place gradually, and is most favoured by a south-west wind; the latter appear suddenly, the north-east wind being most favourable to their formation. Cirri are most frequently formed at changes of the weather; and when they undergo rapid alterations of form, assuming that of a bow or of a whirlpool, rain, it is said, will soon follow.

The outlines, mass, general appearance, and direction in which the clouds move, inform us respecting the condition of the higher regions of the atmosphere, which we are unable, except at rare intervals, to reach with instruments. The line, and duration of their movement, necessarily change with the winds, the change being least frequent where the clouds are highest. Cirri frequently follow the same direction during an entire day; while stratus, in the course of a few hours, will be drifted from every quarter of the compass. Taking the clouds in the regular order downwards—cirrus, cirrostratus, cirrocumulus, cirro-cumulo-stratus, cumulus, cumulostratus, and cumulus—there is no uniformity of motion among them; each formation seems to possess a movement peculiar to itself, in which, regarding them as a spectacle, their chief beauty perhaps consists. The early nations of the north were so impressed by these phenomena, as to interfuse their religion with their wildness and mystery: readers of Ossian will remember the succession of varied images which they furnished to the bard.

Sometimes the clouds appear to cling to a certain fixed point in the heavens, calm and motionless, indicating either a profound stillness in the air, or the prevalence of such relations in the distribution of heat, that the vapour borne by aërial currents can be thrown down only in one particular situation. The wind most favourable to the formation of clouds is the south-west, the least favourable the north-east; a fact easy of explanation. The south-west wind sweeps over the warm zones and the Atlantic, and reaches our latitudes charged with abundant vapours; while the north-east wind, on the contrary, brings us the cold dry air from the immense flat regions of Northern Asia. The fluctuations of the trade winds and monsoons, the predominance of one or the other wind, and the nature of the conflict which takes place at their semi-annual change, have a material influence upon the state of the atmosphere in the latitude of Britain. In the quarter where the currents meet, rain-clouds are formed, and on the oscillations of these essentially depend those atmospheric changes popularly termed 'weather.'

A mixture of cold and warm currents is required to produce rain, with such an amount of moisture as may suffice to saturate the whole. Immediately before thunder-storms or heavy showers, the cirrus sometimes suddenly thickens, and takes the form of cirro-stratus, while the cumuli, violently hurried aloft, are resolved into cumulostratus, and, together with the cirrus, condense into nimbus. The change in the form of clouds is not an arbitrary process: stratus does not become all at once cirrus; it assumes the latter form only by passing through the successive gradations, as already described. Clouds of a sharp, well-defined outline, betoken rain, their condensation being far beyond that of the loosely-piled masses. Those clouds which sweep along half-hidden in a ragged coat of mist, often detaching themselves from cumulus or cumulostratus, bring light showers. Hail clouds, more than any other, are enveloped in these mists, owing probably to the great depression of temperature in their vicinity. Rain seldom falls from the smaller cumuli, however numerous they may be, when they are equally distributed over the sky. Cumuli generally disappear at sunset; but sometimes they remain, and subside into cumulostratus—an indication that the upper regions of the atmosphere are approaching the point of complete satura-

tion, and about to discharge their contents. Thomson describes the process:—

'At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom.'

When the cumuli formed in the morning are not changed into cumulostratus, the continuance of fine weather may be expected, as those two conditions are required for the formation of nimbus. The latter cloud may always be known by its uniform gray tint, the individual forms of the masses of which it is composed being indistinguishable. The lower edges of nimbus have a fringed appearance, caused by the accumulation of falling drops. In continued rains, the approach of fair weather is foretold by the resolution of the nimbus or cirro-cumulo-stratus into the formations from which they originated, particularly when the transition is into cumulus or stratus; and the more rapidly this is effected, the nearer is the change in the weather. Shelley's vigorous and animated lines on the clouds eloquently depict the phenomena they present: he makes one say—

'I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.'

It is seldom that the clouds are completely motionless; the pleasure we feel in gazing on them is greatly enhanced by their various movements: their chief beauty, however, is to be found in their alternations of colour. Although the hues appear so numerous, they are produced from ten colours, chiefly combinations of red and green. Many variations of hue are naturally caused by the sun's rays: the lower clouds are shadowed by those above them. Green clouds are the rarest, and blue the most numerous; the next in order are red and yellow, modified by the different power of reflection. The ice crystals of the cirrus are good reflectors, while the cumuli reflect and refract the rays thrown down upon the stratus. The tints of the lower clouds are modified by reflected light from the earth, to which cause the green tint is perhaps to be attributed. We have described the gradual increase and diminution of cumulus between sunrise and sunset; the appearance of colours is consequently regulated by the same law: cirrus and stratus diminish while the sun is easterly, and increase when it is westerly—precisely the reverse of what takes place with regard to cumulus. The greatest variety of colour will be seen in the morning and evening, as the sun's rays then pass in long lines through the atmosphere, giving rise to endless effects of refraction and reflection, which are lost at mid-day, when the rays fall more direct.

The circle within which the clouds appear is twice as large in summer as it is in winter: in the latter season there is more condensation, and the masses occupy a lower position. According to Herr Fritsch, their formation appears to be governed by some law. Cirrostratus, cirrocumulus, and cumulus, are most abundant in winter; cirro-cumulo-stratus is less in quantity in the spring than in the other three portions of the year, during which it is equable. Cirri increase from February to May, and decrease from May to August; from August to October they again increase, and again diminish from October to February. Cumuli increase from January to July, and decrease in the latter half of the year. An opposite law prevails with regard to stratus: cumulostratus is most abundant at the summer solstice, and least abundant at the corresponding period in winter.

The clouds present other phenomena worthy of observation, among which their rising and falling most deserve attention. The real cause of their suspension in the atmosphere is not yet ascertained; the assumption is, that they are supported in their place by ascending currents of air acting on the whole mass of vesicles of which clouds are composed. Dependent as vegetation is upon the weather, it is clear that any means of arriving at certainty, with respect to its fluctuations, must be of essential importance to cultivators. The periodical and other phenomena exhibited in M. Fritsch's pages, are not exclusively confined in their effects to physical science: they have a bearing on the well-being of mankind. And notwithstanding the disposition to escape from the operation of natural laws, society is inevitably influenced by their periodicity.

A VISIT TO ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

Having heard much of this remarkable seminary from friends brought up within its walls, I had long had a desire to see it. Accordingly, when, a few weeks ago, an opportunity of visiting it in company with some friends who were going thither to attend the general meeting presented itself, I gladly embraced it. Assembling at Manchester, we proceeded by railway to Wakefield, and thence, by a cross-country conveyance, to Ackworth, which lies about a mile off the road between that town and Doncaster. We arrived in time for a hasty dinner at the Temperance Hotel; but the impatience of my friends to see their relatives soon hurried us off to the school, where we found as fine an assemblage of healthy-looking youths as ever graced any playground in England. Some were engaged in their sports, some were busied in their little gardens; but by far the greater number were clustering round the porter's-lodge, on the look-out for the friends whom they expected to arrive. The school is built on a gentle slope, and forms three sides of a square; and being entirely of stone, has a very handsome appearance. The principal building, which fronts to the south, contains the boys' dormitories and dining-room, the committee-room, the reading-room, the library, and other offices belonging to the school. On the east side, connected with the principal building by a colonnade, are the meeting-house and the school-rooms; and on the other side, connected in a similar manner, is what is called the girls' side, containing their school-rooms, dining-room, dormitories, &c. all under the same roof. The fourth side is filled up by the gardens, which are extensive, and tastefully laid out, and at the same time turned to a very profitable use. There is also a space of ground at the end of the school-rooms apportioned out for the boys' gardens—to each a certain length and breadth—and great is the emulation among them as to who shall make the finest display of horticultural skill. In the middle is the green or playground, divided into two parts, for boys and girls, by a flagged walk, which runs the whole length, and forms a sort of neutral ground, on which both sexes may meet.

The Friends, it is well known, date their origin from the times of George Fox, their original founder; and though by no means distinguished by their zeal for proselytism, they have since then continued to increase. At the present time, they form a very numerous, respectable, and wealthy body, distinguished in a remarkable degree by their love of social improvement, and their hatred of war and other barbarisms. The want of a great school was long felt among them; at length, about seventy years ago, the present building, which had formerly been a foundling hospital, was purchased,

and appropriated to the purpose. Since then, Ackworth School has continued open, without a vacation, to the present time. Many alterations and improvements have been, and are now being made; and in a short time this school will be able to vie with any of the kind in England. The number of pupils at present is upwards of three hundred, of both sexes. The boys are instructed by six or seven masters and ushers—the latter called apprentices—in all the branches of a liberal English education. There is also a Latin class; but this is not very far advanced. The girls are under the guidance of the same number of governesses and their apprentices; and over the whole school is placed an able superintendent, who was himself a scholar here. The external affairs of the school are regulated by two committees—one composed of country Friends, which meets monthly at the school; while the other, to which the financial matters are exclusively committed, meets in London. This year, for the first time, the committees have decided upon trying a new experiment in the government of the school—that of giving a summer vacation for five weeks—which, if it works well, is in future to be the established custom of the school.

We proceeded on a tour of inspection through a well-lighted and ventilated corridor, running the whole length of the principal building, to the kitchens, well worthy of such an establishment. It is right to state that the school is a complete colony in itself, having within its walls its own baker, cobbler, tailor, &c.; not to forget its own doctor's shop. The immense pile of loaves in the bakehouse (nearly half a ton of ten-pound loaves), gave goodly evidence of the daily doings; and the baker assured us, with an air of nonchalance, that 'he did not suppose he should have to bake above twice more in the course of the week'—(this being Tuesday)—'for in this hot weather the lads' appetites were but middling!' A visit to a wonderful machine, which usurped the office of a shoe-black in a most successful manner, completed our survey; and we retired to our lodgings in the village, which had been retained for us by mine host, highly pleased with what we had seen.

Next morning we repaired again as early as possible to the school; and the scene which presented itself to our notice was peculiarly interesting. The occasion of the general meeting had attracted Friends from all quarters in great numbers; and many of those who had friends and relations among the pupils, having found them out, were promenading about the green in all directions. Here might be seen some fond father with two tall girls clinging round him; there a group of lads round some female relative, who was detailing to them the latest news from home. One benevolent old man was walking up and down with a crowd of both sexes, most of them children of his friends, who had no fathers or mothers of their own there to walk with them. All was quiet gaiety and enjoyment. Old gentlemen from different parts of the country were gravely discussing the state of the crops, and other matters of general interest; demure-looking young Quakers, as they walked by, were throwing sly glances in the direction of the females, who, like other young ladies on similar occasions, endeavoured to look as amiable as possible. In one corner Mr Samuel Gurney, brother to the late estimable Joseph John Gurney and to Mrs Elizabeth Fry, with his fine white head and his lion-like port, had a crowd of lads assembled round him; and after a long and suitable oration, was exhorting them to behave themselves well during the ensuing vacation, and show themselves worthy of the indulgence, concluded by promising to each of them sixpence as pocket-money to take home;* a generosity which was received with universal applause. Suddenly, however, all was bustle and confusion; the bell for meeting for worship, by which the proceedings commenced, rang forth; each sex hurried off to their respective quarters, from which, in a short time, they re-emerged in a state of preparation—the girls, in white tippets and sleeves, looking particularly neat.

When worship, which lasted about two hours, was concluded, a meeting was held for the transaction of business, to which strangers, like myself, were not admitted. However, I managed to find amusement in the croft behind the school, which was converted into a temporary playground: and truly the lads scattered up and down, each group pursuing its own particular amusement, formed a very picturesque sight. Some were strolling along the banks of a small stream which ran along the bottom of the field, endeavouring to form whistles out of the rushes which they found there; some were converting the drying-poles into gymnastic apparatus; others, among whom were many young men, former pupils of the school, revisiting the old spot at this festive season, for whom the discussion of business matters possessed few charms, were engaged in a game of cricket. Leap-frog, however, seemed to be the greatest favourite; many rows, according to their sizes and capabilities of 'setting a back,' were stretched out in long lines in various parts of the field: all were enjoying themselves as heartily as if there were no such thing as a public examination impending. No doubts, no hesitation, no gloomy forebodings of being 'plucked,' as I have seen in my own school-days, seemed to disturb any one—all were merry and light-hearted. Few scenes more illustrative of unrestrained happiness and enjoyment could well be imagined. From thence I proceeded to view the improvements which were in progress. The village of Ackworth is divided into two parts—higher and lower—about half a mile distant from each other. Higher Ackworth partakes most of the influence of the school: a considerable addition to it is being made by the new buildings in course of erection by the committee for the reception of their various artisans.

After dinner the examination commenced. The whole body of Friends present were divided into eight committees; and to each committee a class was assigned for examination. The head class and the Latin class were reserved for the following day; and with this exception, the whole business was to be got through in one afternoon. Having obtained permission from the committee to attend, I, after visiting all the classes in succession, attached myself at last to the eighth—that is to say, the senior class in the school but one. The examination was quite open, though conducted in part by the respective masters. Every Friend present on the committee was at liberty to put whatever questions he pleased to the boys. Each class, according to its standing, displayed in its various branches of study a proficiency not merely superficial, but one which appeared to proceed from a well-grounded knowledge of the subject of examination, and evinced by its answers the fruits of much care and perseverance on the part of its master. The only deficiency was, I thought, in the reading; and this was apparent throughout the whole school. The highest and the lowest class read with exactly the same intonation, the same pauses, and the same cadences: no difference between poetry and prose. In the signification of words, and in their derivations from Latin and Greek roots, the highest classes displayed great quickness; also in history and geography. The examination was, I believe, on the whole highly satisfactory; and many Friends expressed their pleasure at the great improvement which had taken place during the past year. Each committee drew up its own separate re-

* Since writing the above, I understand that Mr Gurney intends hiring a house at Scarborough, in which to keep those pupils, about thirty in number, who, being orphans, or from some other cause, have no home to go to during the vacation.

port, from which the general report was to be formed, and then the examination was over shortly after six. A stroll in the gardens, together with a game at 'prisoner's base' among the lads, concluded the day's proceedings.

At seven o'clock next morning the examination of the Latin class commenced. This was in two divisions —one, which was yet in the Delectus; and a few who were reading Cæsar's Commentaries. The examination was of course but short, the class being only of recent formation; but the knowledge evinced of grammar and of Latin construction would not have disgraced a class of like standing in any grammar-school. After breakfast the great business of the day came on—the examination of the senior class. At ten o'clock all the committees assembled for this purpose in the meeting-house, as affording more room for the increased number of spectators. The examination was essentially the same as that of the other classes, though of an advanced character — reading, spelling, derivation of words, grammar; and some excellent specimens of writing were handed about, which afforded good evidence of the proficiency of the rest of the school in that branch. The examination in mental arithmetic was very good; the lads often distancing their examiners in quickness of calculation, and nearly always proving to be right even in the fractions. The historical questioning—partly on English history, and partly on the history of the Friends as a body—was very satisfactorily answered; though one unlucky wight exultingly proclaimed that the chief religious principle of the Friends was abstinence from 'turn-down collars to their coats.' Had he been much older, I should have suspected him of a sly stroke of irony at some of the young gentlemen present, who, in the fulness of their dandyism, seemed inclined to abjure this ancient standard of their forefathers.

The examinations showed the pupils to have formed an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, and to be well versed in sacred history. The boys repeated whole psalms in unison, with numerous texts, inculcating the Christian duties—love, faith, prayer, &c. This was the concluding part of the examination, which lasted three hours. A meeting for worship concluded the proceedings, and nothing now remained of the Ackworth General Meeting for 1847 but the remembrance. When we returned from a short walk to view the Hounders's Institute, the throng had begun to thin, coaches were rolling off to the various railway stations, the green began to look almost deserted, and save the pupils, and a few friends who, like myself, were extending their stay till the next day, few of all that had but a few hours ago crowded the promenade remained. This Hounders's Institute, by the way, of which little save the foundations is yet visible, is intended as a sort of training college for the Society of Friends. The funds are derived from a very liberal bequest of the late Mr Hounders. It is situated on the hill directly opposite the school, and when finished, will no doubt be one of the finest places of the kind in England. After supper we visited the dormitories; and though more than an hour had elapsed since the boys had retired to bed, we did not find one asleep; all were either reading or conversing, yet as orderly as the most rigid disciplinarian could have wished. Though the night was hot, the excellent ventilation of these rooms kept them comparatively cool; and the moonlight view from the windows was delightful. In the distance, the rich corn-fields, just beginning to assume their golden hue; the smell arising from the newly-stacked hay coming sweetly through the still air; the gardens and the court below, lately so crowded, and now so utterly deserted, that not a creature was to be seen, nor a sound to be heard—contributed to cover this most unsentimental of all places—a school—with an air somewhat approaching to the romantic.

Next morning, after a plunge into the school baths, which are about half a mile distant, and a hearty breakfast, to which we had invited nearly a dozen delighted lads, we bade adieu to Ackworth—I, for my part, with regret that I had omitted so long to visit a place where I had had so much enjoyment; for though not a member of the Society of Friends myself, I had seen enough, in these few days, of their sterling and unassuming worth, to make me always respect and admire them.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HOTELS.

Nothing in continental usages appears to differ so entirely from its counterpart in England as the system of hotels. In its various details of management, attendance, and accommodation, the continental hotel offers something to condemn, but much more to admire and imitate. A hotel in any part of Great Britain is a mansion fitted up very much like a private house. People live in it apart from each other, as they would do in a lodging establishment; and for this seclusion, and the special way in which they are served, they usually pay at an extravagant rate. The consequence of this extravagance is, that people go to hotels as little as they possibly can, instead of resorting to them freely.

A hotel in Belgium, France, Switzerland, or Germany, has no resemblance to a private mansion. It is a structure of vast dimensions, built for the purpose, with a large front to the street, and a gateway which conducts you into an inner court, surrounded with buildings belonging to the establishment. Within this court is usually situated the kitchen, apart from the sleeping and eating departments; and by this means you are not sickened with smells of hot plates and cookery, such as almost universally pervade the hotels in England. Within the gateway is the entrance to a large saloon, resembling an English ball-room; and this is the eating apartment common to all the inmates. One or two long tables ordinarily stand ready covered; and the walls and windows are for the most part very prettily decorated. One of the finest saloons we have chanced to see is that in Streit's hotel, Hamburg. Lofty and spacious, like a concert-room, and lighted from the roof, the walls are ornamented with a kind of fresco painting, illustrative of characters in the 'Cid.' Three hundred people may dine in this handsome hall. The number that sat down daily during our stay in the house was about a hundred and thirty, which, consisting of ladies as well as gentlemen, had an imposing and elegant appearance. The other parts of a continental hotel are rooms for the private accommodation of guests. Every apartment is at once a bedroom and sitting-room. On one side are two small French beds, generally without curtains, and therefore not conspicuous. The wood of the bedsteads is mahogany or walnut, and goes to the floor all round like a box, showing no open space beneath. The floor, well polished, has a table in the centre, suitable for writing. The wash-stand often resembles a chest of drawers, from which the top lifts back with a hinge, disclosing the requisite utensils below. There are so many mirrors in gilt frames round the apartment, that a special dressing-glass is not required. The weak point in the arrangements is the provision for washing. Instead of a basin, the stand contains an oval pie-dish, flat in the bottom; and for a water-jug is substituted a long-necked crystal bottle. The pie-dish is of course a subject of universal laughter among English continental travellers, who are long in becoming reconciled to so odd an apparatus. It may afford some consolation to be told that basins and water-ewers are actually beginning to make their way abroad. At Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, and Hamburg, we lately saw them for the first time; farther inland they have not yet penetrated; but we cannot entertain a doubt of their in time driving pie-dishes and case-bottles out of use.

The number of rooms in some of the continental hotels is surprising. Sixty to eighty apartments, each containing one or two beds, are quite common. In large towns, however, we have seen hotels with a hundred

and fifty to two hundred bedrooms, and every one filled. A book is always kept, in which guests inscribe their names on arrival—a practice complained of by some travellers, but really causing no sort of trouble, and useful for various purposes. At a large hotel in Leipsic, a method of inscribing names is adopted, which struck us as valuable. On a large black board, hanging in the gateway of the house, are rows of figures, corresponding to the numbers of the apartments, and in spaces opposite the figures the names of guests are written in chalk as soon as they arrive. By this means the landlord sees at a glance what rooms are occupied; and visitors, without asking, can very easily learn who are in the house, or in what number they may find their friends. When guests depart, their names are erased. No plan could be more simple for the purpose it is to serve.

To prevent confusion as to bells, a curious improvement has lately been introduced into continental inns. Instead of each room having a distinct bell, there is only one bell for every floor. If the house, however large, consist of six storeys, there are no more than six bells. Twenty persons, in as many rooms, may all be tugging at the same bell, and yet the attendant will answer each. The way the thing is done is this: Each bell-rope pulls two wires—one going down stairs to the bell, and the other going no farther than the adjoining passage. Here, in the passage or lobby, is affixed an apparatus against the wall, consisting of a board, with numbers inscribed, corresponding to the numbers of the apartments on the floor. Over each number is attached a cover, or lid, which falls down by a hinge. The wires from the rooms are led to this apparatus. Say that we pull the bell of No. 20, down falls the lid or flap which covers No. 20 on the board, and consequently the attendant sees the number of the room in which the bell was rung. The flap is put back by the attendant, so as to again cover up the number, when she has executed the object for which she was called. It fastens by a spring catch, and remains up till the bell is again applied to.

Continental hotels are evidently got up by persons of considerable capital; and that the proprietors are possessed of no small degree of taste, is apparent from the elegant manner in which their establishments are embellished. The quantity of dinner plates, knives, and silver forks they possess, must in some instances be immense. At Streit's, in Hamburg, for example, each of the hundred and thirty guests above-mentioned had his plate, knife, and fork changed ten times during dinner. Three hundred people served on the same scale, would require three thousand plates, knives, and forks; but as on such occasions the apparatus first removed is, we believe, rapidly cleaned, and again served, much fewer would suffice: still, the quantity in demand must be enormous. From all that has come under our notice, we are inclined to think foreign landlords superior, as a class, to persons in the profession in this country. They are, in fact, recruited from a higher rank in society; and generally smart-looking personages, in the dress of gentlemen, they may be observed mingling familiarly, and without subserviency, among their guests. Perhaps a key to the character of these men is found in the character of their servants. No two beings in a similar occupation are more unlike each other than the *garçon* and the waiter. Young, active, intelligent, communicative, and obliging, the garçon is prodigiously a-head of his English prototype. Dressed in a neat dark jacket and white apron, he is the impersonation of alertness. The waiter, on the other hand, has for the most part a broken-down look; he perhaps wears a shabby long coat, and shabbier waistcoat, and at best he is imitative in his attire: he is always aiming to look like a gentleman, instead of what he really is, a waiter. The garçon can never be taken for anybody else than a garçon; he keeps to his professional costume, appears what he is, and is therefore invariably respectable. The garçon, however, enjoys the advantage of not being looked down upon. His occupation is not degraded, nor does it degrade its professors. A young man belonging to a respectable grade in society may be a garçon, and not lose caste: the situation of a waiter is considered to be below that of a footman. Thus esteemed, the garçon knows how to conduct himself. Nobody ever saw a garçon with a red nose, or smelling of drams. A garçon speaking thick, and having some difficulty in balancing himself, is an impossibility. The garçon does not drink; he is above such abominations. Another thing remarkable in garçons, comparing them with waiters, is their want of subserviency. The waiter bows down, almost prostrates himself before you, agrees to everything you say, no matter what nonsense you utter—always looking forward to a consideration. The vision of half-a-crown in the distance will make him submit to any species of indignity. The garçon is respectful, but never in the least subservient; he will commence a conversation, and chat agreeably on a number of pleasant things. We have often got a good deal of information out of garçons; for, besides observation, many of them have read the best authors of their country.

English waiters rarely speak any other language than their mother tongue. The greater number of garçons speak at least two languages; many of them manage to have three—French, German, and English; and on a late occasion we discovered one who spoke six—French, German, English, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. The very acquisition of foreign tongues marks the earnest diligence and professional anxiety of the garçon. A gentleman of our acquaintance, who was lately lodging in a hotel at Strasburg, noticed that the garçon spoke English remarkably well, though in a formal way; on asking how he had acquired the language, he replied by stating 'that he had for some time studied it daily under a master, between the hours of five and six in the morning, and eleven and twelve at night, such being the only time he was disengaged.' Could a more striking or pleasing instance be found of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties? It may convince the young that 'where there is a will there is a way'—that even the impediment of late hours at labour is not always a valid excuse for ignorance.

Many garçons acquire foreign languages by serving in the hotels of countries distant from home. The Germans are most addicted to this practice. A lad who comes out as a garçon in Vienna or Berlin, does not consider himself proficient till he has served for a year or two in a hotel in Paris, and as long in London, or some of our provincial cities. A few weeks ago, while residing in a hotel at Leamington, we were waited on by a native of Baden. He mentioned that his father was a person in respectable circumstances in the Black Forest; that he had left his home to qualify himself for the situation of *chef des garçons*; first having served in a Parisian hotel for two years, he now had come to England for the sake of the language. He spoke French fluently; and already, though only a few months in the country, by dint of observation and hard study, he expressed himself in English with wonderful propriety. This young man spoke complainingly of the degradation to which a garçon is exposed in English hotels. 'In France or Germany,' said he, 'a garçon has a precise duty to perform—that of attending on guests; but in England, a waiter is expected to help to shake carpets, clean windows, scour knives, and do many other menial services: a foreign garçon coming here to learn the language feels that to be very disagreeable.' Of course we sympathised with this migratory garçon, so far from home, and wished he might rise to be a chef, if not an actual hotel-keeper, in his own country.

The English flatter themselves with the idea, that wherever they go on the continent, improved hotel usages follow in their train. They have certainly introduced tea in many places, nor will we deny that their dragooning as to certain points in cleanliness has had its effect. But the true missionary of English comfort is the wandering garçon. Coming to England, and seeing a multiplicity of odds and ends essential for cleanliness

and comfort in our system of living, he carries away a knowledge of them to his own country, and at the first opportunity effects their introduction into hotels. Acquainted with what the English like, he tries to please them. In this way foreign hotels have added various English comforts to their own peculiar arrangements.

It is at the table-d'hôte that the garçon is seen exhibiting his proficiency as a waiter. One of his cleverness consists in carrying a tray covered with dishes on the palm of his hand, and this, elevated above his shoulder, he brings into the saloon as soon as the guests are seated for dinner. A troop of garçons, carrying trays poised on the uplifted hand, is a sight worth seeing. The most accomplished practitioners whom we have seen are the garçons in the Hôtel de Flandre at Brussels, where, apropos of table-d'hôtes, about the very best and cheapest dinner in Europe is to be obtained. It is impossible to go through the operation of dinner here without acknowledging that John Bull is still vastly behind in the arts of cooking and eating. And why will not John take a lesson from the French? Is it not monstrous that you shall pay the good and sufficient sum of three shillings at an English hotel for a beefsteak, or a slice from a leg of mutton—in either case called dinner; while at any hotel in France or Flanders (where markets are as high as in England) you will get a choice of twenty dishes for less money? The charge for dinner at the table-d'hôte of the Hôtel de Flandre is three francs; and just look what sort of a dinner it is. The following dishes were one day served round:—Soup, rosoles of brain, mutton chops dressed, fricandeau of veal, vol-au-vent, sweetbreads, roast veal, roast lamb, stewed pigeons, stewed fowls, goose liver (a most *recherché* dish, which we tasted for the first time), salad, ham, crebs (a kind of very small lobsters), dressed peas, cauliflower, new potatoes, Italian cream, strawberries, pudding, cherries, preserved ginger, cheese, and various sweetmeats and cakes. Such a dinner as this, paraded at any London tavern, would cost ten or twelve shillings a-head, and yet the English purveyor would probably have but a small profit. The wonderful cheapness and profusion of the table-d'hôte dinners is traceable to one circumstance—the French do not cook large joints: the trick of their fine dinners lies in preparing small dishes—a little of this, and a little of that—just so much as will be eaten. When a large dinner is served in England, the house has cold meat and hashes—which we detest—for a week. Would it not be a great saving, and more consistent with common sense, to cook only what is likely to be used? At present, variety is sacrificed for the sake of huge expensive joints, the bulk of which leave the table not the tenth part eaten.

Seriously, we should like to see a reform in these things; and nothing is so well calculated to bring about a change as the introduction of the table-d'hôte system—a system by which the various parties in a hotel would dine comfortably and economically together, in place of each requiring a distinct suite of dishes to be served to himself. If the aristocratic habits of English society cannot tolerate eating in company, the more, we say, is the pity, and the sooner we get quit of such habits the better.

One more last word on dinners. According to the continental plan, all the dishes are first placed on the table, so that you may have a view of the viands, and mentally form your selection. The dishes are then removed to a side table, where they are carved by an expert garçon (usually with a knife of immense size and power), and one after the other handed round. If there be twenty distinct dishes, each in its turn comes round; fresh plates being at the same time supplied by subordinate garçons, who are continually going about for the purpose. A dinner of this sort, in good houses, lasts about an hour and a-half. Can we for a moment compare these methods of carving and serving with what prevails at public dinners in England, where, amidst the hurry-skurry and confusion, every one is glad to get anything that stands near him, or which some good-natured soul is willing to carve for the sake of his neighbours? At such dinners, we have known half-a-guinea paid for what was not worth a shilling or eighteenpence. One cannot but wonder that the English, with all their profound sagacity in the matter of the stomach, should continue to tolerate these stupidities. As all societies now succeed whose name begins with *Anti*, we propose the institution of an Anti-bad-public-dinner Association.

TWO NOTES OF INVITATION.

A COURTLY CURIOSITY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

'Your presence is requested on the occasion of the religious profession of the very high and mighty Lady Mademoiselle Henriette-Jacqueline-Olympe-Anastasie de Lenoncour de Herouwal de Baudricourt, the ceremonies of which will take place on Saturday, the 14th of the present month of March 1765, in the chapel of the royal abbey of Panthemont, Grenelle Street, Paris.

'The profession will be received by the most illustrious and Right Reverend Lord Christopher Henry de Beaumont du Repayre, Archbishop of Paris, Duke of Saint Cloud, Seventh Peer of France, Lord of Ivry, of Bercy, and of other places, Prelate of the Royal Order of the Saint-Esprit, Counsellor of the King in all his councils, &c. &c. &c.

'My Lord Pie-Sinebald-André Doria of the Princes of Melphe and of Colombrono, Archbishop of Amathonte *in partibus infidelium*, and Apostolical Nuncio at the court of France, will bestow the papal benediction, with the application of a plenary indulgence.

'The sermon will be preached by Messire François-Joachim-Gabriel-Archange de Pierre de Bernis, Canon and Count of Lyon, &c. &c. *Veni, Creator Optime!*'

Here is a note, perfect in its kind! The inditer of it was Christine-Alberte de Rupelmonde, born Countess of Warangest and of the empire, Canoness of Maubeuge, &c. &c. whose whole life seemed but a continuation of her ancestors' existence. Genealogy and heraldry were the only studies she deemed worthy of her attention. She could only speak of crests and escutcheons—of feudal rights and privileges. She was a clever woman.

'Here are seventy-four invitations for Versailles,' said a little gentleman clothed in black to a tall man in the rich livery of Burgundy, the head lackey of the countess's household. 'Here are three hundred and ninety for our own quarter of St Germains; then about twenty for the quarter of the Capuchins, between the Place Vendôme and the Porte St Honoré. There are half-a-dozen for the Marais. (Madame says we must not seem to despise the Parliamentarians.) Take care to send expressly a man on horseback with the invitation to the Comte de Mercy, the imperial ambassador; and choose a man with some *nous* to find out where the commander of consol has taken up his abode. How could he ever dream of fixing himself in that vile neighbourhood of the Hôtel d'Antin? A miserable quarter, full of mean people; without one ancient edifice, or one place which lives in anybody's memory!—not one street or one church which bears an aristocratic name!—and the streets are as muddy as the roads in a country village. Desire the messenger to put on leathern gaiters.'

This small gentleman, M. Tievulet de la Barotte, secretary to the Countess de Rupelmonde at Warangest, had laid aside eight invitations in manuscript, and not printed, like the others. 'There are our invitations to the princes and princesses of the blood,' said he to himself, while gazing complacently on his own neat cramped handwriting. He had taken due care not to dry it with sand or with red powder, lest their royal highnesses' eyes might receive damage thereby; a precaution taken in conformity with the etiquette established by the Maréchal Duc de Villeroi, who, during the king's minority, was always in terror lest his ma-

jesty should be poisoned through the medium of some petition. M. Tievulet then took a large seal, on which was engraven the countess's coat of arms, with the decoration of the chapter, and the Rupelmonde motto—'Quy-Qu'en-Grogne.'

He sealed the princely invitations with black wax, as is prescribed in all votive ceremonies; signifying thereby the civil death of those who devote themselves to a monastic life. This important operation was performed to the entire satisfaction of M. Tievulet, except that he detected on one of the seals an imperfect impression of the *cri-de-guerre-au-provocation.* While his eye rested on this slight failure, a loud voice startled him from his meditation.

'Come, come, La Barotte; make haste if you can!' exclaimed the Countess de Rupelmonde, as she entered her antechamber where the secretary was at work. 'What have you been doing here?' she continued in a bitter and irritated tone. 'Have you fallen from the clouds, sir? Pray, Monsieur La Barotte, have you not been with me long enough to know better than to commit such blunders?'

'But, madame, I am not aware what——'

'How, sir! you are so ignorant or so careless as to seal letters with black, which are addressed to princes of the blood, when the court is not in mourning! You would have me pass for a fool, and make me the talk of the whole court. There are your fine notes in the fire, sir! Black seals to princes of the blood who are not in mourning! It puts me into a fever even to think of it. Only think of what would have happened had I not fortunately come to look after you!'

M. Tievulet resumed his work with a submissive and contrite look, because the Countess Brigitte de Rupelmonde was a noble lady of between fifty and sixty—exacting and proud; rather violent, and extremely impatient to her inferiors. She had a masculine voice; her skin was olive-coloured; her eyes green. She had bushy eyebrows; and, moreover, she was coadjutrix of the very noble chapter of St Aldegonde de Maubenge. The Countess Brigitte being canoness of Maubenge, she wore in right thereof an ermine trimming to her black dress, and the large blue ribbon of the order of the Saint-Esprit. We must add, also, that she was the aunt and guardian of Mademoiselle Henriette de Lenoncour—the fair novice who was on the morrow to pronounce in the abbey of Panthemont her vows of absolute obedience and perpetual seclusion.

The notes of invitation were all despatched; and in the evening of this aforesaid 13th of March, the Countess of Rupelmonde was visiting at the Hôtel de Beauvau, where the ceremony of the ensuing day was talked of.

'It is a thousand pities to bury alive so young and lovely a creature,' said a lady present to the Countess Brigitte; 'you ought to have married her to her cousin the Vicomte de Gondrecourt.'

Madame de Rupelmonde made no answer, but with a displeased look turned away, and soon after took her leave.

She was no sooner gone, than the Princess of Craon said in a low voice to her next neighbour, 'I am afraid the coadjutrix is a wicked woman!'

'My sister!' cried the Maréchal de Beauvau, who had overheard her; 'she has always been an incarnate devil!'

Whereon Madame de Craon took courage to relate that she had visited Mademoiselle de Lenoncour two days before at the convent grate; and that, after a few moments of melancholy silence, in which they gazed sadly upon each other, the pretty novice said in a despairing tone that she besought Heaven for grace to pardon her cousin for the misery he had inflicted on her during the last six months.

'What do you mean, my dear child? I understood from your aunt that you had a very decided vocation!'

'Ah, he is married!' was her reply, while the tears rolled silently down her cheeks.

'Married! I never heard of it. But, beloved friend, are you quite sure of this?'

'Alas! it is too true, madame; my Aunt Rupelmonde has told me so.'

'What!' cried the Chevalier de Castellux; 'he married? If he is married, it is to despair or death. Oh the wicked Rupelmonde!'

'Is it possible,' said the Marquis de Mirepoix, 'that she has devised such a scheme for the sake of inheriting the wealth of this poor Henriette, who is her ward and her niece, and who has, I hear, a yearly income of twenty thousand crowns?'

'How terrible—how infamous!' re-echoed through the room. 'What an abominable transaction for a near relation! But, above all, for a canoness—a nun! How shameful!'

'As for that,' said Madame de Coislin, 'no insolence is to be compared to that of upstarts who ape the nobility, and no wickedness is so great as that of hypocrites who act the saint!'

'But, prince,' interrupted the lady of the house, addressing her husband, 'do you not approve of my going to speak to the archbishop about it? There is not a moment to lose,' added she in a calm firm voice; 'you know the profession will take place this coming morning—the vows will be pronounced a few hours hence!'

The maréchal bowed assent; and twenty minutes afterwards, the Maréchale Princesse de Beauvau was at the gates of the archbishop's palace, where it was found no easy matter to awaken the Swiss porters, seeing that it was now half-past two in the morning. The great clock of Notre Dame had struck three before the two Swisses appeared, in full costume, with their halberds in hand, at the door of the princess's carriage. They had put on their grand liveries, laced with silver and amaranth; neither had they neglected to slip on their fringed shoulder-belts, from whence hung long rapiers. They wore small cocked-hats, surmounted by a plume of the Beaumont colours. All this finery had caused half an hour's delay; and on the maréchale demanding whether it were possible she could see the archbishop, they replied that his Grace was probably *en retraite* at the seminary of St Magloire, unless, indeed, he were gone to keep the Feast of St Bruno with the reverend Chartreux fathers in the Rue d'Enfer; or perhaps he might be found at St Cyr, where he was regularly invited by the Bishop of Chartres to join in the anniversary service for Madame de Maintenon. It was therefore hopeless to seek for the archbishop previous to the hour appointed for his arrival at the church of Panthemont for the morning ceremony. The first gleam of day appeared when Madame de Beauvau returned sorrowfully to her own hotel.

At seven in the morning, the maréchale's equipage drew up at the abbey of Panthemont, and she sent in to beg that the abbess would admit her to an interview as soon as possible. Madame de Richelieu returned for answer that she could not go to the parlour, because she was obliged to attend in the choir for the service of the canonical hours. Madame de Beauvau sent again, to intreat that she might be admitted for a moment into the convent, as she had a most important revelation to make; but received for answer that it was utterly impossible for Madame de Panthemont to grant such permission, without the consent of the archbishop of Paris. Madame de Beauvau seated herself once more in her carriage, and resolved to remain stationary at the church door, to await the arrival of the prelate. Meanwhile the gilt carriages—the *vis-à-vis* with seven windows—the princely and ducal equipages, roofed with crimson velvet, and each drawn by six plumed horses—the crowd of gay and saucy lackeys—all filled up the fine street de Grenelle, and obstructed every avenue to Panthemont. The clock had struck eleven, when a valet, clad in crimson velvet braided with silver, hastily approached his mistress's carriage.

'Madame la Maréchale, the archbishop is already in

the abbey; he has entered by the cloister door, and the ceremony is about to begin.'

Madame de Beauvau wrote a few hasty words on her tablets, and ordered her chief lackey to make way through the crowd, and lead her, without a moment's delay, to the vestry.

The church was adorned with superb tapestry, above which was a girdle of white damask, fringed with gold, and covered with blazoned shields. A large pennon, on which were painted the arms and alliances of the noble novice, was hung up, according to custom, in place of the sanctuary lamp. The royal lustres and torches added to the brilliancy of the gorgeous scene. The sanctuary was filled with noble bishops, in purple cassocks, with venerable Benedictines, Bernardins, Minimes, and Capuchins, in their several picturesque costumes.

In the centre of this œcumenical council was seen the commanding figure of the Lord Christopher de Beaumont, encircled by his four archpriests and his vicars-general. He was seated with his back to the altar. When he bent his eyes upon the ground, his pale severe countenance had something almost deathlike in its stillness; but as soon as he raised his large dark eyes, with their earnest animated glance, all hearts were filled with reverence for this venerable champion of the faith.

At a little distance from M. de Paris was a diminutive prelate, who leaned gracefully against a massive arm-chair. He had so pleasing and intelligent a countenance, his whole bearing was so unassuming, and yet self-possessed, that he was inaccessible to the shafts of ridicule. It was M. Doria, the apostolic nuncio, an able diplomatist, whose language being as concise as his person was small, Madame de Créqui bestowed on him the appropriate surname of the *Pope's Brief*.

Not far from the nuncio might be remarked a young abbé, well powdered and well dressed, in a cassock of rich *mairé* silk, and a surplice of Alençon lace. He wore the noble fleur-de-lisée cross of the Chapter of Lyons, which was hung round his neck by an ample flame-coloured ribbon. He seemed engrossed in the study of his breviary, only that now and then might be detected a sidelong look towards the Roman envoy, to see if he were edified by his devotion. His complexion was feminine in its delicacy, and he was esteemed the very flower of abbés at Versailles. In short, it was the Abbé Comte de Berri, who was preparing to preach a most edifying sermon.

The assembly was an illustrious one, comprising the princes of the blood, and the highest aristocracy of France. All were in mute expectation, when the grate of the choir was heard to turn on its ponderous hinges, and the abbess of Panthemont led in the charming novice, and handed her over to her aunt, the Countess Brigitte de Rupelmonde, who conducted Henriette to her *prie-dieu*, whereon she sunk in the attitude of prayer. Her magnificent dress ill accorded with the pale languor of her countenance; and it was but too apparent that she trembled with painful emotion. At this moment some disturbance arose at the lower end of the church, where the livery servants were collected; M. le Maréchal de Brissac rises—he is six feet high, and wears two white tails—'Make the attendants go out,' he says in a stentorian voice. The servants hastened to depart, bearing along with them a young man who had swooned away. He wore the uniform of an officer of the guards of King Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine and Bar; it was whispered about that he was the Vicomte de Gondrecourt, and many of the young nobles hastened out to offer their assistance to him.

The archbishop of Paris had not raised his eyes until the moment that Henriette, led by the coadjutrix, knelt before him. He held in one of his violet-gloved hands a pair of gold-enamelled tablets. 'My sister, what is your age?' he inquired gently of the novice.

'Nineteen, my lord,' answered hastily the Countess de Rupelmonde.

'Madame, it is not your turn to answer yet;' and again the same question was addressed by the archbishop to the novice, who with a trembling voice replied that she was just seventeen.

'In what diocese did you receive the white veil?'

'In the diocese of Toul.'

'How! In the diocese of Toul?' cried aloud M. de Paris; 'the see of Toul is vacant. The bishop of Toul has been dead fifteen months, and no ecclesiastic in the diocese could be authorised to receive novices. Your novitiate is null and void, young lady, and we refuse to receive your profession!'

The archbishop of Paris rises from his seat, the mitre is placed on his head, and he takes his crozier from the hands of an acolyte—'My dear brethren,' he added, addressing the assembly, 'it is not fitting now that we should examine and interrogate Mademoiselle de Lenoncour as to the sincerity of her religious vocation, there being at present a canonical hindrance to her profession; and as for the future, we reserve to ourselves the right of considering it; and we hereby prohibit all other ecclesiastical persons whatever from receiving her vows, under pain of suspension and of interdiction; and this we do in right of our metropolitan privileges, according to the terms of the bull, *cum proximis. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini!*' continued he, chanting in a grave and solemn voice as he returned to the altar, there to bestow his blessing on the people.

The noble auditory being well accustomed to exercise restraint—may we not say *tyranny*—over their inward feelings, the archbishop's declaration was received as the most natural and ordinary thing in the world.

It is remembered that M. de Tessé gave this caution to his son, 'Be ever on your guard against astonishment; for surprise occasions many awkwardnesses. Do not betray astonishment at anything, unless you happen to hear the king or queen evil spoken of, or their favourite minister abused.'

All who were present bent their knees to receive the pontifical blessing; the Duchess of Orleans raised her glass to stare at Mademoiselle de Lenoncour, who blushed and grew pale, and trembled so violently, that she was placed on the vacant seat of the nuncio, to whom the charming Abbé de Berri had just handed his eloquent discourse.

In consequence of the archbishop's admonition, Madame de Panthemont formally refused to allow Madame de Lenoncour to resume her novitiate garments; she assigned to Henriette the pleasant apartment of a boarder, instead of the narrow cell of a recluse; and when, on the morrow, Madame Rupelmonde came to reclaim her niece, she was shown by Madame de Richelieu a lettre-de-cachet, by which Mademoiselle de Lenoncour was restrained from leaving the precincts of the convent with any one except Madame de Beauvau.

The Parisian world made up amply for the restraint imposed on them in the church of Panthemont; for during a whole month, nothing was talked of but the loves of the handsome vicomte and the charming Henriette; the wickedness of the coadjutrix, and the prompt and kindly decision of the maréchale; and, above all, the perfect wisdom exhibited by the archbishop in baffling such an iniquitous manœuvre, without scandal, without compromising the noble name of Rupelmonde, and without departing from the meekness of his pastoral office.

Two months later, M. Tievulet de la Barotte was introduced into the Maréchal de Beauvau's library, and placed in his hands the sum of 340,000 livres, being the amount saved out of Mademoiselle de Lenoncour's revenues during her minority.

This step was taken in consequence of an order of the council, which removed Henriette from the guardianship of her unworthy relative.

The Vicomte de Gondrecourt is an amiable officer of the Polish Guard. He is not deficient in talent or wit; he is an indefatigable cricket player, an admirable

horseman, and tolerably successful at chess. He has learned to embroider pretty well, but we must confess he is far less skilful in this accomplishment than his brother the colonel. He idolised his cousin Henriette, but being a younger brother, he had only an income of one thousand crowns a-year. This, however, did not prevent the fair novice from returning his tender attachment, neither did it prevent the issue of the following invitation to all the persons who had been summoned three months before by Madame de Rupelmonde to the abbey of Panthemont:—

'You are requested to assist at the celebration of the marriage of the high and mighty lord and lady, Messire Adrien de Gondrecourt, Vicomte de Saint-Jean-sur-Moselle, and Damoiselle Henriette de Lenoncour, Comtesse de Herouwal and other places, which will take place on the 14th of this present month of June, at midnight, in the chapel of the archiepiscopal palace of Paris.

'On the part of the dowager Countess of Gondrecourt, mother of the intended; and of the Maréchal Prince de Beauvau, guardian of the bride elect.'

La Gazette de France of the 25th August has the following announcement — 'Madame la Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt has just had the honour of being presented to their majesties, at their royal castle of Versailles, by Madame la Maréchale de Beauvau, accompanied by Madame la Marquise de Beaumont, and by Madame la Princesse de Craon.'

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The long-protracted misery of Ireland—its apparently ceaseless exposure to party dissensions—its seeming inability to help itself—all this and much more leads to the common conviction on this side of the Channel, that the country is irreclaimable, doomed for ever to suffering and degradation. We cannot fall in with that opinion. The miseries of Ireland are a consequence, in the first instance, of English conquest and mismanagement. The people have not been allowed to manage themselves, so as to bring out the qualities of self-dependence and foresight. Always treated as incapables, incapables they remain. Ireland is nevertheless improving. The meliorations in law and government during the last few years have had a marked effect; the mere influence of imitation, as respects social usages, has rendered Irish society a very different thing from what it was at the middle of the eighteenth century. With not a little to complain of, Ireland will doubtless go on improving; and yet such is the force of traditional character, that long after many unpleasant features are gone, it will still be looked upon as a country of lawless turbulence, frolicsome folly, and confusion.

Whatever be its future fate, it is pleasant in the meantime to know that Ireland is substantially improving, at least as regards education and social order. Strangers, with heads filled with stories of Irish rows, are usually a good deal surprised to find that Dublin is a quiet respectable-looking town, with people going about in as decorous a manner as they do in London or Edinburgh. Instead of Irishmen leaping and yelling with a cudgel in one hand and a bottle in the other, as they are still made to do on the stage, we see a peaceful community minding its business, and only a scatter of beggars to bring to our recollection that the rural affairs of the country are still in a state of discreditable misarrangement.

The best way to convince the sceptical of the distinct advances made by Ireland, is to compare its present state of manners with what unhappily distinguished it two or three generations ago. Means for making this comparison have just been afforded by an Irish writer in a small work lying before us. 'Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago,'* as this production is designated, affords a curious insight into the whole social fabric of last century—the fights, abductions, robberies, frolics, gambling, and drunkenness for which the country yet traditionally suffers. Though lamentable in many of its details, the volume will be perused with much interest, and will afford no small degree of amusement.

The author commences with an account of the fights which used to take place in the streets of Dublin in past times, greatly to the disgrace, as we think, of the government for the time being. Here is a specimen: 'Among the lower orders a feud and deadly hostility had grown up between the Liberty Boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond Boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond Market, on Ormond Quay, which caused frequent conflicts; and it is in the memory of many now living that the streets, and particularly the quays and bridges, were impassable in consequence of the battles of these parties. The weavers, descending from the upper regions beyond Thomas Street, poured down on their opponents below; they were opposed by the butchers, and a contest commenced on the quays which extended from Essex to Island Bridge. The shops were closed, all business suspended, the sober and peaceable compelled to keep their houses, and those whose occasions led them through the streets where the belligerents were engaged were stopped, while the war of stones and other missiles was carried on across the river, and the bridges were taken and retaken by the hostile parties. It will hardly be believed that for whole days the intercourse of the city was interrupted by the feuds of these factions. The few miserable watchmen, inefficient for any purpose of protection, looked on in terror, and thought themselves well acquitted of their duty if they escaped from stick and stone. A friend of ours has told us that he has gone down to Essex Bridge, when he has been informed that one of those battles was raging, and stood quietly on the battlements for a whole day looking at the combat, in which above a thousand men were engaged. At one time the Ormond Boys drove those of the Liberty up to Thomas Street, where, rallying, they repulsed their assailants, and drove them back as far as the Broad Stone, while the bridges and quays were strewed with the maimed and wounded. On May 11, 1790, one of these frightful riots raged for an entire Saturday on Ormond Quay, the contending parties struggling for the mastery of the bridge; but nightfall having separated them before the victory was decided, the battle was renewed on the Monday following. It was reported of Alderman Emerson, when lord mayor, on one of those occasions, that he declined to interfere when applied to, asserting that "it was as much as his life was worth to go among them." These feuds terminated sometimes in frightful excesses. The butchers used their knives, not to stab their opponents, but for a purpose then common in the barbarous state of Irish society—to *hough* or cut the tendon of the leg, thereby rendering the person incurably lame for life. On one occasion after a defeat of the Ormond Boys, those of the Liberty retaliated in a manner still more barbarous and revolting. They dragged the persons they seized to their market, and dislodging the meat they found there, hooked the men by the jaws, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging on their own stalls. The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate, or even be seen, with an honest merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters.'

In some respects the gentry exceeded the humbler orders in a taste for outrage. The most disorderly individuals were a class of 'gentlemen' called Bucks, who seemed to be above all considerations of law or decency. 'It was their practice to cut off a small

* Dublin: James M'Glashan. 1847.

portion of the scabbards of the swords which every one then wore, and prick or "pink" the persons with whom they quarrelled with the naked points, which were sufficiently protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to "Bucks" going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair being elaborately dressed and powdered. The disappointment of a barber was therefore a sentence of exclusion from a dinner, supper party, or ball, where a fashionable man might as well appear without his head as without powder and pomatum. When any unfortunate *friseur* disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for his delinquency. There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called "Lucas's," where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning-gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for the supposed insolence.' An account follows of the sacking of a tavern by a party of Bucks, one of whom was a lord, two were colonels in the army, and the others were officers of rank in the service of the Duke of Rutland, then lord-lieutenant. 'The latter interested himself on their behalf; and such was the influence of their rank, that the matter was hushed up, and the *gentlemen* engaged in this atrocious outrage, though all well known, escaped unpunished.'

Duelling also was universal. Between 1780 and 1800, three hundred duels were fought; and counties became distinguished for dexterity in using certain weapons—Galway for the sword; Tipperary, Roscommon, and Sligo for the pistol; Mayo for equal skill in both. 'Duelling clubs were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was ballotted for, he must sign a solemn declaration that he had exchanged a shot or thrust with an antagonist.' Barristers used to retire to fight when they seriously differed in argument, and judges were equally ready to step down from the bench to have a round with persons with whom they differed. An anecdote is given of a famous duellist, who always rang the bell by firing a bullet against the bell-handle. 'He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle in her hand for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol-bullet at so many paces' distance. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passengers. When one went by whom he thought a fit subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt to attract his notice, and when the man looked up, he spat in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms, and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols.'

Abduction, or the carrying away and marrying young heiresses against their will, was a common outrage against which the law long thundered in vain. 'An association was formed in the south of Ireland, which could not have existed in any other country. This association was "an abduction club," the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits; and opulent farmers, as well as the gentry, were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life. The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland, called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connexions of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to *demean* themselves by any *useful* or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leathern breeches, and top-boots, riding "a bit of blood" lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connexions.' One of the most distressing cases of abduction by this class of men was one perpetrated in 1779, on two very young ladies, Catherine and Anne Kennedy. These unfortunate girls were stolen away at a ball, by two 'gentlemen,' under circumstances of great depravity and cruelty. Forcibly detained and bound on horseback, the two helpless young women were dragged from place to place for a period of five weeks. Ultimately they were rescued by friends, and the two abductors escaped to Wales. There, however, they were seized, brought to Ireland, tried, and condemned to death for the crime. As they had high connexions, it was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Powerful intercession was made in their behalf—'But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction were suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family; and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinarily large force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended in Kilkenny and the neighbouring towns.' This sympathy with a couple of miscreants did not cease with their death. Instead of pitying the poor girls on whom a barbarous outrage had been committed, the people looked on them as the true offenders, and persecuted them with unrelenting virulence. It is no doubt this singular illogicality of the Irish mind which sustains the impression, that the people are radically incurable in their condition.

Passing over several chapters, we come to 'Prison Usages,' in which is presented a melancholy yet ludicrous picture of Irish prisons and their inmates sixty years since. 'The most shocking exhibition of the utter laxity of all discipline and want of decency was exhibited in the manner in which condemned capital convicts were allowed to pass their last hours. When so many petty offences were punishable with death, and commitment on suspicion was so often but the stepping-stone to the gallows, it was natural that, to the unfortunate felons themselves, an execution should be stripped of all the salutary terrors in which alone the utility of capital punishment consists, and should be by them regarded as an ordinary misfortune in their course of life. The numerous instances recorded of utter levity and recklessness exhibited by convicts on the very verge of eternity, clearly show this to have been so, not merely in Ireland, but in the sister kingdom. The practice of prisoners selling their bodies to surgeons, to be dissected after their execution, was common, we believe, to both countries; and the anecdote of the felon who took the money, and then told the surgeon, laughing, that "it was a bite, for he was to be hung in chains," we believe we can hardly claim as Irish wit. But there was one trait, evincing a similar careless indifference, which was peculiarly Irish. The coffins of condemned malefactors

were usually sent to them, that the sight might suggest the immediate prospect of death, and excite corresponding feelings of solemn reflection and preparation for the awful event. From motives of humanity, the friends of the condemned were also allowed free intercourse with him during the brief space preceding his execution. The result was, that the coffin was converted to a use widely different from that intended. It was employed as a card-table, and the condemned wretch spent his last night in this world gambling on it.' Our wonder at such scenes is lessened when we are told that at that period the school-books in ordinary use consisted of stories of robbers, murderers, and clever rapparees. The actions of lawless felons were held up as objects of interest and imitation; all sense of right and wrong was systematically confounded. What a change for the better in the present National School system of Ireland!

We draw our notice of this interesting volume to a conclusion, by citing one more anecdote illustrative of past times. It relates to the habits of intemperance which universally prevailed. 'An elderly clergyman of our acquaintance, on leaving home to enter college, stopped on his way at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sank under the table. In the morning, he was of course deadly sick, but his host prescribed "a hair of the old dog"—that is, a glass of raw spirits. One night he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of "stole away" was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but who, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the *sensible* survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day.'

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

The celebrated tapestry of Bayeux, doubtless the most ancient specimen of needlework in existence, is supposed to have been the work of Stratilda, queen of William the Conqueror, and her maidens, by whom it was presented to the cathedral of Bayeux in Normandy, where the canons were accustomed to gratify the people with its exhibition on particular occasions. This piece of needlework, formerly known by the name of the 'Toile de St Jean,' is now preserved in the Hotel of the Prefecture at Bayeux. It consists of a continuous web of cloth, two hundred and seventy feet in length, and twenty inches in breadth, including the borders at the top and bottom; these are formed of grotesque figures of birds, animals, &c. some of which are supposed to represent the fables of Æsop. In the part portraying the battle of Hastings, the lower border consists of the bodies of the slain. The whole is worked or embroidered with worsted, representing the various events connected with the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. It is divided into seventy-two compartments, and comprises altogether, exclusive of the borders, about five hundred and thirty figures—three only being females. The colours, as may readily be supposed, from the period in which it was executed, are not very numerous, consisting only of dark and light blue, green, red, yellow, and buff; and these, after a lapse of nearly eight hundred years, have become considerably faded, whilst the cloth itself has assumed a brown tinge. This curious piece of needlework appears to have been wrought without any regard to the natural colours of the objects depicted—the horses being represented blue, green, red, and yellow—and many of them have even two of their legs of a different colour to their bodies; as, for instance, a blue horse has two red legs and a yellow mane, whilst the hoofs also are of another colour. The drawing of the figures has been termed rude and barbarous, but in the needlework of that age we must not look for the correct outline of the modern painter. The work is of that kind properly termed embroidery: the faces of the figures and some other parts are formed of the material composing the ground, the outline of the features being merely traced in a kind of chain stitch. Nevertheless, taking the whole as a piece of needlework, it excites our admiration, and we cannot but wonder at the energy of the mind which could with so much industry embody the actions of so long a series of events.—*Miss Lambert's Handbook of Needlework.*

NATURE.

'Nature is but the name for an effect
Whose cause is God.'—COWPER.

NATURE, if our philosophers be right,
Is a magnificent machinery,
Moved by its own inherent energy;
All independently of other might.
With bards, whose ravings half a realm delight,
'Tis e'en an object that may worshipped be—
Both make Jehovah's works their deity;
And Him from his own world dispense with quite.

Nature, in heaven's philosophy, unfolds
The never-slumbering agency of Him
Who formed all creatures—from the seraphim
To the minutest insect: who still moulds
The dew-drop; does the sun's lamp daily trim;
And whose strong arm the universe upholds.

J. D. H.

METHOD.

A lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recollect and recite more of the matter of his sermons than of those of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this; but she thought the fact was worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he thought he could explain the cause. 'I happen,' he said, 'to make a particular point of classifying my topics—it is a hobby of mine to do so; and therefore I never compose a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose, madam, that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items; and suppose you said, "Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee too, by the by; and some powder-blue; and don't forget a few light cakes, and a little starch, and some sugar; and, now I think of it, soda—you would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two of the articles." But if your commission ran thus: "Now, Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea, therefore bring a supply of tea and coffee, and sugar and light cakes; and the next day, you know, is washing-day, so that we shall want soap, and starch, and soda, and powder-blue;" it is most likely she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermon.'—*Smith's Irish Diamonds.*

TOLERATION OF FOLLY.

I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind: for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Man of Feeling.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 193. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1847. Price 1½d.

BEING AND SEEMING.

It has often struck me as remarkable, in regard to the great question of social happiness, that while so much stress is laid upon the sayings and doings supposed to promote or prevent it, such slight attention should be paid to the state of those deep inner agencies of thought and feeling which silently and secretly are producing by far the greater part of human weal or wo.

Children, and young persons in general, are involuntary and wonderful expositors of the interior nature of those with whom they have to deal. In vain would a sour morose-tempered person array his face in smiles, and offer the most tempting baits to procure their favourable notice. It may be granted him for the moment, in order to secure some proffered pleasure; but honest instinct, long before intelligence is mature enough to define the nature of sympathy or antipathy, will prompt the recoil which unamiable tempers always suggest. As acutely and rapidly also will these intuitive critics take the measure of the mind, and the value of the principles of those who are deputed to govern them. You expect, Mrs or Miss Teacher, as the case may be, that all your excellent precepts and instructions will be as earnestly and satisfactorily received by your pupils as they are delivered by you. Not a shadow of doubt enters your well-intentioned imagination respecting their entire conviction of your being yourself as admirable and praiseworthy a person as you are so strenuously recommending them individually to become: but be assured, my friend, that if you are not at heart a lover and practiser of the principles you advocate, your exhortations will be to them but 'as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.' The under-current of *realities* is quietly and unconsciously sweeping away with it all the chaff that lies upon the surface, and with unerring sureness will land you exactly in the place and position that belong to you, both as regards your pupils and everybody else.

'Nobody,' it is said, 'is a hero to his valet-de-chambre;' but more truly may it be affirmed that nobody is a deceiver to those with whom he dwells. The atmosphere of spirit is the most potent of all atmospheres; and not more surely does the sun radiate light and heat, than the inner nature of the human being radiates its actual condition on all within its sphere.

What, then, will be the practical inference to deduce from these considerations? Would you like to know, sweet, hopeful seventeen, with but little brought away from the boarding-school (excepting, perhaps, your knowledge of arithmetic) that can be of much service to you in your journey through life? The practical inference, then, is, that you should aim to *be*, rather than to *seem*; and to think and feel rightly, rather than to express yourself so; and this not merely because you would thereby be fulfilling your duty, but because it is of no avail to do otherwise.

'Of no avail!' methinks I hear you exclaim, as in the rapid glance of thought you scan the number of pretty things—rather of the nature of phantasmagoria, indeed, than otherwise—which you have been taught to store up in your mind, as a kind of stock in trade, wherewith to traffic for the notice and admiration of your fellow-creatures. 'What! all my pretty smiles and curtsyings at one fell swoop?' Alas! they may be, and no doubt they are, exceedingly pretty things; and, as our friends over the Atlantic might say, 'a considerable deal' of talk and excitement they may occasion in your behalf. But after all, you will find them only holiday things, merely to be put on and taken off with the company attire. It is not the talk and excitement which you or your accomplishments may occasion that will stamp your real acceptation with your fellow-creatures, any more than it is the pelting rain of a thunder shower that fertilises and refreshes the earth during the heats of summer; but just as by the noiseless and imperceptible falling of dew or of blight the real growth or decay of vegetation is produced, so by the silent but continuous emanations which proceed from your innermost habits of temper and feeling, will you really and enduringly, although unconsciously, exert your allotted influence in your allotted sphere.

'But what influence can I, or do I wish to exert,' you will perhaps reply, 'beyond that of making myself pleasant and agreeable to my immediate friends and connexions?' To which I must answer, that the strongest influence you or any one else can exert, is not necessarily nor generally that which is designed or desired to be established over the minds of others; because, comparatively speaking, but few persons, whatever may be the import of their words and deeds, either design or desire that the real workings of their thoughts and feelings should have any influence; although these, as I have already affirmed, are silently doing the work of our actual influence over each other. Assertion, however, is no argument. Let me therefore attempt, upon simple and rational, not to say obvious grounds, to set before you how it happens that, with so much anxiety and carefulness to present nothing but what is agreeable to observation, and thereby to secure a potent and praiseworthy influence over their fellow-creatures, so few persons succeed in their intentions.

I should say, then, that they fail in exciting *sympathy*. We are so constituted by a merciful and wise dispensation of Providence, as to be incapable of sympathising with anything that is not true. 'Ah, would that this were indeed the case!' I fancy I hear some fond and anxious parent say. 'Would that the son of my hopes and tenderest affections were incapable of sympathising with things and people that are false and

frivolous; I had not then lost him from my house and heart!'

But, sorrowing parent, it was not by sympathy with evil that you have lost your child; but because he yielded himself to that low and inferior side of his nature which is only capable of being influenced by low and inferior gratifications, and which is as destitute of the capacity of being acted upon by sympathy as the beasts of the field. Sympathy is a holy thing, and only awakes and responds to truth. Hence it must be placed in certain conditions before it can act at all. Those conditions are not to be found in the intercourse which is based on a unity of animal spirits; neither do they exist in crowded assemblies, platforms, or any of the multitudinous gatherings where people play at make-believe with one another, and expect nothing so little as to meet with a word of nature or of truth; but they are to be found in the domestic and social circle, where intimate interests, like the friendly beams of the sun on the plants of the earth, assist in developing the interior character. It is here that the intercourse of human beings should awaken sympathy.

I say it should do so; for it is manifestly the design of Providence that a being so highly gifted as man, with sensibilities to beauty and truth, and with the faculty of speech to enable him to diffuse his impressions, should spread around him an influence with which his associates may sympathise and be refreshed; and where the moral feelings are in their right and healthy state, they do thus awaken the response in other minds which we call sympathy; but where they are not in their proper condition, they fail of exciting the pleasant emotion of sympathy; and their influence, instead of breaking forth into the outward manifestation of kindly, cheering, and affectionate intercourse, acts silently and inwardly, and for the most part unfavourably. Not always, however, are we to conclude that this is the case; for there may be a great deal of amiability and genuine kindliness of heart concealed under the most invincible reserve; but assuredly the valuable part of the character will be no secret to those who are in constant and familiar habits of intercourse with such an individual: and that is the point of view from which we are considering the case, as being in fact the only point from which it concerns us to consider everything that bears upon conduct and happiness; for, let us be what we may in saloons and drawing-rooms, our actual state and its influence is established at home; and so true is this, that it has passed into a proverb, that 'you can never tell what people are till you come to live with them.' Would you, then, know what is your opinion of others, you will find, as occasions occur for developing it, that it is not formed so much upon what they have consciously and voluntarily exhibited of themselves, as upon what they have concealed; and that by far the most influential of the sentiments with which they have inspired you, are those which have been gradually growing in your mind, without any design or effort either on your part or on theirs to produce them; nay, that those silent and secret sentiments are sometimes of such a kind, that but for the circumstances which reveal them, you could not have credited their existence. Who is there that has made any way in life, but must occasionally have experienced the extreme difficulty of finding a really faithful and trustworthy person, when a service involving strong temptation to act dishonourably is to be deputed? Yes, I must indeed repeat the query, my dear Mrs Fairsmile, though you do so zealously repudiate the idea of any well-educated high-minded person being at any time, or under any circumstances, inclined to act dishonourably. I will even put the case to yourself, and ask if you could name, in a moment, the individual whom you would send upon an errand to your writing-desk, with letters lying open therein that you were most particularly unwilling any eye but your own should look upon? Far be it from me to doubt whether you could find such a one: I only say you would have to consider a little about it; and this I will be bold to affirm respecting the persons whom you might possibly think trustworthy on such an occasion, that your confidence in them would not be founded so much on what you may have seen or heard of them, as on the quiet, gradual, and unconscious way in which your mind has sympathised with the good that was silently radiating its truth out of theirs. What have we then to do, but to sweep away from our minds the superficial and the artificial, not merely as wrong, but as useless? What you are, is the measure of your influence; and it is comfortable to the simple-minded and honest-intentioned to believe (as they most certainly may), that however strong the tide of human folly and corruption may for a time beat against them, even till they are ready to say, with one of old, 'Surely I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed mine hands in innocency,' yet life, in its ever-open, ever-varying pages, has still a leaf to turn for them, wherein they will see recorded in their behalf a strong testimony to the power of that influence which waits upon reality.

AN INCIDENT OF CIVIL WAR.

About the middle of the month of June 1835, the city of Bilboa, in northern Spain, then held by a strong garrison of the Christino troops, was invested by the Carlist force under the immediate command of the celebrated Tomas Zumalacarregui. The queen's troops were well supplied with provisions, arms, and all the munitions of war, and enjoyed, besides, an uninterrupted communication with the sea, which was little more than four miles distant, by the river Nervion, on the banks of which Bilboa is situated; whilst the appointments of the besieging army were so utterly wretched in every particular, that nothing but the strongly-urged personal request of Don Carlos himself induced Zumalacarregui, much against the dictates of his own better judgment, to enter on the task at all.

The feeble operations of the besieging force had proceeded for about ten days—Zumalacarregui having been removed to a distance, in consequence of a wound received on the second day of the siege, which ultimately caused his death—when, an hour after nightfall, a young man, enveloped in a large cloak, underneath which he wore the uniform of a Carlist officer, entered the grounds adjoining an elegant mansion situated close to the sea-shore, on the opposite bank of the river to that occupied by the forces of Don Carlos. The officer was the only son, indeed the only child, of Don Ricardo Silva, the proprietor of the house and grounds. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had taken up arms as a volunteer in the Carlist cause, and at an early period had been rewarded for his gallantry and zeal with a commission. From that time circumstances had not permitted him to revisit his parental home until now, when, the regiment to which he was attached forming a part of the force investing Bilboa, he gladly availed himself of what he deemed a favourable opportunity for that purpose. Before leaving the Carlist camp, he made inquiry of a soldier named

Murito, serving in the ranks of his own battalion—who had deserted from the Christino garrison at the commencement of the siege, and who might be supposed to be tolerably well acquainted with the habits of the queen's troops in the locality—as to the danger he was likely to incur of falling in with any of them on that side of the river, which was occupied by them exclusively. The man assured him that, even previous to the investment of the place, the troops were not allowed to remain without the gates after sunset on any pretext; and that he might proceed after that hour to his father's residence, and return in perfect safety, provided his stay was not prolonged beyond sunrise on the following morning. Relying on this assurance, therefore, Lieutenant Silva had proceeded on foot along the river on that side occupied by the Carlists, until he had arrived opposite his father's mansion, when, hailing a fisherman, he was ferried across, and in a few minutes more was sheltered beneath the parental roof.

On the warmth of the greeting which welcomed him, after an absence of years, during which he had been exposed to all the vicissitudes of a cruel and exterminating warfare, we need not dwell. Under such circumstances, it will be readily conceived that by the little party, composed of the young man and his parents, the lapse of time was unheeded; minutes and hours flew swiftly by. Midnight had long been past; but as the lieutenant proposed starting on his return by daybreak, beyond which time it would be imprudent for him to remain on the Christino side of the river, none thought of retiring to rest. It wanted still some hours of dawn, when, during a momentary pause in the conversation, a distant tinkling sound, borne on the night wind, caused the youth to start from his seat and throw open the casement, which looked upon the lawn in front of the mansion. A moment of breathless suspense followed, then a freshening of the breeze, and with it a renewal of the sound, which his practised ear now readily distinguished as the ringing of hoofs and the clank of cavalry equipments. Such sounds heard on *this* side of the river plainly told him that the enemy was at hand, and needed not the additional evidence to that effect which was furnished in another minute by the sight of the lance-flags and shakos, the shape of which, sharply defined and relieved against the bright moonlit sky, bespoke the appearance of a Christino squadron. At the same time they left the high road, and entering the grounds of Don Ricardo, advanced at a rapid pace towards the house; thus rendering their intention, however mysterious the source of their information, but too obvious—the arrest of the Carlist officer.

Lieutenant Silva and his parents were too well acquainted with the atrocious and unrelenting system of extermination which characterised the proceedings of the belligerent parties in the Carlist war, not to know that arrest under such circumstances was synonymous with death; that should a Christino prison once close upon him, it would open only to conduct him to a bloody grave. Paralysed by the unexpected appearance of the foe, the alarmed group stood for a few seconds in a state of indecision. The young soldier was the first to recover presence of mind. Extinguishing the lights which stood on the table, he announced his intention of descending into the Fiend's Fishpond, whence, after the withdrawal of the Christinos, he could be easily extricated, and ferried across the river. The Fiend's Fishpond was a frightful pit in the garden immediately behind the mansion, similar in form to a draw-well, and about twenty feet in diameter, produced apparently by some convulsion of nature, and deriving its singular appellation from some wild legend having its origin in the superstition of the neighbouring peasantry. Being situated within a few yards of the shore, a subterraneous communication existed between it and the sea, which had never indeed been explored, but the existence of which was evident from the fact, that the water in the Fishpond rose and fell with the tide. To a distance of several fathoms below the surface of the earth, the sides of the pit were straight and smooth as a wall; but it had been ascertained that, at a considerable depth, a projecting ledge of rock, a couple of feet in breadth, ran round its entire circumference, which at low water was left completely bare, and on which, at such times, one might sit or stand in safety for some hours—it being again submerged by the rising of the water to the depth of three or four fathoms, according to the state of the tide, whether spring or neap. When crossing the river from the Carlist side, the young man had observed that the tide was rapidly falling; and knowing, from the interval that had elapsed, that it must be now about low water, he prepared at once for the descent. This was an achievement which, however frightful to look upon, was in reality not attended with any excessive danger to one of steady nerves, when properly assisted from above; his ultimate safety, of course, depending on his being withdrawn before the rising of the tide. In fact, young Silva had more than once performed the feat in his boyish days, and now felt no hesitation in resorting to it again as the only means of escape from a remorseless and unsparing enemy. In a much shorter time, therefore, from the first alarm, than we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his agitated father at the mouth of the black and gaping chasm, from which distinctly ascended the hoarse bellowing of the vexed torrent far below, as it rushed through the concealed outlet to the sea. A stout rope secured round his middle, the young man let himself cautiously over the edge; the remainder of the cord being wound round the trunk of a fruit tree, whilst Don Ricardo firmly grasped the extremity, 'paying it out' by degrees. After the lapse of a few anxious minutes, the Don felt the strain relax, a proof that the young man had reached his resting-place; then the vibration of the cord announced that he had cast it off; and then a shout from below conveyed the signal to withdraw it. The only approach for horsemen through the grounds being very circuitous, Don Ricardo was enabled to reach the house and take his seat in the drawing-room before the dragoons pulled up at the door.

A dozen of their number instantly dismounted, and surrounded the house, whilst their officer knocked loudly for admittance. The door having been opened by Don Ricardo in person—the domestics having long before retired to rest, as it was not deemed prudent to inform them of the presence of the young man—the Christino leader recognised him at once as evidently the proprietor of the mansion.

'You keep late hours, Don Ricardo Silva,' he commenced. 'May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have had any visitors this evening?'

'My family is a small one, captain,' replied Don Ricardo, endeavouring to disguise his anxiety under a feint smile; 'and in the present disturbed state of affairs, we never have any visitors beyond our own circle.'

'If I mistake not,' said the other, 'you have a son among the rebels in the pay of Don Carlos. May I ask, without giving offence, when you heard from him last?'

'The last letter I received from him,' replied the father, 'is dated several months back.'

'Strange,' observed the Christino, 'that I should happen to be so much better informed about him than yourself! Now, were I to venture a guess as to his whereabouts, I should say he was at this moment beneath this very roof.'

Don Ricardo vehemently, and indeed truly, denied the fact of his presence *beneath the roof;* but, as may be supposed, his protestations met with little credit. A guard was placed over him and his lady in the apartment in which they had been sitting; the domestics were summoned, and put under similar restraint in another; and the remainder of the dragoons were ordered to dismount and search the house.

An hour subsequently, when every nook and cranny of the building, with the out-offices and garden, had

been ransacked—of course fruitlessly—the commander of the Christino party again entered the apartment in which the Don and his lady were detained, and informed them, that as it was evident the young man had made his escape before the queen's troops had reached the house, it became his duty to convey them both to Bilboa, to render an account for having harboured and connived at the escape of a rebel. This was a blow which they had never anticipated, and for which they were wholly unprepared. None but themselves being privy to the fact of the young man's concealment in the Fiend's Fishpond, to convey them to Bilboa, and leave him to await the rising of the tide, would be to doom him to certain death. Even as it was, the latest period at which he could be withdrawn with life was approaching with fearful rapidity. Horrified at the prospect, the anguished mother shrieked and fainted; whilst the stout-hearted Don himself could not so control his emotions as to prevent the officer from discovering that some deeper influence was at work than the mere dread of the inconvenience to which they would themselves be exposed, trifling as it must prove in the absence of all positive evidence that young Silva had really been there at all. This of course but confirmed him in his previous intention of taking them to Bilboa; for which place, accordingly, the entire party, including the almost broken-hearted parents, started in a short time afterwards.

As our object is not to describe feelings, but to record facts, we shall not dwell upon the sufferings of Don Ricardo and his lady throughout that dreadful night. The reader can readily imagine how at one moment they would almost resolve to risk all, and reveal the fact, and, rescuing their child from the horrors of the frightful grave into which he had been lowered by his father's hand, procure for him, at all events, the respite of an hour, and the privilege to look once more, before he died, on the light of the sun; and how, at the next, they would determine to confide him to the bounty of that Providence who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and bow in submission to His will, rather than become themselves the instruments in revealing the place of his concealment, and betraying him into the hands of men whose 'tender mercies were cruel.' Let it suffice to say, that when, towards the close of the following day, they were led forth from the prison in Bilboa, in which they had been immured, and informed they were at liberty to return to their mansion, the locks of the gentleman, which, though he had passed the middle age, on the previous evening had been black and glossy as the raven's wing, were white as if the snows of seventy years had descended on his head—the lady was an idiot.

Neither need we expatiate on the feelings of young Silva, as he beheld—if indeed such an expression be correct as applied to his sensations amid the thick darkness which reigned eternally within the frightful recesses of that horrid cavern—the gradual approaches of apparently inevitable death; the rising waters gradually ascending to the level of the ledge on which he stood—to his knees; his hips; his middle; his armpits. Conscious by this time that something extraordinary had occurred to prevent his parents from effecting his release, all hope of life had faded, and what he deemed a last prayer to Heaven was quivering on his lips, when a loud shout from the mouth of the pit drove the blood, which had begun to stagnate round his heart, again like lightning through his veins. Prompt as the echo was his reply; and the next moment the cord from above struck the water within reach of his arm. With all the despatch which his numbed fingers would permit, he fastened it around him, and announcing his readiness by another shrill cry, was drawn in safety to the top.

He learned, on inquiry, that a neighbouring peasant, tempted by the luscious fruits with which the trees in Don Ricardo's garden were loaded, had, on the very night in question, ventured on a predatory excursion against them: and was actually employed in filling a bag with his spoils, when he was alarmed by the entrance of the young man and his father, as related, on the appearance of the Christino cavalry. Taking refuge in a clump of flowering shrubs, he had been an unseen observer of the young man's descent into the Fishpond, and of all the subsequent occurrences. Readily comprehending the entire affair, the honest fellow watched the dragoons clear of the grounds, and knowing that not a moment more was to be lost, procured a rope, and hastened again to the spot, when the result was as we have already described. He now related to young Silva the substance of a singular conversation which, as he lay concealed, he had overheard between the Christino commander and his subordinate officer. In reply to some inquiry of the latter concerning the authority of his information with reference to the visit of the Carlist officer, 'Oh,' said the superior in a significant tone, 'my intelligence must be authentic, since I have had it from on high.'

'What!' exclaimed the subaltern laughingly; 'have you got a correspondent in heaven?'

'Why, not exactly,' was the reply; 'my correspondent is yet a resident on earth, and yet I receive his communications literally from the clouds. At another time, however, I may give you further information concerning my celestial informant. At present, I am not at liberty.'

The peasant who related this strange conversation discovered nothing in it beyond an unmeaning jocularity bordering on profanity; but Silva, who, during his seclusion, had naturally been speculating on the probable channel through which the Christinos had obtained information of his presence, conceived it to convey much more than met the ear, and to want but a certain key to explain the import of its mysterious allusions. A few minutes afterwards, he found lying on the floor of the hall what a little reflection led him to regard as furnishing the key which he required. This was nothing more than a scrap of paper, less than the palm of a man's hand, greatly crumpled, as if it had been rolled up and thrust into a small space, much soiled, and slightly burned, on which was written, in characters almost illegible, from the treatment it had undergone—'Silva, lieutenant, —— battalion Carlist infantry, will spend to-night at his father's house on the river side, close to the shore. Sergeant —— knows the spot, and can guide a party thither.' Having read this important document, which had been accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, and examined its appearance attentively, noting the burn, he raised it to his nose, when it decidedly smelled of gunpowder. He immediately crossed the river, and in another hour was safe within the Carlist lines, when his first act was to wait on the colonel of his battalion, recount the events of the night, and acquaint him with the suspicions he had formed.

It is necessary to state here that Silva's battalion was posted on a steep height immediately overlooking, indeed overhanging, Bilboa, and that so closely, that it terminated on the side next the city in a perpendicular cliff, which actually formed part of the wall bounding the military ground appropriated to the use of the queen's garrison in the city; so that any object thrown from the top would necessarily, after a descent of between three and four hundred feet, fall within the limits of the beleaguered town. On the table-land at the top of this dizzy height a Carlist sentry was regularly stationed, whose chief business was to observe the movements of the Christino troops below, and report accordingly to his superiors. It had been remarked, that so inveterate was the hostility of the man Murito —of whom mention has been already made as having, at an early period of the siege, deserted from the garrison—towards his former comrades, that invariably, on being relieved from his guard, he proceeded to the edge of the cliff and discharged his musket at the Christinos beneath, the great height of the precipice precluding all danger from a return of the fire. Lieutenant Silva

remembered having made inquiry of this man concerning the safety of the road adjoining his father's residence, and felt convinced that no other individual in the Carlist camp was acquainted with his intention of proceeding thither at all.

Nothing further of importance transpired that day. Towards the close of the next, it happened to be Murito's turn again to mount guard at the top of the cliff. As the hour which would terminate his guard approached, Lieutenant Silva and his colonel appeared sauntering along the platform, and shortly after the relief arrived. The customary form having been gone through, the fresh sentry took his post, and Murito was about to advance, as usual, to have a shot at his friends below. To his surprise the non-commissioned officer of the guard seized his musket, and at the same moment he found himself in the iron grasp of the men. The charge of his musket was drawn upon the spot, when it was discovered that, instead of the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; whilst, rammed down over the wadding, was found a slip of paper, containing the words, in the handwriting of Murito—'Zumalacarregui is dead: the siege must soon be raised if the garrison hold out.' This discovery fully vindicated the justice of the suspicions which Silva had formed concerning the mysterious allusions of the Christino officer to his intelligence received 'from on high,' and the information communicated to him 'from the clouds.' Silva inquired whether he should order the man to the guardhouse to undergo his trial by court-martial; but the sergeant bluntly suggested to his commander the propriety of ordering out a firing party on the spot, and bringing the matter to a summary conclusion.

'Your suggestion is the better of the two, sergeant,' replied the colonel, smiling grimly. 'I shall adopt neither, however, but make the fellow the bearer of his own correspondence. Death by the bullet is the fate of brave men and true soldiers, and ammunition is not so plenty that I can afford to waste a cartridge on a traitor. Pin the paper to the scoundrel's breast,' he shouted, 'and pitch him over to convey it to his friends below.'

The blood of Silva ran cold at this terrible doom, and he attempted a remonstrance on behalf of the miserable culprit; but the colonel was inflexible. The men to whom the order was given were seldom troubled with scruples; and if they had been, the treachery of a comrade would have effectually silenced them. The paper was actually pinned to the breast of the terror-palsied wretch; he was lifted from the ground, and carried to the edge of the cliff by half-a-dozen pairs of sinewy arms. The Christino sentry at the foot of the precipice was startled by a piercing shriek, as of one in mortal agony, in the upper air—then followed a swift rushing sound, and then a mass of lifeless humanity lay at his feet.

Years elapsed ere the restoration of tranquillity permitted the young Carlist officer again to visit his parental home. In the interval, all that medical skill could effect had been resorted to for the restoration of Donna Silva to her proper mind; but the occurrences of one fearful night appeared to have driven reason from its throne for ever. On the arrival of her son, however, it was resolved by the medical advisers, with Don Ricardo's consent, to try the effect of his abrupt appearance in her presence, all other resources having failed. On his introduction to the room in which she sat, her countenance was bent towards the ground, and she seemed utterly regardless of the presence of a stranger. He addressed her: she started to her feet at the first accents of the voice which she had deemed choked for ever amid the rushing waters of the Fiend's Fishpond. She gazed upon him—the pallid cheek glowed again—the vacant, lack-lustre eye flashed with the light of intellect—with a wild scream of delight she bounded toward him, clasped him in her arms, and sunk upon his bosom. Her embrace was long. The medical attendant at length raised her head. 'She has fainted,' whispered her son. 'She is dead!' solemnly replied her husband. And so it was. The struggle had been too great; and her gentle spirit had passed away to the place where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

FLOWER-WORSHIP.

A SUPERSTITIOUS veneration for particular flowers—in other words, flower-worship—is an ancient, and, in some respects, a poetical variety of the depraved systems of religious homage into which certain of the human family have fallen. It is to be traced ages back in the religious observances of the Hindoos, and among the more enlightened Chinese: it formed an important part of the mysteries of Egyptian idolatry; and it is remarkable that the past and present monuments of the Mexicans exhibit, and with great prominence, the same feature; while at an earlier period than the present, certain flowers were regarded even by some Europeans with a degree of veneration only too closely approximating the more declared feeling of flower-worship. There is a love for these beautiful creations innate in the constitution of the human being, and participated in equally by civilised and savage men. Their exquisite attributes of painting and perfume address themselves directly to our more refined feelings, while they have a tendency to direct upwards to the God that made them: the grievous error lay in not stopping short before these feelings became idolatry. It will be easily conjectured that no temperate region was the parent of the superstition. It arose in those warmer latitudes where the vegetable world has been endowed with a vigour of growth, and gorgeousness of apparel, of which austerer climates are ignorant. Its aspect indeed is most imposing, and, to be fully realised, must be beheld. In the few exiles which pass an artificial existence in our stoves, we are supplied with some faint and feeble types of the vegetable glories of the tropics; and even these will produce an impression not soon effaced from any cultivated mind. But there, where the Indian, penetrating the hot, damp jungles of his forests, suddenly comes upon a great, glowing, wonderfully-formed and tinged orchid, squatting like some animated being upon a shaggy trunk, or where the Hindoo paddles across a blue lake, literally paved with lotus-flowers, it is not a violent supposition that the spectacle will impress him with feelings akin to awe. The next step is not difficult to be foreseen. As flower-worship took its origin, so, alas! it retains its existence, only among the most ignorant of the human family. Perhaps the singularity of the subject, coupled with the brevity of our notice of it, may be an apology, if one is requisite, for its introduction in these pages.

Humboldt and Bonpland, in their splendid work on Equinoctial Plants, give an account of a very curious tree called by the Mexicans by the dreadful title of the Macpalxochiquaukitl!—which signifies *hand, flower, tree.* Its botanical title is almost as long, but is a trifle more euphonious—the *Cheirostemon platanoides.* There existed only one specimen of this sacred tree in all Mexico, at least to the knowledge of the Mexicans; and this circumstance, added to the really remarkable aspect of the flowers, appears to have won for it the veneration of the Indian population. From the centre of the flower there springs a columnar tube, which may be supposed to represent an arm and wrist; and this then breaks into five stamens, coloured blood-red, and disposed after a manner not very dissimilar to the arrangement of the fingers and thumb of the human hand. The very points of these vegetable fingers are curved, and somewhat resemble the formidable ungulated talons with which painters delight to ornament the hands of witches and demons. These parts of the flower are of a considerable size, and project in a menacing manner some distance above the petals. It may easily, therefore, be conceived that a

high and noble-looking tree—for such it is—laden with flowers of such marvellous configuration, brandishing aloft, in fact, a thousand gory hands, was an object likely to excite in no ordinary degree the superstitions, and even the terrors, of the ignorant. The tree was worshipped by thousands; it was believed to be the only specimen in the world of its kind; and the opinion was common that any attempt to propagate it would prove abortive. A great number of seeds was procured by our travellers, planted, and watched over with the most sedulous care, but not one of them succeeded. So great, say they, was the veneration paid to it by the Indians, and so eagerly were the precious flowers thereof sought after, that they were frequently plucked long before their expansion; and the tree was consequently never suffered to ripen its fruit. In spite, however, of the firmest convictions of the indivisibility of this tree—the Manitas, as it is commonly called—it has been propagated by cuttings, some of which are at this moment thriving in some of the larger stoves of our modern collectors. The Messrs Loddiges were, and for aught we know to the contrary, are still possessed of a remarkably fine and healthy specimen. In Lyon's 'Journal of a Residence in Mexico,' he mentions having seen this famous tree, and confirms all that has been above written concerning it, adding, that as if to make the resemblance to a hand complete, the points of the fingers are terminated by processes resembling claws! Whilst the resemblance to the human hand was recognised in this instance, it would have been most strange had the remarkable race of mimics—the orchids—escaped observation or veneration. These plants, which have no parallel in nature for singularity, beauty, and fragrance, and which, in some of their species, imitate the most wonderful diversity of objects, are held in high veneration by the Mexicans. The Queen of the Orchids especially is inestimably prized; and others receive a subordinate measure of respect. Those who have access to Mr Bateman's splendid work on the Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala, will find there several interesting particulars relating to this subject. In other countries, orchids have been objects of veneration.

The famed lotus-flower has a world-wide reputation for sanctity. It is not clear whether it belonged to the water-lily tribe, or to the *Nelumbiaceæ*, or whether the lotus of one nation may not have belonged to one, and that of another to the other, of these tribes. The *Nelumbium* is a splendid water-flower, and is found floating in the pools and ditches of Asia, and in the Nile: it yields a nut which is supposed to be analogous with the sacred bean of the ancients. The flowers of both tribes are glorious objects—some are blue, white, yellow, rose-coloured; and they appear lovely in the extreme when resting on the bosom of the wave. The flower was worshipped alike in Egypt, taking a place in the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, as in India in those of Brahma. The sculptural remains of ancient Egypt abound with the sacred plant in every stage of its development, the flowers and fruit being represented with the utmost accuracy. Among the Hindoos it was considered an emblem of the world, and the flower was looked upon as the cradle of Brahma. It was used to decorate the temples of their idols, and laid as a most acceptable votive offering upon their altars. Sir George Staunton writes—'The Chinese always held this plant in such high value, that at length they regarded it as sacred. That character, however, has not limited it to useless or ornamental purposes. Their ponds, to the extent of many acres, are covered with it, and exhibit a very beautiful appearance when in flower.'* When Sir William Jones was on one occasion at dinner on the borders of the Ganges, desiring to examine the sacred flower, he despatched some of his people to procure him a specimen; it was brought to him, and immediately all his Indian attendants fell on their faces and paid adoration to it.

The Malays have a more sordid flower-worship—they adore an imaginary flower of gold. They believe that there grows upon their sacred fig-tree a little flower of the most pure gold. It is a parasite, and opens and blossoms, they say, but once, and has the property of bringing vast wealth to its possessor. Thus much may at least be said of it—the flowers are golden, as far as *colour* goes. Loureiro, a writer on the Flora of Cochin China, says, that while he was resident in that empire, a large bunch of these priceless flowers was found by some fortunate person growing upon one of those sacred trees. Instantly he betook himself with his spoil to the emperor, at whose feet he deposited the treasure; for which, from being a common soldier, he was at once promoted to the highest ranks, the emperor believing himself now possessed of infallible assurance of boundless wealth and happiness.

Perhaps, to take a final example nearer home, the Passion-flower, as nearly as could be, received homage from the fervent superstitions of the early discoverers of the new world. It was first found in the Brazils, and very soon the marvels which its discoverers pretended to behold in it became famous throughout Christendom. Its name is suggestive of the solemn reality it was romantically supposed to typify. As it became common, it lost its sacredness, and has the bare vestige of it now left in its name. Without multiplying examples, this may suffice to direct the reader's attention to an interesting, but to every right mind a sad and painful, subject of thought.

* Embassy to China.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

'The country of the Amazon,' says Mr Edwards, 'is the garden of the world, possessing every requisite for a vast population and an extended commerce. It is also one of the healthiest of regions; and thousands who annually die of diseases incident to the climates of the north, might here find health and long life.'* This river is the largest in the world. From a distance of about 200 miles from the Pacific, it continues navigable to its mouth in the Atlantic, 3000 miles by the course of the stream; and including its branches, it waters an area of 2,100,000 square miles, comprising one-third part of South America. The aggregate navigable length of this immense ramification of waters is said to be from 40,000 to 50,000 miles. The province of Pará alone, comprehending the most important part of the Amazon, contains an area of nearly a million square miles, with the most productive soil in the world, and an agreeable temperature, though under a vertical sun. This, Mr Edwards tells us, is owing to several causes. 'The days are but twelve hours long, and the earth does not become so intensely heated as where they are sixteen. The vast surface of water constantly cools the air by its evaporation, and removes the irksome dryness that in temperate regions renders a less degree of heat insupportable. And finally, the constant winds blowing from the sea refresh and invigorate the system.'

'I know not,' says Sir William Temple, 'whether there may be anything in the climate of Brazil more propitious to health than in other countries; for, besides what was observed among the natives upon the first European discoveries, I remember Don Francisco de Mello, a Portugal ambassador in England, told me it was frequent in his country for men spent with age or other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and upon their arrival there, to go on to a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigour they received with that remove.

* A Voyage up the River Amazon, Including a Residence at Pará. By William H. Edwards. London: Murray.

Whether such an effect might grow from the air or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of life and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed, or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot say.' This is more true, Mr Edwards says, of the climate of Pará than of that of any other part of Brazil. The riches of this fine country embrace all the most valuable productions of the tropics; and the melancholy prejudices which elsewhere separate so effectually the working-classes (who *must* in such a climate be blacks) from the others, are here almost unfelt. 'Brazilian slavery, as it is, is little more than slavery in name. Prejudice against colour is scarcely known, and no white thinks less of his wife because her ancestors came from over the water. Half the officers of the government and of the army are of mingled blood; and padres, and lawyers, and doctors, of the intensest hue, are none the less esteemed. The educated blacks are just as talented and just as gentlemanly as the whites, and in repeated instances we received favours from them which we were happy to acknowledge.' What, then, renders Pará a poor and thinly-peopled territory, with land free of cost at the command of the immigrant; ground easily cleared; a fertile soil producing in extraordinary abundance sugar, rice, coffee, anatto, cotton, cocoa, gums, and drugs; and the general price of living marvellously low? The causes may be found in the legal disabilities under which settlers labour—dishonest officials, a debased currency, high import duties, and burdens upon exports which neutralise both the beneficence of nature and the industry of man. 'There is scarcely a product raised in the two countries in which Brazil could not undersell the United States in every market of the world, were it not for this tax. Its cotton and rice, even during the past year, have been shipped from Pará to New York; its tobacco is preferable to the best Virginian, and can be raised in inexhaustible quantities.' In a word, Pará is a province of the vast Brazilian empire, which is falling to pieces through its own weight.

A visit to such a country cannot fail to be interesting, and the fact is proved by a readable book upon the subject, such as the one before us, having been dashed off by a sportsman author, who does not describe very well, who does not philosophise at all, and whose knowledge of science is confined to the nomenclature of ornithology. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book *is* readable, as we shall proceed to prove, by transferring to our columns some of its morçeaux of instruction or entertainment. The author is an American, who left New York for Pará upon an excursion of pleasure and curiosity.

The lower classes throughout the province live chiefly upon farinha, and a dried and salted fish called periecu. The plant producing the farinha is known by us as cassava. 'The stalk is tall and slender, and is divided into short joints, each one of which, when placed in the ground, takes root, and becomes a separate plant. The leaves are palmated, with six and seven lobes. The tubers are shaped much like sweet potatoes, and are a foot or more in length. They are divested of their thick rind, and grated upon stones, after which the mass is placed in a slender bag of rattan six feet in length; to this a large stone is appended, and the consequent extension producing a contraction of the sides, the juice is expressed. The juice is said to be poisonous, but is highly volatile. The last operation is the drying, which is effected in large iron pans, the preparation being constantly stirred. When finished, it is called farinha, or flour, and is of a white or brown colour, according to the care taken. In appearance it resembles dried crumbs of bread. It is packed in loose baskets lined with palm-leaves, and in the bulk of eighty pounds, or an *alquier*. Farinha is the substitute for bread and for vegetables. The Indians and blacks eat vast quantities of it, and its swelling in the stomach produces that distension observable in the children.' The fish is thus noticed. 'Not long after noon, we stopped at a house where a number of Indians were collected about a periecu, which they had just caught. This was the fish whose dried slabs had been our main diet for the last few weeks, and we embraced the opportunity to take a good look at so useful a species. He was about six feet long, with a large head and wide mouth; and his thick scales, large as dollars, were beautifully shaded with flesh colour. These fish often attain greater size, and at certain seasons are very abundant, especially in the lakes. They are taken with lances, cut into slabs of half an inch thickness, and dried in the sun after being properly salted. It is as great a blessing to the province of Pará as cod or herring to other countries, constituting the main diet of three-fourths of the people.'

The living of another class of society is more varied. 'At six in the morning coffee was brought into our room, and the day was considered as fairly commenced. We then took our guns, and found amusement in the woods until nearly eleven, which was the hour for breakfast. At this meal we never had coffee or tea, and rarely any vegetable excepting rice; but rich soups, and dishes of turtle, meat, fish, and peixe boi, in several forms of preparation, loaded the table. The Brazilian method of cooking becomes very agreeable when one has conquered his repugnance to a slight flavour of garlic and the turtle-oil used in every dish. The dessert consisted of oranges, pacovas, and preserves. Puddings, unless of tapioca, are seldom seen, and pastry never, out of the city. Water was brought, if we asked for it; but the usual drink was a light Lisbon wine. The first movement upon taking our places at the table, was for each to make a pile of salt and peppers upon his plate, which, mashed and liquefied by a little caldo or gravy, was in a condition to receive the meat. A bowl of caldo in the centre, filled with farinha, whence every one could help himself with his own spoon, was always present. The remainder of the day we spent in preserving our birds, or, if convenient, in again visiting the forest. The dinner-hour was between six and seven, and that meal was substantially the same as breakfast.' The following picture of a country-house, in which much entertainment is to be had by all comers, is interesting. 'This was the first decidedly Brazilian country-house that we had visited, and a description of it may not be uninteresting. It was of one storey, covering a large area, and distinguished in front by a deep veranda. The frame of the house was of upright beams, crossed by small poles, well fastened together by withes of sepaw. A thick coat of clay entirely covered this both within and without, hardened by exposure into stone. The floors were of the same hard material; and in front of the hammocks were spread broad reed-mats, answering well the purpose of carpets. Few and small windows were necessary, as the inmates of the house passed most of the day in the open air, or in the veranda, where hammocks were suspended for lounging, or for the daily siesta. The roof was of palm thatch, beautifully made, like basket-work in neatness, and enduring for years. The dining-table stood in the back veranda, and long benches were placed by its sides as seats. Back of the house, and entirely distinct, was a covered shed used for the kitchen and other purposes. Any number of little negroes, of all ages and sizes, and all naked, were running about, clustering around the table as we ate, watching every motion with eyes expressive of fun and frolic, and as comfortably at home as could well be imagined. Pigs, dogs, chickens, and ducks assumed the same privilege, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of one little negro, who seemed to have them in his especial charge.'

Such settlements, as may be supposed, occur only here and there in the midst of a wild and partially-known country. 'The whole region north of the Amazon is watered by numberless rivers, very many of which are still unexplored. It is a sort of bugbear country, where cannibal Indians and ferocious animals abound to the destruction of travellers. This portion of Brazil has

always been fancy's peculiar domain, and even now, all kinds of little El Dorados lie scattered far far through the forest, where the gold and the diamonds are guarded by thrice horrible Cerberi. Upon the river-banks are Indians, watching the unwary stranger with bended bow and poisoned arrow upon the string. Some tribes, most provident, keep large pens akin to sheepfolds, where the late enthusiastic traveller awaits his doom as in the cave of Polyphemus. As if these obstructions were not enough, huge nondescript animals add their terrors; and the tormented sufferer makes costly vows, that, if he ever escapes, he will not again venture into such an infernal country, even were the ground plated with gold, and the dew-drops priceless diamonds. Some naturalist Frenchman, or unbelieving German, long before the memory of the present generation, ventured up some inviting stream, and you hear of his undoubted fate as though your informant had seen the catastrophe. In instances related to us, no one seemed to allow that one might die in the course of nature while upon an exploring expedition, or that he might have had the good-fortune to have succeeded, and to have penetrated to the other side.' The natives, so far as our author knew them, do not appear to be a very interesting people, although the Indian girls are, with hardly an exception, pretty. One of their odd customs seems to be occasionally adopted by the European masters of their country. 'We were struck, at Braves, by the appearance of some Portuguese boys, whose teeth had been sharpened in the Indian manner. The custom is quite fashionable among that class who come over seeking their fortunes, they evidently considering it as a sort of naturalisation. The blade of a knife or razor is laid across the edge of the tooth, and by a slight blow and dexterous turn a piece is chipped off on either side. All the front teeth, above and below, are thus served; and they give a person a very odd, and, to a stranger, a very disagreeable appearance. For some days after the operation is performed, the patient is unable to eat or drink without severe pain; but soon the teeth lose their sensitiveness, and then seem to decay no faster than the others.' One of the weapons of these Indians is the curious and formidable blowing-cane. 'This is eight or ten feet in length, two inches in diameter at the larger end, and gradually tapering to less than an inch at the other extremity. It is usually formed by two grooved pieces of wood, fastened together by a winding of rattan, and carefully pitched. The bore is less than half an inch in diameter. The arrow for this cane is a splint of a palm one foot in length, sharpened at one end to a delicate point, and at the other wound with the silky tree-cotton to the size of the tube. The point of this is dipped in poison, and slightly cut around, that, when striking an object, it may break by its own weight, leaving the point in the wound.'

The following reference to another species of natives is more full and distinct than is usual with our author. 'The turtles are a still greater blessing to the dwellers upon the upper rivers. In the early part of the dry season these animals ascend the Amazon, probably from the sea, and assemble upon the sandy islands and beaches left dry by the retiring waters in the Japúra and other tributaries. They deposit their eggs in the sand; and at this season all the people, for hundreds of miles round about, resort to the river-banks as regularly as to a fair. The eggs are collected into montarias or other proper receptacles, and broken. The oil floating upon the surface is skimmed off with the valves of the large shells found in the river, and is poured into pots, each holding about six gallons. It is computed that a turtle lays one hundred and fifty eggs in a season. Twelve thousand eggs make one pot of oil, and six thousand pots are annually sent from the most noted localities. Consequently seventy-two millions of eggs are destroyed, which require four hundred and eighty thousand turtles to produce them. And yet but a small proportion of the whole number of eggs are broken. When fifty days have expired, the young cover the ground, and march in millions to the water, where swarms of enemies more destructive than man await their coming. Every branch of the Amazon is resorted to, more or less, in the same manner; and the whole number of turtles is beyond all conjecture. Those upon the Madeira are little molested, on account of the unhealthiness of the locality in which they breed. They are said to be of a different and smaller variety from those upon the Amazon. We received a different variety still from the Branco, and there may be many more yet undistinguished. The turtles are turned upon their backs when found upon the shore, picked up at leisure, and carried to different places upon the river. Frequently they are kept the year round in pens properly constructed, and one such that we saw at Villa Nova contained nearly one hundred. During the summer months they constitute a great proportion of the food of the people; but when we consider their vast numbers, a long period must elapse before they sensibly diminish. Their average weight when taken is from fifty to seventy-five pounds, but many are much larger. Where they go after the breeding season no one knows, for they are never observed descending the river; but from below Pará, more or less, are seen ascending every season. They are mostly caught at this time in the lakes of clear water which so plentifully skirt either shore, and generally are taken with lances or small harpoons as they are sleeping on the surface. But the Muras have a way of capturing them peculiar to themselves—shooting them with arrows from a little distance, the arrow being so elevated, that, in falling, it strikes and penetrates the shell. In this even long practice can scarcely make perfect; and fifty arrows may be shot at the unconscious sleeper before he is secured.'

We now give an anecdote of a parrot that is worth all the rest of the natural history in the volume. 'Where we stopped next morning, the 14th, the whole region had been overflowed upon our ascent. Now the waters had fallen three feet, and the land was high and dry, and covered by a beautiful forest. While at this place, extraordinary noises from a flock of parrots at a little distance attracted our attention. At one instant all was hushed; then broke forth a perfect Babel of screams, suggestive of the clamour of a flock of crows and jays about a helpless owl. It might be that the parrots had beleaguered one of these sun-blinded enemies, or perhaps the assembly had met to canvass some momentous point—the overbearing conduct of the araras, or the growing insolence of the paroquets. Guns in hand, we crept silently towards them, and soon discovered the cause of the excitement. Conspicuously mounted upon a tree-top stood a large green parrot, while around him, upon adjacent branches, were collected a host of his compeers. There was a pause. "Oh Jesu——u!" came down from the tree-top, and a burst of imitative shrieks and vociferous applause followed. "Ha, ha, ha——a!" and Poll rolled his head, and doubled up his body, quite beside himself with laughter. Tumultuous applause and encores. "Ha, ha, ha, Papaguyri——a!" and he spread his wings, and began to dance on his perch with emphasis. The effect upon the auditory was prodigious, and all sorts of rapturous contortions were testifying their intelligence, when some suspicious eye spied our hiding-place, and the affrighted birds hurried off, their borrowed notes of joy ludicrously changed to natural cries of alarm. Complacent Poll! he had escaped from confinement, and with his stock of Portuguese was founding a new school among the parrots.'

The traveller found the parrots with which he had freighted his boat on the return somewhat troublesome creatures. 'We longed to know what sort of arrangements Noah made for his parrots. Thus far ours had been left pretty much to their own discretion, and the necessity for an immediate "setting up of family government" was hourly more urgent. The macaw, nowise contented with his elevation, had climbed down,

and was perpetually quarrelling with a pair of green parrots, and all the time so hoarsely screaming, that we were tempted to twist his neck. The parrots had to have a pitched battle over every ear of corn, and both they and the macaw had repeatedly flown into the water, where they but narrowly escaped a grave. There were two green paroquets, and one odd one, prettiest of all, with a yellow top, and they could not agree any better than their elders. Yellow-top prided himself on his strength, and considered himself as good as a dozen green ones; while they resented his impudence, and scolded away in ear-piercing tones that made the cabin an inferno. At other times they all three banded together, and, trotting about deck, insulted the parrots with their impertinences. When a flock of their relations passed over, the whole family set up a scream which might have been heard by all the birds within a league; and if a duck flew by, which was very often, our geese would call in tones like a trumpet, and the guan would shrilly whistle. When we came to the shore, we were obliged to shut up our protégés in the tolda, or they were sure to scramble up the nearest limb, or fly into the water, and swim for the bank. Really it would have troubled a Job, but we could see no relief.' At length the 'family government' was set up. 'As the first overture thereto, a rope was crossed a few times in the tolda. Upon this the arara and the parrots were placed, with the understanding that they might look out of the door as much as they pleased, and be invited thence at regular hours to their meals, but that further liberties were inadmissible and unattainable; so there they sat, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. The paroquets were stationed at the afterpart of the cabin, and the change which had come over one of the green ones from Barra was amusing. She had been the wildest and crossest little body on board, always resenting favours, and biting kindly hands. But since the lately-received young ones had been put with her, she had assumed all the watchfulness of a mother, feeding them, taking hold of their bills, and shaking them up to promote digestion, and generally keeping them in decent order. She had no more time to gad about deck, but, soberly inclined, with the feathers of her head erect and matronly, she stuck to her corner, and minded her own business. Meanwhile Yellow-top looked on with the calm dignity of a gentleman of family.'

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

The account we were able to present some months ago of the methods pursued for educating juvenile idiots at the Bicêtre, Paris, has led to numerous inquiries on the subject. From various parts of the country, we have received letters from parents, whose hapless fate it is to have a child weak in intellect. The writers of these letters have our warmest sympathy: we would, if we could, gladly alleviate their misfortune. Nor are we without hopes that some of them at least, by pursuing certain plans, may have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing their mentally-defective offspring endowed with an increased measure of intelligence. As every little piece of information on the methods of training children of this unfortunate class seems to be eagerly received, we shall endeavour to present a brief and explicit analysis of the various means employed to produce, in these forlorn creatures, results at once surprising and gratifying. As the simplicity, practicability, and success of the system becomes better known, it is fondly hoped that the benevolent portion of the community may be moved with a desire to establish in this country similar institutions to those which are now effecting so much benefit in France, Germany, and Switzerland.*

Although somewhat derogatory to the office of tuition, yet for practical purposes, and for the sake of clearness, it may be as well to treat of the school-room in the light of a manufactory, in which certain moral agencies are brought into successive operation, so as to work out, refine, and render serviceable these rude specimens of human nature. And first as respects the raw material. It may be said to be presented to our notice in various degrees of inferiority; marked, however, by general characteristics, consisting chiefly in the absence of certain properties which are considered indicative of a natural and fully-formed mental organisation. Taken in the most inferior degree, sensibility appears to be at such a low ebb, that the ordinary appetites necessary to the preservation of life are not felt, and no traces whatever of the higher endowments are at all discoverable. Fortunately, the aggregate amount of cases belonging to this, the lowest order of idiots, is very small. Tracing development upwards from this lowest degree, we arrive at a point somewhat in advance, but still very greatly below the natural standard. It is now ascertained, that among the general population of the country there are a very considerable number belonging to this body of idiots. With them the instinctive propensities are in active operation, the organs of sense are tolerably perfect, but there exists little or no appreciation of objects presented to them; the guiding powers, intellectual and moral, are entirely absent, and consequently the instinctive appetites are uncontrolled and irregular. Proceeding still higher, we arrive at a class who have the capacity to acquire some imperfect idea of whatever comes within the range of their observation, and have some faint notions of duty. They are able to imitate, in the performance of the simplest occupations, those who are placed in authority over them; but, from want of due tuition, they are suffered to pass through life without experiencing the enjoyments and benefits derivable from that systematic cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties of which they are capable.

Thus the sensations and perceptions of idiots may be said to be confined within certain limits more or less narrow and circumscribed; some having an organisation so low and imperfect, that to all outward appearances they do not stand in the moral scale much higher than the more sagacious of the lower animals; whereas others are endowed with that amount of faculty which raises them to the confines of a well-known class of persons denominated in ordinary conversation silly, or feeble-minded.

Some idea of the proportionate number of persons born with these various degrees of deficiency may be formed, when we state that in England and Wales it is computed that in the workhouses alone there are no fewer than four thousand. These being, generally speaking, the idiots belonging only to one grade in society, the total number must necessarily be very great. In the mere consideration of numbers, we should also take notice of individuals not congenitally defective, but who, soon after birth, have been attacked with some affection or other disturbing the function of the cerebral organ. Many of these present similar phenomena to those observed in the naturally idiotic, and require similar treat-

* A few days after the above was committed to paper, intelligence reached us that an institution had already been opened by a few ladies at Bath. An opportunity of paying a visit to this admirable establishment presenting itself about the same time, we had the gratification of finding, that although so lately set on foot, very great progress had been made with the pupils, among some of whom peculiar difficulties had been successfully surmounted by the discretion and sincere earnestness of those who have, by devoting their time and energies to the task, set a laudable example to the benevolent in other parts of the country.

ment, subject, however, to certain regulations, which we hope to be able to touch on in the sequel. For the present, we desire to confine the attention of the reader to the consideration of the steps calculated to elevate and improve the creature imperfectly developed at birth.

We refrain from the contemplation, in all its bearings, of the evil tendency arising out of the present condition of such parties both to themselves and society at large. As we wish our remarks to be confined to the training of the truly idiotic, we also pass by the consideration of the state of that large class of feeble-minded persons—the inmates of workhouses and prisons.

It has, until within a very few years, been deemed useless to devote any attention to the idiot beyond providing him with animal comforts or necessaries, and taking such care of him as to insure his safety and health. It never was imagined that aught else could be done for him with any chance of benefit. Most persons would have laughed at the idea of attempting the education of any one destitute of ordinary faculties. It is only now beginning to be seen that much may be accomplished by developing and quickening, by various means, the imperfect faculties possessed by these unfortunate beings. The idiot, created with senses perfectly formed, and capable of transmitting impressions, but with a brain incapable of receiving and recording them, sees, feels, and hears, but does not understand. The main object of the kind of education referred to is to overcome this (to speak in familiar language) numbness of the brain. It is accomplished by judicious exercise of the bodily powers, by the application of appropriate stimuli to each organ of sense; and it is the systematic and graduated arrangement of these, as well as the application of them in different degrees of intensity, which constitutes the basis of the system.

Most idiotic children are wayward, inattentive to habits of decency, and addicted to various vicious propensities. In conducting a system of training, therefore, the first efforts should be so directed as to encounter and overcome these disgusting peculiarities by appropriate means, which will be readily suggested to the mind of the devoted tutor. When this first step in the task of reformation is accomplished, the attention of the pupil is to a certain extent brought into operation, and some degree of obedience is obtained. At the same time that means are directed to this desirable end, attempts should be made to overcome the incessant restlessness and automatic movements observable in most cases of idiocy. The child should be placed on a low chair, while the tutor, taking one directly opposite, brings his knees in contact with those of his pupil. The hands should then be gently grasped, placed on the knees, and kept in this position a longer or shorter time according to the condition and temper of the patient. By following this plan day after day, a degree of control over the irregular action of the muscles is created, and an amount of repose is produced favourable to future impressions. As soon as this capability of quiescence is, by frequent practice, fully confirmed, attempts should be made to regulate muscular action. This is accomplished by causing the pupil to assume various attitudes; as, for instance, to stand, to sit, to place the feet in different positions, walk to time, hold up first one hand, then the other, use dumb-bells, lift and handle objects. In performing these exercises, the tutor should stand before the pupil, and should assume the various positions, so as to produce not only a voluntary and regular muscular action, but also excite and cultivate the faculty of imitation in the pupil.

The above course of practice is applicable to restless cases; but there are some idiots in whom an opposite condition is observable. Little or no tendency to muscular action is manifested, and they would, if permitted, remain their whole lives listless, inactive, the joints ultimately becoming rigid, and the once improvable creature ending his days in a state of helpless decrepitude. Judicious regimen, gentle frictions, and passive motion of the limbs, followed by suitable gymnastic and entertaining exercises, will in general be productive of increased power and disposition to motion.

Several expedients may be adopted with a view of attempting to generate in these subjects a capacity of moving the limbs in subjection to, as well as independently of, the will. Such, for instance, as causing the pupil to grasp a fixed object with the hands, so as to aid in the support of the body. This exercise can be practised with most advantage when a small and suitable ladder is employed. It should be placed against the wall, and the hands brought so as to grasp one of the bars situated at such a distance that the feet just rest on the floor. By causing the pupil to support himself in this manner, first on that side of the ladder usually ascended, then on the opposite side, the tendency to crouch and sink down is diminished, and he ultimately acquires a capability of standing in the erect posture. As soon as this is accomplished, he should, by the assistance of the tutor, be made to stand with one leg on the margin of a step, so that the other remains free and without obstruction. A heavy shoe being placed on this foot, the limb should be gently swung backward and forward, until, by the repetition of the exercise, he has become capable of accomplishing this motion through his own efforts. In a similar manner the arms may be brought into action by means of dumb-bells; and lastly, by causing alternate motions of the legs, and placing various objects in the fingers, the faculties of walking and using the hands are acquired.

We may here remark, that whilst exciting and regulating muscular action, as well as cultivating the faculty of imitation, it will be desirable to repress any tendency to grimace or uncouth sounds, by placing a finger on the lips whenever such unmeaning actions emanate from the pupil.

The utmost patience in performing these exercises is absolutely necessary on the part of the instructor, and probably, after many wearying days, he may begin to dread a failure; but the recollection of the small share of capacity in the object under tuition, will assure him that the cultivation of it is an undertaking which must necessarily require much time and untiring efforts to arrive at satisfactory results.

As soon as the pupil has acquired a degree of control over the voluntary muscles, the various organs of sense should be suitably stimulated and exercised, so that they may ultimately become capable of conveying to the mind some idea of the properties and relations of external objects. The means by which this end is effected are simple and easily applied; but in order that they may be effective, the impressions should, in the first instance, be made as distinct as possible, so as to excite, in the strongest degree, the particular sense under cultivation. A systematic application of objects having opposite properties should accordingly be made to each organ of sense. Thus, for instance, in order to exercise the sense of touch, the hand should be alternately applied to surfaces very rough and very smooth, as well as placed in water heated to a bearable degree in one vessel, and then in another containing very cold water. As respects the sense of taste, the opposites—bitter, sweet; hot, cold; savoury and insipid—will serve the purpose of bringing into activity the gustatory nerves.

During the application of these different stimulants of sense, the appropriate word should be repeated by the tutor—thus, rough, smooth; hot, cold, &c.—so as to impress the mind of the pupil with the name given to the various properties of matter, as well as stimulate the individual sense brought into action.

In a future number, we hope to communicate further information respecting the combined influence of agents

on the senses, as well as the cultivation of the moral powers, and the means employed to impart instruction in various handicrafts.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

——'I know that all men hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love—
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love—
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.'—MILMAN.

THE following narrative is borrowed from the interesting work of M. Maurice Alhoy on the convict prisons of France:—

'It is now some years,' says this writer, 'since I passed several months in the town of Rochefort. It became my daily habit to walk in the gloomy avenues of the public garden, and there I used to watch the convicts as they worked in pairs, carrying heavy burdens, and gladly purchasing, by the performance of the most laborious tasks, the favour of being allowed to escape for a few hours from the pestilential atmosphere of the prison. I had remarked a young girl who passed before me several times, casting an anxious and longing look towards the building in which the ropeworks were carried on. The young girl wore the Vendean costume. She seated herself upon a bench under the trees, and remained apparently lost in thought. I approached and recognised her. I had seen her the preceding evening at the house of the gatekeeper, and had then been informed of the object of her journey. The young girl was engaged to be married, and her father was in the convict prison. Eutrope, the peasant to whom she was betrothed, was acquainted with the guilt of his future father-in-law, for the same village had been their home. He was conscious how much he might lose in the esteem of others by marrying the daughter of a convict; but Tiennette was beloved, and Eutrope's affection for her made him shut his eyes to the possibility that any painful result might arise from their union.

'He wished to marry the companion of his childhood; but he desired that this father, who in the eyes of the law was dead, who had no longer any right over his daughter, and whose remembrance it was well to banish, should no more be spoken of. Tiennette loved her father, and the contempt with which others regarded the author of her days, only redoubled the fond affection of his daughter. She was desirous that he should sign her marriage-contract, and bestow upon her a father's blessing. Eutrope had long resisted this wish of Tiennette; he still objected to the step she proposed to take; and it was with an unwilling heart he undertook with her the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a well-looking youth, with frank and open manners, and of a prepossessing appearance. It was not long before he joined us, after making some purchases which had detained him for a time from his betrothed.

'I took upon myself to interpret to him the wishes of Tiennette. I told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that no laws, judges, or juries can unloose the ties of nature; and that the filial piety of Tiennette ought to be considered by him as a precious pledge of the virtues of his future wife. The girl did not speak, but her eyes were fastened on the countenance of Eutrope. She watched its every movement, as if to gather from them his acquiescence in her desire. Eutrope listened to me with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When I had done speaking, he made me no reply, offered no objection, but took the arm of Tiennette within his own, and together the young couple turned their steps towards the prison. I followed them, and the poor girl, who seemed to consider my presence as useful in confirming the vacillating resolutions of her lover, encouraged me by her looks to remain with them. We found on our arrival that the aged convict had been ill for some days; he was no longer in the prison, but had been conveyed to the hospital. We silently traversed the long court, and mounted the staircase. When we reached the entrance of the wards, the young girl trembled violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her heart seemed to sink within her. Eutrope and Tiennette were permitted to approach the prisoner's bed; but I was refused admittance by the turnkey, and I could only see from a distance the remainder of this touching scene. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope, whilst Tiennette approached her father with an expression of fearfulness which she vainly strove to conceal. He raised his languid head, turned his dimmed eye upon his child, and a faint smile passed over his sunburnt countenance. The turnkey who had introduced the two young people into the ward, remained gazing upon the scene; a good Sister of Charity supported the sick man; he took the pen which was handed him, glanced over the marriage-contract, which had been prepared beforehand, and wrote beneath it his dishonoured name. Then stretching towards Tiennette his wasted arms, he clasped her to his bosom. The movement he made in doing so shook his chain, one link of which rested in the hand of Eutrope, who looked at it with a bewildered stare; whilst another rustled against the dress of Tiennette, whose tears fell upon the rusty iron. The head of the dying man soon sunk once more upon his pillow. Tiennette took advantage of this moment to glide her trembling hand furtively under the coverlid. The turnkey had that instant turned to lead the way out of the room, and the anxious glance she fixed upon him betrayed to me alone the poor girl's secret offering to her father. Eutrope, who seemed ill at ease, made a sign to Tiennette, and they both went slowly out, with downcast looks. When they had reached the foot of the staircase which led to the wards, the young girl said to Eutrope, "The step which we have now taken will bring us a blessing." They then entered together the chapel of the Civil Hospital, offered up a short prayer, bade me farewell, and mounted a little cart, which bore them back to their native village.

'Yes, God will bless thee, poor maiden, who didst not forsake the author of thy days, nor think that his guilt had broken every tie which subsisted between thee and him. Thy children will pay to thy virtue the dutiful homage with which thou hast not feared to honour a guilty father.'

THE ROMANCE OF IRISH POVERTY.

IN last number, we gave a picture of Irish manners sixty years ago, and we are now presented with one drawn from personal observation in the present day.* Between the two, strikingly different as they are, there seems a strange connection. In the one, the gentry are abetted in their worst vices by the peasantry; and in the other, the lower classes, while generally reformed themselves, are represented as being despised and oppressed by their former idols, and yet licking the foot that spurns them. But we are inclined to think that Mrs Nicholson, in the occasional parallels she draws between the two ranks of society, works under the influence of a foregone conclusion. She visited Ireland for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the poor, and the amount of their wrongs—not to speculate on the causes of the poverty, and trace out the injustice to its source; and accordingly the rich or the titled appeared to her to be all cold-hearted tyrants; and the destitute to be a body of miserable, pious, ignorant—angels. That there was some considerable prejudice on her part, or some unfortunate peculiarity of temper, is evident from the nature of the accusation she most frequently brings against the gentry

* Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger: or Excursions through Ireland in 1844 and 1845, for the Purpose of Personally Investigating the Condition of the Poor. By A. Nicholson, of New York. London: Gilpin.

—not merely want of kindness and politeness to a foreigner and a gentlewoman, but downright insolence and brutality. This will not be believed anywhere, and least of all in Ireland; and yet we are of opinion that Mrs Nicholson writes not one syllable which she does not conscientiously imagine to be true. She is evidently a right-hearted, though a wrong-headed woman; and the narrative she gives of her patient, though often penniless wanderings, hungry and weary, heart-sore and foot-sore, is often affecting in its simplicity and good faith.

It will be observed that her investigations of the condition of the poor were made *before* the failure of the potato crop; and yet her pictures are so appalling, that it is impossible to conceive a 'lower' in this 'lowest deep' of degradation and despair. Such shadows we have no intention to transfer to our pages; but there is one bit of misery, so strangely enlivened by a gleam of sunlight, that it is difficult to know how to class it. This is the portrait of Happy Molly. 'The next day I was to leave for Urlingford, and the lady of the house where I stopped said, "You must see an old woman we have in our cellar; she's the wonder of us all. She sleeps on a handful of straw, upon some narrow boards, a few inches from the floor, without pillow or any covering but a thin piece of a blanket and the clothes she wears through the day. She goes to mass at five in the morning with a saucepan, and fills it with holy water, which she offers to every friend she meets, telling them it will insure good luck through the day, and then sprinkles it about her room." At this moment Molly, unobserved, stole softly upon us. When I met her laughing eye, and still more laughing face, I could not refrain from laughing too. Her cheeks were red, as though the bloom of sixteen rested upon them; her hair was white, yet her countenance was full of vivacity. She looked the "American lady" full in the face, and pressing my hand, said, "Welcome, welcome; good luck, good luck to ye, mavourneen! Come into my place, and see how comfortable I am fixed." We followed to Happy Molly's cellar; five or six stone steps led us into a dark enclosure, with a stone floor, which contained all that Happy Molly said she needed.

"Where do you sleep, Molly?"

'Taking me by the arm, she pointed to the corner behind the fireplace—"Here! here! and look, here is my blanket" (which was but a thin piece of flannel); "and here, you see, is an old petticoat, which the woman where I stopped pulled out of my box, and tore it in pieces, ma'am, because I couldn't pay two pennies for my rent; and then, ye see, ma'am, I came here; and, praise God, they be so kind; oh, I couldn't tell ye how kind!"

"Where's your pillow, Molly?"

"Oh, I want no pillow, ma'am, and I sleep so warm."

"And where are your children, Molly?"

"Some of them gone to God, and some of them gone abroad, I don't know where; I never sees them. They forgets their ould mother. I nursed six, and one for a lady in Dublin. I never gave them any milk from the cow."

"Had you a cow, Molly?"

"A cow! and four too; and a good husband."

"And you are happy now, Molly?"

"And why shouldn't I be? I have good friends, and enough to eat; a comfortable room, and good bed."

"Where do you get your food?"

"Oh, up and down, ma'am."

'She did not beg; but all who knew her, when they saw her, would ask, "Well, Molly, have you had anything to-day?" If not, a bit was given her. She is very cleanly, and always healthy. When I was leaving, I stepped down to say "good-by." She was sewing on a bench at the foot of the stone steps, and when she found I was going, she seized my hand and kissed it, saying, "Good luck, good luck, American lady—the good God will let us meet in heaven."

'God surely "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb" in Ireland. Such unheard-of sufferings as poor Erin has endured, has drawn out all kinds of character except the very worst.'

This gaiety has frequently been mentioned as a remarkable trait in Irish character; but another instance of it, cited by our authoress, is still more melancholy than the light-heartedness of Happy Molly. 'When I returned to the doctor's, I found among his beneficiaries a pale young girl of nineteen, interesting in her manners, who had come there with threatening symptoms of a decline. She possessed all the Irish vivacity; and though with a severe cough and husky voice, yet she was always in a cheerful mood; and her lively song and merry laugh told you that her heart was buoyant, though pain often held her eyes waking most of the night. Her voice was sweet as the harp, and often, when I heard it at a distance, could not persuade myself but it was a flute. She had stored her memory with the songs of her country, and her company was always acceptable among her class on account of this acquirement, as well as the power of mimicry, which she eminently possessed. She would screen herself from sight behind some curtain, and go through a play, performing every part, and sing with the voice of a man or a woman, as the case might require. One night she had been amusing us in this way, when she appeared from behind the screen, and a marble-like paleness was over her face. I said to her, "I fear you have injured yourself?" She answered not, but sat down and sung "The Soldier's Grave" in so pathetic a manner that I wished myself away. They were sounds I had heard in my native country, but never so touching; because the voice that made them was so young, and probably soon would be hushed in death. Even now, while writing, I hear her sweet voice humming a tune in the chamber where she sits alone in the dark. She is of humble birth, and her mother is a widow, and she has had no assistance of education to raise her above the poorest and most ignorant peasant; yet nature has struggled, or rather genius, through many difficulties, and placed her where, even now, she appears to better advantage than many who have been tolerably educated; but the flower is apparently drooping, and must soon fall from the stem. Yet she will laugh and sing on, even when those about her are weeping at her premature decay. Last evening, a dancing-master came in with a little son, each of them having a fiddle, and the music and dancing commenced. Mary (for that is the invalid's name) was asked to dance, and complied; and with much ease and grace performed her part. This, no doubt, she would not hesitate to do while her feet could move, did she know there was but a week between her and the grave. From childhood she has been taught to practise it, till it is interwoven in her very nature, and has become part and parcel of herself.' It is not stated what was the fate of poor Mary; but there can be little doubt that

> 'Ainsi qu' Ophelia, par le fleuve entrainée,
> Elle est morte en ceuillant des fleurs.'

But another Mary is, to our thinking, the gem of the book. The traveller being disappointed in a remittance, was compelled to make a long journey on foot, living on scanty meals of potatoes, and sleeping at night in the wretched cabins of the peasantry. Her funds were at length reduced to a few pence; but she was on the way to a rich man's house, to which she had been directed by a friend. 'It was a sad night; a small parasol was a miserable defence against the furious wind and pelting rain; and yet I felt more composed and less shrinking than I do now while writing it. I had not the least anxiety. I neither knew nor cared what was before me. I saw a faint light in a cabin-window some perches from the road, and felt my way to it, and inquired the distance to the castle. "A short half mile; but ye'll be destroyed in the staurm. Ye had better stop a bit." Telling them I must go on,

they stood in the cabin-door till I had reached the path, and, as well as I could, I made my way forward.' Arrived at 'the castle,' she met, as was usual with her at such places, with neglect or rudeness, and was compelled to find her way back through the storm to the humble cabin. 'Mary now had enough to do to make the stranger comfortable; a pile of dry turf was added, lighting up a whitewashed cabin, and white-scoured stools, table, and cupboard, which amply compensated for every other inconvenience. She had nothing but the potato and turnip, and "Sure ye can't ate that?"

"Put on the pot," said Will; "it's better than nothin' to her cowld and wet stomach." When the potatoes and turnips were boiled, they were mashed together, some milk and salt added, put upon a glistening plate, a clean bright cloth spread upon the deal table, and Mary sat down, groaning at the "strangeness of the master, and the miserable supper of the bidable woman."

"And where will you sleep, Mary?" asked the guest. "Do not let me turn you from your bed."

"And that you wont. I'll find the comfortable place for my bones." I was led to the bedroom, and in this floorless cabin what did I there see? A nice bedstead, a clean covering, two soft flannel blankets, and linen sheets, white and glossy with starch, and curtains about the bed as white as bleaching could make them. The feathers were stirred in a narrow compass, to make the bed softer, so that but one could have room in it, and in this I was put; then a clean flannel was heated by the fire, and put about my shoulders, another about my feet, "to take the cowld and pain out of my wairy bones."

'When Mary had finished putting the covering snugly about me, she placed the curtains closely around the bed, and softly went to the kitchen hearth. The door she left open, and I could see what passed there. She crept to a stool, and kneeling down, she prayed. Yes, unlettered as she was, I believe she prayed; and I believe God heard that prayer. She arose, and leaning her face upon her hands, she sat, gently swinging her body, now and then looking towards my bed, and waited till she thought me to be asleep. Then putting her cloak about her, she crept stealthily into my room, and peeped through the curtain. Seeing my eyes closed, she carefully put the drapery together, and crawled behind me upon the naked bed-frame—for she had put the bed all under me—and in a few moments this unsophisticated, practical, humble Christian was asleep. She did not intend I should know she was there; and why? Lest I should think she had made sacrifices for me. Was this doing her good works to be seen of men? Did I sleep? Not much. Gratitude to the kind Mary, and, more than all, gratitude to God, that he had brought me to see, in this day's and night's adventure, the practical import of the parable of the good Samaritan, kept me waking.'

With the following sketch of a seminary of learning in Connemara we must conclude:—'We next called at a cabin, where a number of children had collected, to whom we gave books. Finding they attended a school near, we entered the school-room, and may I never see the like again! In one corner was a pile of potatoes, kept from rolling down by stones, on which the ragged, bare-footed children were seated. In another corner was a pile of cart-wheels, which were used for the same purpose; and in the middle of the room was a circular hole made in the ground for the turf-fire. Not a window, chair, or bench could be seen. The pupils, with scarcely a book, looked more like children who had sheltered themselves there in a fright, to escape the fury of a mad animal, or the tomahawk of some yelling savage, than those who had assembled for the benefit of the light of science. This was a Connemara school, and it was all they could do. I had seen, sprinkled all over Ireland, schools in miserable cabins, where were huddled from forty to seventy in a dark room without a chimney; but they had benches to sit upon, and their school-room was upon the wayside, while this one was in a wet backyard. Those parents who are able, pay a penny a-week; those who are not, pay nothing; while the wealthiest among them pay half-a-crown a-quarter. I saw many schools of this kind, where the child takes a piece of turf under his arm, and goes two miles, and sometimes three, without breakfast. In many parts of the south, and among the mountains, they could eat but once in the day from Christmas to the next harvest, and this meal is generally from two till three o'clock.'

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE following information on the present position of the slave trade, collected from a number of parliamentary reports, appears in a London newspaper (the Globe):—

'We gather from this mass of papers, that the progress yet made towards the suppression of the slave trade by force is very small. The trade is now, apparently, carried on principally for the supply of the Brazilian demand. There the force of popular opinion, and the weakness of the government, combine to render futile all attempts to oppose any effectual opposition to the landing and sale of the slaves when they arrive. The sole check to the trade is found in the risk of capture on or near the African coast. After the loss of several vessels in succession, the dealers are for a while unwilling to speculate. But the arrival of one or two cargoes in safety revives their hopes, and the traffic is renewed with all its former vigour. During the war in China, the British force cruising for the capture of slavers was reduced. The slave trade then increased very considerably. When the war was over, and the cruising squadron was strengthened, it declined. The year 1845, in particular, was a bad one for the Brazilian slave-dealers. But in January 1846, two vessels succeeded in reaching Bahia with their cargoes in safety, and landed, one 813, and the other—a yacht of fifty-one tons—160 slaves. In March, the brig Tres Amigos landed at the same port 1350 slaves; and a few days afterwards the yacht Amelia, 169 tons, landed 346 more. Much of this success undoubtedly arose from the failure of Mr Hamilton, in December 1845, to obtain a new treaty with the Brazilian government, and the subsequent neglect of the authorities to do anything whatever to discourage the trade. Its immediate result is told in a despatch from our consul at Bahia, dated 4th May 1846. He says—"In consequence of the capture of ten or twelve vessels from this port during the past year, the slave dealers were much dispirited; and some of the principal ones had commenced breaking up their establishments on the coast. The arrival alluded to (that of the Tres Amigos) has, however, caused a reaction. Six vessels have again been fitted out for this detestable traffic, two of which have already sailed."

'In the three months ending 30th of June 1846, five vessels fitted as slavers left Bahia in ballast, and three arrived, and landed 1260 slaves. Before the 30th September, five more vessels landed, at the same port, 1878 slaves; and several were sent out fitted for the trade. Our consul, writing in September, says—"Every facility is now given for the landing of slaves in all parts of the province, and even within the precincts of this city. As no effort is made by the authorities to put a stop to this proceeding, it gives an additional impetus to the slave dealers to fit out a greater number of vessels for the express purpose of bringing slaves to this place. The number of vessels now returned is double that of the preceding quarter."

'The returns from Rio afford no information as to the number of slaves landed there in 1846. At Pará, it appears that the slaves form but a small proportion of the coloured population, and that a very few had recently been brought there. At Paraiba, also, the trade prevailed only to a very limited extent. From Pernambuco, the British consul, writing in April 1846, says—"For the last eighteen months no vessel has safely landed a full cargo of slaves from Cape St Roque to the Rio San Francisco; they have invariably, in part or whole, been seized *and appropriated to themselves or friends*, by the government officer at the different districts." The British commissioner, however, estimated the total illicit importation of African slaves into Brazil, in 1845, at 16,000, or less by nearly 3000 than in the year before. The actual number imported in 1846 was probably not far from twice that number.

'Besides the Brazilian ports, the chief markets for fresh importations of African slaves are in Cuba and Porto Rico. Early in 1846 Mr Bulwer obtained from the Spanish government a promise to forbid the connivance of their colonial governors in the trade; and, accordingly, since May in that year, O'Donnell, the captain-general of Cuba, has been acting under orders to discourage the landing of slaves, and to afford us all requisite facilities for preventing their importation. There is abundant reason for believing that such obedience as he gives to these orders is much against his will; and there is a strong party in the island always prepared to assist him in evading or neglecting them. So also at Porto Rico, the governor declares, that as the trade is now unlawful, he will not permit it to be carried on; but there is little reliance to be placed upon his ability to prevent it, even though we admit the sincerity of his desire to do so.

'The owners of the ships and cargoes taken in the slave trade are almost invariably Spaniards, Portuguese, or Brazilians. Italians are sometimes met with among the crews. The vessels are very frequently of American origin, chosen for their sailing qualities, and for the cheapness of their materials. American seamen have been found in slavers, but there is generally evidence of their having been entrapped. They are engaged in American ports before the transfer of the vessel to the slave-dealer, and before her destiny is known; and when they arrive on the coast of Africa, are driven to choose between being left there to shift for themselves, and coming home with the risk of capture. The American flag is frequently used to cover the vessel through the preliminary proceedings, and down even to the moment of putting the slaves on board; and for this reason—the United States not allowing a right to search vessels so covered to any cruisers except her own—the risk of detection and stoppage is thus altogether avoided, unless an American vessel of war happen to be in the neighbourhood.'

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It is mentioned by the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' that pine-apples have this summer been grown and ripened in the open air in Devonshire. The plants employed in the experiment were of different varieties, had never been subjected to fire-heat at any time, and were not exposed to the air till after they had blossomed, and the fruit had set. It thus appears that so tender a plant as the pine-apple may be enabled to bear full exposure to the air of May, June, and July, in this climate, by a little judicious management. In this instance, the cold winds were kept off by mounds raised around the plants; a sufficiency of earth-heat was obtained by sinking the pots in leaves still capable of fermentation; and a genial night atmosphere was obtained by covering the sloping sides of the mounds with a black substance (charred grass), which absorbed the solar heat during the day, and gave it off gradually after nightfall.

Professor Erdmann of Dorpat, who is travelling in the south of Russia, has just discovered, in the neighbourhood of Odessa, a great many skeletons and fossil bones of animals not now inhabiting this region of the globe. Among them are remains of elephants and rhinoceroses, creatures whose habitats are strictly tropical, and which could not now exist even in the most genial districts of Europe. The bones were found immediately under a calcareous deposit of recent origin; thus proving that at no very distant date, geologically speaking, Europe was peopled with huge pachyderms, similar to those luxuriating in the swamps and jungles of India and Africa.

Experiment has already subjected man and a number of the lower animals to the process of etherisation, and all have been found alike to yield to the influence of the potent vapour. Insensibility to pain, or a suspension of nervous irritability, has been the result in every case—the degree of insensibility varying according to constitutional differences, and according to the amount and continuance of the inhalation of the vapour. Not satisfied with these experiments, philosophers have more recently pushed their inquiries into the vegetable kingdom, and have found that etherisation produces analogous effects on plants—destroying the irritability, or so-called sensibility, of such members as the stamens of the common barberry, and the leaves of the sensitive plant and Venus' fly-trap, which are well known to be highly susceptible of contact. As in the case of animals, the plants recover their irritability on exposure to the atmosphere.

From the year 1829 to 1834, the average importation of barilla into this country amounted to 12,600 tons. Now, however, this ash is scarcely to be met with in the market—nearly the whole of the soda consumed in the manufacture of soap, and for other purposes, being obtained from common salt, through the agency of sulphuric acid. The united quantity of soda-ash and soda annually manufactured is calculated to exceed seven times the largest importation of barilla ever made in one year; and this increased consumption is due to the repeal of the salt duty, and to the improvements that have been effected in the preparation of sulphuric acid.

Professor Schönbein, the inventor of the celebrated gun-cotton, is said to have discovered a curious and valuable substitute for glass. It consists of pulp of common paper, made transparent, by causing it to undergo a certain transformation, which the professor calls *catalytic*. With this paper, made water-proof, is manufactured perfectly transparent window-panes, vases, and bottles, which will not be easily fractured.

The most extensive *manual* structure is undoubtedly the great Chinese wall. It is 24 feet high, and 10 feet wide, and reaches to the extent of from 2000 to 2400 miles, over mountains, precipices, and rivers, up to the sea on one side, and the inaccessible mountains of Thibet on the other. The Chinese truly call it one of *their* wonders of the world—as the stones used for its construction, if placed one beside the other, would suffice to encompass the whole circumference of the globe. The entire history of this construction is wrapt in similar obscurity with that of the Pyramids of Egypt.

It is a well-known fact, that the young of the eel ascend the rivers they frequent in countless multitudes in March and April, and remain there during the summer. 'I have known them,' says Mr Couch of Penzance, 'ascend a small stream for a short distance, when they have been obstructed by a waterfall of about twenty feet high; and yet, on examining the wet moss on the rocks over which the water fell, the eels may be found tortuously winding their way to the stream above. If a stream, from the dryness of the summer, be reduced in size, the eels will quit it, and travel through the wet grass in search of another. I have kept eels,' he continues, 'in confinement, in large basins, but they have generally effected their escape by night, which is their favourite time for moving. Their mode of escaping is remarkable. They commence by throwing their tail over the edge of the vessel; and that organ being a prehensile one, they then lift themselves over, and so escape by their usual tortuous motion.'

The poor diamond, it seems, has been recently undergoing another set of cruel and degrading experiments. At the Oxford meeting of the British Association, Dr Faraday exhibited some diamonds which he had received from M. Dumas, which had, by the action of intense heat, been converted into coke. In one case, the heat of the flame of oxide of carbon and oxygen had been used; in another, the oxyhydrogen flame; and in the third, the galvanic arc of flame from a Bunsen battery of one hundred pairs. In the last case, the diamond was perfectly converted into a piece of coke; and in the others, the fusion and carbonaceous formation were evident. There is still, however, this consolation for the royal gem—that these Goliahs of chemistry have not yet been able to convert 'vulgar charcoal' into reputable diamond: and yet who can say that some of them may not, against next gathering of the savans, exhibit artificial diamonds by the hundredweight?

Like most countries composed of calcareous materials, and which have been visited by successive earthquakes, Syria abounds in caves, stalactitical formations, deep recesses in the limestone, and dizzy ravines spanned by natural arches. Near the source of the Nahr-el-kelb is a natural bridge, considered, and deservedly so, the greatest curiosity in the country. It is called by the natives Djessr-el-Khadjer, and is of the following dimensions:—Span 180 feet; height from the water to the summit 160 feet; breadth of the roadway 140 feet; and depth of the keystone 20 feet.

The assertion that the mud in some of the North American lakes exercises an attractive or magnetic influence on the boats sailing above it, is thus corroborated by Sir A. Mackenzie:—At the portage of Matrees, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long, with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the

water. Nevertheless, this sort of mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such, that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. I have been assured that loaded boats have often been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself, I have never been in danger of foundering; but I have several times had great difficulty in passing the spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Sagmaga, where it is with difficulty that a loaded boat is made to advance; but fortunately the spot is only about four hundred yards over.

Column for Young People.

JUVENILE SYMPATHISERS.

About twelve months ago, Elihu Burritt, in one of his beautiful 'Olive-leaves,' related a circumstance, the particulars of which we will make our young friends acquainted with, because we feel assured it will not only interest them, but show the benefits which may arise from the sympathies of children being rightly directed, and prove that the ardour of their warm hearts is not cooled by many waters, nor their feelings confined within the imaginary lines of latitude.

Whilst the great advocate for peace was travelling through our land on his errand of love, he was one evening overtaken by a heavy shower. The day had been fine; but, as is not unfrequently the case in England, the sky became suddenly overcast. The pedestrian was passing through a richly-cultivated district, where nature and art had united to render the spot a perfect paradise, and he was for a time lost in the contemplation of its beauties; but the heavy drops, as they pattered on his shoulders, awoke him from his poetical reverie, and suggested the convenience of a shelter. An open gate stood near, which seemed to invite his entrance, and his ear now for the first time recognised the familiar sound of the anvil. Its monotonous clink had before mingled with the song of the bird, the bleating of sheep, the ripple of the stream, and the many pleasant sounds which gave life and harmony to the scene. But how were his feelings changed on entering that humble shed! not because it spoke of indigence and toil, for he did not look upon the necessity for exertion as an evil in itself: his sympathies were drawn out by the ignorance and disease which he saw prevailing there, from too early and too close application to labour. The occupants of this narrow shed were a man in the meridian of life, and a boy about nine years of age. They had stood there, side by side, for years. The father's earnings being insufficient for the wants of his family, he had been obliged to take his child almost from his mother's arms, and place him on the cold stone on which he then stood. It had at first been placed there that he might reach his father's block, to assist in making nails, and the necessity for its use had continued as he advanced in years; for the unhealthy employment, and that cold, damp stone, had chilled his young blood, stopped his growth, and nipped the buds from his spirit. Dear young reader, you who are surrounded by home comforts, think, in your hours of relaxation and leisure, that hundreds of children, perhaps in your own town, are exposed to a similar fate—that thousands are led from the cradle to the factory or workshop, without time to gain physical strength from exercise, or opportunity for mental culture. But to return to my story. That heart which was so intent on the establishment of *national* peace and good-will, could not overlook *individual* suffering, and he strove to awaken the sympathies of the American children for the poor English boy; nor did he find this a difficult task. Their hearts leaped, as it were, across the Atlantic, to assist the unhappy stranger. Mr Burritt proposed that they should raise a subscription to send the lad to school. This proposition was joyfully acceded to, and no less than one thousand half-dimes* were sent over for the purpose. The 23d of last December was a cold, damp day; the morning in London was foggy; but it gave place to what is called a Scotch mist, which would wet an Englishman to the skin, and, we doubt not, have a similar effect on an American; but be that as it may, the generous almoner undertook a journey of fifteen miles on foot, in order to convey the precious gift. We wish that our young friends could have seen the little fellow, as he stood in a tailor's shop, viewing his own deformed figure arrayed in a new suit of clothes, which he was told had been sent him by the children of a country of which, perhaps, he had never heard, or at least knew as little of as of the inhabitants of the moon, and was further informed that they had paid for him to be sent to school. Oh, it would have been a fine subject for a painter, if he could have caught the bewildered, yet grateful and happy expression of the little English boy, and the benevolent, we might say heavenly, smile of his kind-hearted American friend.

The boy's individual improvement is not the only benefit arising from this charitable action. It is probable that he will make an effort to spread the seeds of knowledge he is receiving; and his young benefactors, having carried out the principles of universal brotherhood in early youth, will be stimulated to further exertion as they advance in life. And will not our young British friends respond to this feeling? Will not their warm hearts suggest means of usefulness, which would show their generosity, and at the same time acknowledge those claims of brotherhood?

* A half-dime is value twopence-halfpenny of English coin.

BLEACHING.

The operation by which the natural colours of substances are discharged, and they become white or colourless. Bleaching may be performed either by natural means, as exposure to light, air, and moisture, or by chemical agents, as chlorine, chloride of lime, sulphurous acid, &c. In many of the processes adopted for this purpose, both methods are combined. The most important application of the art of bleaching in the United Kingdom is in the manufacture of textile fabrics. The celerity with which this is performed in the most perfect manner, and the trifling expense thereby incurred, contributes, in no small degree, towards inducing that preference universally shown to the productions of the looms of Great Britain. Cotton, from its original whiteness, and little attraction for colouring matter, is more easily bleached than most other substances. On the old plan, it is first well washed in warm water, to remove the weaver's paste or dressing; then 'bucked' (boiled) in a weak alkaline ley; and after being well washed, is spread out upon the grass, or bleaching-ground, and freely exposed to the joint action of light, air, and moisture. The operation of bucking and exposure is repeated as often as necessary, when the goods are 'soured' or immersed in water acidulated with sulphuric acid; after which they receive a thorough washing in clean water, and are dried. From the length of the exposure upon the bleaching-ground, this method has been found to injure the texture of the cloth, and, from the number of operations required, necessarily becomes expensive, and produces considerable delay; it has therefore very generally given place to the improved system of chemical bleaching, by means of chloride of lime. In this method, after the first operation of washing and bucking, as in the common process, the cotton is submitted to the action of weak solutions of chloride of lime, and afterwards passed through soured water, when it has only to be thoroughly washed and dried. Linen is bleached in a similar way to cotton, but the operation is more troublesome, from its greater affinity for colouring matter. Wool is first exposed to the joint action of fullers' earth and soap, in the fulling-mill, to remove adherent grease and dirt; and is then well washed and dried, when it is usually found sufficiently white for the purposes of the dyer; but should the slight yellow tint it retains prove objectionable, it is run through water tinged blue with indigo, or it is exposed to the fumes of burning sulphur. The latter method gives it a harsh feel, which is best removed by a bath of soap and water; but this will reproduce its previous yellowishness. Silk is bleached by boiling it in white soap and water, to remove the natural yellow varnish that covers it; after which it is subjected to repeated rinsings. Articles that are required to be very white, as gloves, stockings, &c. are also submitted to the action of sulphurous acid, or the fumes of burning sulphur. Straw is also bleached by the fumes of sulphur; hence arises the sulphurous smell emitted by new straw-hats and bonnets. They may, however, be bleached in a much better manner by the use of a little oxalic acid, or chloride of lime. Old rags, for the manufacture of paper and paper pulp, are generally bleached with chlorine. Printed books, engravings, &c. may be whitened by first subjecting them to the action of weak chloride of lime-water; next, to water soured with sul-

phuric acid; and, lastly, to pure water, to remove any adhering acid or chlorine.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

VALUE OF EXAMPLE.

The poor woman who, with a scanty wardrobe, is ever neat and clean in her person, amid various and trying duties; is patient, gentle, and affectionate in her domestic relations; with small funds is economical and judicious in her household management—as presenting every day a practical exposition of some of the least lessons in life—may be a greater benefactor of her kind than the woman of fortune, though she may scatter a tithe of a large fortune in alms. The poor man, whose regularity and propriety of conduct co-operate with such a woman, and shows his fellow-workmen or townsmen what temperance, industry, manly tenderness, and superiority to low and sensual temptation can effect in endearing a home, which, like the green spot that the traveller finds in the desert, is bright even amid the gloom of poverty, and sweet even amid all the surrounding bitterness—such a man does good as well as the most eloquent speaker that ever spoke, and the most eloquent writer that ever wrote. If there were a few patriarchs of the people, women as well as men (if I may be excused for admitting the former to a patriarchy), their influence would soon be sensibly felt.—*Mrs Leman Grimstone.*

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A progress in these must be accompanied by progressive changes in our social and political institutions. That they have not arrived at perfection, the slightest glance at the misery around us is all that is requisite to prove. The supposition that they will not be subject to changes, would imply either that while other kinds of knowledge are daily advancing, the science of social happiness was as complete as the nature of the subject allowed, and therefore susceptible of no improvement; or that the happiness of communities admitted of no addition, their misery of no diminution, from the most thorough insight into the various causes which produced them. The history of every country proves that a knowledge of these causes is one of the most difficult of acquisitions; that on no subject is man more easily deluded, less capable of extensive views, guilty of grosser mistakes, and yet more inveterately pertinacious in thinking himself infallible. Nor is there any subject on which the correction of an apparently small error has teemed with such important benefits to the world.—*Pursuit of Truth.*

TALENT, ACQUIRED AND NATURAL.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind—practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a faculty in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice.—*Locke.*

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

As we ought not to make the gratification of our external senses the main end of life, so neither ought we to indulge our taste for the more refined pleasures—those called the pleasures of imagination—without some bounds. The cultivation of a taste for propriety, beauty, and sublimity, in objects natural or artificial, particularly for the pleasures of music, painting, and poetry, is very proper in younger life, as it serves to draw off the attention from gross animal gratifications, and to bring us a step farther into intellectual life, so as to lay a foundation for higher attainments. But if we stop here, and devote our whole time, and all our faculties, to these objects, we shall certainly fall short of the proper end of life.—*Priestley.*

FLATTERY.

Wherever there is flattery, there is always a fool in the case: if the parasite be detected, it falls to his share; if he be not, to his whom he deludes.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE PARTY PROCEEDING ON THE TRACK OF DR LEICHHARDT, THE AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY R. LYND, ESQ.

Ye who prepare with pilgrim feet
Your long and doubtful path to wend,
If, whitening on the waste, ye meet
The relics of my murdered friend—
His bones with reverence ye shall bear
To where some mountain streamlet flows;
There, by its mossy bank, prepare
The pillow of his long repose.

It shall be by a stream whose tides
Are drunk by birds of every wing;
Where every lovelier flower abides
The earliest wakening touch of spring!
Oh meet that he—(who so carest
All-beauteous Nature's varied charms)—
That he, her martyred son, should rest
Within his mother's fondest arms!

When ye have made his narrow bed,
And laid the good man's ashes there,
Ye shall kneel down around the dead,
And wait upon your God in prayer.
What though no reverend man be near,
No anthem pour its solemn breath,
No holy walls invest his bier
With all the hallowed pomp of death!

Yet humble minds shall find the grace,
Devoutly bowed upon the sod,
To call that blessing round the place
Which consecrates the soil to God.
And ye the wilderness shall tell
How, faithful to the hopes of men,
The Mighty Power he served so well,
Shall breathe upon his bones again!

When ye your gracious task have done,
Heap not the rock above his dust!
The Angel of the Lord alone
Shall guard the ashes of the just!
But ye shall heed, with pious care,
The memory of that spot to keep;
And note the marks that guide me where
My virtuous friend is laid to sleep!

For oh, bethink—in other times
(And be those happier times at hand),
When science, like the smile of God,
Comes brightening o'er that weary land—
How will her pilgrims hail the power,
Beneath the drooping myall's gloom,
To sit at eve, and mourn an hour,
And pluck a leaf on Leichhardt's tomb!*

—*From Dr Lang's Cooksland.*

* The report of Dr Leichhardt's death proved to be erroneous.

ANECDOTE FOR MOTHERS.

The late Queen Charlotte was exceedingly fond of needlework, and was solicitous that the princesses should excel in the same amusing art. In the room in which her majesty used to sit with her family were some cane-bottomed chairs, and when playing about, the princesses were taught the stitches on this rude canvas. As they grew older, a portion of each day was spent in this employment; and, with their royal mother as their companion and instructress, they became accomplished needlewomen.—*Miss Lambert.*

NOTICE.

We gladly mention that the school at Swindon, remarked upon in the leading article of No. 187, is different from the one established in the new village by the Great Western Railway Company. We learn that this seminary is conducted on enlightened principles, and is under the care of an able teacher, handsomely salaried by the Company.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 194. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847. Price 1½d.

APPROPRIATION.

While all declare the utility of competition, it is not less true that every one will, if he can, exclude competition in his own case. The trading world is full of efforts to attain to the dealing in some article which others may not meddle with. Patents are eagerly sought for—in a vast proportion of cases, not in the spirit of invention, and with a simple regard to the just and natural remuneration of peculiar merits, but with a purely trading view to the comfort of an exemption from this same admired principle of competition. Authors have never yet thought of any mode of remuneration for their merits and their toils, but a right of dealing in their wares in the manner of a monopoly. In his practice, the individual submits to competition as an evil which he cannot avoid, even while he is theoretically advocating it as the life and spirit of business. We are all, it would appear, monopolists in our hearts.

This is because we naturally start with the narrowest kind of self-love. The efforts to monopolise are the relics of the first instinctive philosophy under which mankind acts. To come to acknowledge the abstract value of a free competition, is a step forward in social morality; and this is the point that seems now to be attained. While such, however, is the hopeful state we are in with regard to industrial courses, there are appearances as if the fruits of industry were subjected to a contrary rule of progress; for never before were rights of all kinds more rigidly enforced than now; never were the claims of property more exigent or unrelenting. It would even seem as if the very sense of property were becoming keener among men. One very noticeable operation of this spirit at the present moment, is towards the exclusion of the public from many ways and haunts hitherto open to them. Is there a path through a field, or by a river side, which has been a common good for ages, an effort is made to appropriate it. Is there a piece of waste ground on which villagers have heretofore pastured animals without control, it can scarcely be saved from the gripe of some co-terminous proprietor, who affects to consider it in its present state as a nuisance. Waters in which men and boys used to fish without hindrance, are now staked off by the owners of the banks for their own pleasure. Even Highland wildernesses fifty miles wide, which some time ago could hardly be considered as property, seeing that they were of scarcely any use, are now proclaimed as sacred from the foot of human visitors, because the deer might thereby be disturbed, and deer produce a sporting rent. The tendency is to put walls and doors, locks and keys, upon every bit of the surface, for the benefit of the few, and to the exclusion of the many. And this is done in various ways, furtive and otherwise. Unfortunately, it is a policy too apt to be successful, as the vagueness of a public right has but small force against the intensity of a particular claim. And thus the poor public is hustled in time out of every place it can have any pleasure in frequenting, till at length nothing is left for it but the artificial scenery of the streets, and dusty roads enclosed by monotonous walls, reared as if with the intention to exclude even a passing view of the landscape.

We are not among those who would throw unreserved blame upon the owners of the soil for every example of such conduct, seeing well how our social progress is always making property more and more valuable, how the progress of taste is always making it more susceptible of injury, and how natural it is for any one who possesses a thing, to seek to protect and to improve it. We would only, with all possible impartiality, present a few considerations which may tend to promote a good understanding on this subject between proprietors and the public. It seems but fair to remind the former that, if inconvenience be felt from rights of passage, it is a subtraction from the value of neighbouring property which existed when that property was acquired. Proprietors have no right, otherwise than by purchase, to improve their grounds by the abolition of such alleged inconveniences. If they do so, they undoubtedly make a positive encroachment on the rights of other parties, and are thus guilty of a very gross form of that very offence from which they are prone to profess being sufferers. This is not sufficiently kept in view in those cases where popular resistance is made to the claims of proprietors. A gentleman builds a wall and gate to prevent the public from passing through his grounds. A spirited member of the public breaks down the obstruction. It seems a violent act—and shall a gentleman not have a title to protect his own grounds from intrusion? The fact is, the gentleman is not merely protecting his grounds; he is himself committing an aggression upon a piece of property—the walk—which belonged to the public. The public is as well entitled to break down the wall, as it would be to remove a load of furniture which had been awkwardly left upon a thoroughfare, to the obstruction of passage. It is like killing in self-defence. If damages are to be mentioned in the case, they ought to be damages from the builder of the wall for the trouble he had given those who removed it.

There is often a misapprehension of the true nature of property in the minds of those who seek to improve it in this manner at the expense of the public, or who are disposed to use it in a jealously exclusive manner. The fact is, that it is the public which makes property, seeing that it is entirely the creation of a sanction and a protection extended by the mass to the individual, on an understanding that it is for the general benefit that things should, as it were, belong to individuals. There is no-

thing else in the matter; and the moment that the commonwealth should see it to be not for its interest that property should belong to individuals, there will be no property in our common acceptation of the term. Now, if it be the wish of any to preserve the present arrangement, which, on the whole, and relatively, is a good one, it should be his study to act as much as possible in such a way regarding his property, as may make it a source of no inconvenience to his fellow-creatures, but rather the reverse. Every movement towards the making it more exclusive or more aggressive, every occasion on which it interferes with great public interests, or becomes in anyway a grievance or an impediment, must tend to impair that sanction without which it dies. On the other hand, where it is used and maintained in a liberal spirit, the contentment of the commonwealth with its present posture must be promoted, and its permanency in that degree insured. Amidst the many movements of our time, it cannot be said that there is any regarding the holding of property. Alterations in that department seem as if they would be amongst the latest births of human progress. It would, therefore, be absurd to speak thus in the way of menace, or for any one to dream that such is our purpose. We merely wish—and this, we think, is within our legitimate province—to awaken just feelings on the subject in those who are blessed with large possessions. We would wish them to be inspired with reverence for their fellow-creatures, as the creators of property in their persons, and to become disposed to share the blessing as far as the simplest regard to useful ends will permit. Let them, above all, abstain from making the extent or position of their territories a source of trouble or annoyance to the community, as also from tightening restrictions, so as to deprive the public of any privileges which they have hitherto enjoyed.

The public is at the same time bound to exercise its rights, and to use such graces as may be generously extended to it, in a manner as inoffensive as possible. In the case of a right of passage through open grounds, it is only fitting that care should be taken to avoid injury to growing crops, to trees, and to enclosures, so that proprietors and tenants may have nothing to complain of. Justice and good-feeling alike make this demand. If a kindly concession has been made by a proprietor to the public, the simplest regard to good manners renders similar care necessary. Before, indeed, we can expect any liberality from proprietors, it is necessary that the public should learn to act with delicacy and conscientiousness towards that class. Prudence would even counsel that, for the preservation of what it has a right to, the public ought to cultivate a reverence for the property which may be concerned, abstaining from all injury to the minutest object in field or shrubbery—a course which a right-minded person would feel to be as necessary for the maintenance of his self-respect, as for the keeping up of a good understanding with the owners of the soil.

To return, in conclusion, to the general principle, it would be well to keep more in remembrance than we generally do, a source which property has somewhat higher than even the sanction of the republic. Petty man walks over his grounds, and says to himself, 'Behold, all this is mine!' forgetting the true Owner, and that landlords are, after all, but a succession of tenants. He devises and frames some piece of curious material, from which he expects to derive advantage, and says, 'Behold, I made this, and it is mine!' forgetting whence came the gifts which enabled him to accomplish his work, and that we are all of us but as tools in the hands of the Great Workman. A livelier sense of these truths might dispose us to consider property as not rightly used, unless when devoted to the highest purposes of humanity, since these purposes are God's, and we only deserve His benefits when we work His will.

THE LOST PORTRAIT.

BY MRS CROWE.

'*Ecoutez!*—listen!' said Monsieur Herbois to his companion; 'there is that divine voice again!'

'*Mais c'est une voix d'enfant!*—it is a child!' returned Monsieur Michelet.

'Yes, it is the voice of a child; but what a voice!' exclaimed Herbois, standing still, and holding the other by the arm, in order to arrest his steps also; 'so pure, so sweet, and even so steady; and what a perfect intonation! Did you ever hear anything so enchanting?'

'It is very remarkable, certainly, for a child,' replied Michelet. 'It proceeds from this cottage; let us go round to the door and inquire about her.'

'*Doucement!*—softly! Come this way a bit,' said Herbois, laying his finger on his lip, and drawing his friend in an opposite direction.

The cottage from which this sweet voice proceeded stood alone in a valley of the Apennines, not far from the town of Spoleto; and the two strangers, who had approached it from behind, now retreated the way they had come. 'The truth is,' continued Herbois, 'it was to hear that voice I sent for you from Rome.'

'Then I think you might let me hear a little more of it,' replied Michelet.

'I hope we shall hear a good deal more of it,' answered Herbois with a mysterious nod of the head. 'What do you say to carrying her off with us to Paris?'

'With all my heart,' replied Michelet; 'that voice, well cultivated, will be a fortune. What friends has she? Will they give her up?'

'That is the difficulty,' answered Herbois; 'and here it is I want your assistance. You must know that it was about three months since, on my way to Naples, that I first heard that voice. The day was cold, and whilst they were waiting for the horses at Spoleto, I had walked forwards to warm myself; when suddenly, as I passed near this spot, my ears were arrested by these delicious tones. For some minutes I stood transfixed with delight and surprise; and as I was instantly struck with the immense advantages to be derived from the possession of the child, I was about to enter the cottage for the purpose of making inquiries, and opening a negotiation, when the vetturino overtook me, and I was obliged to continue my journey. On my arrival at Naples, however, I wrote to old Martinelli, who, by the by, has given up teaching, and retired to end his days at Spoleto; which he left, some sixty years ago, a beggar boy without shoes or stockings, in order to make his livelihood by singing through the streets. Well, I wrote requesting him to make inquiries about the girl and her friends, and to find out on what terms they would give her up; not doubting, from their apparently mean circumstances, that they would be willing enough to resign her on such an advantageous speculation. But I had reckoned without my host.'

'You offered a sum down?'

'I offered a hundred crowns; at least I authorised Martinelli to do so, if he thought fit. But it appears that the grandfather of the girl had once before received an application of the same kind, and had rejected it with such indignation, that Martinelli said it would be of no use in the world to think of it: the old man being in the first place devotedly fond of the child; and in the next, having, for some family reasons, an insuperable objection to her going on the stage.'

'How are we to get her, then?' returned Michelet.

'There's no way but stealing her that I know of!' returned Herbois.

'Stealing her!' echoed the other, looking rather grave.

'It's all for her own good, you know,' answered Herbois. 'Isn't it much better that that beautiful voice should be cultivated, and that she should make her fortune, and the fortunes of her family too, than that she should languish here for the rest of her life in poverty and obscurity?'

'Well, perhaps it is,' answered Michelet, whose notions of right and wrong were apt to be a little confused as well as those of his friend. In short, they were both *entrepreneurs* for the French opera, and as their ideas ran but in one channel, they did very honestly believe that no destiny could equal that of a *prima donna* in the great European theatres.

Finding, as he had expected, that his friend threatened no very vigorous opposition to his nefarious project, Herbois now set about explaining to him the plan he had formed for its execution. Whilst they are discussing this question, we will introduce our readers to the inhabitants of the cottage.

Giuseppe Marabini was the possessor of a small vineyard which had been in his family, and descended from father to son, for several generations. He was thus a proprietor, and raised somewhat above the degree of a peasant, although the produce of this little patrimony was not sufficient to exempt him from a necessity for the closest economy. Fortunately, however, he had no numerous family to provide for; one little girl being the only fruit of his union with Paula Batta, a young girl of the village, who brought him no dowry but a good temper, a pretty face, and a very sweet voice; which last qualification was not the least of her attractions to Giuseppe; and it was much to the satisfaction of both parents that they found the young Paulina had inherited this endowment. The child sang like a nightingale, and being also very pretty, she was the delight of her father and mother. By the time she was fifteen, these attractions, combined with the additional one of her being the heiress of the little vineyard, had brought half the young peasants of the neighbourhood to her feet. But Paulina did not care for them, and was in no hurry to be married; indeed she frequently declared to her young companions that she did not mean to marry at all, for she was quite sure she should never be so happy as she was with her father and mother; and she remained inexorably fixed in this opinion till she was nearly sixteen, when the arrival of Marco Melloni, her cousin, entirely changed her views on the subject. Marco was the son of her mother's sister, Teresa, and had quitted home at an early age in the quality of page to a lady of rank. He had since risen to some higher grade of service; and, the family he then lived with being at Rome, he had taken the opportunity of visiting his relations.

Marco was a very different person from the suitors that Paulina had found it so easy to reject. He had seen the world; his manners and conversation were quite polished and fashionable; he talked of Paris, and Vienna, and London; of concerts, operas, and balls; and, moreover, he wore very fine clothes: and Paulina soon began to perceive that her inexorable resolution to lead a single life had been somewhat prematurely announced.

The gallant Marco of course fell in love with his pretty cousin, and when, at the end of his fortnight's holiday, he returned to Rome, he carried with him her promise to become his wife on his next visit, provided her father and mother did not object to the match; which, however grieved to lose their daughter, they did not think they had any good grounds for doing. So their consent being gained, and everything arranged, Marco returned to claim his bride before his master and mistress quitted Rome; and then carried her off with him to the north.

Now, unfortunately, although Paulina sang like an angel, she could not so much as write her name; so that the separation between herself and her parents was entire. For the first few months, indeed, Marco occasionally wrote them a line to say they were well; and in one of his letters he mentioned that the count, his master, was so charmed with Paulina's fine voice, that he had undertaken to provide her with lessons in singing, which pleased and flattered the good people very much. Gradually, however, this little link between the parents and their child dropt; and many a sigh and tear it cost the former, that, owing to the travelling propensities of Marco's employers, they had no means of gaining intelligence of her, even through the intervention of the scribes to be found at Spoleto: they did not know where to address a letter. Some years had passed in this state of uncertainty and privation, when one day the vetturino, who was weekly in the habit of passing that way, drew up his horses at their door, and handed out of the coach a lady extremely elegant in her appearance and attire, but apparently in very bad health. He then lifted out a child, and having set it and their luggage down at the door, he mounted his seat and drove away again; whilst Paula and Giuseppe stood at the window watching these unusual proceedings, and wondering what was to come next. A mistake it was of course; for what could so fine a lady want with them?

Meanwhile, the stranger having watched the carriage till it had passed a corner, and was out of sight, turned towards the door, which was open, and entered the house; whereupon the two old people, half in hope and half in fear, advanced to meet her; and when she lifted her veil, they saw it was their daughter; but so faded, so changed, so sad, that whether to rejoice or weep, as they embraced her, they knew not. For her part, poor soul, tears were the only expression that she was capable of, or which suited her mingled feelings of joy and grief; and without being able to utter a word, she sank into a chair, and shed them freely; whilst the child, with wonder painted in its large dark eyes, stood staring at the scene.

As soon as the parents had recovered from their surprise, they gave their daughter the tenderest welcome, and sought by every means in their power to relieve her mental afflictions, and minister to her bodily comforts. But poor Paulina had returned with ruined health, and 'a broken and contrite heart;' and the only consolation she seemed capable of receiving, was the promise made by her parents to take charge of her child, and devote themselves to its welfare. 'Let her live with you, father: if she must marry, if she will marry, let it be to some one here on the spot: never let her leave her home: and, above all things, if she should inherit a voice—I fear she will, for she sings already—never let it be cultivated! Let her sing to please you, let her voice echo amongst her native hills; but oh, never, never within the walls of a theatre!' Such were her constant prayers and injunctions from the day she arrived till the day she breathed her last breath in their arms, which was just three months after they had seen her descend from the coach at their door. From that moment Nina—so the little girl was called—became the darling of their hearts. They brought her up in the same simple way in which they had brought up her mother; indeed they knew of no other. She helped to do the house work, and to tend the vines; and although inheriting more than her mother's beauty, and a voice almost unparalleled in sweetness and power, she could neither read nor write. They had already fixed their eyes on a young peasant of the neighbourhood to be her husband, when she was old enough; which would be in five years from the period at which our story commences, for she was now between ten and eleven years of age.

'Wife, wife!' said Giuseppe, as he approached the cottage an evening or two after the conversation between Herbois and Michelet, 'why are you sitting out so late? Nina, you should make your grandmother go to bed; you know she is not well.'

'Grandmother wouldn't,' answered Nina. 'I did ask her.'

'The cool air is so pleasant,' said Paula, rising with her husband's assistance; 'and I don't think I shall enjoy it many more evenings, for I grow weaker and weaker.'

'The more reason for your not sitting out in the chill,' returned Giuseppe. 'Come along in.' And almost angry at her imprudence, he led her into the house.

'The only thing that concerns me,' said Paula, after a pause, 'is to think how you will be able to take care of Nina when I am gone.'

'What do you mean?' said Giuseppe impatiently; for although he feared that Paula was really very ill, he could not bear to have his apprehensions confirmed.

'She is now approaching an age in which she will want me more than ever, just as I am going to be taken from her,' continued Paula.

'I'll go and call her in,' said Giuseppe, looking towards the window, through which, although it was dark, they could see Nina leaning over the railing that separated their little garden from the road, whilst her sweet voice resounded in their ears as she chanted her evening hymn to the Virgin.

'Leave her a little; she is very well where she is, and she likes to be out of doors; besides, I meant to speak to you about her, husband, for you must prepare yourself for what is to happen. I know I cannot live long;' and therefore, much to the distress of the old man, Paula entered into the subject of her own approaching decease, giving him her directions and advice with regard to the future management of their beloved grandchild.

'Hark!' said he in the course of the conversation; 'who can that be playing the flute so charmingly?'

'It's beautiful!' said Paula, who loved music as well as her husband.

'Listen, grandmother! Listen!' cried Nina, running up to the door.

'Yes, my child, we hear,' returned Paula. 'I only hope her love of music may not lead her into any mischief,' she continued. 'That scapegrace Pietro—I suppose that is his flute—is endeavouring to make up to her; but you must not let him;' and then, resuming the former subject, she entered at length into her views of what would be best for the happiness of their beloved charge. 'It's time she was in now, though,' said she when the conversation was concluded. 'You had better call her.'

'Nina!' cried Giuseppe, going to the door; 'Nina, child, come in. Why do you stay out so late?' But Nina did not answer.

'She is gone after that flute: it's Pietro's flute, depend on it; and he has enticed her out that he may whisper nonsense into her young ears. I don't like that lad. Hark! I hear a carriage; I hope the child is not out in the road.'

'I'll go and fetch her in,' said Giuseppe, proceeding towards the gate; but as she was not there, he opened it, and went upon the road. It being now so dark that he could not see above a yard or two on either side, he stood still and called, but Nina did not answer. Then he walked a little one way, and a little the other, still calling 'Nina! Nina!' but still no Nina answered; upon which he re-entered the house to fetch his stick; and whilst he and his wife vowed vengeance against Pietro for enticing the child away, he directed his steps towards the cottage inhabited by that gay deceiver's mother, whither he did not doubt she was gone, as she had occasionally done before, bewitched by Pietro's musical accomplishments.

But, alas! Nina was not there; nor had it been Pietro's flute they had heard, that was clear, for the boy was lying in bed with a hurt leg. Who, then, was the musician that had enticed her away? Nobody could tell. The old man passed the night in seeking her all round the neighbourhood; Paula passed it in tears and prayers. Vain tears—vain prayers! Nina was seen in the valley no more! All that could be learned was, that the vetturino, who knew her well by sight, from so often passing the door, had seen a carriage with post-horses near Florence, in which sat two gentlemen and a little boy, whose face struck him as bearing a remarkable resemblance to Nina. The child seemed to know him too, for he had started up and put his head out of the window; but the gentlemen pulled him back, and drew up the glass. The man promised to make inquiries when he returned to Florence; but he could learn nothing: so many strangers visited that city, that the impression made by each was too evanescent to be retained.

For some weeks after this cruel misfortune, Paula languished betwixt life and death, and then expired, bidding Giuseppe never to resign his search after their lost darling. 'Seek her in the great cities,' said she; 'they have stolen her for her voice.' When she was dead, and Giuseppe had laid her in the earth, he sold his cottage and his vineyard, and with the proceeds in his pocket, he set out with a wallet on his back, and a stick in his hand, to traverse the earth in search of his grandchild.

Seven years had elapsed—Pietro was married, and had two children; the cottage where these scenes had transpired was pulled down; the vineyard was a vineyard no longer; and the sorrows and distresses of their former owners had become a tradition in the neighbourhood, when one day a stranger arrived to inquire for Giuseppe Marabini. But no one could give him any intelligence: Giuseppe had gone away, nobody knew whither, and had never been heard of since his departure. But although these worthy people could give no intelligence themselves, they were not the less desirous of obtaining some from the traveller. They wanted to know whence he came, who sent him, and whether he could tell them what had become of Nina. But it was in vain they surrounded and questioned him; he evidently came to make inquiries, not to answer them; and not a word could they extract to satisfy their curiosity. When they were assured of the hopelessness of their endeavours, they drew aside from him, in order to discuss the question by themselves, whilst he mounted his horse, and rode away as he came.

On that very same day, a poor old man was treading heavily and sadly along the road between Dover and London. His clothes were worn and shabby, his tall spare figure was bowed by age and sorrow, his face was thin and wan, and his long white hair fell almost to his shoulders; he helped himself along by the aid of a stick, and under his arm he carried an old violin, which he ever and anon stopped to play when he arrived at a farmhouse or a village. Gradually toiling on from day to day, he at length reached the metropolis; and as he could not speak a word of English, and was at a loss in what direction to seek a lodging, he set himself down upon a door-step to rest and deliberate; and after a little while, in hopes of attracting the attention of the charitable, he commenced playing on his instrument. Presently a window was thrown up above his head, and two fair young faces looked out.

'That is the very Tarantella I have been longing for!' exclaimed one.

'It's the very same that Miss Dallas played, I declare,' cried the other. 'Oh, what fun! Now we'll get it; and she shall have the pleasure of hearing us play it the very next time we meet.'

'How delightfully savage she will be, after tossing up her head, and telling us she never gave copies!' said the first; whereupon, having called to the old man not to go away, they rang the bell, and desired the servant to take him into the dining-room.

'We want you to give us the music of that Tarantella,' said they to him; 'of course we will pay you for it.'

'*Perdona!*' said the old man, shaking his head.

'Ah—you are a foreigner?' said they, addressing him in French, which he understood enough to comprehend them; and on learning what they wanted, he said he

should be too happy to oblige them, if they could take down the music from his playing it—for to write it himself he was unable, as he only played by ear.

This was accordingly done, and when finished, they thanked him, and offered him five shillings in remuneration. But poor as he was, the gallantry of the old foreigner recoiled from being paid for this little service; and bowing respectfully, he told them he was too happy to oblige their signorinas, and that he required no other reward than the pleasure.

'How unlike an Englishman!' said one of the ladies.

'An Englishman would have held the two half-crowns in the palm of his hand, and looked at them with an air of astonishment and disappointment, as if he could not conceive what we meant by offering him so little,' said the other; and this trifling trait of character having interested them in favour of the poor stranger, they proceeded to make some further inquiries as to his situation.

'Then you travel about, and support yourself by your violin?'

'Si, signora,' answered the old man.

'And have you never been in London before?'

'Never,' he replied.

'Then how will you find yourself food, or a lodging, when you can speak no English?'

The old man said he did not know, but he had encountered great difficulties before, and he hoped God would protect him still.

'I wonder if Thomas could recommend him to a lodging,' said one of the ladies; 'let us inquire if he is at home.'

Thomas, who was their brother's groom, said he could get him a lodging in the Mews, where his master's horse stood, if he could pay for it. Without referring to the stranger on the subject, the young ladies said they would be answerable for the rent for a month at anyrate; agreeing that they owed him as much as that for the music. So having desired the groom to give him something to eat below, the poor foreigner, after partaking of some bread and cheese, was conducted to the house of Thomas's acquaintance, and introduced into a more tidy room than he would probably have had the luck to discover for himself.

Mrs Hudson was a laundress, and a widow with one son, a scapegrace, on whom she doted to her own and his great injury; for she had indulged him most injudiciously in his childhood; and now that he was grown up, she sacrificed the fruits of her laborious industry to supply the idle and dissipated habits her former weakness had engendered.

George Hudson was a fine young man too, in spite of his faults: he was handsome, good-natured, lively, and really fond of his mother in his heart: but then he was so thoughtless and extravagant, so destitute of any fixed principles, and so often led astray by worthless companions, that he was always getting into scrapes and difficulties. However, the agreeable qualities he possessed rendered him a great favourite with the young women of his acquaintance; and amongst the rest, had won him the heart of a cousin of his own, called Lucy Watson, who lived in the capacity of housemaid in a baronet's family. Now, it happened about this time that Lucy's master, Sir Henry Massey, was about to be married; and it was arranged that, on the day of the wedding, after the bride and bridegroom had left London, the servants were to celebrate the joyful event by a ball, to which each should invite his own friends and relations. So Lucy of course invited George and his mother; and George begged leave to bring his friend Jack Pearson, a capital fellow, and a very good dancer.

Great were the preparations above stairs and below for this grand occasion; and great was the excitement and expectation on the part both of the entertainers and their visitors; whilst good Mrs Hudson, who by this time had become much attached to the poor foreigner, her lodger, thought it such a pity that he should not be happy as well as the rest, that she persuaded Lucy to extend her invitation to him, on the plea that his violin would be a valuable acquisition to the party. So, after making some demur about the shabbiness of his clothes, the old man having consented to accompany them, they all four repaired to Grosvenor Street, where they found a large party already assembled in the servants' hall.

As the poor stranger really played a great deal better than the musician they had engaged for the occasion, he was extremely well received, and made very welcome; whilst his lame attempts at English contributed much to the hilarity of the party, many of whom could not conceive why he should prefer calling the candle a *chandelle*, or the chair a *chaise*; Joey, the stable-boy, taking particular pains to correct his parts of speech, and make him comprehend that a *chaise* 'was quite another sort of bob, what took'd a horse to drawing of it!' Altogether, the evening passed away gaily enough, and everybody went home well pleased.

'It was capital fun, wasn't it, old boy?' said George to the stranger on the following morning; and the foreigner, perceiving that an assent was expected, smiled, and said '*Oui, oui!*'

This passed whilst they were taking a later breakfast than usual, and George fell to expatiating on Jack Pearson's capital dancing: he was so glad he had taken him; he was much the best dancer there; and so forth; when the eulogium was suddenly interrupted by some very unexpected visitors—no less a person than Sir Henry Massey's house-steward, accompanied by two extremely suspicious-looking strangers.

'I am sorry to interrupt you,' said Mr Terry, as they all rose to receive him; 'but a very unpleasant circumstance has occurred. An article of value has disappeared; a miniature of my lady set in diamonds, which was brought yesterday from the jeweller's just after the carriage had driven away; and which, intending to forward by the mail, I had unfortunately brought down to the steward's room.'

'And what do you suppose is become of it?' inquired George, looking as he felt quite unconcerned in the matter.

'Somebody must have laid hands on it, I am afraid,' returned Terry; 'most of the company were in and out of that room taking refreshments in the course of the evening, you know.'

'And you are come to see if we have got it, I suppose?' answered George laughing. 'Well, come on, my boy. Here am I; search me if you like!'

Mrs Hudson also, though somewhat mortified at the implied suspicion, offered to be searched, and to conduct the officers over her small house; whilst the foreigner, who understood nothing of what was going on, remained standing in silence.

'We must search the old man too,' said Mr Terry to the officers.

'*Comment!*' said he, making some resistance as they took hold of him.

'He does not know what it means, poor man,' said Mrs Hudson. 'Never mind, mounseer,' she added, clapping the old man on the back to encourage him; 'it's all right.'

'Hallo! what have we got here?' exclaimed Townshend, one of the officers, as he opened a small box which he had found in the foreigner's bosom, and drew from it the miniature of a beautiful young girl in the dress of an Italian peasant.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed Terry, snatching at it; 'but where are the diamonds?—where is the setting?' for the picture, which was somewhat faded and defaced, was without any setting whatever.

'Is that it?' asked Townshend.

'It must be it, though I should hardly have known it again,' returned the steward. 'What have you done with the setting?—where are the diamonds?' said he, addressing the old man sharply.

'*Perdona!*' said the foreigner; 'what he say?'

But he had not English enough to comprehend their explanations; so, greatly to his own perplexity, and the grief and dismay of Mrs Hudson, they handed him off straightway to the police-office, George going with them to 'see the fun.'

On being interrogated there in French, and informed of what he was accused, he laughed at them, and said that the miniature was the portrait of his own daughter, which she herself had given him; a fact which the magistrate asserted to be highly improbable, as it was evidently the production of a first-rate artist.

'It was nevertheless true,' the old man said; and, moreover, it had been handsomely set in gold; though necessity had obliged him to part with the setting for bread. On being asked how the daughter of so poor a man should have had a portrait that must have cost at least thirty or forty guineas, he answered that his daughter, who was now dead, had once been rich. 'She was,' said he, 'a singer at the Italian opera in Paris; and that portrait was taken of her in the costume she had worn in her native village.'

To all this, however, Terry, when it was interpreted to him, answered that the miniature was beyond all doubt the one they had lost; 'for,' said he, 'supposing it possible that the dress were similar, it is quite impossible that the face should be the same. Now, although this portrait is sadly altered and spoiled since yesterday, which, I suppose, has been done on purpose, yet it is certainly my lady's likeness.'

Upon this the old man was committed, much to his own amazement and indignation; and what concerned him still more was, that they took the picture from him. But although they had got the thief and the miniature, the gold and the diamonds were not forthcoming; nor could all their threats and intreaties induce the old man to confess what he had done with them; and to that effect, with great lamentations and contrition for his own carelessness, Terry wrote to the baronet. The picture, he said, was retained by the magistrate, or he would have sent it.

On receiving this unwelcome intelligence, Sir Henry, who was no farther off than Brighton, came up to London; but when shown the miniature, he was infinitely more puzzled than Terry had been. He saw differences imperceptible to the steward.

'It is most extraordinary!' said he; 'it is the same, and yet it is not the same! Let us send for the artist, and hear what he says.'

The artist said it was the most incomprehensible thing he ever saw; it was not the picture he had painted; it was the work of a French artist, he was certain; and it must either be a portrait of the same lady, or her sister. Had she a sister?'

'She never had a sister,' said Sir Henry; 'but nothing is more probable than that some French artist may have taken Lady Massey's likeness; but the singularity is, that it should be precisely in that costume! Besides, I never heard her say that she had sat for her picture.'

'And how should it be in the possession of this old beggar?' said the artist.

'Let us send for him and ask him,' said Sir Henry. So the old foreigner was brought to the office, and being introduced into the magistrate's private room, he found himself alone with two strange gentlemen, who began to interrogate him in French; with much more civility, however, than had been practised towards him before.

'You say this is the portrait of your daughter, I understand?'

'Si, signor.'

'Pray, can you tell me where it was painted, and by whom?'

'A Paris, par Le Roy.'

'I thought so,' said the artist.

'And your daughter was a singer at the French opera?' said Sir Henry.

'Si, signor.'

'May I inquire her name?'

'Paulina Melloni.'

'Paulina Melloni! Indeed! Are you the father of Paulina Melloni?'

'Si, signor; that is to say, I was. *E morta!*' he added with a heavy sigh, 'Paulina Melloni is dead.'

'She was a great loss to the stage when she withdrew from it,' said Sir Henry. 'Pray, take a chair;' for he was passionately fond of music, and he was beginning to feel an interest in the father of one of his favourite singers. 'But I am sorry to see the father of Paulina reduced to such extremities; what has brought you so low?'

'Ah! that would be a long story,' returned the old man, 'which the signor would not care to be troubled with. Paulina left a daughter—a dear child—an angel of beauty like herself; and with a voice! Ah, signori, if you had ever heard that voice! Paulina's was fine; but if you had once heard my Nina's'——

'Whose?' cried Sir Henry, starting from his seat. 'Did you say Nina?'

'Si, signor,' answered the old man, stepping forward and looking eagerly in his face. 'Nina Marabini; for though her real name was Melloni, so we always called her.'

'Then you are her grandfather, Giuseppe?' said Sir Henry.

'I am,' returned the old man, dropping into a seat, and almost fainting from agitation; 'where—where is my child?'

'Your Nina is my wife, good friend,' said Sir Henry, giving him his hand kindly; 'and glad she will be to see her grandfather. We sent to Spoleto to inquire for you; and only last week I received a letter from my agent, saying you had long left it.'

We need not attempt to paint the joy of the meeting that ensued between the old man and his darling; and it is scarcely necessary to explain, that the same fancy for being painted in the becoming costume they had formerly worn had influenced both the young women, and so occasioned the resemblance between the pictures, and the subsequent happy discovery. Nina, who had been enticed out of the garden by Michelet's inimitable flute-playing, and carried off to be educated for the stage, had never known her mother's name, nor had she been acquainted with the fact of her having been an opera-singer—poor Paulina's sad experience, whatever it was, had given birth to the desire that her child should be kept in ignorance of these circumstances. Nina found herself the property of two strangers, who treated her kindly enough, whilst they had her taught to read and write, and procured her the first instructions in singing and music, to which nearly all her time was devoted. At first she had grieved very much at the separation from her grandfather and grandmother, which, however, she was told had been effected in that manner with their entire concurrence and approbation, in order to spare the pain of parting; and that, by and by, she would see them again. Young memories are short, and young tears soon dried. Nina delighted in music, and her joy in it ere long consoled her; and as she worked *con amore*, she became in due time a most accomplished singer. When the period arrived that she was to be produced, her master, who was very proud of her, gave a select soirée, to which he invited a few distinguished persons to hear her, amongst whom was Sir Henry Massey, who happened to be at that time in Paris. Her extreme resemblance to the lost favourite Paulina Melloni, whom many of the company remembered, struck every one, Sir Henry, who was a man of five-and-thirty, amongst the rest; and what with looking at her whilst this subject was discussed, and what with hearing her sing, he contrived to lose his heart to the *debutante;* and having refunded to Herbois the cost of her education, instead of appearing on the stage, she became Lady Massey.

As for the miniature and the diamonds, they had, by a very ingenious process, become the temporary pro-

perty of that capital dancer, Jack Pearson, on the evening of the ball. They were traced to him, and recovered; after which experience of his attractive qualities, George not only forswore his acquaintance, but made some very vigorous efforts at self-reform, which, after various alternations and relapses, terminated ultimately, to the infinite joy of his mother, in a very satisfactory degree of amendment in his own character and conduct.

EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

THE APHIS FAMILY.

In studying this family of insects, we turn from the direct to the indirect plagues of the human race. The *Culicides* will pierce and exasperate, but the *Aphides* can devastate and destroy. At present, the aphis family is a particularly popular tribe of insects, and we hear of nothing but *vastators*, turnip aphides, grass aphides, &c.; in fact, there is an aphis mania. Whilst these little creatures are setting the world in a panic—whether needlessly or not, is not our present business—it may be both interesting and instructive to devote a little space to their natural history.

The aphides are all minute in size; they are soft in structure, and have oval bodies, with small heads. They have four wings, long slender legs, apparently too fragile to support the well-conditioned bodies they uphold; and they are provided with a very curious beak, called the *rostrum*, or *haustellum*, which consists of a delicate semi-transparent tube, at the end of which is an opening so minute, as to defy detection with an ordinary microscope, but capable of being demonstrated by pressure, when a droplet of fluid will appear at the orifice. In some, this sucking apparatus is considerably longer than the body of the insect; and when not in use, is carried underneath it, and projects some distance beyond, turning up like a sort of tail. There are many species belonging to the family which exhibit a great variety in their external aspect. Some are transparent green insects, which have all the appearance of winged pieces of vegetation, so perfectly do they correspond in colour with the hue of the young shoots upon which they prey. To this it is owing that their presence is frequently only first observed when the plants droop, and wear an unhealthy appearance from their attacks. Some are black, others brown, citron-coloured, or even white, or of the colour of bronze. They appear to change their hues occasionally with the nature of the juices upon which they feed. In the month of August, if we examine some of our rose-trees, we shall find several of the aphides preying upon them of a pale rose colour, although, in the previous months, their colour was green. Some have a flat dead colour; others glisten like animated drops of brown varnish: some are more gaily painted; and others prettily marked in green and black. Several are sure to attract notice by their being clothed in a white woolly robe, by means of which they are wafted through the air almost as lightly as the thistle-down. The *Aphis lanigera* is thus adorned: it is the too familiar 'apple blight;' and communicates to the trees it infests that hoary aspect which all have beheld them wear, particularly toward the end of the summer, when white cottony flakes are seen waving from the branches. The aphides live in an imperfect society, and seem happy in the fellowship they mutually enjoy; but it is the fellowship of eating and drinking alone. Like all gluttons, they have a great aversion to locomotion: they love to eat and drink, and live generally on the very spot where good food is to be found; and, like gluttons still, it is not uncommon for them to meet with their fate upon the very scene of their festivities.

These few general particulars have reference to the perfect insects: much interest attaches to the earlier history of the aphides. It is curious that these insects produce eggs in the autumn, but are viviparous—that is, produce their young alive—during the summer. The eggs remain undeveloped through the winter—generally sealed to some plant, or sheltered in some safe recess—and in the spring the perfect insects come forth from them; these perfect insects then go on, not to produce ova, but to bring forth other insects as perfect as themselves, until autumn returns, when ova are once more produced, and safely stored up for the winter. Here, however, we open upon one of those striking passages in natural history in which the science of entomology especially abounds. If, during the month of November, one were to take the trouble to find and dig down to the nest of a yellow ant, common enough in our pastures—the *Formica flava*—he would most probably witness a scene which would amply repay the exercise. This ant is the nurse, the almost second parent, of the eggs of the aphides. In the autumn, when the eggs are deposited by the last generation of the aphides, they are collected by the ants, and carried by underground tunnels to their nests. Here they are carefully stored up in a proper apartment, and are treated with the tenderest care, and watched over with the most anxious jealousy and solicitude. The ants lick them with their tongues, and varnish them over with a peculiar liquid. If it is requisite to move them, they are carried most carefully between their mandibles; and on warm sunny days they are brought to the surface of the nest to get the benefit of the air, and are always carried down again as the chilly shades of evening close upon them. Why all this care? In the spring, the eggs are hatched, and female aphides come forth from them; and now the watchful toil of the foster-mother is all rewarded. The ants are to the female aphides—to use the expressive simile of Linnæus—as their milch cows! Large flocks of these tiny kine are thus collected together in the ants' nests, and repay their owners in producing the sweet delicious fluid which everybody knows under its name of 'honey-dew.' This fluid is excreted by a peculiar apparatus in the abdomen of the aphis, and it may often be seen in drops upon the leaves of trees infested by them. 'Honey-dew' was once supposed to be a disease of the leaves themselves, and has been the subject of many foolish mistakes and superstitions. The above is the true source of this fluid; and it is sought after with the greatest avidity by the ants.

The insects thus produced are capable of giving birth to a progeny of live aphides, and are endowed with enormous fecundity. Reaumur watched one under a glass vessel, and found that, in a single day, it became the parent successively of twenty young, and without itself suffering any apparent diminution of size. In fact, he naïvely remarks, that when once this function comes into play, they seem to do nothing else. It is a remarkable fact, and one upon which much obscurity hangs, that these aphides are virgin mothers; and they will produce their young incessantly for eight or nine generations without alteration of condition in that particular. M. Bonnet instituted some most laborious experiments to decide the question, and was repeatedly a witness to this fact. On one occasion he states that the mother of ninety-five aphides never paired! The insect upon which he experimented was born before his eyes, and instantly isolated, so that the possibility of a mistake cannot exist. This striking anomaly in the history of the aphides caused, at its first announcement, the greatest sensation in the scientific world, and for a long period its truth was severely questioned: it now stands among the most surely-based facts in entomology, having its foundation on a number and variety of experiments equal to the importance of the occasion. Beyond a certain limit, this faculty ceases. It is curious that aphides of the other sex are not born until the autumn, when they fulfil their functions; ova are then produced, and our summer friends bid us farewell for the season.

Legion is the name of the aphides, for very many they are of a truth. It was a calculation of Reaumur, who seems to have had a sort of affection for this tribe of insects, that one aphis may be the mother of the vast

number of 5,904,900,000! Professor Owen more recently gives the following as an approximation to the actual numbers a single aphis may be the progenitor of: the *Aphis lanigera* produces each year ten viviparous broods, and one which is oviparous, and each generation averages one hundred individuals; consequently, by the tenth generation, a *quintillion* will have been produced! This wonderful fertility exceeds that of any known animal. It is this which makes the plague of aphides so severe an infliction upon a country. In a few short weeks, where there had been but a little regiment, there will stand up an exceedingly great army—an army in whose ranks millions take the place of hundreds. Occasionally, from unascertained causes, these armies will emigrate; and taking flight, will darken the air with their numbers. In White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' it is related that on a summer afternoon in 1785, the people of the village were visited with a dense shower of these insects. Those who were out of doors at the time were literally powdered over with their bodies, and the surrounding vegetation went into appropriate mourning, altering from green to black by reason of the multitudes which alighted upon it, so as to form a thick coat. In the autumn of 1834, a great flight of them was caught by a hurricane, and suddenly diffused over many parts of Belgium. In 1836, the inhabitants of Hull were seriously incommoded by a host of them loading the air in numbers so immense, as to fill the eyes, nose, and mouth of all who were in the open air at the time of their visit; but of this there are instances innumerable.

Some account of the destructive doings of this family of insects will be read with interest at the present moment. The *Aphis lanigera*, or 'apple blight,' is reported to have been brought into this country from America, and was traced by Sir Joseph Banks to an importation of young American apple-trees into some nursery-grounds in the vicinity of the metropolis. It soon spread, and laid waste thousands of trees, extending its ravages all over the kingdom, until, at the present time, there scarcely exists a locality in Great Britain which has not experienced the visitation of the scourge. This aphis is furnished with a most efficient instrument for its work, in a sharp penetrator contained in its rostrum, which will pierce even the tough bark of an apple-tree; a syringe-like apparatus then sucks up the vital juices, the part becomes covered with unsightly excrescences, the leaves curl up, wither, fall off, and the branch perishes altogether. On several occasions, this minute and pretty aphis has so nearly annihilated the apple crop, as to put a stop in some countries to the manufacture of cider; and while our orchards have been thus devastated, those on the continent have suffered in an equal ratio. The aphides also attack the more direct food of man, and sustenance of beasts, with equally fatal effects. Many kinds fall upon wheat, oats, and barley, and are particularly obnoxious to pease, of which it is related by Messrs Kirby and Spence that, in one year, the actual crop was only equal to the seed sown, in consequence of their attacks, and the fields were given up to swine, as the produce was not worth the harvesting. In 1810, they caused so great a dearth of the same food, as to make it impossible to procure a sufficient supply for the consumption of the navy. Those who know anything of the appearance of a bean crop, must often have noticed the top, as it were, covered with soot; this appearance is due to the 'collier' aphis—a little black fellow, who does a vast deal of mischief in his way. Singularly enough, aphides have been found *inside* codling-apples. In the 'Entomological Magazine' is an account of this curious circumstance. On cutting open one of the apples, a whole troop of them was discovered in its centre, and a number of other codlings were found tenanted in the same manner. After the very closest examination, no aperture could be discovered by which the insects could have entered; and they all speedily died on exposure to air. The bare mention of the ill-boding words, 'the fly,' is sufficient to send a panic to the very heart of the hop-growing community—the insect is the *Aphis humuli*. It attacks the most luxuriant hop-vines, and rapidly multiplies in astonishing numbers; the plants droop; and unless the insects quit them, or are destroyed, frequently the entire crop perishes. Sometimes a thousand aphides may be counted on a single leaf. It is a fact that the annual variations in the hop-duty, the principal part of which is attributable to this insignificant insect, amount occasionally to a deficiency of L.200,000; and it has been estimated that the entire extent of the damage sometimes amounts in value to three millions!

Where they do not devastate, the aphides frequently annoy us seriously by the disfiguring consequences of their attacks upon our plants. The occasionally pimpled appearance of our currant leaves will be found to be caused by a crowd of aphides, which, on the under surface of the leaf, will be seen hard at work, as usual, draining away the life-sap of the unfortunate member. Others may be found, writes Reaumur, growing upon the shoots of the lime-tree, and causing them to twist into a complete spiral. This is a great advantage to the invaders; for by such contraction the leaves of the twig are brought together into a sort of bunch, and thus form a pleasant arbour, well protected from sun and shower, in which they feast unmolested. The aphides infesting the elm roll up the leaves in the form of a spiral shell, and are thus secure, generally speaking, from the attacks of many of their enemies. Some of the curious things called gall-nuts are produced by the labours of aphides. In the month of June, very pretty ones may be found on the leaves of the poplar. They are formed by a little aphis, clothed in a shaggy garment of the whitest wool: settling upon the leaf-stalk, it pierces it; and as the sap exudes, it hardens, and becomes converted into a fleshy little chamber of vegetable tissue, in which the tiny labourer lives and bears its progeny. By and by, a colony of small flocks of wool—for so they appear—creep from the nest, and set up business on their own account. The Chinese use a certain gall-nut, formed by aphides, for communicating a brilliant crimson dye to silk. The aphides which infest the fir-tree often cause the most remarkable excrescences, some of which are like fruit, flowers, or moss.

It is a comfort to know that the aphides have their destroyers. The lady-bird, whose burning house and 'children at home' excite the sympathy of our juvenile friends, commits a most salutary havoc among these little gluttons; and, like a wolf in a sheepfold, it kills those whom it cannot devour. It has often proved the hop-growers' best, though much abused, and shamefully persecuted, friend. It is not very long since that the parish engines, and several private ones, with a great store of tobacco-water, were called upon to do battle against an unusual flight of these poor insects, in utter ignorance of the real services and entire harmlessness of the unhappy creatures they were destroying. If our 'Every-day Entomology' can get a hearing among those who fell into this mistake, the lady-birds will be somewhat indebted to us for the result. The larvæ of the syrphidæ are fearful enemies of the aphides. They are hatched from eggs artfully placed in the very middle of a flock of these insects, and thus the larva awakes to its existence with thousands of its prey immediately around it. The aphides, with characteristic stolidity, creep about in the most stupid manner into the very embrace of their foe. The larva seizes one of them, pierces it with a three-pronged dart, draws it into its mouth, pumps out its juices, and casts the dry carcase contemptuously aside when it has drained all. This is the work of an instant when the larva is hungry; and Reaumur beheld one devour twenty aphides in less than twenty minutes. They penetrate wherever their prey is found; nor is curled-up leaf, nor sheltered bower, nor vegetable home, always an efficient protective against their incursions. The larva of the *Hemerobius* also wages a fierce warfare with them; and seizing them by its long, crooked, perforated mandibles,

rapidly sucks out their vital fluids. There are also several kinds of aphidivorous flies, such as *Scæva riberii, Pyrastri*, &c. which occasionally make their appearance in vast flights upon our sea-coasts, and appear hanging in the rear of flights of aphides.

We may perhaps be expected to say a word, while treating of the family, upon the aphis which has been supposed by some to be the cause of the present disease in the potato crop; and we are the more disposed to do so, because great ignorance prevails upon the subject—an ignorance we regret to see even in a portion of the press. The aphis is named by Mr Smee the *Vastator*, by others the *A. pestilens*. Mr Smee has laid down a chain of laws, which he believes to regulate the ravages of the aphides, to many of which, as they are merely statements of well-known facts, the fullest assent may be given; but they are made to lead to the most erroneous conclusions, when it is asserted that the potato disease is a direct consequence of the attacks of aphides. The vastator is no new aphis; it has been known and described many years ago, and is a very common insect upon decaying plants. The theory is, moreover, entirely negatived by the fact, that diseased stalks are to be found in abundance without a trace of the aphides upon them. Entomology is taught no new thing in being told that aphides are attacking all sorts of vegetables; their omnivoracity was on record long before the outbreak of the potato disease; but it is new to learn—and the fact, if it be such, should be well proved first—that that peculiar and most remarkable disorganisation of tissues and fluids which marks the potato disease, can be the result of the labours of sucking insects. Were 'gangrene,' as it is called, the consequence of the attacks of aphides, and transmissible from generation to generation, our beans, and pease, and hops, and many of our flowers, would have long since perished out of our hands. We state, therefore, our definite belief, that the aphis family is entirely innocent of the present charge against them; and with the more confidence, because it is in entire harmony with, to our personal knowledge, the private and declared sentiments of the most eminent entomologists of the present day.

THE SCOTCH COLONY OF OTAGO.

A REMARKABLE plan of colonisation has just been brought under public notice in Scotland.

Everybody is aware that New Zealand, consisting of three islands in the Southern Ocean, is one of the finest countries in the world as respects soil, climate, natural productions, and suitableness for supporting a large civilised community—a country worthy of becoming the Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere. This fine country, however, has from various causes been hitherto ill adapted for immigration. It was occupied at first by a company of settlers without the sanction of their government, which recognised New Zealand as an independent state, and at length assumed the sovereignty with reluctance. Even after this step, much time was wasted in discussing the proprietary rights of the chiefs, till, through neglect and misconception, the country was driven into a petty war between the natives and Europeans, which disturbed everything, and almost ruined the reputation of the colony at home.

It was an association for colonising on a great scale, called the New Zealand Company, whose grievances were neither few nor small, which at length brought the subject under the review of parliament; and to avert consequences damaging to the character of one of his colleagues, Sir Robert Peel, with much magnanimity, acknowledged that there had been serious blunders in the whole line of policy pursued, and promised that every proper amends should be made. Since that time, one thing after another has been set to rights; the New Zealand Company has been put in a position to fulfil its intentions and engagements; and by the latest accounts, the miserable claims of the natives—the source of much of their enmity and strife—have been settled by the payment of a few thousand pounds. With an intelligent governor, and a garrison of two thousand soldiers, no new disturbance is likely to break the peace of the colony.

New Zealand, thus rescued from mismanagement, and with its liberties guaranteed by acts of parliament, now stands in interesting relationship to the home country.* It forms a field for immigration more favourable, we believe, than almost any other crown colony, and we may soon expect to hear of its becoming a scene of thriving industry and comfort. It would, nevertheless, fail in realising this expectation if emigration were left to be conducted on the hap-hazard principle which has latterly been pursued. Here a little explanation is desirable. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the principal North American colonies were founded by Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and others, by patents from the crown. These patents gave a very extensive authority, and, in effect, permitted the patentees to colonise districts with hosts of persons from the mother country as circumstances appeared to direct. The patentee was a kind of petty sovereign, while the colonists under him formed the elements of a nation, to whom were assured the privileges of British subjects. All these colonies were ultimately successful. They had at first serious difficulties to contend with, such as the clearing of the forest, and fights with their Indian neighbours; but in the end they got over all obstacles, and history shows with what a masculine spirit they wrested an acknowledgment of independence from the crown of these realms. Since that era, colonisation has been one of the lost arts. Instead of a nobleman, like Baltimore, or a hero, like Penn, leading out great bodies of men to the wilderness, and constructing from the first an epitome of British society—gentlemen, scholars, teachers, merchants, tradesmen, agriculturists, mechanics, and labourers—it has been the practice for a poor struggling class of individuals to emigrate in detached families, and these being without friends or leaders, have usually had to endure many hardships. Besides the discomforts which too commonly attend this species of emigration, colonists are scattered over a very wide district of country, and society amongst them is of slow and feeble growth. An attempt to colonise on something like the old method is now to be made, the main difference being, that instead of a nobleman with a patent, there is to be a company with a charter. One of the old usages in colonising was the establishing a provision for religious instruction, according to a distinct form of belief—one was a Church of England, another was a Puritan, a third was a Roman Catholic, colony; and it is worth while mentioning, in passing, that Lord Baltimore's Roman Catholic colony of Maryland was the province in which toleration and shelter were first given to persons not of the legalised religion. There is no doubt something invidious in favouring one sect beyond all others, yet, as respects colonising, the practice is not without its recommendations. It forms an inducement for a large body of individuals to band together on a

* The following acts of parliament deserve attention:—Act 9–10 Vict., cap. 103, and Orders in Council, whereby representative government, on a liberal scale, is awarded to New Zealand, together with municipal charters for local purposes; and the jurisdiction under these charters will in each case extend over the whole territory of the particular settlement. Act 9–10 Vict., cap. 382, and charters, constituting the New Zealand Company a colonising body. Act 10–11 Vict., cap. 112, and the agreement concluded on 14th May 1847, whereby the future colonisation of New Zealand is to be the joint operation of the Crown and the Company, and that harmony of action which had hitherto been desiderated is thoroughly secured. With such titles, individual property and possession on the part of settlers are equally secure as any in Great Britain; whilst the liberties and privileges of British subjects are also secured to them as colonists.

basis of common sympathy. The assurance that, on landing, the emigrant will find the whole machinery of his favourite religious and secular instruction in operation, cannot but prove a strong temptation to break loose from old associations at home. Without imitating the general intolerance of the American colonisers, the New Zealand Company proposes to carry out the principle of denominational settlements. Having acquired by its charter vast tracts of land, it offers to deal with parties for erecting colonies of a particular religious denomination. In this manner it has arranged to plant a settlement in connection with the Church of England, and also one in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, the latter being a numerous body of Presbyterians, occupying the position of dissenters from the national church. It is of this last-mentioned settlement we propose to speak. We draw attention to it on no sectarian grounds, but solely from a wish to give as correct an idea as possible of what will probably be one of the most interesting movements of the day.

The district apportioned to this Scotch colony is situated in the Middle Island of New Zealand, near its southern extremity, south latitude 45 degrees 40 minutes to 46 degrees 20 minutes. It comprises 400,000 acres of land, and is called Otago; such, we suppose, being the name given to the spot by the natives. The capital of Otago is to be called Dunedin, that being the Celtic name for Edinburgh, and therefore appropriate. The locality of the proposed settlement is between eight and nine hundred miles from the scene of the disturbances, which took place near the northern end of the Northern Island. It is believed that there are no more than one thousand natives in the whole of the Middle Island; and in the large district of Otago, there are only about fifty men, women, and children in all, none of whom are likely to give any offence. The settlement has a coast line of from fifty to sixty miles in length, lying between the mouth of Otago harbour and a headland called the Nuggetts. It extends an average distance inland of seven miles, to the foot of a low mountain range. The land is fertile, and untimbered, but with an adequate supply of wood. The most remarkable feature in the district is the great facility of internal water communication. Its surface is diversified by several streams and lagoons, to which the land has easy slopes. The basin called Otago Harbour is a fine land-locked sheet of water, fourteen miles in length, of which the lower half, being seven miles long, has a depth of from six to fifteen fathoms water, and the upper half from two to three fathoms. Vessels may sail up to and unload at the quay. At the upper end of the lower harbour is placed the Port Tower, with five fathoms water close in-shore;* and further on, at the head of the basin, is the site of Dunedin, sheltered by an amphitheatre of green and wooded hills. 'Outside the boundary of Otago, to the westward,' says Colonel Wakefield in a letter to the secretary of the New Zealand Company, 'there is an extensive tract of pasture-land, boundless to the view, untrodden by the foot of man, and affording abundant food for sheep and cattle during the whole year, with the exception of a few weeks in winter, when the uplands are covered with snow, during which time the plains and valleys yield a more abundant herbage than in the heats of summer.' Speaking of the climate of the district, Mr Munro, in the 'New Zealand Journal,' observes—'On the large plain, the climate appears to be a good deal like our own. The weather, while we lay at Otago, was most beautiful. (It was the end of April, answering to October in Europe.) The sky, a great part of the time, was without a cloud; and not a breeze ruffled the surface of the water, which reflected the surrounding wooded slopes, and every sea-bird that floated upon it, with mirror-like accuracy. For some hours after sunrise, the woods resounded with the rich and infinitely-varied notes of thousands of this and other songsters. I never heard anything like it before in any part of New Zealand. It completely agreed with Captain Cook's description of the music of the wooded banks of Queen Charlotte's Sound. During this fine weather we amused ourselves by boating about, and visiting different parts of the harbour. Though everywhere beautiful, its scenery is all alike, steep wooded banks, with projecting rocky promontories, enclosing those beautiful little bays with sandy beaches, so characteristic of New Zealand.'

The district appears to be suitable for agriculture; pasturage, including the growth of wool; and the supply of furniture woods of great hardness and beauty. The coast is already a resort of whale fishers; and in various parts of the country, coal has been found in abundance cropping out on the surface. With these objects of enterprise before them, and with an unrivalled climate overhead, the colonists will have little to fear. Of course, in the case of those who commence operations, there will be some roughnesses to encounter, and a little time must elapse before the settlement assumes a substantial aspect. But it is the design of the projectors to get things into shape as speedily as possible. The colony is to embrace certain varieties of property, corresponding to different classes of persons, each of whom will betake himself to the pursuit most suitable to his capital and tastes.

The New Zealand Company is the seller of the lands, and the party who transfers emigrants to the colony. No one, however, is accepted who is not recommended through the agency of the 'Lay Association of the Free Church.' This is a body of respectable individuals, whose head-quarters are in Edinburgh (5, George Street) and in Glasgow (3, West Nile Street); and governed by arrangements sanctioned and approved by the General Assembly of their communion. A person, therefore, who inclines to become a settler in Otago, requires to apply to a secretary of the association at either of the above places; if approved of, he makes a deposit, the receipt for which places him in connection with the New Zealand Company. Looking over the pamphlets issued by the Association, we observed that priority in choosing allotments of land will be determined by ballot at the Company's house in London (9, Broad Street Buildings), in presence of the directors. The allotments differ in dimensions and character. Of the 400,000 acres of which the settlement is composed, the quantity first operated on is to consist of 144,600 acres. These are to be divided into 2400 properties; and each property is to consist of 60¼ acres, divided into three allotments—namely, a town lot of a quarter of an acre, a suburban lot of ten acres, and a rural allotment of fifty acres.

The 2400 properties are to be appropriated in the following manner:—'2000 properties, or 120,500 acres, for sale to private individuals; 100 properties, or 6025 acres, for the estate to be purchased by the local municipal government; 100 properties, or 6025 acres, for the estate to be purchased by the trustees for religious and educational uses; and 200 properties, or 12,050 acres, for the estate to be purchased by the New Zealand Company. The price of the land is to be fixed, in the first instance, at forty shillings an acre, or L.120, 10s. a property; to be charged on the estates of the municipal government, of the trustees for religious and educational uses, and of the New Zealand Company, in the same manner as on the 2000 properties intended for sale to private individuals; and the purchase-money, L.289,200, to be appropriated as follows, namely:—

'Emigration and supply of labour (three-eighths), .	L.108,450
Civil uses, to be administered by the Company—namely, surveys and other expenses of founding the settlement, roads, bridges, and other improvements, including steam if hereafter deemed expedient, and if the requisite funds be found available (two-eighths),	72,300
Religious and educational uses, to be administered by trustees (one-eighth), ...	36,150
The New Zealand Company, on account of its capital and risk (two-eighths), ...	72,300

* This is peculiar to Otago harbour, no other in New Zealand having the same advantage.

'From the sum of L.36,150 to be assigned to the trustees of religious and educational uses, will be defrayed L.12,050, the price of the 6025 acres to be purchased as the estate of that trust. In like manner, out of the sum of L.72,300 to be assigned to the New Zealand Company, will be defrayed L.24,100, the price of the 12,050 acres to be purchased by the Company as its estate.'

It will be perceived that the Company engages not only to carry the emigrant purchaser of land to Otago, but to send also a supply of labourers, free, by which means capitalists will be enabled at once to hire such assistants as they may require. We trust that no small degree of care will be exercised in adapting the supply of labourers to the demand for their services, and are glad to learn that means will be effectually adopted for preventing all kinds of gambling in town or other lots of land.

Only one thing more requires a word of explanation. Although avowedly a colony in connection with the Free Church, Otago is open to all classes of religionists. Every respectable man, no matter what be his creed, is received as a brother; but all of course go with the understanding, that the religious ordinances and educational establishments of this Presbyterian body are alone to be guaranteed support from the fund set aside for purposes of this nature. If Episcopalians, for example, join in forming the settlement, they must look to themselves for means of religious and secular instruction suitable to their own feelings. By this arrangement, it is expected (perhaps too confidently) that all wrangling about division of funds for churches and schools—such as have vexed society in the northern settlements of New Zealand—will be effectually prevented. Without pronouncing any opinion on the merits of the plan proposed, we shall watch its development with interest, but not without the expectation, that when New Zealand becomes extensively and densely peopled, much broader schemes of social organisation will predominate. Whatever be the future views of the colonists in this respect, the enterprise in the meanwhile, with all its peculiarities, cannot be looked on with indifference. Afforded every desirable means of carrying out their own notions, and secured the invaluable privilege of self-government, we shall see whether a body of Scotsmen can realise the opinions formed of their perseverance, love of order, and sagacity. The first body of settlers, we are told, are expected to leave the Clyde some time in October, headed by Captain William Cargill, the recognised agent of the Company for Otago, and who, on landing, will act as justice of peace till the municipal government is formed. The day of departure of the expedition will be an interesting one for Scotland.—Who will not, in the language of the old blazon, wish that 'God may send the good ship to its destined port?'

GARRET BYRNE.

It is impossible to have any personal experience of the miseries of war, without earnestly longing for that period when swords shall be beat 'into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks;' when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'

The pages of history have made us all familiar with the evils entailed by national quarrels upon the population of those countries which unhappily became the scene of strife and bloodshed; but however affecting such a picture may be, the 'multitude of sad groups' in it are wont to distract us; so that it may be well for us sometimes to detach a single figure from the mass, and to consider it in its own individual misery. Thus may we be able to obtain a glance behind the scenes, instead of always fixing our eye on 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' until we become too much dazzled to view it in all its true aspects.

A striking instance of the vicissitudes of life arising from civil war, occurs in the life of Garret Byrne, one of the leaders of the Irish rebellion in '98, a scion of the princely house of that name—a house ever unfriendly to English domination in Ireland. The following reminiscences of Byrne are communicated by one who happened to cross his path at two of the most remarkable periods of his life.

It was in the year 1798: the Irish insurgents had been defeated at the battle of Vinegar Hill: Wexford was taken, and multitudes of the wretched people had been either slain or hanged.* It might have been reasonably expected that, after such a series of disasters, the rebellion would speedily have terminated; but the landing of the French force under Humbert revived the hopes of the disaffected, whose spirits were, however, soon after depressed by the capture of the French troops at Ballinamuck on the 8th of September.

Notwithstanding the continued successes of the royal party, a considerable body of rebels still held out in the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, where they were headed by Garret Byrne and Holt. The command of a considerable force of British light troops was committed to Sir John Moore, one of our best generals, who was seconded by General the Marquis of Huntly. They encamped among the Wicklow mountains; and although operating day and night, were unable to bring the opposing force to action. At this period, a well known barrister and member of the Irish parliament, Mr Dodds, waited on Lord Cornwallis, and offered to go himself into the rebel camp, and, if his lordship permitted, to propose to the insurgents terms of surrender. Lord Cornwallis, with his usual humanity, gladly acceded to the proposal, and ordered the writer of this to accompany Mr Dodds to the camp of Sir John Moore, giving him power and instructions to cause the suspension of all military operations in that quarter until the effect of Mr Dodds's mission might be ascertained.

Mr Dodds and myself left Dublin on horseback, and rode through a beautiful country to the Glen of Imail, a picturesque spot, where Sir John Moore's corps were encamped. We arrived towards evening; and on entering the general's tent, found a large party assembled after dinner. The Marquis of Huntly was one of the party. At his right hand sat, to my surprise, the noted Garret Byrne, the commander of the rebel army in the Wicklow mountains, who had only a few hours before surrendered himself to Sir John Moore. This Byrne was a remarkably tall and handsome man, whose house and property were in view of the tent wherein we sat; for in olden time his ancestors had been chieftains of part of that mountainous country, and his family still possessed estates in the most wild and romantic portion of Wicklow. Garret Byrne, with the characteristic *insouciance* of his race, appeared as jovial and unconcerned as if nothing extraordinary had happened to him, and he seemed heartily to enjoy the old Celtic music of the bagpipe, which was performed by a Highlander in full national costume, standing behind the Marquis of Huntly's chair. It was a striking scene. Our gallant generals, surrounded by their staff, and entertaining one of their foes with true British courtesy, in the very heart of those mountains which had once been the birthright of his ancestors, and where he was now a captive, forgetting for a moment his country's woes amid the joyous excitement of wine and song. When the party broke up, I entered more fully with Sir John Moore into the object of our visit. He then told me we had just come in time, as he had all things prepared for a general attack that night on the quarters of the rebels. Mr Dodds was permitted to enter alone into the rebel camp, now commanded by Holt; and the issue was, the surrender of the insurgents at discretion.

The next day, Garret Byrne and Holt were transmitted to Dublin, to await the decision of the lord-

* It was the fate of the writer to see six gentlemen hanged at this time on one gallows on the bridge of Wexford.

lieutenant, the rebel army having previously laid down their arms. The lives of these leaders of the insurrection were spared by the leniency of Lord Cornwallis; but his lordship seeing that, in the present unsettled state of Ireland, it would be imprudent to allow such men to remain in the country, determined that Byrne should be exiled for life from the British dominions, and Holt transported for a certain number of years to Australia. The latter decree was put into execution; and Holt, after the expiration of his sentence, returned home enriched by his industry as a farmer in that country, and built a house at Kingstown, where he died at a good old age.

Nearly thirty years after this period, the writer happened to be residing at Caen, the capital of Normandy; and walking one day on the heights above the town, he saw a door opening into a garden, through which there was a beautiful view of the surrounding neighbourhood. An old man on crutches was leaning against the wall, basking in the winter's sun. He perceived me looking through the door, and kindly accosted me, saying, 'Sir, if you desire to see the finest view here, pray walk into this garden, which belongs to my cottage.' I thanked him, and took advantage of his offer. On leaving the garden, the old man, looking earnestly upon me, said, 'Sir, I think that you and I have met before this: were you, sir, ever in the Wicklow mountains?' I replied, 'Yes, during the rebellion, with Sir John Moore.' He rejoined, 'I think, sir, you were in the tent the day on which I surrendered to that general—I am Garret Byrne.'

I immediately recognised the figure and features of the man. He was the ruin of a fine specimen of humanity. He immediately began to relate to me many circumstances connected with that period. He said his estate had been confiscated to the crown; that he became a beggar; and being exiled from his country, he passed to the continent, and after some time, entered the Austrian service as a soldier. After seven years, he was promoted to a commission in that service, but at the end of the war, was reduced, and was now wending his way towards England, with some faint hopes that the British government might give him a small pittance to save him from starvation; but his exertions in this matter were hitherto unsuccessful. I thought that an application to the government, from one who was an eye-witness to the wretched condition of the poor man, might probably succeed, and wrote accordingly to Sir Herbert Taylor, then in office about the court, intreating that he might make application to the proper authorities for some trifling aid for Garret Byrne; but unfortunately, Sir Herbert Taylor replied that government could not, with propriety, aid any man who had been so prominently engaged in the rebellion of '98. I, however, made his case known to some English gentlemen then residing at Caen, who kindly made a collection to meet his present wants, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the poor fellow settled in a comfortable boarding-house. Sitting one day with Garret Byrne, he showed me a number of letters he had received from Lord Cornwallis, the Marquis of Huntly, and Sir John Moore, in reply to applications he had made to save the life of his brother, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Arklow, and sentenced to die as a rebel. His exertions to save his unfortunate brother were without effect: he was hanged, according to the sentence of a court-martial.

One of the gentlemen who had taken a friendly interest in his situation, having one day inquired if there was any little comfort which he wished for, Garret Byrne replied he would be 'very glad to have a bottle of Burgundy'—an answer most characteristic of his race; for even in time of extreme want, the '*ould* families' of Ireland too often retain their luxurious tastes and habits of reckless expenditure.

Soon after this period I left Caen, and inquiring about Byrne some time afterwards, learnt that the poor fellow, falling into bad health, was obliged to take refuge in the public hospital at Caen, where, after lingering some time, he died penniless and friendless.

Thus closed the life of one of the last of the princely family of Byrne, and a leader in the '98.'

THE SELF-TORMENTORS.

There is no situation in life for which candidates will not be found to offer themselves, no matter how degrading or disgusting it may be; and it is indeed most fortunate that there are those whose habits and tastes are not too refined for occupations which to others would be absolutely appalling, for thus no department is left unfilled: the hangman is never sought in vain; the scavenger spends his days amidst the filth of the streets, and does not hold himself one whit the worse; butchers are not loath to slay; and surgeons perform amputations *con amore*. The acquirement of the means of subsistence stimulates all, and thus the business of the world is conducted with undeviating completeness. But there is a class of human beings, and no inconsiderable one, who devote themselves to hardships, and submit to privations, from motives wholly apart from the desire to earn a livelihood. This is the class of the self-tormentors. Some of the most extraordinary examples of these are to be found among the Fakirs, who, from their strange tenets respecting the Deity, and the sacrifices which they think pleasing to him, inflict the most severe tortures on themselves. Some of them make a vow to continue for life in one posture; others carry a weary load, or drag a heavy chain, from which they have vowed never to disengage themselves. Some have doomed themselves to crawl upon their hands and knees for a term of years; and others roll their bodies along the ground, from the shores of the Indus to the banks of the Ganges. Some have condemned themselves to swing before a slow fire for the remainder of their days; while others suspend themselves with their heads downwards, exposed to the fiercest flames. Many of the Hindoo fanatics, pledged by a religious vow, are to be found at the villages where the ceremony of swinging is observed at stated times. It is thus contrived: in the centre of an area a pole of from twenty to thirty feet high is erected, on which a long horizontal beam is fixed, with a rope run over a pulley at the extremity; to this rope an iron hook is fastened, which being run through the integuments of the swinging devotee, he is suspended high in the air, a spectacle of admiration to the assembled multitude, who testify their approbation by the loudest acclamations: the more violently he swings himself round, the more vehement is the applause: the flesh often gives way, and the unfortunate performer is released by a precipitate fall, very frequently at the expense of a broken limb. The voluntary sacrifice of the Hindoo widows to the flames is too well known to need any description of the ceremony here. There are many devotees, who, in the very prime of life, anxious to propitiate the Deity, resolve to bury themselves alive—no trifling sacrifice for those who might, in the ordinary course of nature, look for a long term of years. On the day appointed for the sacrifice, crowds assemble, a circular pit in which a man can stand upright is then dug, into which the self-devoted victim descends; the earth is then thrown over him, until he is completely covered; a massive tomb is immediately erected over the spot, where sacred rites are performed, and garlands of flowers are offered at stated intervals, in memory of the holy man who has sealed his devotion by this act of self-immolation.

The self-inflicted cruelties which take place at the festival in honour of Siva, a Hindoo god, appear almost incredible. The Hindoos who are to be the principal actors at the ceremonies, have assumed the name of Sunnyassis, and gone through some preparations for ten or fifteen days before the exhibition begins. On the first day of the festival, they fling themselves from a bamboo stage, which has three resting-places: the highest is twenty feet from the ground: bags of straw,

stuck with iron spikes, have been placed underneath to receive them: however, the spikes are so arranged, that they generally fall down, instead of entering the body; it sometimes, however, happens otherwise, and many persons have been killed and wounded by them. In some villages, several of these stages are erected, and two or three hundred have cast themselves on the spikes in the course of one day. On the third day of the festival there is a large fire made, opposite to the temple of Siva; and when the burned wood has been formed into a great mass, one of the chief Sunnyassis flattens it a little with a bunch of canes which he holds, and walks over it with his feet bare; the rest of the Sunnyassis then spread the fire about, and walk over it, and dance upon it, and throw the burning embers into the air and at each other. This pastime over, the next morning is appropriated to the work of piercing the sides and tongues. It is thus described by Mr Ward, who went to Kalceghatu, in company with two or three friends, in the year 1806, to witness the rites. 'We arrived,' he says, 'about five o'clock in the morning. We overtook numerous companies who were proceeding thither, having with them drums and other instruments of music, also spits, canes, and different articles to pierce their tongues and sides. Some, with tinkling rings on their ankles, were dancing as they passed along, while others rent the air with the sounds of their filthy songs. As we entered the village where the temple of this great goddess is situated, the crowds were so great, that we could with difficulty get our vehicles along, and at last were completely blocked up. We then alighted, and went among the crowd: but who can describe a scene like this? Here, men of all ages, who intended to have their tongues pierced or their sides bored, were bringing garlands of flowers to hang round their necks or tie round their heads. There, others were carrying their offerings to the goddess. Above the heads of the crowd were seen nothing but the feathers belonging to the great drums, and the instruments of torture which each victim was carrying in his hand. These wretched slaves of superstition were distinguished from others by the quantity of oil rubbed on their bodies, and by streaks and dots of mud all over them. Some of the chief men belonging to each company were covered with ashes, or dressed in a most fantastic manner, like the fool among mountebanks.' He goes on to describe the operation of piercing the tongue. 'We went into the temple-yard, where two or three blacksmiths had begun the work of piercing the tongues and boring the sides of these infatuated disciples of Siva. The first man seemed reluctant to hold out his tongue; but the blacksmith, rubbing it with something like flour, and having a piece of cloth betwixt his fingers, laid firm hold, dragged it out, and placing his lancet under it, in the middle, pierced it through, and let the fellow go. The next person whose tongue we saw cut directed the blacksmith to cut it on a contrary side, as it had already been cut twice. This man seemed to go through the business of having his tongue slit with perfect *sang-froid*. The company of natives were entirely unmoved; and the blacksmith, pocketing the trifling fee given by each for whom he did this favour, laughed at the sport. I could not help asking whether they were not punishing these men for lying. After seeing the operation performed on one or two more, we went to another group, where they were boring the sides. The first we saw undergoing this operation was a boy, who might be twelve or thirteen years old, and who had been brought thither by his elder brother to submit to this cruelty. A thread, rubbed with clarified butter, was drawn through the skin on each side, with a kind of lancet having an eye like a needle. He did not flinch, but hung by his hands over the shoulders of his brother. I asked a man who had just had his sides bored why he did this. He said he had made a vow to Kalee at a time of dangerous illness, and was now performing this vow; a bystander added, it was an act of holiness or merit. Passing from this group, we saw a man dancing backwards and forwards, with two canes run through his sides as thick as a man's little finger. In returning to Calcutta, we saw many with things of different thicknesses thrust through their sides and tongues, and several with the pointed handles of iron shovels, containing fire, sticking in their sides. Into this fire, every now and then, they threw Indian pitch, which for the moment blazed very high. I saw one man whose singular mode of self-torture struck me much: his breast, arms, and other parts of his body were entirely covered with pins, as thick as nails or packing-needles. This is called *vanu-phora* (that is, piercing with arrows). The person had made a vow to Siva thus to pierce his body, praying the god to remove some evil from him. Some Sunnyassis at this festival put swords through the holes in their tongues, others spears, others thick pieces of round iron, which they call arrows; many, as a bravado, put other things through their tongues, as living snakes, bamboos, ramrods, &c. On the evening of this day some Sunnyassis pierce the skin of their foreheads, and place a rod of iron in it, as a socket, and on this rod fasten a lamp, which is kept burning all night.' Such are a few of the self-inflicted tortures borne by those who think that by such the wrath of the cruel deity to whom they do homage can only be appeased. The details of bodily torments inflicted by the victims themselves to propitiate his favour are so numerous, that they might fill volumes; but these limits are too brief to allow of a more extended notice of them; and for the present, we will turn our attention to other self-tormentors, who are actuated by motives of a totally different nature. Such are impostors, whose livelihood depends on the alms of the charitable, who maim and disfigure themselves that they may make a more forcible appeal to compassion. It is no uncommon practice with them to drive needles into their flesh, thus to produce swelling and inflammation, which can be displayed on fitting opportunities, and turned to profit.

There was an unfortunate young woman, a patient in Richmond Hospital, Dublin, who had to undergo amputation of the arm, it was so dreadfully diseased from needles in the flesh. She afterwards confessed that she had herself forced them into her hand and arm. Four hundred needles were extracted from different parts of the body of a woman named Rachel Herz, of Copenhagen; they had reduced her to the most frightful state. It was afterwards discovered that she had herself inserted them purposely. There are others, equally impostors, who have been known to undergo the most acute bodily anguish without flinching, impelled to it by having grown weary of the way of life in which they are engaged, and pining for a return to home and friends. Deception, under any exigency or temptation whatever, is to be held in abhorrence; but certainly a touch of pity must mingle with the feelings with which we regard it under such circumstances. The hardships which the soldier and the sailor are called on to endure, and the separation from home and kindred, must teach us to look with compassion while we blame; and the tortures which they so unhesitatingly undergo, tell a melancholy tale of wearisome existence, and of heart-yearnings after early scenes, that may well suggest to the reflecting mind a hope that some improvement in the mode by which their services are procured, and the regulations by which they are governed, may make such guilt, if not impossible, at least of comparatively rare occurrence. With the desire of being declared unfit for service, they have been known to inflict the most serious injuries upon their sight, and to mutilate themselves in a frightful manner; sometimes cutting off one or more of their fingers, pretending that accident had produced the mischief. A woman in Dublin actually made a livelihood by selling to the recruits a mixture of soft soap and lime, which, on being applied as she directed, produced ulcers. Soldiers, anxious to be free, have been known to make an incision in the leg, into which a copper

coin has been inserted, and then bound up. So common was the practice among the patients in the military hospitals of tampering with their sore legs, to prevent their cure, in the hope of procuring discharges from the army, that the surgeons were frequently obliged to seal the bandages with which they bound them; but this has not always succeeded, as the men often force pins and needles through the bandages, so that at last a box, with lock and key, was found necessary to keep the leg confined, so that it could not be got at till the surgeon went to dress it. Soldiers have often broken their front teeth, to render it impossible for them to bite the cartridges. A deserter who had been arrested and put into jail, in the year 1811, submitted to remain in a state of apparent insensibility from the 5th of April to the 8th of July; everything to rouse him that could be thought of was tried, but in vain; he took no nourishment but a little that he sucked through his teeth, as his jaw was fixed, and could not be opened. The medical people, supposing there was some injury in the head, determined on an operation. The scalp was removed, that an examination might take place. So little did he appear sensible of pain, that a very slight groan was the only sign of feeling which he gave. His case was considered hopeless; he was discharged, and sent home to his father. A day or two after, he was seen thatching a hayrick!

There is a still more extraordinary class of self-tormentors to be found in those who are not excited by a mistaken zeal, or who have no chance of restoration to some cherished object, or loathing of some forced pursuit; but who, as it were, for a mere whim, or a sudden pique, consign themselves to lasting privations and torments, more difficult, perhaps, to be borne than bodily pain, because more enduring, and to the observance of which they adhere with a constancy worthy of a better calling. Miss Mary Lydia Lucrine is mentioned in 'Dodsley's Annual Register' for 1778, as 'a maiden lady of genteel fortune, who lived in Oxford Street, London.' She had been disappointed in love, and made a vow, in consequence thereof, never to see the light of the sun again. Accordingly, the windows of her apartment were closely shut up, and her vow was never broken. Another lady, under similar circumstances, and condemning herself in like manner, is mentioned in the same volume. She, like Mary Lydia, was disappointed in her matrimonial prospects, and vowed to live shut up from the light of the sun; however, very wisely, she made herself some slight amends, by occasionally indulging herself with the light of a lamp or candle, but she never admitted the rays of the sun into her presence again. From the same authority, in the volume for 1777, we also find the following curious account of the mistress of Beau Nash, in the notices of deaths:—'Died at Bishop's-view, her native place, near Warminster, in Wilts, Juliana Papjoy, in the sixty-seventh year of her age. In her youth she had been the mistress of the famous Nash of Bath, and after her separation from him, she took to a very uncommon way of life; her principal residence she took up in a large hollow tree, now standing, within a mile of Warminster, on a lock of straw, resolving never more to lie in a bed; and she was as good as her word, for she made that tree her habitation for between thirty and forty years, unless when she made short peregrinations to Bath, Bristol, and the gentlemen's houses adjacent; she then lay in some barn or outhouse.' Not more agreeable was the abode selected by a man who lived in Dunstall in Suffolk; he might be seen of a day seated on a chair reading the newspaper, in a large cage, which was placed in the middle of the town, and in which he had lived for upwards of thirty-four years, never quitting it. He resisted all the intreaties of his friends, who endeavoured to persuade him to change his residence; and, true to the character of a genuine self-tormentor, he never left his strange dwelling-place. The cage was just large enough for him to live in, and in all respects but size was like the common cages sold for birds.

Ill success in love affairs appears to be the most frequent cause of extraordinary vows. Poor John Baker of Channing, in the county of Kent, who was born in the year 1700, was but a labourer. It was his misfortune to fall in love at the early age of sixteen, and she he loved 'proved untrue,' whereupon John bound himself by a solemn vow never to take off his clothes, or to go to bed, till he should regain the affections of his mistress—a felicity to which, alas! he never attained; but, in accordance with his vow, he never took off his clothes, or rested himself in a bed, for the rest of his life, which lasted for forty years. He never slept but in a chair or on the ground. The neighbours used kindly to put a patch upon his clothes when they saw that it was required, so that at the time of his death his coat was entirely composed of patches of every shade and hue. Even in this hasty sketch it is marvellous to see what torments have been voluntarily endured, what bodily anguish and what cruel privations have been perseveringly borne. But many as have devoted themselves to these tortures, there is a much larger class of self-tormentors than those already noticed; and that is, those tormentors who make the torturing of their minds the great object of life. Among them, the excitement attendant on a spectacle which is to draw down the applause of an admiring crowd does not allure to the pursuit; the domestic circle is the favourite scene of its unostentatious display. They cannot boast of the desperate intrepidity with which the poor Hindoo casts himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, or the profound serenity with which the Fakir holds up his arm, without motion, till it dies and withers away, nor of the patient exertion of the devotee who rolls himself along from the shores of the Indus to the banks of the Ganges, nor of the careless tranquillity with which the Sunnyassi swings himself upon his hook. Happy, indeed, would it be if, like those who maim and excoriate their bodies, or who live apart in the hollows of trees, or in the cages hung up in the public streets, the mental self-tormentors kept their sufferings to themselves: but those who cannot be *happy without a misery*, are too generous not to share their enjoyment with their friends and nearest of kin; for it may be observed, that those who suffer from imaginary injuries and grievances, draw more largely on those about them for sympathy than those who labour under real affliction. The pangs of the self-tormentor are many and sharp, and produce a constant state of effervescing agony. The forecasting of evil, and all the petty annoyances of piques, and affronts, and misconceptions, which one word might set right; and the mistrust of friendship, and the doubts of love, and all the nameless little caprices, and suspicions, and jealousies, and estrangements, and unreasonable exactions which they engender, if to be touched on, would require a chapter, and a long chapter, to themselves. In very truth, they are of too grave a cast, and the cause of too much discomfort and unhappiness, to be longer dwelt on in a spirit of lenity.

THE CHASE.

It was, as nearly as I can recollect, about the year 1806 that I left Carthagena, supercargo of a schooner—a regular clipper, with a freight of dollars and cochineal, for the Danish island of St Thomas. In consequence of the war, the ocean was crowded with British cruisers on the look-out for an enemy; go where you would, you were certain of being overhauled by an English man-of-war, and that not in the most ceremonious manner. The commanders were not always scrupulous in determining between friends and foes; and it often happened, if a valuable cargo were in question, or if the captain of the cruiser had been worked into a fit of ill-humour by a warm chase, that neutral vessels were seized, and condemned as lawful prizes: and a species of marine logic was employed to justify this peremptory mode of appropriation, for which there was no redress.

Our captain and crew were all blacks: Baptiste, the

former, was a negro of herculean frame, with a spirit to match—prompt and fearless in action, considerate and firm in command. The men yielded him implicit obedience; they performed their duties with alacrity; and a merrier set of fellows I never sailed with. Knowing the vigilance and suspicion of the English cruisers, I felt more than usually anxious about my charge, and, with my telescope under my arm, passed nearly the whole of the time, day and night, upon deck. For some days, nothing beyond the ordinary incidents of a sea-voyage occurred to claim our attention; the breeze blew so steadily, that it left the men at leisure to amuse themselves with dances and songs on the forecastle, with a musical accompaniment formed by beating their hands together, and slapping their thighs. The schooner proved herself a genuine clipper, for she flew through the water as though she felt the necessity for speed, cleaving the waves as they rose before her sharp prow with the ease and grace of a bird. Fast as we sailed, however, the dolphins and flying-fish kept pace with us; the former sported under our cutwater, and dived from side to side under the keel, showing their glistening sides as they darted to the surface. The breeze was of that sort so delightful in the tropics—singing merrily among the cordage, tempering the scorching rays of the sun, fringing the tops of the dark-blue swells with a streak of white foam, and producing a feeling of exhilaration difficult to be described, but which, when once experienced, enables us to understand the fascinating influence of a sea-life upon those of a roving disposition.

It was fortunate for us, in more respects than one, that we had such a breeze; for the weather was so intensely hot, that I found it impossible to wear shoes, and walked barefoot up and down the deck, which was kept wet by the spray that rained over us as our vessel dashed into a wave higher than usual. I kept a man at the mast-head constantly on the look-out; and to relieve my anxiety, as well as to insure his vigilance, hailed him three or four times in the course of an hour. We had been out five or six days, when, one morning just as the redness in the eastern sky was rendering distant objects dimly visible, and, overcome with fatigue, I was about to turn in for a few hours while the captain took my place, the watch at the mast-head sang out, 'Sail ho!'

'Whereaway?' I hastily inquired, as, slinging the telescope round my neck, I sprang into the rigging.

'Away on the weather bow,' was the answer.

I was soon on the cross-trees, and with the glass made out the stranger to be a square-rigged vessel. I at once felt certain of her being an English man-of-war, and hailing the captain, he mounted to my side. His opinion, after a long gaze at the unwelcome object, coincided with my own; and after a pause, during which he seemed to be revolving the chances in his mind, he said, 'What shall we do?'

'Do, Baptiste,' I answered; 'it is vexatious to lose ground, but there is no help; we must run for it.'

We lost no time in descending to the deck, the yards were braced round, and every inch of canvas spread that our masts and spars would bear, and away we went on a slant, as little as possible out of our course, and hoping to escape the watchful eyes of the Englishman. For a short time our manœuvre appeared to be successful; but as the sun rose higher above the horizon, the light reflected from our topsails betrayed us to the cruiser, for we saw her alter her course, and make sail directly in our track. Our negro captain looked over the schooner's side, and rubbed his hands in high glee as he noted her speed. 'Courage, Baptiste,' I cried, 'we have the heels of him; he has not caught us yet; neither shall he, if this wind holds.'

We edged off a little, to bring the wind more on our quarter; the clipper obeyed the impulse, and dashed through the water with a velocity that left a long white streak in her wake. The stranger, however, was well handled; every stitch of canvas was spread, and though for a time the issue appeared doubtful, yet her hull gradually rose into view. Another look through the telescope showed her to be a frigate, a discovery that gave us at once to understand that we should not easily shake her off. It was an exciting moment: the blacks were collected on the forecastle, gesticulating vehemently as they watched the pursuing ship, and discussed the probabilities of dropping her. Baptiste and I paced the little quarter-deck in silence, except when a higher swell, showing us the stranger more distinctly, elicited an observation as to the distance between us. That she neared us, there was no longer room to doubt; and Baptiste ran his eyes over the schooner's sails, and seemed to find relief in ordering the men to take another pull at the braces, which were already strained almost to the breaking point.

Another anxious half hour passed, during which the cruiser came nearer and nearer. At first, I was at a loss to account for her advantage, but a moment's consideration showed me that the breeze, as often happens in the tropics, was slowly rising from the surface of the water, and the frigate's sails being so much loftier than ours, retained a hold upon it which we had lost. Gradually the white curling waves subsided into long-drawn swells, on which our vessel rolled uneasily, while the sails at times flapped lazily against the mast as the breeze still ascended. Meantime the frigate held on her course, her topsails distended with the wind: we hoisted Danish colours; but as soon as she came within range, a jet of smoke issued from her bow-port, followed by the report of a gun and the whistling of a shot as it flew over us. Resistance was out of the question; but I little relished the idea of giving up quietly a valuable cargo, the rather that, being under neutral colours, we ought to have been exempt from molestation: but, as before observed, sea morality at that day was not overnice. We took no notice of the gun, and kept our colours flying and sails flapping, when another shot whizzed past, cutting the halliards of our mainsail, which immediately fell in cumbrous folds to the deck. 'Clipper ahoy,' hailed a voice through a speaking-trumpet from the deck of the frigate; 'what schooner's that?'

Seizing one of the shrouds, I leapt to the top of the bulwarks, and shouted in reply—'The Lively, from Carthagena to St Thomas. What ship's that?'

'His Majesty's frigate Scorpion,' was the hoarse answer; 'send your boat on board.'

'Ay, ay, sir.' I was not, however, so well disposed to obey the order as my rejoinder might have seemed to warrant, and resolved to delay by every means in our power. The quarter-deck and shrouds of the cruiser were crowded with spectators watching our movements: I, however, turned the fall of the mainsail to account; and as it lay in a heap on our quarter, made a show of bustle in clearing it away to get at the tackles by which our boat was to be lowered, but in reality doing as little as possible. When at last the boat and tackles were clear, the oars were missing, and some time was passed in searching for them before they were brought up from below. Another shot was sent from the impatient frigate to quicken our movements; and no further excuse for delay presenting itself, the men took their seats in the boat, and I was stepping reluctantly into the stern-sheets, when a slight breath of air shook our sails, which were yet hanging loose, and the schooner moved almost imperceptibly ahead. Instantly my resolution was taken: I knew that, with a light wind, we were more than a match for the frigate. 'Baptiste,' I cried, 'we shall beat him yet: tumble in, men; tumble in: bend on a new halliard, up mainsail, and away!'

The negroes obeyed with a glad shout; and in less time than it would take to describe, our mainsail again displayed its broad surface. I was not mistaken; the light breeze held, and pushed us rapidly through the water. The frigate's sails, which had been brailed up as soon as she came within hail, were hastily dropped; but the wind was too light to produce any advantageous effect upon her heavy mass; while we were slipping quietly away, as if by magic. A perfect fury seemed

to take possession of those on board the cruiser: shot after shot was hurled after us with marvellous rapidity; fortunately not one struck us; and after a brief period of suspense, not unmingled with a little generous excitement, we were out of her reach.

We kept the same course until sunset, when only the upper sails of the frigate were visible. As night came on, the breeze again freshened, which placed the chances once more in her favour; but as soon as darkness hid us from her, we altered our course, and steered for our destination, not sorry to get rid of the tormentor. Mutual congratulations followed: the black crew were in the highest spirits; and as they had behaved well, an extra allowance of grog was served out to them. They made a rhyme of the incident, and danced till a late hour as they sang—

'Scorpion wit' him long sting,
No catch de lily, Lively ting.'

Baptiste and I, though less noisy in our demonstrations of satisfaction, were not less sincere and hearty. But while congratulating each other on our escape, we were not unmindful of the means to secure our advantage: the same vigilant look-out was maintained as at the commencement of the voyage; but we saw nothing to excite further apprehensions; and at the end of three days, arrived at St Thomas. A week later, while I was transacting business with Mr King, the British consul, the Scorpion sailed into the harbour. The captain came on shore, and entering the office where we were seated, began to relate, with considerable warmth, the story of a troublesome chase which he had had after a fellow who, after all, contrived to give him the slip. I had already informed the consul of the circumstance. Turning to the captain, he said, smiling, as he pointed to me, 'This is the gentleman, sir, that you chased.' The other, at first, was incredulous; but the sight of the Lively at anchor in the port convinced him. When he could no longer doubt, he said in a haughty tone, ''Twas well for you, sir, that you got away, for I had made up my mind to make a prize of your vessel, and give you a couple of dozen into the bargain, for the trouble you gave us.'

'Fortune of war, captain,' I replied; 'you may have better luck next time.' But in my subsequent voyages I never saw anything more of the Scorpion. I now commit to paper this little episode in a busy life, by way of illustrating the utility of promptitude and determination even in apparently hopeless circumstances. There are few persons to whom the lesson will not be useful, if they are only capable of applying it.

PLEBEIAN HEROISM.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Vienna, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer or porter, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count Pulverini, I think, held out a purse of one hundred sequins as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one in the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought the boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. 'Courage!' cried he; 'now you are safe.' By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and the family to shore. 'Brave fellow!' exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, 'here is the promised recompense.' 'I shall never expose my life for money,' answered the peasant. 'My labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family which has lost all.'—[We are indebted to Horace Walpole for the preservation of this beautiful incident. He would have been entitled to much more of our gratitude, had he evinced the same anxiety to preserve the name of the illustrious peasant, as he has shown with regard to that of the nobleman who offered the reward. But the title and the gold had fully greater charms for him than the name of an obscure labourer.]—*My Note-Book.*

INSTINCTS.

HEAVEN gave the bee desire for sweets,
Nor heaven denies her flowers;
The thirsty land for moisture waits,
Nor heaven withholds its showers.
No sooner are the babe's alarms
To mother's ears exprest,
He finds a shelter in her arms,
His solace at her breast.

Nor are the instincts of the heart
Less subjects of heaven's care;
Nor would it sympathies impart,
Merely to perish there.
The heart that yearns for kindred mind
To share its bliss or pain—
That knows to love—shall surely find
A heart that loves again.

—*My Dream Book.*

WATER.

A large portion of this planet is covered by the waters of the ocean, of lakes, and rivers. Water forms the best means of communication between remote parts of the earth. It is in every respect of the utmost importance to the animal and vegetable kingdom; and indeed it is indispensable in all the great phenomena of the inorganic world. The peculiarities of saltness or freshness in water are dependent upon its solvent powers. The waters of the ocean are salt, from holding dissolved in it various saline compounds, which it receives in part from, and imparts to, the marine plants. Perfectly pure water is without taste; even the pleasant character of freshly-drawn spring water is due to the admixture of carbonic acid. It is chemically composed of two volumes of hydrogen gas—the lightest body known, and highly inflammable—united with one volume of oxygen, which is a powerful supporter of combustion. By weight, one part of hydrogen is united with eight of oxygen, or in 100 parts of water we find 88.9 oxygen and 11.1 of hydrogen gas. That two such bodies should unite to furnish the most refreshing beverage, and indeed the only natural beverage, for man and animals, is one of the extraordinary facts of science. Hydrogen will not support life—we cannot breathe it and live; and oxygen would over-stimulate the organic system; but united, they form that drink for a drop of which the fevered monarch would yield his diadem, and the deprivation of which is one of the most horrid calamities which can be inflicted upon animals. Water appears as the antagonist principle to fire, and the ravages of the latter are quenched by the assuaging powers of the former; yet a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases in the exact proportion in which they form water, explodes with the utmost violence on the contact of flame—such is the remarkable difference between a merely mechanical mixture and a chemical combination.—*R. Hunt in Pharmaceutical Times.*

PARADOXICAL PEOPLE.

Those who have pushed their inquiries much farther than the common systems of their times, and have rendered familiar to their own minds the intermediate steps by which they have been led to their conclusions, are too apt to conceive other men to be in the same situation with themselves; and when they mean to instruct, are mortified to find that they are only regarded as paradoxical and visionary.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 195. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1847. Price 1½*d*.

HOME-MADE WISDOM.

While sailing lately down the Thames in a steamboat, my attention was deeply engaged by the manner in which the captain from the paddle-box, looking straight before him, conveyed by different motions of his hand, to the man at the wheel behind, the signals by which he was to steer through the intricate maze of vessels which crowd the river in that particular part from London Bridge nearly down to Woolwich. Now the hand went gently—now it quivered quietly; and ever as it moved, an answering movement was returned by the watchful guider of the vessel. 'How clever all this is!' thought I; 'and how well it demonstrates the value of the simplest of the human faculties, and the respectability that may arise to the humblest of us, by merely doing well whatever his allotted position and circumstances require him to do!' Those two men know nothing of Greek or Latin; they care not a fig for the fine arts of poetry, painting, or music; and yet, by the right exercise of their intellectual powers at the right time and place, they are preventing a hundred and more of their fellow-creatures from smashing, or being smashed, to pieces.

'But this is only homely wisdom after all,' said something within me, which, if called by its proper name, I think would be Pride. Be that as it may, I would not yield the point to my interior opponent, but stoutly contended that this homely wisdom was a very valuable thing—as most home-made articles are—and, in many instances, greatly preferable to such as are of foreign manufacture. 'Have we not home-made bread, and home-brewed beer, and home-made wines?' said I—though, to be sure, these last are somewhat questionable on the score of their superiority. We will class them, therefore, with home-made accomplishments, and allow that both may probably be procured to greater advantage elsewhere; but for every-day use, and every-day consumption, home-made wisdom and home-made bread are far better than any other. 'But what do you mean by home-made wisdom?' inquires my possibly puzzled reader. By home-made wisdom I mean the cultivation of those daily small exercises of good sense which comprise the doing of whatever we have to do in the best possible way—that is, with order, quietness, and in the right time and manner. 'I don't want anything else but the sight of such a drawer as that, to be quite sure of the character of the owner of it,' I once heard a clever old lady say, as she opened the table-drawer of one of her daughters, who was by no means wanting in ability, but sadly deficient in that useful domestic part of wisdom which consists in putting things in their proper places. The unceasing exercise of her mother's largely-developed organ of order required their being put out of sight, that they might not be swept away as with a besom; but her own love of ease instinctively guiding her to thrust them into the nearest receptacle, a most curious chaos was every now and then revealed, when anything committed to her keeping had to be searched for, which was often the case; as, having no proper and allotted place for anything, of course she could never remember where any missing article was to be found. 'Take care of the pence,' says the practical economist; and in like manner, 'Take care of small occasions of acting prudently,' says the practical moralist; for as it is by the saving of the pence that the individual becomes rich, so is it by the minding what he is about, and not disposing of it with a careless 'What does it matter?' that he becomes wise.

In fact, almost every human being receives two educations: the one from the guardians of his youth, the other from the circumstances of life; and beyond all comparison, the last will be found the most influential and important; for in many instances it is the only education in *realities* which the mind receives, the first process being often little more than stereotyping it with the same set of notions and prejudices which had been engraven upon the faculties of its instructors. When this is the case, the pupil becomes the tool and puppet, rather than the judicious user and improver, of the particular circumstances in which his lot may be cast, and nothing but dwarfishness of thought and pursuit can be looked for as the result; but where the spirit is allowed to expand its wings, and feel its powers, and is judiciously helped, rather than decidedly driven, in its course, there is assuredly an innate sense of truth within its mysterious depths, which, like the needle to the pole, will indicate at all times where the point of *right* in everything is to be found. Now the observing and obeying this point of right seems to me to form the essence of home-made wisdom. Depend upon it, that, could we unroof the houses, and peep, like Asmodeus, into the domestic details of our fellow-mortals, we should find that the chief part of the discomfort we might encounter would be owing not so much to any great faults or extreme delinquencies, as to a course of careless inobservance of those small right things, in their small right way, which the circumstances of every day render necessary to be done in every well-ordered family. I have known a wrangle of an hour long set a-going by the simple circumstance of the fire being suffered to go out in the dining-room, the mistress of the house in the meanwhile *taking it for granted* that somebody or other would have seen after it.

And, by the way, this taking things for granted is a fruitful source of mistake and misery in the business of human life, and a procedure never to be allowed by plain practical wisdom. Take nothing for granted; and, especially all young and newly-married ladies,

never venture to take it for granted that you may safely leave the care of the parlour fire to the housemaid, and the dinner to the cook, and the appointments of the table to whom it may concern; but let a nicely-swept hearth—if not of your own doing, at least under your own superintendence—and a nicely-cooked dinner, and a clean tablecloth on the table, and a neat dress upon yourself, and a smile upon your face, be amongst the daily right things which you present as a welcome to your husband on his return home. Do not forget to take care of the key of the sideboard, and avoid having to hunt all over the house for it when the dinner is on the table. Know also where to find in a moment paper, pens, ink, sealing-wax, and especially the sheet of brown paper and piece of packthread, which are sure to be wanted to do up a parcel, and, generally speaking, *are* sure never to be found whenever they *are* wanted. Eschew most devoutly, if you wish to be happy, all satirical jests upon the fume and fret with which your husband deplores that he never *can* find what he wants; for there are few small miseries more trying than not to know where to turn for a bit of twine to finish a package for which the carrier perhaps is waiting. Never suffer yourself to say, therefore, as I have heard said in such an emergency, and that, too, with a smile, which seemed like an insult upon suffering, '*My dear, do you suppose I carry brown paper and packthread in my pocket?*' but if you have been indiscreet enough to overlook the homely wisdom of attending to the 'trifles that make the sum of human things,' take a lesson out of circumstances, and be the better for it. Nothing teaches like circumstances, fresh and flowing from the moment. They illustrate the path of life with living models; and wise is he who, as he travels along, secures the one which suits his case, and treasures it in his innermost studio for future use.

But the misfortune is, that persons in general are not alive to the value and power of this sort of teaching: they are apt to think that it is only by chance or accident that things happen so and so; whereas there are no such things as chance or accident in the daily routine by which people shape their conduct, and are what they are. It is by no chance or accident that drawers are always in disorder; that keys are mislaid; that paper and packthread are never to be found; and that there is not such a thing in the house as a nail or a hammer. There is a homely proverb which says, 'You may see from a little what a great deal means;' and as the old lady remarked at the sight of her daughter's disordered drawer, that she wanted nothing else to judge of the owner's character, so an acute observer of human nature will want nothing more than a glance at the way in which the small details of their every-day life are managed, to draw a pretty correct inference of the judgment and good sense of the ruling powers in any household: for like is linked to like throughout the whole chain of human actions; and that which we are in our common and ordinary works and ways, that, for the most part, we shall be found to be in everything. How great a part of wisdom is it, therefore, to watch over our mode of dealing with what we call trifles; and how essential that we should sedulously guard against that haste and impatience of nature which would lead us to scamper through them as though they were nothing, and told for nothing in the affairs of life! Tell for nothing indeed! As well may you suppose that the fractions in arithmetic tell for nothing, and expect to bring out a sum right when you have tossed the farthings overboard.

It is inconceivable, indeed, how much we all lose from not properly observing and understanding the power and truth that reside in small things; and the deep, perhaps I might venture to say, the holy lessons, that are to be derived from submitting to their influence. For instance, what so common an occurrence, especially in early life, as the waste of time, labour, and money, in the prosecution of some object which is at last thought not worth the pains that have been bestowed upon it, and which is then thrown by unfinished? 'What does it matter?' is the usual solatium for all the loss that may have accompanied the process; and thus the business is easily settled. But suppose that, instead of this easy off-hand way of disposing of the case, it were used as a means of self-discipline; suppose that the interior bias of the mind to *the point of right* were regarded, might we not expect it to be in a direction that would guide to the completion of the undertaking?—might we not anticipate that the voice of something wiser and better than the eager impulses of impatient nature, would speak out of the small occasion some great and useful truths?—might not the hasty scrambler after novelty be arrested and instructed by a still, calm pointing of the inward monitor to the duty of resisting and denying that haste to throw off what is disagreeable, which, when traced to its root, will be found the fruitful parent of most of the misdoings of mankind?

'Take time, that we may have done the sooner,' was the saying of some wise minister of state; and the counsel is applicable to all times, and all occasions that call for human conduct. Whatever you have to do, give to the deed its due measure of time and attention. It has a claim upon both, and cannot be completed without receiving its rights. 'But such a trifle as this!' exclaims some young lady, who is knitting a mystic web of more apparent beauty than use. 'You would not have me to be devoted heart and soul to the performance of such an act as this?' If it be right for you to do it at all, my fair young friend, I would have it done in the best possible way. Remember that *that* is the *gist* of my argument—the doing as well as we can whatever we have to do; and that this it is which constitutes the home-made wisdom whose cause I am advocating. It seems, indeed, but a homely theme; but homely themes are commonly those which the most nearly concern us, and respecting which we require the most earnestly and constantly to be reminded; for it is the secret and solitary influence of individual habits, and not the gathered notions, and set speeches, and varnished courtesies, that are exhibited in assemblies, and put into books, that are the great rulers of our destiny. I do not care much what a person may say or write; tell me how he acts by his fireside. All the fine things people exhibit out of doors, are generally put on and taken off with their clothes. Their serenities, and gentilities, and suavities, at dinner and evening parties, are mere matter of moonshine, compared to the silent certainty with which their daily and hourly habits of action are fixing them in their proper place in the universe, and causing them in and from that place to diffuse either comfort or discomfort around them. And how much of this comfort or discomfort depends, as I have endeavoured to demonstrate, upon the exercise of plain practical good sense! We may do without many things, but we cannot do without that: for as in material things, so is it in morals—we might do very well without the silks and satins that decorate the shop-windows in Regent Street, but we should be at a loss without the screws, and nails, and ropes, and packthreads of the dingy-looking shops in the City. Even so in human character. The most splendid accomplishments are not of a thousandth part so much use to their possessor, as the habit of exercising a little humble silent patience, and prudence, and self-control. The one is like a dress for high days and holidays, the other is for every-day use, and the oftener it is worn, the longer it lasts; and it will be found, I believe, upon experience, that there are few things more fitted to procure us this serviceable habit than a quiet steady attention to the minute matters, which, obscure and unimportant as they seem, will prove at last to make up the chief part of our allotted portion in life's history. How, in point of fact, is self-control ever to be acquired, if we accustom ourselves to throw away occasions and opportunities for its exercise, by considering the small circumstances of life as unworthy of our attention, and beneath our dignity to use as means of moral improvement? Good habits, and indeed habits of any kind, are things of

growth and gradation; but with this distinction, that the good are of far slower and more difficult development than the bad—the one wanting the care and culture of flowers, the other springing up pretty much like weeds. If you have been careless of some valuable seed, and failed to place it in favourable conditions to receive advantageously the contingencies of showers, and winds, and sunshine, can you look for the blooming flower at the right season? In like manner, if you have disposed of every means of subduing the haste of nature, by saying, 'What does it matter?' and thought this and the other thing too trivial to be worth an effort, do you expect that anything so valuable, and requiring such constant care and cultivation, as a *principle* of self-control, will have been growing in your mind of itself? Everything is important, everything matters, to the individual who is in earnest after self-improvement, and who stands upon the watch to discover, and to discern, and rightly use an opportunity for forming and establishing his principles of conduct; for nothing can be properly said to be a man's own but his principles. In everything else he has but a transitory right. His life, his health, his property, are his but for a time, and may or may not be so used as to prove amongst the number of his blessings; but principles are things of immortality, whose results stretch forth beyond the regions of time and sense. His principles, then, are his only realities; and to be built upon them, is to inhabit the wise man's house, against which the storms and tempests of life may vehemently beat, but can never overthrow it, 'because it is founded upon a rock.'

THE FISHERMAN OF THE DANUBE.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, there stood on the shores of the Danube, at no great distance from the town of Silistria, a small and miserable mud hut, surrounded on all sides by a dreary swamp, and inundated during the greater part of the year by the swelling waters of that gigantic river. So dismal was the prospect all around—with the sky shrouded in a dense, cold mist, the huge sluggish stream, wide and lifeless as an inland lake, and the far-off Balkan mountains, robed in their eternal snows—that it seemed scarcely possible any human being could support existence in an abode so utterly devoid of all that gives a charm to life. Yet there, year after year, dwelt Michaïl the fisherman, with Yauco his son, never dreaming that they might have been justified in complaining of their destiny, or seeking its amelioration. Perhaps they could even have talked eloquently of their pleasures, and trembled lest their joys should be taken from them, like those who dwell in lands where pleasure is a business, and present enjoyment the main object of life; for we carry within us, go where we will, a powerful capacity for happiness, which will feed itself on the scantiest materials. It might be a curious experiment to strip some child of luxury of all the external aids he deems absolutely necessary to make life endurable, and leave him to find how much, from the very constitution of his human frame, there will be left him richly to enjoy. Good health, good conscience, and liberty to breathe the free fresh air—thus blest, a man need envy none of those who hold the kingdoms of the earth in vassalship. But the poor fisherman and his son could not even boast of these advantages. During many months, their limbs were palsied with the agues that rose from the pestilential marsh around, and the atmosphere they breathed was yet more poisonous.

At the period of which we speak, Bulgaria, as well as the other principalities adjacent to it, were exclusively under the dominion of the Turks. It was not until the year 1828 that the Russians made any important inroads into these provinces, although they had captured the town of Ibrail some time before. In a country where the main system is despotic, the prosperity of the several districts must depend entirely on the individual character of the governor who is placed over them; and the inhabitants of the vast pashalic to which Michaïl belonged were the victims, rather than the subjects, of as tyrannous and rapacious a prince as ever was produced even from amongst the minions of the seraglio, to whom these important posts were usually assigned. The abuse of power amongst men—the sharers of one common humanity, the slaves of one common death—is a strange phenomenon, and never was it exhibited in more revolting colours than during the reign of the pasha then in authority. He seemed to have a singular capacity for causing his tyranny to be felt by the lowest of his subjects. On Michaïl and Yauco, however, it fell with peculiar severity. They belonged to a class still existing in those provinces, and held in great odium by the Turks. They were by descent Hungarians; and their forefathers had exchanged, as unwilling emigrants, the sway of Charles V. of Germany for that of Solyman the emperor of the East. The lapse of time had failed to efface their national peculiarities, either morally or physically; and though all traces of the Christian creed had been lost amongst them, they repulsed that of Mohammed with an indomitable contempt, which was perhaps one cause of the antipathy which his followers cherished against them.

Whatever might be the cause, there was no amount of oppression and cruelty to which the fisherman and his son were not subjected as appertaining to this outlawed race; but the effect of such treatment on each was very different, for their characters exhibited a singular contrast. Michaïl had certainly nothing attractive in his disposition; he was a poor, timid, narrow-minded man, possessed of an inordinate selfishness, which is the especial vice of beings of that stamp, and waking only to energy and courage when goaded by the instinct of self-preservation, or the desire to gratify some petty vindictiveness. We do not know what he might have been had the sunshine of prosperity drawn forth the better impulses of his nature, like fragrance from the flowers; but persecution such as he continually underwent, cannot fail to be as oil to the flame of all evil passions and low propensities. The discipline of the bastinado made him servile, and basely hypocritical; for even while he abhorred his oppressors, he crouched in the dust before the meanest of them; and the terror of the bowstring had the power, as we shall see, to deaden within him all natural affection. Yauco, his only child, was a totally different person. His mother had been a Servian, and from her race he had inherited not only their lofty stature and strength of limb, but also their fine bold independent spirit and daring bravery. He was himself of a proud rebellious temper; and from the first dawn of intellect, his spirit revolted against the heavy yoke that was laid upon them. The curb was strained too tight to be resisted. He knew, like other slaves, that death alone could break it; but there was in him much of the uncontrolled fierceness of the savage—for such, indeed, he might be called, who had never stirred beyond that marshy wilderness—and at times the instinctive demand of his whole being for that liberty which is man's birthright, caused him to break out into wild and reckless acts of defiance, which placed both his own and his father's life in jeopardy but too often. For this cause, Michaïl, cowardly and mean as he was, allowed his heart to be darkened and blighted with a daily-increasing hate for his only son. It was indeed a cruel, unnatural sentiment in a father's breast, and in actual fact it was false. Such a feeling cannot, in reality, obtain possession of a parent, although he may believe in it, and act accordingly; but the dread which haunted him night and day, that Yauco would at last proceed to some such act of open rebellion as should draw down the extreme vengeance of death upon them both, so imbittered him against his son, that this miserable cabin, which the pure light of precious human love might well have brightened, was rendered yet more dreary and dark by continual dissension and strife.

Of late, a great change had taken place in the domestic habits of this pair. The great bodily strength

and well-known courage of Yauco, which distinguished him so much amongst the thinly-scattered inhabitants of the marshes, rendered him a most valuable slave to the Turkish authorities; and the aga of the district was in the habit of sending him continually on every expedition which was required for the furtherance of the corn trade, so vigorously carried on in that country, or the yet more lucrative traffic in leeches, gathered on the Silistrian plains. It was said that some of his exploits—when with his single hand he slew the wild buffalo, or daringly dived through the muddy waters in pursuit of the formidable cobler-fish—had even reached the ears of the pasha himself, then resident at the fortress of Silistria; and that, with a little of the fawning and cringing which Michaïl would so readily have bestowed, the young fisherman might have entered into the immediate service of the prince. He was, however, much more disposed to resist the authority to which he was already subject; and it was with a feeling of positive relief that the unnatural father saw him, on this last occasion, set out for a much longer journey than he had yet undertaken, as during the period of his absence alone was he free from his constant and harassing fears lest the wrath of the aga, which had more than once been roused by symptoms of rebellion, should at last break forth in all its terrible power. Yauco was sent to Pesth with a cargo of grain, and remained there some time, to receive the merchandise which was given him in exchange. When he returned to his home, he was a changed man: his character had undergone a singular transformation; and he made it evident, in every word and deed, that a new principle was working within him. No one could know what new creed had become the moral guide of his existence, but all might see that he had advanced the first great step in intellectual improvement, and had established in his own mind a standard of right and wrong. The wayward, rebellious, violent man was now meek and gentle as a child, considerate, thoughtful for others, and uncomplainingly submissive to his Turkish masters; but when he saw the innocent oppressed, when the followers of the Prophet systematically broke through the laws of nature and of conscience, then, with all his noble courage unabated, and passionate ardour tempered now with judgment, he defended the wronged, and resisted the evil, showing well that he would rather be torn by wild horses than depart one iota from the principles by which he now was hourly led. It was not, as may be supposed, with impunity that Yauco denounced the crimes of those who held over him the power of life and death; and that he yet lived to be the bane and terror of his father's existence, was owing solely to the energy and conscientiousness with which he performed whatever amount of toil they imposed upon him. Michaïl, however, half-crazed by his cowardly fears, now acted towards him as though he held him in abhorrence; and even while he respected his generous and obedient son, and in his heart of hearts loved him still unconsciously, so utterly was he enthralled by a slavish dread of death and torture, that there was perhaps nothing he so much desired as that his only child should depart from his sight for ever, and leave him free to drag on his miserable servile existence uninfluenced by the dangers of others, and with the one hope of prolonging his days by hypocritical flatteries and submission. Yauco bore all his reproaches and cruel treatment without a murmur; only there stole gradually into his mild eyes a look of patient resignation which was ill suited to his years, for it told now in the summer of his days, in his manhood's prime and strength, that the darkness of his own sad heart made his young life a weary and a painful load.

One evening the fisherman and his son stood on the banks of the river, watching the floating piece of wood which indicated where their nets were laid, and by whose movements they could judge if they were filling well. Each held in his hand a long pole, which he required to draw his prize on shore; and in case it should become entangled among the uprooted trees and bushes, that the force of the inundations often sent reeling past them, a little curiously-shaped boat was moored close at hand. No sound was heard but the roaring of the buffaloes far off, or the cries of the pelicans among the islands of reeds; while the sleepy river flowed past them at so sluggish a pace, that the movement was scarcely perceptible. Gradually, however, there came drifting towards them, on the slow noiseless current, an object which at once forcibly arrested their attention. It required no second glance to perceive that it was the body of a man; and it was a sad thing to see one of the helpless dead, who, after the weariness and the disappointments, and the bitterness of life, have indeed so good a claim to their allotted rest, thus deprived of it, to all outward appearance at least, as it lay tossed from side to side by every eddy in the stream, and knocked to and fro by the floating trees; but as it drew nearer, another peculiarity in its appearance presented itself—the arms were crossed in seeming submission—but in actual fact they were tightly bound to the breast with a strong cord—and a rope was in like manner twisted round the feet, so as to preclude any attempt on the part of the drowning man to save himself by swimming or otherwise. This was no unusual sight to the Bulgarian fisherman and his son: it was the favourite mode of punishment of the pasha of the day to have the criminal (too often a most innocent object of his malice) flung uninjured, but thus fatally bound and shackled, into the deep cold waters, there to undergo the unspeakable torture of gradually sinking and drowning without being able to make one effort for his life.* Yet though many a time Michaïl and Yauco had seen these hapless victims drifting past—often not yet dead, but filling the air with those piteous cries with which human nature reclaims in agony the life that is escaping from their breast, however bitter that existence may have been—yet, unheeded and unassisted, had they ever let them float on to their certain doom; for of all the crimes which can be committed against the authorities in Turkey, none is so certain to be avenged with death itself as the attempt to interfere with any public punishment; and even Yauco, rebellious as he was, had never dared to draw down so dreadful a fate on his father and himself by stretching out his hand to save them. This was, however, the first time since his return from Pesth that such an event had occurred; and instead of flying, as he used to do, into some deserted place, there to mourn that he was thus constrained to leave them to perish, he remained watching with eager anxiety the miserable being that came drifting towards them, silently struggling in death's last agonies.

'Father,' exclaimed Yauco suddenly, 'do you see that this unhappy wretch yet lives? I can distinguish it by his convulsive movements.'

'So much the worse for him,' replied Michaïl. 'But it matters little; he will journey swiftly with the swollen currents to-night, and the waves of the wild Black Sea will soon swallow him up.'

'Not so,' exclaimed Yauco vehemently; 'for he never shall reach that terrible ocean. I will, I must save him;' and before his father, paralysed with amazement, had time to arrest him, he had cut the cable which moored the little boat, had leapt into it, and was rowing vigorously towards the drowning man. In a moment he had drawn him towards him with his long pole, and lifting the helpless burden into his bark, he returned to the shore. Michaïl had stood perfectly stupified with rage at this daring deed; but at last finding words to express his terror and fury, he poured out a volley of reproaches on his unhappy son.

'Fool—madman!' he cried, 'what is it you do? What

* Lest any doubt should be entertained of the possibility of floating bound for any length of time, we deem it proper to state that, in Turkey, criminals treated in the manner described in the text actually maintain themselves alive in the water for no inconsiderable space, and sometimes do survive to be rescued by their relations.—Ed.

is it you dare to do? Throw back the wretch into the water without a moment's delay, if you would escape a father's bitterest curse. Are you mad?—or do you seek my death in your treacherous hate? We are lost if any one should see him now! Throw him down, thou wicked, unnatural son!' and Michaïl himself would have dragged the victim from the boat to fling him back into the river, but Yauco drew off from the shore, so as to be out of his reach, and said in a steady but mournful voice, 'No, father, I will not let you accomplish this crime. As we would hope for a merciful death ourselves, let us show mercy this day. Any tyrant may take the life of a fellow-creature, but none under the heavens can restore it: to us it is given as a precious gift at least to preserve it. I beseech you refuse not my prayer, dear father. We may save this man, perhaps, without peril to ourselves, though surely that peril were sweet for a good deed done. None will visit our cabin to-night; we may hide him there, and to-morrow, it may be, he shall find means to escape.'

Michaïl looked at him, almost speechless with anger and terror, as the young man raised the victim on his arm, and proceeded to unbind his cords; and indeed the danger in which they were already placed was considerable, for any one passing must, under the penalty of his own life, have denounced such an act of rebellion against the pasha's authority. At last, advancing to the water's edge, he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with agitation, 'Listen, son more hateful to my sight than the bitterest enemy! Too long has my life been the sport of your caprice. To-day shall end the torments you have caused me so long. Choose, now, whether you will at once abandon that wretch to his doom; or go, if you dare to resist me still, go hence where you will, and let me never behold you again; for while I live, I will never own him for my son who has done such a deed of rebellion as this!'

'Father, it is a cruel choice,' said Yauco mournfully; 'but I dare not hesitate: I cannot be a murderer, and it may be as well that we should part. My presence has long been grievous to you, and now you will have rest to your soul! I will go, and if such is your command, to return no more.'

'Go, then!' shrieked the father, shaking in every limb as he suddenly saw a Turk appearing at a distance; 'go; take the criminal hence, or I am lost!'

Yauco instantly put the boat in motion; but he turned round, and cast one long look of tenderness on the poor selfish coward. 'May your years be many, my father!' he murmured gently; 'and may you never grieve for me one single hour, as I shall grieve for you all the days of my life.'

He then began to row swiftly up the river, to escape the observation of the man who was approaching; but just as he was about to disappear in the curve of the stream, Michaïl seemed for a moment to feel some return of natural affection, for he ran hastily along the bank after him, and called out, 'Yauco, think what you are doing. You are flying to certain death: you know that you cannot escape; and you will infallibly perish before the dawn of day.'

'Better to be the slain than the slayer,' said Yauco calmly. 'If the pasha himself now stood by your side, I would do as I have done.'

These resolute words restored to Michaïl all his panic and his rage. He responded to them with a bitter curse, which came to the unhappy son as the last words of the parent he loved; and as the boat passed from his sight, Michaïl returned exulting to his solitary home.

Night was closing in as the exiled son set out on his pilgrimage up the river, with the almost lifeless form of the poor criminal at his feet. His first care was the endeavour to restore animation; and as he lifted up the head, he recognised at once the features of a person most influential in the pasha's household, who till lately had been his principal favourite, and was consequently but too well known all over the country. This circumstance only increased the peril, or rather rendered more certain the speedy destruction of the generous Yauco; for the facts of this man's disgrace and execution were too notorious to render it possible that he could escape being known everywhere, and on his deliverer must fall the full vengeance of the outraged authorities. Yauco thought it not impossible that the condemned, after an escape (in that country so miraculous), might himself be pardoned, and restored to the pasha's favour; for that prince, wayward and capricious, dealt the sentence of death around him so recklessly, that he often found reason to regret his haste, and anathematised those who had put his orders into execution. But Yauco was well aware that the fact of the victim's innocence would by no means diminish the enormity of his own crime in having saved him. He did not for one moment doubt what his own doom would be; yet not the less, as soon as he had succeeded in completely reviving his companion, did he begin to row vigorously in the direction of Silistria, in order, as speedily as possible, to advance beyond the district where he was personally known, that no portion of his punishment might be reflected back on the father who had driven him forth to perish. And it was with a quiet serenity that he thus conveyed himself into the midst of the danger; for he was now possessed of that calm—the deepest and the purest that can reign in a human breast—which, springing from a lofty principle, follows an utter renunciation of and sacrifice of self. The first dawn of day found the boat of the young fisherman nearly opposite to the fortress of Silistria; and, just as he had anticipated, he was speedily surrounded by the dependents of the pasha, who supposed that he had brought a cargo of leeches from the Bulgarian swamps, or some wonderful fish, as a bribe to the chief officer of the household. Their astonishment may be conceived when they perceived the disgraced favourite alive and well, whom the day before they had cast into the river bound hand and foot! The case was too extraordinary to be judged by any minor functionary, and the rescued criminal, with his deliverer, was instantly conducted to the palace, where they were at once brought into the presence of the pasha himself. This luxurious personage was in full enjoyment of his morning pipe — the most favourable hour for those who approached him, as they well knew; and so great was his amazement at beholding his former favourite thus brought alive from the dead, that he actually allowed him to speak, before, with a movement of the eyebrows, he should give the order to have his head taken off! The criminal was a wary and a dexterous man. He knew well how to deal with his master, for he had won his favour solely by flatteries and cunning; and now, flinging himself at his feet, he first cleared himself of the trivial imputed crime for which he had been punished, and proceeded to declare that it was his belief that he had been rescued by the Prophet from the jaws of death, and restored to his master's side, solely because Mohammed, having a special care for that prince, was determined he should not lose the most devoted and faithful among his servants! And, in short, he so worked on his vanity (a remarkably easy process amongst human beings of all classes), that the mollified pasha not only gave him his life, but restored him to his former position, much as Yauco had expected. It was now his turn to be judged, and he was at once condemned, unheard, to the bowstring; but it would have been an amount of ingratitude too base even for a Turk to exhibit, had the favourite permitted his generous deliverer to be led away to death without making an effort to save him; perhaps he felt, too, that it was with little peril to himself that he might plead for him in the first hour of his newly-acquired power. He at once detailed a cunningly-fabricated story, in which he asserted that Yauco, inspired by a profound admiration for the sublime and inaccessible pasha, had devised this extraordinary and perilous manner of gaining admittance to his presence, in order that he might earnestly pray to be taken into his more immediate service. The wily favourite extolled the young fisherman's good qua-

lities as though he had known him all his life; protested that such was his marvellous probity, that were the pasha to place him in guard over his treasure of Latakia tobacco, he would not even diminish the store by a handful; and finally, he besought his highness to lift up his eyes and note the commanding stature and great strength and vigour of this candidate for slavery, which would render him such a precious possession. The old Turk was so much moved by these pertinent observations, that instead of consigning Yauco to the hands of the executioner, he at once named him to an important post in his household, and then dismissed the whole party, utterly exhausted with the exertion of talking so much. Calmly and nobly as the young Bulgarian had prepared for death, in all the strength and pride of his manhood, it must be owned that his heart beat thick, and his sight grew dim, when the strong hope of life renewed rushed over his spirit; but he turned resolutely from the dreams and promises of a long futurity which seemed to rise for him from the certainty of his restored existence, for he knew and felt that he must henceforth walk as on the brink of a precipice. Yauco was no longer a man whose actions could be guided either by his own wishes or those of others: he had a high and steady principle, which he deemed it right to obey, and from which neither changing circumstance, nor his own self-interest, could turn him. He was firmly determined to yield the pasha all due submission, and to serve him with fidelity and zeal; but when he should be called upon, as he undoubtedly would be, sooner or later, in obeying his master's laws, to sin against those of his conscience, he was quietly resolved to exchange his obedience for death. For a time all went well: he was at once so active and so docile, so intelligent and so zealous, that he rose rapidly in the pasha's favour, and was advanced from one responsible post to another, till at last he found favour in the eyes of the pasha, to the perilous extent of exciting the jealousy of his other dependents. Even the favourite who owed him his life soon began to regret bitterly that his feelings had betrayed him into the rare instance of Turkish gratitude which we have recorded; and when he at last perceived that his whimsical lord was already reposing more confidence in Yauco than in himself, he determined as speedily as possible to take measures for repairing the mistake he had made in so heedlessly saving him from the bowstring. It was after the lapse of but a few months that the favourite, now quite restored to the peculiar prudence and foresight of a Moslem, went to hold a consultation with the pasha's doctor on the best and quietest mode of destroying the life which that functionary is expected in all countries to preserve. This person, who was a most vile little Armenian, was a far greater adept in dexterously relieving people of their troublesome neighbours than in removing their maladies; and when his visitor began to talk of poisons, and whether they were most palatable as administered in coffee, or inhaled in tobacco-smoke, he interrupted him by asking what he would give him if he devised a scheme by which the unconscious Yauco should be made, so to speak, to cut his own throat, and consummate his doom by his own rashness, without the necessity of his quondam friend incurring any risks. The favourite only answered by taking off a splendid ring, and handing it to his adviser. The Armenian placed it on his finger, and at once proceeded to detail his plan. 'You remember,' he said, 'the last time the pasha sent an expedition up to the mountains, with orders to burn the first village they came to, and bring back the young men and women as slaves?' The listener made a sign of assent. 'The night before the troop started,' continued the Armenian, 'I heard Yauco the Bulgarian talking to their chief; and what do you think he was saying? He was trying to persuade him to go to the pasha, and openly refuse to obey such a command!'

'What do you tell me?' exclaimed the favourite: 'you would throw dust in my eyes!'

'I tell you the truth. But listen to what followed. The captain of the troop told him he was mad, and asked him if he did not know that the pasha's own son would not live to finish such a sentence as that in his presence. Yauco said that he knew it; but he thought it better that one should die, than that hundreds of aged and infirm should perish in the flames; better that he should be tortured, than that so many poor creatures should become miserable slaves. Well, the other laughed at him, and the expedition took place; but, friend, they talk of another such very speedily. Nothing would be easier for you than to induce the pasha to order his favourite Yauco to take the command; Yauco would refuse; and then'——

'May you live for ever!' exclaimed his companion, starting up in the highest glee. 'It is a brave plot, good doctor, and if it succeeds, you shall have a rare bag of piastres!'

'I shall have my bag of piastres!' replied the other in a confident tone, and they separated to organise their iniquitous project.

Meanwhile, Michaïl dwelt friendless and alone in the home he had made so solitary for a time. So absorbed had he been by his slavish fears, that he could do nothing but rejoice in the relief from all dread which Yauco's absence afforded him; and he found that he was now to enjoy a double security; for not only did he, by the most abject submission, allay the suspicions which Yauco's conduct had so often excited, but gradually his very existence ceased to be remembered, or thought of at all. Those who had frequented his hut, either as friends or as enemies of his son, no longer thought of coming near him; and as he was not personally of a disposition to excite an interest in any one, he soon found himself abandoned to a solitude as safe as it was dismal.

It is inherent in human nature always to exaggerate present evils, whilst those that are gone by lose much of their real, and all their artificial gloom, as they retreat into the region of the rose-coloured past. Michaïl soon began to fancy the terrors he had suffered from his son's rashness but a trifling ill compared to the dreariness and joylessness of his present existence. The indestructible power of natural affection was stirring at his heart, too, in secret; and gradually the image of the son he had dealt by so cruelly began to haunt his lonely hours. At first, it was only in his dreams by night that the vision came to him; for by day he drove all such recollections from his mind. But in his troubled sleep he was perpetually visited by the appearance of his son — sometimes as he remembered him in his guileless, happy childhood, or as he had last seen him looking round on him with his long gaze of mournful tenderness. At length Michaïl had an attack of the terrible marsh fever, far more violent than he had ever before experienced; and then it was, in sickness and pain, unwatched and untended, that his heart yearned for the loving child whose unremitting care had often soothed him through the long sad nights; and with bitterest remorse he owned to himself that he would now have braved any danger to behold him once more in his embrace. In his delirium, when no one was at hand to give him the drop of water for which he craved, often did he shriek out in agony, thinking he beheld him dying or dead; but as the fever began to abate, his mind, weakened by illness, became entirely engrossed by one strong conviction—which seemed to have grown out of the very necessity he felt for believing it—that his son yet lived in spite of all, and would one day return to him. Again and again did he dream that he beheld his boat sweeping down the river towards him; and so convinced did he become that this bright vision was one day to be a reality, that as soon as his illness permitted, he crawled out daily to the river side to watch for the coming of the wished-for bark. The unhappy father had, in fact, become almost imbecile from the effects of the fever—a result which that species of malady often produces in those countries; and this belief in his son's speedy return was the only idea

which retained possession of his weakened intellect—thus becoming a kind of monomania. Day after day did the wan, haggard, decrepit old man take his station on the muddy bank of the giant stream, there to watch with never-wearying eyes the particular point where, sweeping round a rapid curve in the river, the current would first bear the boat into sight; and his repeated disappointments had no other effect than to convince him that each new day must indeed be the happy one which should restore to him his exiled child. One evening—just such an evening as that on which he had banished Yauco—his long expectant gaze was at last met by a sight precisely similar to that which on that fatal day had first drawn the attention of the father and son as they stood together. Now he stood alone; but his diseased imagination almost believed that Yauco was again by his side, as again the body of a criminal came floating down the stream, with its shackled feet, and hands bound down upon the breast! There was but one difference, and that was, that the victim was evidently dead long since; some merciful blow against a rock had probably terminated his sufferings, for he lay perfectly motionless, drifting about according to the caprice of the sportive waters. There was a sort of fascination in the gaze which the wretched father fixed on this passive traveller as the swift tide bore it on nearer and nearer to him, till at last a whirling eddy tossed up the corpse beneath his very feet. He bent down to look on the face; then a cry, terrible as the concentrated remorse of months could render it, burst from the lips of the miserable old man. The eyes, fixed, glassy, upturned, were the eyes of his once fair Yauco; the form, the features, were those of the brave son of whose murder he was virtually guilty! Conscience dealt him his own death-blow at the thought: he stretched out his hands towards the body that now was drifting away, and sunk down in convulsions on the ground; while the corpse of his victim, as though it had fulfilled its mission, passed on to seek its mighty sepulchre in the tempestuous breast of the deep Black Sea.

EARLY DAYS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

If one would learn an instructive lesson of what upwards of a century and a-half have done for the progress of knowledge, and just perceptions of nature, it can scarcely be derived from a better source than the history of the Royal Society of London. With this view, it has been our amusement to take from the shelf a parcel of the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, and contrast them with a few of those published during the past four or five years. In so doing, we are not long in discovering that we place the child by the giant's side. To those who have the taste and the opportunity, we heartily commend this exercise; while, for our own part, we venture to offer, neither in an ill-natured, nor in a self-laudatory spirit, a few stray gleanings from the recorded gambols of the child-philosophers of those early days.

We may preface our desultory gatherings by mentioning that the Royal Society was instituted solely for the encouragement and advancement of physical and mathematical science. But it took origin in days when the disposition of the minds of philosophers was rather prone to the search for the wonderful. Prodigies and supernaturalities had long been in vogue: they were the ghosts and bugbears of the common mind; yet they left a bias even upon the minds of the learned, who were thus led into the most ludicrous errors. That was a period of dim uncertain light, when every object beheld was invested with an unreality of detail, and an exaggeration of outline; ours is the brighter daylight, less romantic, but more faithful. The early papers of those members of the Royal Society who contributed to the Philosophical Transactions, forcibly illustrate our position, and the volumes of this period present us with a jumble of science, blunders, singularities, and follies very droll to contemplate. These early papers have been severely criticised, in a spirit with which we have no sympathy, by Sir John Hill, who published a bitter review of them in 1751. The 'Tatler' also utters this oblique satire at the scientific acquirements of the then members of the society:—'When I meet with a young fellow that is a humble admirer of the sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.' Our own feeling is far different: with the eccentric Bishop Wilkins, and the indefatigable Mr Oldenburgh for their first secretaries, those who know the character of these unwearied rarity-seekers, must expect a certain mixture of trifling to be combined with the more solid portions of these volumes. This being also the character of the times, it was the imperfection inseparable from childhood. Let it not be forgotten, however, that the genius of Newton, Boyle, Hook, Flamsteed, and many more, illuminates these pages with rays of light, many of which have penetrated into, some probably beyond, our own era. It is right to add that, in 1750, the Royal Society disclaimed the Philosophical Transactions as its representative, and great care has since been taken to prevent the appearance of inferior articles. What blame there is for the faults of the first forty-seven volumes, has been laid on the shoulders of the unfortunate secretaries, rather unjustly in our estimation; but from the forty-eighth volume to the present period, these Transactions are among the noblest literary monuments to science our country can boast of.

But to our gleanings. The vagaries in natural history to be found in these early papers are very amusing: thus in one of the volumes we find what is denominated a *rectification* of the account of the salamander. Conceive our surprise in discovering it to be a narrative respecting a salamander brought by a virtuoso from the Indies, which, when cast into the fire, did actually swell and vomit forth a thick slimy matter which put out the neighbouring coals, and repeated this wonderful fire-extinguishing act many times for the space of two hours, so often as the coals rekindled! The migratory instinct has always proved too seductive a fancy to be resisted even by Fellows of the Royal Society; therefore are we solemnly assured that it is a thing most certain that, on the approach of winter, swallows do sink themselves into lakes, no otherwise than frogs; the venerable author adding, that it was customary to draw them out with a net, together with fishes, and to put them near the fire, when they revived! But this is not half florid enough for another writer, who ominously intimates his belief that the earth is accompanied by a hitherto undiscovered satellite, not very far off, to whose more hospitable clime our birds of passage direct their flight! Fossils proved a sad perplexity to the philosophers of that epoch. Three or four elaborate papers appeared upon this subject; but we scarcely expect credit for the extract which follows, although the articles can easily be referred to. The writer having discovered some curious substances in the rocks of the Mendip Hills, which he conceived to resemble plants, set about the investigation with great ardour, and in proper form comes to this decision upon their nature. These are rock-plants; they grow from fine clay; they are at first smooth, and by degrees become covered with knots; they have a soft pith, which is constantly refreshed by mineral steams and moisture rising through its roots. The free supply of moisture is of course more necessary to these plants than to those which grow above ground, since nature carries on her mineral generation with a stronger effort than the other. These stone-plants have true life and growth: as to that ridiculous opinion, that they were only parts of plants or animals petrified, 'it seems not to be grounded on any practical knowledge;' the principal objection to it was, that these productions were totally unlike any known species of either kingdom. Now for the author's theory: he says, that as we may see figures in snow, and discern landscapes in stones, and the exact resemblance of *fern leaves* in coals, all painted in pure caprice by the

hand of nature, so here she was creating in the same mood plants of stone. What a downfall is it for all these ingenuities to learn that the mysterious things in question were only a parcel of *nummulites*, one or two starfishes, and some corallines! Another has a theory about fossils equally strange, possibly even more startling. He accounts thus for their formation:—The former occupants of these bodies lay upon the surface of the soil; the rain falling on them, dissolved their salts, and washed them down into the earth, where they again concreted, and resumed their original forms. This was a revival of a theory entertained long before by other philosophers, who accounted for ghosts by saying that the exhalations of the bodies of the dead resumed the form of the persons they proceeded from. We fear also that a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the council, has to answer for the absurd delusion respecting barnacle-geese getting a firmer hold than ever not only on the minds of the vulgar, but on the belief of the learned. Sir Robert Moray undertook a journey into the northern parts of Scotland purposely to examine into the truth of the commonly-received account of the birth of geese from barnacles. He wrote a paper upon the subject on his return; and—will it be believed?—he positively asserts, without the smallest compunction, that in every barnacle he opened he found a perfect sea-fowl: the bill was like that of a goose; the head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet were like those of other water-fowl; the very feathers were perfectly formed, and were of a black colour! How it was possible that any man pretending to credit or learning could write such a palpable exaggeration, in a professedly philosophical journal, it is hard to conceive. This paper is contained in No. 137.

Many a traveller's tale finds acceptance in these pages. A Mr Glover, travelling in Virginia, gives a minute account of an apparition which astonished him as he was leisurely floating down the river. This was none other than a merman! a creature with a grim and terrible aspect, and a head and body like a man; but on diving, it flourished aloft—and here, we fear, other folk are flourishing also—a tail like that of a fish. Mr Glover's friend appears to have been an unlucky Indian bathing! Many equally veracious statements might be selected, had we space. Mr Oldenburgh himself, in criticising Kircher's work on China, quotes the tremendous tales of an elephant eating sugar-canes, and of their taking root in his interior; and of a boy who ate serpents with as much *gusto* as eels, with the mild remark, that these accounts seem to require confirmation.

These scientific records were remarkable also for being occasionally occupied with silly communications upon subjects widely different from their express objects. What would now be the perplexity of a reader of the Philosophical Transactions to find a paper bearing such a title as the following: 'A true and exact relation of the dismal and surprising effects of a terrible and unusual clap of thunder, with lightning, that fell upon the Trumball galley,' communicated by R. M., *kettle-drummer* to his majesty? Or to find next to some of Dr Faraday's electrical researches, 'A particular account of two monstrous pigs with human faces?' Or the relation concerning one Clark, a posture-master; which Clark, sure enough, was a wonderful man in his way, for he possessed the faculty of disjointing himself all over, and reducing a naturally well-made frame at pleasure to the condition of a complicated cripple. The article states, that he so imposed upon a celebrated surgeon, that the latter pronounced his case to be utterly hopeless; and that he often left the room, and returned so altered—humpbacked, deformed, and horribly distorted—as to draw forth a shower of alms from the company, who were ignorant of his being the same person. Or supposing we put the account of the way to kill rattlesnakes with a bunch of pennyroyal by the side of Professor Baden Powell's investigations on light, or Mr Airy's astronomical calculations; or, to contrast more kindred subjects, set side by side the marvellous history of a calf with a strong thorax and Wharton Jones's microscopical investigations into the structure of the blood-corpuscule.

We see these incongruities now, but they beheld them not then; and it is far from rare to find the same volume contain some of the profound papers of Sir Isaac Newton, then plain Mr Newton, with some trivial account of a storm of hail which broke somebody's or a great many people's windows. Had it not been our attempt to condense this article, it would have been easy to have extended it by adducing many more instances illustrative of the feebleness which, in some respects, characterised the steps of philosophy in the middle and toward the close of the seventeenth century. The force of the contrast will not be weakened by leaving the subject here. While we look back in a sort of merry wonder, and congratulate ourselves on our present position of advancement, let us look forward with humility, anticipating the day when our own blemishes will appear as conspicuously puerile as those of ancestral philosophy to us.

EDINBURGH CONVIVIALIA.*

A GLIMPSE AT PAST TIMES.

TAVERN dissipation, now so rare amongst the respectable classes of the community, formerly prevailed in Edinburgh to an incredible extent, and engrossed the leisure hours of all professional men, scarcely excepting even the most stern and dignified. No rank, class, or profession, indeed, formed an exception to this rule. Nothing was so common in the morning as to meet men of high rank and official dignity reeling home from a close in the High Street, where they had spent the night in drinking. Nor was it unusual to find two or three of his majesty's most honourable Lords of Council and Session mounting the bench in the forenoon in a crapulous state. A gentleman one night stepping into Johnnie Dowie's, opened a side door, and looking into the room, saw a sort of *agger* or heap of snoring lads upon the floor, illumined by the gleams of an expiring candle. 'Wha may thae be, Mr Dowie?' inquired the visitor. 'Oh,' quoth John, in his usual quiet way, 'just twa-three o' Sir Willie's drucken clerks!'—meaning the young gentlemen employed in Sir William Forbes's banking-house, whom, of all earthly mortals, one would have expected to be observers of the decencies.

To this testimony may be added that of all published works descriptive of Edinburgh during the last century. Even in the preceding century, if we are to believe Taylor the Water-poet, there was no superabundance of sobriety in the town. 'The worst thing,' says that sly humorist in his 'Journey' (1623), 'was, that wine and ale were so scarce, and the people such misers of it, that every night, before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer.'

The *diurnal* of a Scottish judge of the beginning of the last century, which I have perused, presents a striking picture of the habits of men of business in that age. Hardly a night passes without some expense being incurred at taverns, not always of very good fame, where his lordship's associates on the bench were his boon companions in the debauch. One is at a loss to understand how men who drugged their understandings so habitually, could possess any share of vital faculty for the consideration or transaction of business, or how they contrived to make a decent appearance in the hours of duty. But however difficult to be accounted for, there seems no room to doubt that deep drinking was compatible in many instances with good business talents, and even application. Many living men connected with the Court of Session can yet look back to a juvenile period of their lives, when some of the ablest advocates and most esteemed judges were noted for their con-

* From 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' by R. Chambers; a new and much amended edition, just published.

vivial habits. For example, a famous counsel named Hay, who became a judge under the designation of Lord Newton, was equally remarkable as a Bacchanal and as a lawyer. He considered himself as only the better fitted for business, that he had previously imbibed six bottles of claret; and one of his clerks afterwards declared that the best paper he ever knew his lordship dictate, was done after a debauch where that amount of liquor had fallen to his share. It was of him that the famous story is told of a client calling for him one day at four o'clock, and being surprised to find him at dinner; when, on the client saying to the servant that he had understood five to be Mr Hay's dinner hour, 'Oh but, sir,' said the man, 'it is his *yesterday's dinner!*' M. Simond, who, in 1811, published a 'Tour in Scotland,' mentions his surprise on stepping one morning into the Parliament House to find, in the dignified capacity of a judge, and displaying all the gravity suitable to the character, the very gentleman with whom he had spent most of the preceding night in a fierce debauch. This judge was Lord Newton.

Contemporary with this learned lord was another of marvellous powers of drollery, of whom it is told, as a fact too notorious at the time to be concealed, that he was one Sunday morning, not long before church-time, found asleep amongst the paraphernalia of the sweeps, in a shed appropriated to the keeping of these articles, at the end of the Town-Guard-house in the High Street. His lordship, in staggering homeward alone from a tavern during the night, had tumbled into this place, where consciousness did not revisit him till next day. Of another group of clever, but over-convivial lawyers of that age, it is related that, having set to wine and cards on a Saturday evening, they were so cheated out of all sense of time, that the night passed before they thought of separating. Unless they are greatly belied, the people passing along Picardy Place next forenoon, on their way to church, were perplexed by seeing a door open, and three gentlemen issue forth, in all the disorder to be expected after a night of drunken vigils, while a fourth, in his dressing-gown, held the door in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, by way of showing them out!

Wine and business seem to have inextricably mingled in those days. Blackstone, as we all know, wrote his 'Commentaries' over port, and Sheridan his plays over sherry. There still lives (1847) a distinguished lawyer of the last century, and judge of the present, but now in retirement, who tells that, having one evening a hard case to master, he retired to his room, arranged his papers, and, by way of following an approved recipe of his day, caused a bottle of port, and another of sherry, to be placed for marginal reference beside them. The case, contrary to his expectation, proved extremely interesting, insomuch that he became wholly absorbed in it. Nevertheless, after a few hours had passed, he was sensible of a strange dimness of vision, as if something had gone wrong with either his eyes, his spectacles, or the candles. Having rubbed the first two, and topped the third, all without effect, he rose to take a walk through the room. After this, his lordship has no recollection of anything which occurred, till he awoke a few hours thereafter on the floor, upon which, it would appear, he had tumbled. What concern the couple of half-empty bottles upon the table had had in bringing about this strange syncope, must be left to the ingenious imagination of the reader.

The *High Jinks* of Counsellor Pleydell, in 'Guy Mannering,' must have prepared many for these curious traits of a bypast age; and Scott has further illustrated the subject by telling, in his notes to that novel, an anecdote which he appears to have had upon excellent authority, respecting the elder President Dundas of Arniston, father of Lord Melville. 'It had been thought very desirable, while that distinguished lawyer was king's counsel, that his assistance should be obtained in drawing up an appeal case, which, as occasion for such writings then rarely occurred, was held to be a matter of great nicety. The solicitor employed for the appellant, attended by my informant, acting as his clerk, went to the lord advocate's chambers in the Fishmarket Close, as I think. It was Saturday at noon, the court was just dismissed, the lord advocate had changed his dress, and booted himself, and his servant and horses were at the foot of the close, to carry him to Arniston. It was scarcely possible to get him to listen to a word respecting business. The wily agent, however, on pretence of asking one or two questions, which would not detain him half an hour, drew his lordship, who was no less an eminent bon-vivant than a lawyer of unequalled talent, to take a whet at a celebrated tavern, when the learned counsel became gradually involved in a spirited discussion of the law points of the case. At length it occurred to him that he might as well ride to Arniston in the cool of the evening. The horses were directed to be put into the stable, but not to be unsaddled. Dinner was ordered, the law was laid aside for a time, and the bottle circulated very freely. At nine o'clock at night, after he had been honouring Bacchus for so many hours, the lord advocate ordered his horses to be unsaddled—paper, pens, and ink, were brought—he began to dictate the appeal case, and continued at his task till four o'clock the next morning. By next day's post the solicitor sent the case to London—a *chef-œuvre* of its kind; and in which, my informant assured me, it was not necessary, on revisal, to correct five words.'

It was not always that business and pleasure were so successfully united. It is related that an eminent lawyer, who was confined to his room by indisposition, having occasion for the attendance of his clerk at a late hour, in order to draw up a paper required on an emergency next morning, sent for and found him at his usual tavern. The man, though remarkable for the preservation of his faculties under severe application to the bottle, was on this night farther gone than usual. He was able, however, to proceed to his master's bedroom, and there take his seat at the desk with the appearance of a sufficiently collected mind, so that the learned counsel, imagining nothing more wrong than usual, began to dictate from his couch. This went on for two or three hours, till, the business being finished, the barrister drew his curtain—to behold *Jamie* lost in a profound sleep upon the table, with the paper still in virgin whiteness before him!

One of the most notable jolly fellows of the last age was James Balfour, an accountant, usually called *Singing Jamie Balfour*, on account of his fascinating qualities as a vocalist. There used to be a portrait of him in the Leith Golf-house, representing him in the act of commencing the favourite song of 'When I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,' with the suitable attitude, and a merriness of countenance justifying the traditionary account of the man. Of Jacobite leanings, he is said to have sung 'The wee German lairdie,' 'Awa, Whigs, awa,' and 'The sow's tail to Geordie,' with a degree of zest which there was no resisting.

Report speaks of this person as an amiable, upright, and able man; so clever in business matters, that he could do as much in one hour as another man in three; always eager to quench and arrest litigation, rather than to promote it; and consequently so much esteemed professionally, that he could get business whenever he chose to undertake it, which, however, he only did when he felt himself in need of money. Nature had given him a robust constitution, which enabled him to see out three sets of boon companions; but after all, gave way before he reached sixty. His custom, when anxious to repair the effects of intemperance, was to wash his head and hands in cold water; this, it is said, made him quite cool and collected almost immediately. Pleasure being so predominant an object in his life, it was thought surprising that at his death he was found in possession of some little money.

The powers of Balfour as a singer of the Scotch songs of all kinds, tender and humorous, are declared to have

been marvellous; and he had a happy gift of suiting them to occasions. Being a great peacemaker, he would often accomplish his purpose by introducing some ditty pat to the purpose, and thus dissolving all rancour in a hearty laugh. Like too many of our countrymen, he had a contempt for foreign music. One evening, in a company where an Italian vocalist of eminence was present, he professed to give a song in the manner of that country. Forth came a ridiculous cantata to the tune of Aiken Drum, beginning, 'There was a wife in Peebles,' which the wag executed with all the proper graces, shakes, and appogiaturas, making his friends almost expire with suppressed laughter at the contrast between the style of singing and the ideas conveyed in the song. At the conclusion, their mirth was doubled by the foreigner saying very simply, 'De music be very fine, but I no understand de words.' A lady, who lived in the Parliament Close, told a friend of mine that she was wakened from her sleep one summer morning by a noise as of singing, when, going to the window to learn what was the matter, guess her surprise at seeing Jamie Balfour, and some of his boon companions (evidently fresh from their wonted orgies), singing *The king shall enjoy his own again*, on their knees, around King Charles's statue! One of Balfour's favourite haunts was a humble kind of tavern called *Jenny Ha's*, opposite to Queensberry House, where, it is said, Gay had boused during his short stay in Edinburgh, and to which it was customary for gentlemen to adjourn from dinner parties, in order to indulge in claret from the butt, free from the usual domestic restraints. Jamie's potations here were principally of what was called *cappie ale*—that is, ale in little wooden bowls—with wee thochts of brandy in it. But indeed no one could be less exclusive than he as to liquors. When he heard a bottle drawn in any house he happened to be in, and observed the cork to give an unusually smart report, he would call out, 'Lassie, gi'e me a glass o' *that*;' as knowing that, whatever it was, it must be good of its kind.

Sir Walter Scott says, in one of his droll little missives to his printer Ballantyne, 'When the press does not follow me, I get on slowly and ill, and put myself in mind of Jamie Balfour, who could run when he could not stand still.' He here alludes to a matter of fact, which the following anecdote will illustrate:—Jamie, in going home late from a debauch, happened to tumble into the pit formed for the foundation of a house in James's Square. A gentleman passing heard his complaint, and going up to the spot, was intreated by our hero to help him out. 'What would be the use of helping you out,' said the by-passer, 'when you could not stand though you *were* out?' 'Very true, perhaps; yet if you help me up, Ill *run* you to the Tron Kirk for a bottle of claret.' Pleased with his humour, the gentleman placed him upon his feet, when instantly he set off for the Tron Church at a pace distancing all ordinary competition; and accordingly he won the race, though, at the conclusion, he had to sit down on the steps of the church, being quite unable to stand. After taking a minute or two to recover his breath—'Well, another race to Fortune's for another bottle of claret!' Off he went to the tavern in question, in the Stamp-Office Close; and this bet he gained also. The claret, probably with continuations, was discussed in Fortune's; and the end of the story is, that Balfour sent his new friend home in a chair, utterly done up, at an early hour in the morning.

It is hardly surprising that habits carried to such an extravagance amongst gentlemen should have in some small degree affected the fairer and purer part of creation also. It is an old story in Edinburgh, that three ladies had one night a merry-meeting in a tavern near the Cross, where they sat till a very late hour. Ascending at length to the street, they scarcely remembered where they were; but as it was good moonlight, they found little difficulty in walking along till they came to the Tron Church. Here, however, an obstacle occurred. The moon, shining high in the south, threw the shadow of the steeple directly across the street from the one side to the other; and the ladies, being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook this for a broad and rapid river, which they would require to cross before making further way. In this delusion, they sat down upon the brink of the imaginary stream, deliberately took off their shoes and stockings, *kilted* their lower garments, and proceeded to wade through to the opposite side; after which, resuming their shoes and stockings, they went on their way rejoicing, as before! Another anecdote (from an aged nobleman) exhibits the Bacchanalian powers of our ancestresses in a different light. During the rising of 1715, the officers of the crown in Edinburgh, having procured some important intelligence respecting the motions and intentions of the Jacobites, resolved upon despatching the same to London by a faithful courier. Of this the party whose interests would have been so materially affected got notice; and that evening, as the messenger (a man of rank) was going down the High Street, with the intention of mounting his horse in the Canongate, and immediately setting off, he met two tall handsome ladies, in full dress, and wearing black velvet masks, who accosted him with a very easy demeanour, and a winning sweetness of voice. Without hesitating as to the quality of these damsels, he instantly proposed to treat them with a pint of claret at a neighbouring tavern; but they said that, instead of accepting his kindness, they were quite willing to treat *him*, to his heart's content. They then adjourned to the tavern, and sitting down, the whole three drank plenteously, merrily, and long, so that the courier seemed at last to forget entirely the mission upon which he was sent, and the danger of the papers which he had about his person. After a pertinacious debauch of several hours, the luckless messenger was at length fairly drunk under the table; and it is needless to add, that the fair nymphs then proceeded to strip him of his papers, decamped, and were no more heard of; though it is but justice to the Scottish ladies of that period to say, that the robbers were generally believed at the time to be young men disguised in women's clothes.*

The custom which prevailed among ladies, as well as gentlemen, of resorting to what are called *oyster-cellars*, is in itself a striking indication of the state of manners during the last century. In winter, when the evening had set in, a party of the most fashionable people in town, collected by appointment, would adjourn in carriages to one of those abysses of darkness and comfort, called, in Edinburgh, *laigh shops*, where they proceeded to regale themselves with raw oysters and porter, arranged in huge dishes upon a coarse table, in a dingy room, lighted by tallow candles. The rudeness of the feast, and the vulgarity of the circumstances under which it took place, seem to have given a zest to its enjoyment, with which more refined banquets could not have been accompanied. One of the chief features of an oyster-cellar entertainment was, that full scope was given to the conversational powers of the company. Both ladies and gentlemen indulged, without restraint, in sallies the merriest and the wittiest; and a thousand remarks and jokes, which elsewhere would have been suppressed as improper, were here sanctified by the oddity of the scene, and appreciated by the most dignified and refined. After the table was cleared of the oysters and porter, it was customary to introduce brandy

* It was very common for Scotch ladies of rank, even till the middle of the last century, to wear black masks in walking abroad, or airing in a carriage; and for some gentlemen too, who were vain of their complexion. They were kept close to the face by means of a string, having a button of glass or precious stone at the end, which the lady held in her mouth. This practice, I understand, did not in the least interrupt the flow of tittle-tattle and scandal among the fair wearers.

We are told, in a curious paper in the Edinburgh Magazine for August 1817, that at the period above-mentioned, 'though it was a disgrace for ladies to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicated in good company.'

or rum-punch—according to the pleasure of the ladies—after which dancing took place; and when the female part of the assemblage thought proper to retire, the gentlemen again sat down, or adjourned to another tavern, to crown the pleasures of the evening with an unlimited debauch. It is not (1824) more than thirty years since the late Lord Melville, the Duchess of Gordon, and some other persons of distinction, who happened to meet in town after many years of absence, made up an oyster-cellar party, by way of a frolic, and devoted one winter evening to the revival of this almost forgotten entertainment of their youth.

It seems difficult to reconcile all these things with the staid and somewhat square-toed character which our country has obtained amongst her neighbours. The fact seems to be, that a kind of Laodicean principle is observable in Scotland, and we oscillate between a rigour of manners on the one hand, and a laxity on the other, which alternately acquire an apparent paramouncy. In the early part of the last century, rigour was in the ascendant; but not to the prevention of a respectable minority of the free-and-easy, who kept alive the flame of conviviality with no small degree of success. In the latter half of the century—a dissolute era all over civilised Europe—the minority became the majority, and the characteristic sobriety of the nation's manners was only traceable in certain portions of society. Now we are in a sober, perhaps tending to a rigorous, stage once more. In Edinburgh, seventy years ago, intemperance was the rule to such a degree, that exception could hardly be said to exist. Men appeared little in the drawing-room in those days; when they did, not unfrequently their company had better have been dispensed with. When a gentleman gave an entertainment, it was thought necessary that he should press the bottle as far as it could be made to go. A particularly good fellow would lock his outer-door, to prevent any guest of dyspeptic tendencies or sober inclinations from escaping. Some were so considerate as to provide shake-down beds for a general bivouac in a neighbouring apartment. When gentlemen were obliged to appear at assemblies where decency was enforced, they of course wore their best attire. This it was customary to change for something less liable to receive damage, ere going, as they usually did, to conclude the evening by a scene of conviviality. Drinking entered into everything. As Sir Alexander Boswell has observed—

> 'O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love,
> O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove,
> O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will,
> And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill.'

Then was the time when men, despising and neglecting the company of women, always so civilising in its influence, would yet half kill themselves with bumpers, in order, as the phrase went, to *save them*. Drinking to save the ladies is said to have originated with a catch-club, which issued tickets for gratuitous concerts. Many tickets with the names of ladies being prepared, one was taken up, and the name announced. Any member present was at liberty to toast the health of this lady in a bumper, and this insured her ticket being reserved for her use. If no one came forward to honour her name in this manner, the lady's chance was considered to be lost, and her ticket was thrown under the table. Whether from this origin or not, the practice is said to have ultimately had the following form. One gentleman would give out the name of some lady as the most beautiful object in creation, and, by way of attesting what he said, drink one bumper. Another champion would then enter the field, and offer to prove that a certain other lady, whom he named, was a great deal more beautiful than she just mentioned—supporting his assertion by drinking two bumpers. Then the other would rise up, declare this to be false, and, in proof of his original statement, as well as by way of turning the scale upon his opponent, drink four bumpers. Not deterred or repressed by this, the second man would reiterate, and conclude by drinking as much as the challenger; who would again start up and drink eight bumpers; and so on, in geometrical progression, till one or other of the heroes fell under the table; when of course the fair Delia of the survivor was declared the queen supreme of beauty by all present. I have seen a sonnet addressed on the morning after such a scene of contention to the lady concerned, by the unsuccessful hero, whose brains appear to have been wofully muddled by the claret he had drunk in her behalf.

It was not merely in the evenings that taverns were then resorted to. There was a petty treat, called a 'meridian,' which no man of that day thought himself able to dispense with; and this was generally indulged in at a tavern. 'A cauld cock and a feather' was the metaphorical mode of calling for a glass of brandy and a bunch of raisins, which was the favourite regale of many. Others took a glass of whisky; some few a lunch. Scott very amusingly describes, from his own observation, the manner in which the affair of the meridian was gone about by the writers and clerks belonging to the Parliament House. 'If their proceedings were watched, they might be seen to turn fidgetty about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one of formal and dignified presence assumed the honour of leading the band; when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of wild-fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into the [John's] coffee-house, drank the meridian, which was placed ready at the bar. This they did day by day; and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company.'

All the shops in the town were then shut at eight o'clock; and from that hour till ten—when the drum of the Town-Guard announced at once a sort of license for the deluging of the streets with nuisances, and a warning of the inhabitants home to their beds—unrestrained scope was given to the delights of the table. No tradesman thought of going home to his family till after he had spent an hour or two at his club. This was universal and unfailing. So lately as 1824, I knew something of an old-fashioned tradesman who nightly shut his shop at eight o'clock, and then adjourned with two old friends who called upon him at that hour to a quiet old public-house on the opposite side of the way, where they each drank precisely one bottle of Edinburgh ale, ate precisely one halfpenny roll, and got upon their legs precisely at the first stroke of ten o'clock.

SERVANTS' HALL IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

BY AN ENGLISH OPERATIVE.

One bright morning during the present summer, I left Paris by the Orleans railway to visit a relative, living as nursery governess in the Château de Bretigny, some forty miles from the capital. The road passes through a pleasant country, now touching some sharp bend of the Seine, presently cutting across the slopes of a sunny vineyard, or skirting level corn-fields, and then passing within view of the solitary and famous ruin of the castle of Montlhery, on a hill a mile to the right. The place of my destination is in a quiet rural district, about two miles from the station at which I left the train. On each side of the road, which was without hedges, stretched an uninterrupted succession of the little patches of cultivated ground so common in France, presenting a singular appearance to an English eye accustomed to see farms of five hundred or a thousand acres. In most of them, apple-trees were growing in the midst of the corn; and here and there the yellow expanse of wheat and barley was relieved by the patch of vines of some small proprietor. After passing through a dreary-looking village, I saw another equally unattractive in appearance about a mile beyond, above the thatched roofs of which rose the low square church tower. I walked

through the straggling streets of the latter without seeing any building that came up to my ideas of a château, and began to think I had mistaken the path, when, turning a corner, there stood before me at one side of the church a long low edifice of two storeys, possessing no pretensions whatever to architectural beauty or proportion, reminding one of the huge straggling inns in the south and west of England, ruined by the railway; once cheerful and busy, now weather-stained and melancholy. The windows, above as well as below, were protected by outside Venetian shutters, which, with the whole front of the building, were of a dingy white hue. The front door was to match, and in common with the windows, had rather the appearance of an accidental opening in the wall, than of an aperture designed for use. The house was separated from the road by a plot of grass, traversed by a rough sandy road that led to the door; and a few noble acacias rose high above the clumps of shrubs that bordered the road. The appearance of the building was so little in accordance with its name, that I inquired of a man who was passing if it were really the Château de Bretigny; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, I walked across the lawn, wondering at the absence of neatness and finish presenting so striking a contrast to country seats on this side the Channel.

The front door offered no means of communication with the interior; and I went to a side entrance which stood open, and passing along a passage running the whole length of the building, without meeting any one, knocked at a half-open door. 'Entrez,' said a voice; in obedience to which I entered the apartment, where a footman was preparing breakfast for the family. Having introduced myself, he replied, 'Ah, monsieur, madame votre cousine will be delighted to see you; you are the first friend that has called upon her from England in all the years she has lived here.' He ran away to summon her, while I looked round the apartment. The floor was of stone. In one corner, on a low shelf, was a knifeboard, on which the knives were being cleaned; a few chairs and stools, with seats of worsted-work, and one or two occasional tables, stood round by the walls of oaken wainscot; and the middle of the room was occupied by a round table, on which the preparations for breakfast were going on. No cups and saucers were to be seen; plates and knives and forks were placed for four; by the side of each plate stood a bottle of wine, a decanter of water, and a large drinking-glass. The eatables consisted of poultry, meat stewed with French beans, eggs, bread and butter, salad, and fruit. The polished panels of the walls were quite bare of pictures, and every other decoration, save muslin curtains to the windows, which looked out upon what I afterwards learned was called the 'Park;' but this also, notwithstanding its capabilities and fine trees, presented the same neglected appearance that I had remarked in front; similar to what we are accustomed to read of family establishments in Ireland. I was cogitating on the peculiarities which struck me, when Monsieur de Bretigny entered, and welcoming me to the château, expressed a hope that I should enjoy my visit. As he left the room, my cousin came in. After an interchange of the kind welcomings and warm wishes natural between relatives who meet for the first time, she led me away to the servants' hall to breakfast. It yet wanted an hour and a-half to the time of the morning meal for the household; but in consideration of my ride, some *café au lait*, such as can only be drunk in France, with bread, butter, and eggs, were placed before me. Monsieur de Bretigny himself brought me a bottle of wine, and a teaspoon and table-knife were fetched from the parlour for my use; nothing but large pewter-spoons and forks being allowed to the servants, who, when they eat eggs, use the flat end of the handles of these instruments, and at each meal produce large claspknives from their pocket. I was soon left alone, and at leisure to look about me. The room was of the most comfortless description: to all appearance the walls and ceiling had not been whitewashed for a dozen years; there was no fireplace, and no means of warming it in winter; the window, a huge grated aperture, was placed so high, that only the tops of the trees were visible through it. Under the window stood a long narrow table, with a miscellaneous assemblage of seats on either side. A shallow tub, half-filled with water, and containing a number of bottles, stood under the opposite wall, serving as a cooler for the servants' wine—the allowance being a bottle for two days. At one end was fixed a stained and dingy dresser, on which were ranged a dozen or two of plates and dishes of the coarsest ware, a row of glass tumblers, and salt-cellars filled with gray salt. In consequence of the high tax upon the article in France, white salt is seldom seen on servants' tables, or in the houses of the poorer classes. When compared with the neat and comfortable arrangements at country seats in England, the difference was most striking.

Soon after the completion of my repast and my survey, a valet, or *domestique*, as they prefer to be called, came in to lay the cloth for the servants' breakfast—the hour for which, eleven o'clock, had arrived. The spoons, forks, and plates were quickly arranged; the bottles of wine, lifted from their bath, were duly marshalled; and then the bell was rung. First came the housekeeper or head-laundress, a good-humoured and portly dame, followed by the lady's-maid, the two men-servants, and the cook, a hale and hearty *garçon* of sixty-four, who had cooked all through Napoleon's campaigns in the service of one of his generals. The rear was brought up by an assistant laundress; a boy, whose chief business seemed to be to amuse himself; and last, my cousin, the governess. Cheerful salutations awaited me from all, as, with an interchange of lively *badinage*, they took their seats. The breakfast, of which I was only a spectator, comprised beef stewed with cabbage, some remains of cold meat, and a salad, with each one's portion of bread that had been taken from the closet beneath the dresser. The conversation, which never ceased, was intermingled with inquiries as to the mode in which servants live in England. As is usual throughout France, the most extravagant notions were entertained of the wealth of all classes on the British side of the Channel; and the inference was, that English servants were much better off than French servants. The chief topic, however, seemed to lie in the expression of regret at the absence of a joint of meat, with which to make a *roti* for dinner, and from which I was to have judged of the French *cuisine*. The butcher had brought meat early in the morning, but of so bad a quality, owing to the heat of the weather, that it was rejected. The cook started for the neighbouring village in quest of meat, but succeeded only in obtaining a few scraps of beef, which, however, as will afterwards appear, did good service.

Breakfast over, I walked about the grounds at the back of the house. At one side was an extensive plantation of oak, ash, and elm trees, through which many beautifully cool and shady paths led to a kiosk in one corner, commanding a view over the level fields in the neighbourhood, and of the hill on which stands the government telegraph, one of the series between Paris and Bordeaux. But the paths, though pleasant, were rough and overgrown with weeds, and the wood was suffering for want of thinning. At the opposite side of the grounds were large gardens, in which fruit, flowers, and vegetables were intermixed. I was at a loss to account for the want of order, the apparent non-appreciation of the beautiful in natural and artificial landscape, and the absence of a taste for rural pleasures. There were fertile grounds, an extensive estate, embracing many of the adjacent farms, ample wealth, but all deadened by the spirit of *laissez aller*. I afterwards found, however, that this is a characteristic of the châteaux of France. Among the plants that were new to me were two mallows: one similar in appearance to a standard rose, six feet high, growing with a tall straight stem; the other of the dwarf species, but with the pale-green leaves most exquisitely curled,

or *crispée*. The watering-pots, I observed, were all made of copper—a much more durable material than tin or zinc. One of them, the gardener informed me, he had himself used for thirty years; it had been in the service of his predecessor for a similar period, and he expected it to last the century. There was an abundant crop of melons, and every variety of fruit; but vegetables, constituting the chief food of the household, were most largely cultivated. The eye could not take in at one view the beds of sorrel, chickory, artichokes, cabbages, carrots, turnips, lettuce, and onions.

Seven o'clock struck while I was talking to the gardener: the bell rang for dinner; and the same party that had met to breakfast, assembled once more in the servants' hall. The cook still lamented the absence of *roti:* but he had made a delicious stew with his scraps of beef and various kinds of vegetables; and besides, there were a dish of new haricots with parsley sauce, a salad, and a large dish of currants, mixed with strawberries, for the dessert. On festival days, a better sort of wine than usual is allowed; and in honour of my visit, the *dame jeanne* (demi-john), filled to the neck, was placed upon the table. In the intervals of eating, the cook told us several amusing stories of his cooking campaigns under the Emperor in Germany and Spain, and twitted the under-*domestique*, who was from Brittany, on the uncouthness of his dialect. After dinner, I was conducted over the whole of the house: in addition to what I had already seen, there were the billiard and drawing rooms, the latter plainly furnished, and unprovided with any of those little elegant trifles which are considered the necessary complement of such apartments in England. Beyond these were the bath-room, and a boudoir, and other small apartments, occupied by the mother of Madame de Bretigny. I lost the pleasure of seeing these ladies, from their having gone to the coast for sea-bathing. In these little rooms there were several family portraits and books, chiefly of a religious character. Above were the sleeping apartments, the doors into which opened from the corridor that ran from one extremity of the building to the other. The whole of this upper floor was paved with hexagonal red tiles, polished with wax. The fitting-up of the bedrooms seemed to compensate for the nakedness below: they were furnished with well-filled bookcases, and a variety of furniture not usually seen in sleeping-rooms—ottomans, lounging-chairs, work-tables, &c.; and, as I was informed, the family pass most of their time in these apartments. There was not that variety of books which might have been expected, except in Monsieur de Bretigny's chamber. He had been an officer of engineers in Algiers, and had a selection of mathematical and philosophical works.

Once a-week the family spend a day at a neighbouring château. Friday is the fast-day; and on Sunday they attend the little church which stands half-hidden by the trees at the entrance of the grounds. This is the ordinary routine, interrupted occasionally by rides on horseback or drives in the family-coach into the neighbourhood, or by the arrival of visitors, and a residence of three months in the year, towards the end of the season, in Paris. During Lent, as my cousin informed me, she suffers so much from want of proper nourishment, as often to become seriously indisposed. It does not appear, however, that so much attention is paid to the real comfort of servants as in England. In France, they work harder, and have fewer intervals of repose, yet they seem to be lighter of heart, and to be more easily contented than their compeers in this country. At the château, the cook's wages are six hundred francs a-year: he prepares food, without any assistant, for the whole household; breakfast for the parlour at ten o'clock, for the servants at eleven; dinner for the parlour at five, for the servants at seven—two meals a-day being the rule, with a *gouter* or lunch in the interval. The servants may take their *gouter* when they please, from the portion of bread allotted to them. The head-footman (*premier domestique*) receives four hundred and fifty francs, with fifteen sous a-day additional during the three months that he is with the family in Paris, and thirty francs for the annual cleaning of the house, which was going on at the time of my visit, in addition to which a New-Year's gift, a sort of retaining fee for good behaviour, the giving of which is general in France. Such servants, however, make themselves more generally useful than those of a similar class in England—they make the beds, and sweep and clean both the bed and sitting rooms. The one in question, it will be remembered, was cleaning knives on my arrival: in the winter, he assists the *second domestique* in bringing in firewood—a daily recurring and laborious task, as nothing but wood is burned in the large open fireplaces. The laundress is paid four hundred francs; she has the care of all the linen of the château, to keep it washed, repaired, and in perfect order—a post of some responsibility, as the linen in a French country-house is provided in the greatest abundance; so much so, that in some places they wash but twice in the year. At the château, washing-day comes once in two months. The washing is not done with hot water, as is considered essential in this country. On the day appointed, eighteen women come from the village, and carry the linen to the river, under the superintendence of Madame Leleu, the laundress. The first day's work is to *decrasser* (to loosen the dirt), which is done by dipping the linen into the river, rubbing with soap, and beating with a wooden instrument, similar in shape to a large battledore—a process which, although it may be destructive to the linen, has the effect of making it very clean. The second day's work is the *couler*, in which the whole of the linen is soaked in water that has been passed through wood ashes. On the third day, the *rincer*, or rinsing at the river, finishes the washing, when the whole is carefully dried, mended, and put away in the presses. The linen of the servants is included in this arrangement, and they are obliged to provide themselves with a sufficient quantity for proper cleanliness in the intervals of the wash.

The question often recurred to my mind, whether the contentment of the French arises from really moderate desires, or from a disposition to 'take it easy.' From what I saw in my rambles through the country, the latter seems to be the prevalent motive. It is, however, impossible not to be struck with the kind and conciliatory manner of the wealthy towards their dependents and inferiors in social privileges, from which a useful lesson might be learned. In the afternoon of the next day I took my departure to return to Paris, and received the *adieux* of the whole establishment, from Monsieur down to the garçon. I took off my hat to the housekeeper and lady's-maid, who were seated at an upper window; but a civil farewell was not in accordance with their notions. 'Attendez,' they said, 'nous allons descendre.' On coming down, the housekeeper continued, 'Ou ne part pas comme ça,' and presented each of her rosy cheeks in succession for a kiss: the lady's-maid followed her example: and with this characteristic adieu, I left the Château of Bretigny.

TURTLE CATCHING.

We are told by Pliny, in his Natural History, that the turtle is so large an animal, that its shell serves as a boat to the islanders of the Red Sea, and that a single one suffices for the roof of a dwelling-house. This, however, is not so enormous an exaggeration as one might suppose, since Dampier mentions a turtle that was four feet thick, and six feet from side to side. The shell of this magnificent animal was used as a boat, in which a child of nine or ten years of age embarked to join his father, who was then on board his ship, at a distance of a quarter of a mile. In 1752, a turtle was shipwrecked (supposing him to be his own vessel), and came on shore at Dieppe: he measured six feet long by four in width, and weighed nine quintals. Two years after, another animal of the same weight was captured in the Greek Archipelago, whose liver

sufficed for the abundant dinner of more than a hundred persons, while its fat weighed more than a hundred pounds. This creature, from a peculiarity in the flavour of its flesh, was supposed to have voyaged from South America, transported by the vast current which issues from the Gulf of Mexico, passes by the United States, and is even felt on the coasts of Great Britain.

There are four different species of marine turtle—the Green, the Hawk-billed, the Loggerhead, and the Trunk turtle. The first is the *aldermanic* turtle, well known to the epicures of the City; the second furnishes the article so valuable in commerce under the name of tortoise-shell; the third is a strong and fierce creature, which has been known to bite a thick walking-stick in two in an instant; the fourth is of an enormous size, and pouched like a pelican, and its shell and flesh are so soft, that 'one may push his finger into them,' as Audubon says, 'almost as into a lump of butter.'

The marine turtle inhabits the bottom of the sea, though probably at no great distance from the land, and there pastures, in these solitary depths, on algæ and other sea-weeds. But in case of need, he is supposed to have recourse to animal food, being able to crush with his horny jaws the substance of fishes less monstrous than himself. He is not fond, apparently, of the flavour of fresh water, keeping at some distance from the mouths of rivers, except at a certain time of the year, when the eggs are to be buried in the sand. On this occasion the tribe seek the embouchure of the most considerable stream they can find, and there they are taken by their human enemies in the greatest numbers.

On nearing the shore, which is usually on a calm moonlight night, the turtle raises her head from the water to reconnoitre. If all is quiet, she emits a loud hissing sound, and landing upon the beach, creeps along the sand till she finds a feasible place. Here she again looks round, but this time in profound silence; and if convinced of her security, she sets to work to scoop out a hole in the sand with her hind-flippers, sometimes to the depth of more than two feet. The eggs are dropped one by one, it may be to the number of two hundred, and the loose sand then scraped over them in such a way, that a passer-by would not suspect the mystery. Although the eggs are deposited during the night, the turtle-hunters, when sure of the haunt, have little difficulty in falling in with stragglers, whom they have merely to turn on their backs, on which they lie helplessly till their captors have time to carry them off. This applies, however, only to the green species; for another kind, with rounder back, and more active movements, require to be anchored with a stone, if not killed on the spot.

A more wholesale mode of capture is to set nets in the water, with strong but wide meshes, along the place where they are expected to land; and when the animals are on their nightly journey to deposit their eggs, they are entangled by the head or paddles, and being thus prevented from rising to breathe, are drowned. The harpoon is a more sportsmanlike instrument of death. It has not the barb of the common harpoon; but when darted into the shell, when the victim rises to breathe, or is lying asleep on the surface, it remains fixed, like a nail driven into a board. A calm, still night is chosen for this purpose—the enemy having previously ascertained, by the fragments of sea-weeds scattered on the surface, the spot where their prey are peacefully pasturing beneath. The boat creeps to its work through the sluggish waters, with no other noise than the dip of the muffled oars; and the leader standing on the bow, harpoon in hand, and bending his eager eyes upon the water, makes signals how to steer, like the master of a steamer, without turning his head. A bubbling of the water by and by leads him to the spot where a turtle is about to rise; and as soon as the unhappy denizen of the deep, which cannot live without atmospheric air, shows himself above the surface, the iron messenger of fate flashes through the air, and quivers in his back. Now commences a scene resembling, on a smaller scale, that presented by the struggles of a whale. The shaft of the harpoon is recovered by its thrower, and the point, which is attached by a rope to the bow of the boat, secures effectually the terrified animal, who, in his flight, may drag the whole cortège with him a considerable distance; but yields in the end, either dying of his wound, or suffocated in the water, from which he dares not, or cannot rise.

The following account, referring to these modes of fishing in Brazil, is given by Mr Edwards:—'The turtles are a still greater blessing to the dwellers upon the upper rivers. In the early part of the dry season these animals ascend the Amazon, probably from the sea, and assemble upon the sandy islands and beaches left dry by the retiring waters in the Japûra and other tributaries. They deposit their eggs in the sand, and at this season all the people, for hundreds of miles round about, resort to the river-banks as regularly as to a fair. The eggs are collected into montarias, or other proper receptacles, and broken. The oil floating upon the surface is skimmed off with the valves of the large shells found in the river, and is poured into pots, each holding about six gallons. It is computed that a turtle lays one hundred and fifty eggs in a season. Twelve thousand eggs make one pot of oil, and six thousand pots are annually sent from the most noted localities: consequently seventy-two millions of eggs are destroyed, which require four hundred and eighty thousand turtles to produce them. And yet but a small portion of the whole number of eggs are broken. When fifty days have expired, the young cover the ground, and march in millions to the water, where swarms of enemies more destructive than man await their coming. Every branch of the Amazon is resorted to, more or less, in the same manner; and the whole number of turtles is beyond all conjecture. Those upon the Madeira are little molested, on account of the unhealthiness of the locality in which they breed. They are said to be of a different and smaller variety from those upon the Amazon. We received a different variety still from the Branco, and there may be many more yet undistinguished. The turtles are turned upon their backs when found upon the shore, picked up at leisure, and carried to different places upon the river. Frequently they are kept the year round in pens properly constructed, and one such that we saw at Villa Nova contained nearly one hundred. During the summer months they constitute a great proportion of the food of the people; but when we consider their vast numbers, a long period must elapse before they sensibly diminish. Their average weight when taken is from fifty to seventy-five pounds, but many are much larger. Where they go after the breeding season no one knows, for they are never observed descending the river; but from below Pará, more or less are seen ascending every season. They are mostly caught at this time in the lakes of clear water which so plentifully skirt either shore, and generally are taken with lances or small harpoons as they are sleeping on the surface. But the Muras have a way of capturing them peculiar to themselves; shooting them with arrows from a little distance, the arrow being so elevated, that in falling, it strikes and penetrates the shell. In this, even long practice can scarcely make perfect; and fifty arrows may be shot at the unconscious sleeper before he is secured.'

The muscular power of the turtle is so great, that, when unwounded, he is a first-rate *tug*. A rather curious proof of this was received, in the year 1696, by a slave, who was fishing alone in his little canoe off the island of Martinique. The man fell in with an immense turtle lying fast asleep on the surface of the water; and conceiving that he had stumbled upon a prize, he drew near cautiously, and passed the boat's painter, with a running knot, round one of the creature's flippers. The sleeper awoke, and seeing something near him that was not an honest-looking turtle like himself, he took to flight, drawing canoe and man in his wake, without

seeming to feel that he had any burden at all. The slave was nothing daunted by a proceeding which he of course had expected, and he sat very quietly in the stern of his skiff, steering with his paddle, and hoping every now and then that the turtle was getting tired, or was near the drowning. But the courser, whose services he had thus treacherously impressed, was restive, and in one of his vagaries the canoe was capsized. This was too common an accident to be thought anything of; and after some trouble, he righted his boat, and took his seat in her as before, but with the loss of paddle, knife, fishing-lines—everything, in short, it had contained. Having now no paddle to steer with, he was at the mercy of circumstances, and the capsize occurred again, again, and again, the turtle always taking advantage of his fare being engaged in turning up the canoe to rest himself on the surface of the water, and get into wind for a new career.

On they skimmed along the liquid plain, till the sudden night of the tropics came down upon that desert sea, and the slave found himself whirling in the dark at the tail of what must now have seemed a marine demon. The sun rose again upon his fate, and seemed to lend fresh vigour to his ravisher. Fain would he have dispensed with the services he had of his own will enlisted; but without paddle, without knife, he felt himself even too happy in being able to cling to the boat at all. On, therefore, they hurried, on a journey that seemed to have no end, and which was diversified only by the occasional capsize of the canoe, and the simultaneous halt and refreshment of the turtle. Incredible as it may appear, the second night arrived, and was passed in the same manner; and it was not till the next morning that the animal exhibited symptoms of weariness and stupefaction, and allowed himself to be stranded on a shoal. The slave by this time was half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue; but yet he had energy enough left to kill his enemy, and feast on his spoils.

In Dr Lang's recent account of north-eastern Australia, we have the following description of the mode of capturing turtles in Moreton Bay:—'The greatest excitement prevails in *hunting* the turtle (for it can scarcely be called fishing), black natives being always of the party, and uniformly the principal performers. The deepest silence must prevail; and if the slightest noise is made by any European of the party, the natives, who assume the direction of affairs, frown the offender into silence. They are constantly looking all around them for the game, and their keen eye detects the turtle in the deep water when invisible to Europeans. Suddenly, and without intimation of any kind, one of them leaps over the gunwale of the boat, and dives down in the deep water between the oars, and perhaps, after an interval of three minutes, reappears on the surface with a large turtle. As soon as he appears with his prey, three or four other black fellows leap overboard to his assistance, and the helpless creature is immediately transferred into the boat. A black fellow has in this way not unfrequently brought up a turtle weighing five hundredweight. Great personal courage, as well as great agility, is required in this hazardous employment, the black fellows being frequently wounded by the powerful stroke of the animal's flippers.'

In the Indian Ocean, the plan is somewhat different. When Mr Darwin visited Keeling, one of the lagoon islands of coral formation, he had an opportunity of witnessing the sport, which appears to afford a still more picturesque and exciting scene. 'The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon,' he tells us, 'resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illumined by a vertical sun, of the most vivid green.' It is girdled round by a line of snow-white breakers from the darkly-heaving waters of the ocean; while the strips of land, forming the island circle, are crowned by the level tops of the cocoa-nut trees. On the inner side of the circle, a white calcareous beach slopes into the lagoon, contrasting strangely with the rocky coast without that receives the ceaseless roll of the sea—as strangely as the lagoon itself with that wild and seemingly illimitable ocean in the midst of which it sleeps so tranquilly. The channels that lead from the sea into the lagoon are frequented by turtles, and are so clear, and comparatively so shallow, that the white sand at the bottom is distinctly visible. When the animal, therefore, dives on seeing its pursuers, the latter have no difficulty in ascertaining the spot where it will reappear to breathe; and a native, standing on the bow of the boat, watches eagerly the event, stooping forward over the water like a bird of prey.

Presently, the huge creature, which cannot live in the element where he has his being, rises to the surface in search of vital air; and on the instant, the hunter springs from the boat, dashes upon the back of his prey, and clasps his arms round his neck. Away goes the terrified turtle, ridden by this man of the sea. He cannot sink, or there would soon be an end of the contest. His head, in the steady grasp of his enemy, is directed upwards; and away therefore he rushes, over the clear smooth surface of the water—over the white sands below where he had lain so lately basking in the light—over his algæ fields where he was wont to browse in peace and happiness. And away with him goes the rider, rejoicing in the race of which he knows the issue, and yelling with excitement caught from the motion, the clear air, the waving woods, the azure sky, the cool water, as green and bright as liquid emerald. But by degrees the animal becomes more and more feeble. Unable to contend with the unimaginable fate that has befallen him, he knows not why or how, he at length ceases to fly, and lies like a log upon the sea, and in due time is transferred to the boat, which has followed tranquilly their headlong career.

Such are the various modes of capturing turtles. We little think, when seeing a porter staggering along the streets of London with one of those ponderous, lazy-looking creatures on his shoulders—and still less, when quietly indulging in a plate of turtle-soup, with a bottle of iced-punch by our side—of the history of wild vicissitude and romantic adventure therewith connected!

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honouring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, equal to the whole contained in 16,384 towns, each having 1024 granaries of 174,762 measures each consisting of 32,768 grains.

The story of the horse-shoe is of the same kind, and, like the above, is usually met with in books of scientific recreation. A man selling a fine horse is to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty-fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail is worth a farthing, the second two, and so on, doubling each time. The bargain is a tolerably good one, since the twenty-fourth nail at this rate proves to be worth L.17,000.

Suppose that of all the prodigious number of eggs in a female herring, only 2000 come to maturity, and that each of them in its turn gives birth to the same number, half males, and half females. In the second year, we should have a family of 12,000,000; in the third, of 2,000,000,000; and in the eighth, the number would be expressed by the figure 2 followed by 24 ciphers. This number of herrings would not find room even if the

earth were turned into a globe of water, as its whole volume would furnish only about a square inch for each fish.

A sprig of henbane sometimes produces 50,000 grains; but if we take the average at 10,000, the number of sprigs in the eighth generation would be expressed by 1 followed by 16 ciphers. At this rate, it would take nearly the entire surface of the globe to contain all the henbane produced from a single plant in four years.

A sum of money invested at five per cent. compound interest, is doubled in fourteen years and some months, quadrupled in less than thirty years, octupled in less than forty-five years, and so on. From this it would appear that if a centime had been placed out at such interest, *pro bono publico*, in the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West, the 30,000,000 Frenchmen inhabiting the country at the revolution in 1830 would have enjoyed an income of 100,000,000,000 francs. Such arithmetically true, but economically impossible results of old deposits, are made the groundwork of some works of fiction; but writers of another class are obliged to attend to the obvious fact, that in order to effect such accumulation of capital, the business of the bankers and the wealth of the community would require to increase in the same proportion. Money does not breed spontaneously. The party to whom it is intrusted must use his funds in such a way as to enable him not only to pay the interest, but to derive a profit from the transaction.

A hundred pebbles were arranged in line, six feet apart, with a basket six feet ahead of the first pebble, in which a man, for a wager, was to place the stones one by one, in as little time as his comrade would take to walk from the Luxembourg to the château of Meudon and back again. The distance between these two points is 30,300 yards, or 60,600 going and returning; and this is the exact distance the stone-gatherer would have to walk by making a separate journey from the basket for each of his pebbles. But the latter would not only have to walk, but to stoop and rise again a hundred times; and, in effect, so great a hindrance was this, that he had only deposited his eighty-fifth stone by the time the other had completed his task.

The population of the globe is supposed to be under a thousand millions, or, according to M. Hassel, 937,855,000. If, then, says a French writer, all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilisation advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagos), it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

How many curious speculations suggest themselves here! What space will it take for the inhabitants of the earth to increase to twelve times their present number? Will such increase ever take place? Supposing the epoch to approach when 'the table is full,' what will be the condition of the then races of mankind? In what way, through what proximate causes, will the number of births adjust themselves to the number of deaths? Will war be once more resuscitated from the ashes of ages—for war must have been dead, to admit of the completion of the ranks of the species? Will hatred, want, misery, follow as usual the footsteps of the destroyer, and the earth swallow up the children which her uncalculating instincts have produced?

But it is folly to perplex ourselves with inquiries upon subjects which are obviously beyond the grasp of the intellect. All we know with certainty is, that the human world has gone on for at least four thousand years, without attaining to more than one-twelfth part of its possible extent. Our knowledge is limited, and must always be so. Not to talk of the interior of the earth, which we can learn but little about from hammering upon its crust, we are each individually ignorant even of our fellow-beings on the surface. One of us may know something of plants, another something of insects, and so on; but the mind does not exist which is able to comprehend the organic world in its entireness. It is said that there are 100,000 species of vegetables, five or six times that number of insects, about 1200 of quadrupeds, 6800 of birds, and 1500 of reptiles. The sea we know almost as little about as we do of the interior of the earth; but as its bottom is at least double the extent of the surface of our continents and islands, we may roughly take the number of its species, animal and vegetable, as equal to that of the species which require atmospheric air. As for the microscopic world, there we are entirely lost; but in all probability it is as rich in species as the world that is cognisable to our ordinary senses. But if we take the entire number of species of organised beings at only 2,000,000, what human intellect is capable of studying them to any purpose? If a man gave himself up to the task as the business of his life, attending to the examination of each species but one minute, and working incessantly during ten hours in the day, he would not accomplish the cursory unreflecting survey in less than twenty years! These considerations should at least teach us humility; and for the rest, we may safely trust in the Creator of these unspeakable wonders, that His almighty hand will sustain the work which His omniscient wisdom conceived, and that the same power which originated the plan, will extend to its consummation.

THE WAKE OF THE ABSENT.

The dismal yew and cypress tall
Wave o'er the churchyard lone,
Where rest our friends and fathers all
Beneath the funeral stone.
In holy ground our kindred sleep—
Oh, early lost! o'er thee
No sorrowing friend shall ever weep,
No stranger bend the knee.
Mo chuma, lorn am I!
Hoarse dashing rolls the salt-sea wave
Over our perished darling's grave.

The winds, the sullen deep that tore,
His death-song chanted loud—
The weeds that line the clifted shore
Were all his burial shroud.
Nor friendly wail and holy dirge,
And long lament of love;
Around him roared the angry surge,
The curlew screamed above;
Mo chuma, lorn am I!
My grief would turn to rapture now,
Could I but touch that pallid brow.

The stream-borne bubbles soonest burst
That earliest left the source—
The earliest buds are faded first
In nature's wonted course.
With guarded pace her seasons creep,
By slow decay expire;
The young alone the aged weep,
The son alone the sire.
Mo chuma, lorn am I
That death a backward course should hold,
To smite the young, and spare the old!

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 196. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE TENANT-RIGHT.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

'Sir, I advocate the tenant-right.'—*The Candidate.*

'You have a fine time of it among the quality, there's no denying it,' said Mary Connor to her foster-sister, Grace Kenny. 'You have, miss, a fine time of it; and why not? Sure it's your birthright, dear. You have as much right to the carriage as I have to the piggin,' she continued, lifting it up from the ground with a cheerful smile, and poising it upon her head with the grace of a Grecian nymph.

'But, Mary, why do you not come up to the big house, and be my own maid? My dear uncle lets me do just as I like. I might have twenty own maids if I wished. Bell will soon go away to be married; so do, Mary, come; surely I have a right to my foster-sister?'

'Every right in life, dear; next to my grandmother.'

'And, Phil——' added the young lady; 'but indeed, Mary, Phil is not worthy of you. My uncle says his land is very bad.'

'His honour could mighty aisy give him better,' replied the maiden; 'but that's nothing against Phil that I can see, though it may be against the land. Still, miss, dear, don't be evenin' Phil or any one else to me. I've plenty of time, and things will mend; it's a long lane that has no turning.'

Miss Kenny bade her foster-sister good-morning.

Mary Connor had a great deal of native grace and dignity in her carriage and manner; she was fully and beautifully formed, and her dark hair and eyes, combined with delicate features, spoke of her southern origin. She was, so to say, more ladylike than Grace—a laughing, mischievous, blue-eyed, round-nosed little person—but whose attractions were pronounced 'surpassing,' under the influence of ten thousand pounds. Not one in possession, and nine in prospective, but ten thousand in actual cash. Grace drove on, humming, 'My heart's my own;' while Mary, more thoughtful, walked slowly along the mountain-path that skirted Philip Boyle's farm. She was going for 'spring water' to the hill well; but instead of drawing the water at once when she arrived there, she set the piggin on the wall, and leaning against it, held the gate open with her hand.

'Is it for me you're waiting on the gate, darling?' exclaimed Philip joyfully, while he pressed her to his heart. 'Sure I'd have soon opened it, and you on the other side!'

'I like to meet you here,' she replied frankly and innocently. 'I like to meet you here, in the view of those old grand hills, and beside this well, where so many in old times got the sight of their eyes, and the use of their limbs: it must be a holy place, for all that to be done in it.'

'I'm sure of that, Mary; and moreover and above, I've a way of thinking every place you are in to be holy.'

'I wonder did Miss Grace ever hear a purtier speech than that in her beautiful drawing-room?' said Mary laughing. 'But, Philip, what I wanted to talk to you about is the bit of land.'

The expression of Philip's face changed in a moment. 'It's sad to say it, Mary; but without help from the landlord, I can make no hand of the farm. I was a fool to take it; nothing but weed and shingle.'

'Can't you get a better? There's lands changing hands now.'

'No; it's as much as life's worth to take the bit of land from a poor man when there's not another bit to be had. It's like taking the breath out of his body. All the murder is about the bit of land, and hundreds upon hundreds of acres lying idle, darling. I don't mean barren rock, and deep bog, and bleak mountain, though something could be done with all of them if the landlords either *would* help or *could* help; but available land, that they can't cultivate themselves, and wont let any one else touch, except at a price they can't pay—creating the misery and starvation they complain of. Look at it one way or the other way, they're bad sort of landlords for a poor fellow to have anything to do with.'

'Miss Grace is very kind,' said Mary; 'she's always after me to go to the big house as her own maid.'

'You'll do no such thing, my Mary,' said her lover. 'Service is honourable and honest. I got rid of all my old ancient pride and prejudice at the Agricultural School; but there's no need for it. My heart's own darling!—I'll tell you what you'll do. I've got this blessed day a legacy of a hundred pounds!'

'A real whole hundred pounds!' repeated Mary in a tone of great delight, and blushing; for she guessed what would follow.

'Yes I have; and, darling, I'll *speak to the priest this evening.* I'll give up the farm: better do that than throw good money after what's gone. We'll pack up your grandmother, and go off to America.'

Mary turned pale. She had drawn water from that well ever since she could carry a noggin: she knew every mountain by name: every path, every flower, had a place in her abundant affections.

'Don't you think, Philip,' she said, 'it would be more like an Irishman to stick to your own country, and lay out your money in it, than in a land of strangers?'

'I love every blade of the sod,' he answered; 'God knows it; but as Ireland is managed, it hardly finds graves for the dead, much less food for the living!'

'As much as she is let to do, Philip; but if you, and the likes of you, with life and means, leave her, it's

worse she'll get instead of better. There's nothing staying on the next townland but creatures that haven't the passage-money to leave it. It's heaped up alive with beggars it is.'

'And so every spot of the island will be, unless we can have the bit of land at a paying price; unless the landlords here will do like the landlords elsewhere—give *tenant's right to tenant's labour*, and encourage the willing workman. I tell you how it is: my grandfather had no education; my father only a little; but I have had enough to make me discontented with the law—not so much of the land, but of the land's-lord.'

Mary did not understand this, but she knew Philip was a 'fine scholar.' She believed all he said was right; but her affections were with her own country. 'Philip,' she said, 'I will go to Miss Grace, and get her to speak for us—for *you*, I mean—and ask him to make an abatement in the rent, and help you to build a slated house. He's one that would always do more for interest than for justice; and if he thought you'd lay out the hundred pounds upon it'——

'You'll be a good farmer's wife, Mary, though you're a bad farmer,' said her lover. 'No, darling, it's no use; the land I've paid two guineas an acre for isn't worth five shillings. If indeed he'd let me, and half-a-dozen like me, the strip he once talked of, that's of no use in life to him but as a cover for game, then I'd be talking to him; but he wont, darling. It's hereafter Mr Kenny, and such as Mr Kenny, will be mourning, when they find the heart's blood, the bone and sinew of the country, has left it, and with nothing to the fore but those who had neither health, nor wealth, nor a good name to carry them where a man can have a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Let us go, *avourneen deelish*, before poverty draws the marrow out of our bones; before we're wasted by fever or famine; before the carelessness—and it's more carelessness than cruelty that does it—of Mr Kenny makes me have a call to the combination, which I'd be long sorry for afterwards! I've clean hands now, thank God! of everything going, and a light heart, and strong limbs, and a dear little colleen that will make me a country wherever I go.'

Mary laughed and cried by turns. Philip was esteemed the handsomest and 'best learned' boy in the parish. She was an orphan girl, with the burden of an old grandmother, so wise, that in former times she would have been esteemed a witch or a fairy-woman. Certainly Miss Grace was her foster-sister, *that* was a great deal: but Philip might have had any girl he pleased long ago; and yet now, when a hundred pounds were added to his charms, he generously offered to marry her, and take her dear old grandmother with them to the new world.

'The new world!' What an *El Dorado* it was to poor Mary! and what an enormous sum that hundred pounds appeared; what ever should they do with it! The mountains whirled round during her homeward walk, and she hardly knew how to communicate the news to the feeble old woman, who sat within the chimney watching the boiling of the potatoes, and churming an old ditty to the monotonous accompaniment of her wheel. Mary was reproved for her long delay, but she did not mind that. The old dog put his cold nose on her foot, and a pang shot through her heart when she thought what should they do with the dog; but as Philip had so much money, perhaps they could take *him* also to America—that is, supposing they went—which they would be sure not to do, because Mr Kenny would not part with Philip: he would certainly let him have a long lease of a good farm on his own terms: he never could part with Philip. Still, she would tell her grandmother: the old woman heard her to the end.

'Mary, *ma bouchal!*' she said, 'don't be feeding your heart, dear, with false music. Mr Kenny will do no such thing as you think—not he: he takes pride out of his wide domain and his fat cattle rather than out of a comfortable tenantry; and so did his father before him: it's a way the gentry have got of thinking, that it's grand to have a deal of waste land about their houses; and rather than get enough out of it to pay their debts (as they might easy do), they send their natural bodyguard to foreign parts, where, I am tould, after much hard work, they are nearly as well off as, if they war well managed, they'd be in their own natural country. This is all well enough for the young; but, jewel Mary! the fox loves his ould earth, and the crow her ould nest. Go with him who loves you, Mary, and who proves his love; but I'll lay *my* bones in my own land, among my own people, beside your sweet mother, Mary, and my own ould husband. I'd just like to rise with them on the last day. I'd be lonely in my coffin, darling, if I wasn't under the same sod. My blessing will be about you all alike; it will come to you over the sea, jewel, every morning, on the first sunbeam, fresh and fasting—your ould granny's blessing! I'll never cross your good-luck, my blessed, blessed child!'

'Do you mind when my mother was dying?' inquired Mary.

'Do I mind the heavy trouble of my own heart?' was the reply.

'"If you wish your mother's blessing to light you into Paradise," she said, "never leave your grandmother." I'm not going to deny what God, who sees my heart, knows, that I love the very ground that Philip walks on. I have known him ever since I knew night from day. When I was too little to cross the brook going to school, *his* were the hands that carried me over: he would leave his place, the top of the top form, and hear me my A B C: for all that, my own dear only mother, and for twice as much as that, I'll never, never leave you—I'll do my best to keep Philip here.'

'Stop, Mary, and hear the wisdom of the white head: look at the thing both ways—for your own feelings, and against your own feelings. If you want to see a thing straight, *never sit always on the same side of the car.* I see a deal: the gentry, to put away some of the sin of neglecting their own people, have been setting the country a-fire with education, and now they wonder at its burning; they are giving the young knowledge, without the power to use it, and expect that when a man knows how to earn the bit of meat, and the cut of white bread, and where to earn it, he'll be as well content to stay with them *on the ould terms*, with the poor potato, and the fever, and the same sort of right a dog has to his kennel, and a pig to his sty, to repay him for the labour of building what is little else than his own grave. Darling, look, the sense of it is this: such as Squire Kenny want to keep on in the ould way—*but the people have got before them;* and so to get rid of the bother, they'll let them get out of the country. Don't gainsay Philip, dear; he'll never be content to go on with Squire Kenny on the ould plan, and, like many another, he'll get into trouble if he stays. The ould and the infant will stop in the place; but the law must change for the better, in more ways than one, before Ireland will be the home of the strong-headed, strong-

armed, educated peasant! But you're not heeding me, Mary, honey?'

'I'd never forgive myself if, through staying for my sake, he got into any trouble,' said Mary; 'and it's hard to miss the face that smiled over my cradle.'

'Go with him, darling; every girl in the place will mind your ould granny, if it was only for your sake.'

'No, I'll never leave you: but where's the use of fretting, maybe he wont go?'

'Then he ought to go,' said the old woman firmly. 'Squire Kenny is not the right sort of landlord for such as he.'

That evening Mary went up to the big house, and craved audience of the young lady. Grace heard all she had to say with patience and sympathy.

'My uncle told me the other day,' she said, 'that if Philip chose to leave the farm, bad as it is, he could let it immediately at an increased rent.'

'There are some will take land whether they can pay for it or not,' answered Mary; 'but all I wanted to tell his honour is this, that maybe, as Philip was the son of an old tenant, and had improved so much, he'd let him have a few acres of fair land at a fair value. I want him to stop in the country; for indeed if he goes, the squire will lose an improving tenant.'

'And *you* a sweetheart.'

'No, miss, I would not,' replied Mary with her natural simplicity; 'the seas would be between us, to be sure, but we would be all the same, true to each other; and we're both young.'

Miss Grace promised to speak to her uncle, and to present both Philip and Mary to him the next morning, and let them tell their own tale.

Mr Kenny was the type of many of his class. That there are as good landlords in Ireland as in England, is unquestionably true; but, alas! they form the exceptions to the rule! There is no doubt that, though an educated people will exhibit less brute violence than a people uneducated, yet they will be more determined to obtain what their reason teaches them they have a right to possess. Mr Kenny never took into consideration the mental change that had been wrought in more persons than in Philip; nor could he, for the life of him, discover why the people were not as contented as they had been when he was a young man. Thinking this over, as he generally did after dinner, when he had drank a few tumblers of 'stiff punch,' he was not very likely to understand how such alterations were to be comprehended and met.

He was a careless man at all times, and in everything; good-natured and hospitable; always more ready to give a present than to pay a debt. In all things he belonged to the 'old school.'

Grace had been rather unfortunate in her diplomacy. She had lost her temper in the morning, and hardly recovered it during breakfast; but she trusted to Mary. Mary was a great favourite with the old squire, and she hoped her gentle smile would do more for Philip than Philip's eloquence would do for himself.

'So,' said Mr Kenny, 'you want more land, Philip?'

'If your honour would let me two or three acres of the fence farm at the same rate I have the hill ground, I'd work them well together; for I never was a gale behind with the rent for that barren place, where the crows don't think it worth their while to look for worms.'

'And in the fence farm, your honour,' put in Mary, 'my grandmother says there'd be pasture for a cow, or maybe two.'

'That land is worth five pounds an acre if it is worth a farthing,' said the squire; 'and I must get *that* for it, if I break it into small holdings.'

'I couldn't pay that for it, sir, at the best of times, and make anything by it to live,' answered Philip. 'I'd like to stop in the country if I could, your honour. If I can't, why, I must go where others have gone before me. I don't want to spend all my life labouring for potatoes and salt, and being as poor at the end as I was at the beginning of my days.'

'As good as you have been glad of that same, Philip; and what can a poor man want more? But I've a regard for you, and for my little friend there, whom it concerns; so, if you like three acres of the fence farm put on to the five on the hill, you can have it all round for three pounds an acre.'

'Is it three pounds an acre, sir, for what every man in the parish knows I have never cleared two for yet? only spent every farthing of the little my uncle the priest left in making it what it is. The day I took on me the three acres, in addition to what my father made, I may say, himself, there wasn't a fence that would keep out a bonneen, let alone a pig; not a gate, nor a drain; and I'm sure you might have counted the blades of the two first crops. I hope your honour will think of that before you put another pound on them acres.'

'But haven't I taken two pounds a-year off the fence farm?'

'To put it on the other, sir.'

'I don't want to let it,' said Mr Kenny; 'it's only out of regard to you I'd break my land at all. If you don't like my offer, stay as you are: or stop; I'll do this for you—pay me, say two pounds for the eight acres all round'——

Mary's heart beat, and Philip coloured.

'Two pounds for the eight acres all round,' continued Mr Kenny, 'and let the third pound stand over for three years or so, till you're better able to pay it.'

Mary's heart beat on, but Philip's countenance changed. 'Thank your honour,' he answered, 'but that would be getting into debt; yet maybe you'd give me a bit of a memorandum, if I left the place, you'd pay me for what I'd put upon it—a shed, or gates, or pigsties, or'——

'Whew—w—w!' interrupted the landlord; 'you're getting newfangled notions with a vengeance! It's the *tenant-right* you're after, is it? If you do not like my offer, stay as you are.'

'I can't do that either, your honour. I can't go on slaving the life out of my four bones for the bare bit I eat. If I hadn't means to go elsewhere, I must do it: if I hadn't education, I must do it; if'——

The landlord interrupted him by sending all species of education to the *bad* place, and cursing him for an ungrateful fellow, for thinking of taking his money away from the sod 'where he was bred, born, and reared.' 'But I do not care a farthing about it for my own sake; give me back the land, and you may go to the ——! I can soon get tenants, and increased rent!'

'Your honour will get tenants enough: there's plenty would take on the running gale, and be glad to wear out the improvements I have made. I'll be heart-sorry to leave it,' he added, rubbing his hand round the edge of his hat, while poor Mary grew pale; 'but your honour wont lay out a penny with me on it, nor give me the *tenant's-right* over what I do. I've wattled and thatched the house, I've mended the windows, I've fenced the little garden, I've planted trees, I've drained, and manured'——

'And who asked you to do it?' inquired the landlord tauntingly. 'You're newfangled with green crops, and one thing or another, and not content to go on as your father did before you—*plain* and *easy*, honest man.'

'I am not content, sir, sure enough, to go on as my father did before me,' he replied; 'I own to that. I saw him go down as worn and strengthless to his grave at fifty, as a man ought, that had fair play in the world, at seventy—a fine, hale, hearty man he was, but worn out by hard work and fainting food'——

'And whisky,' added Mr Kenny.

'That had its claw on him too, I'll not deny it, sir: it seemed an easy way for a man to put the trouble off him, and then, like a false friend, it was sure to bring him into more; but that reproach is gone from *us*, sir, thank God! There's none gets drunk at all now, *barring the gentlemen!*'—The bolt was shot, and it was drawn by an impatient and impolitic hand; but, as Philip afterwards said to Mary, he could not stand that

reproach to his father from one who never remembered going quite himself sober to bed.

Mary put in her gentle voice, but too late: the crisis had come; angry words followed; Philip threw up the farm. 'In other countries,' he said, 'where a tenant's labour creates a tenant's right, you'd be forced, sir, to pay me back for the stock I leave you on it. Here I can't claim it, and I'd scorn to ask for what I've no call to. I took that land with the intention of giving, as I have done, my strength to it; and there it is, all the better, while I'm all the worse. The cow and the horse both died with me, and yet you'd give me no help; and if it hadn't been for the goodness of God, which sent me help to leave it, I'd have been tied to it in slavery for the rest of my days. If I had had it at a low but increasing rent, I might have made a home of it for myself, and a property for you. I'm clear of it now. You may get those on it who wont leave it as I have done; that's all I can say. I need not tell a gentleman of this country of the bad that's going, of the impossibility there is for him to know who has or has not to do with what is, I own, a disgrace to the people; but I do say, that when a gentleman finds an honest, hardworking man, who is able and willing to do justice to the bit of land, he ought to give him an honest man's hold upon it.'

'Don't vex the master; he's not used to be crossed that way,' whispered Mary.

'Let him go on,' said the angry squire; 'give him rope enough, and he'll soon hang himself!'

'Please God I will not, sir: there's enough said; you'll all wake up some day and see the land left without able-bodied honest men to till it; you'll cry out then in vain for those who have earned, and can keep, land of their own over the seas, to come and help yours to bring forth its fruits. God be with you, sir! I thought to have had some consideration from you, and not be forced to turn my back on my country.'

'Have nothing to do with him, Mary,' said Mr Kenny. 'I know a smart fellow to come in on his place: let him go!—a *colleen-das* like you has no call to leave her own country for a sweetheart—let him go!'

Philip became dark with rage. Mary tried to reply, but she could not; she burst into tears, and followed her lover out of the room.

As they descended the brow of the hill, the sunbeams were sporting over the very small farm Philip was about to resign for ever; even the sunshine failed to make it look prosperous. He had really done a great deal to it: it was tolerably fenced and drained, and additional time and additional labour would of course increase its value; but Philip knew that even then it would never be prosperous, nor would what he had done meet with consideration, much less justice. Moreover, he was a peace-loving man, and he feared being drawn into the combinations which have so completely baffled all the investigations of the law.

'It's cruel hard,' sobbed Mary, 'that he wont allow you a penny for what you've done; he'll get a higher rent *from some that will never pay.*'

Mary and Philip were unconscious of the blunder; but they understood the meaning. Mary saw that Philip was suffering; but he brightened his countenance, and talked of the 'hereafter,' urging her to go with him at once, and that he thought her grandmother would accompany them; but she knew better, and reverenced the feeling which caused the old woman to desire to leave her bones in her native land.

All the country cried shame on Mr Kenny. This was the fifth of the 'good ould stock' that he had let leave the place; and who had he got in their stead? That question remained to be answered.

Philip was a good specimen of what an improved education can effect for the Irish peasant. He felt that, however humble his position, as a man, he had a right to exert his strength, mental and bodily, for his own advantage; however much his feelings yearned towards 'the sod,' he knew that his little capital could be more advantageously employed elsewhere: not but that Ireland possessed every advantage that could be had elsewhere; but *free agency* was so completely a sound, and not a reality, that a humble, peace-loving, unslavish man, at all events in *his* district, had no chance of having a firmer hold on *the property he helped to make*, than had others of the property *they helped to mar*. 'Better times,' he was told, were coming; but as in his father's days they had not come, except, indeed, through the door so tardily opened by 'national education,' there was something to his healthy, self-thinking mind, even in this infancy of knowledge, very pleasant and *independent* in the idea that he might yet call a plot of *land—land!* that *Alpha and Omega* of Irish ambition!—HIS OWN.

There were far-away districts where such an advantage might in a degree be his; but his attachments were localised; they circled round the settlement of 'his own people;' and as Mr Kenny's short-sighted policy refused his honest and liberal offer, the cord was sundered, and he only desired to leave it as soon as possible. Mary was not the only one who regretted this determination on Philip's part. The young man, had he remained, would have found life itself unsafe, if he had not yielded to the influence of self-organised lawmakers; and this reconciled Mary to his departure, hard as it was to part with her betrothed.

'I thought to the last,' she said, 'the masther would come round; but I see he wont now; I see the hardness of his heart. He thinks poverty and misery is our birthright, and that we have no reason to go against it; that's what he thinks. He has looked so long at starvation, that he's grown used to it; and he'd think there'd be something going wrong, if he had no beggars on the road.'

'You're book-sworn, Mary,' interrupted her lover—'you're book-sworn to let me know when any change comes to your grandmother. In the sight of God you are my wife, and you mustn't think bad of any little present I send you home, because you'll want it all; and deny yourself nothing, avourneen. I'll wait true and patiently for you, jewel; and hard as the parting is, I'll not deny but I love you all the better for your duty to your parent; besides, I'll have all things settled for you, and maybe come home for you myself. The black poverty can't touch you, Mary; and don't go the path by the hill farm, when you go to see Miss Grace; it would only fret you, darling; but set a stout heart to the wind. I'm going out like an honest man; I owe nothing; and I shouldn't be ashamed to look a king in the face.'

This was all very brave; and, what was better, it was very true; but it could not prevent the mingling of many tears; and none flowed more abundantly than those of the poor old grandmother.

'I've seen fine heads laid low, and buried many a one years younger than myself, yet I'm to the fore still, and no good in me, Mary, darling!—only you're such an angel, I should think you wished the grave closed over me: but the great comfort of my life is thinking how we'll all rise together at the last day; and I couldn't leave the sight of the ould churchyard; I could not, avourneen.'

'And I could not leave you, darling grandmother,' was the reply; and after Philip's departure, Mary redoubled her attention to the aged woman, and did more in an hour than she need have done in a day; 'the work,' she said, 'kept the trouble off her heart.'

'Do anything but sing, my darling!' exclaimed her grandmother—'anything but sing! There's a sigh in your voice like the moan of the wind in a fir-tree, which makes me pray to God to hasten my journey, that you may be happy when I am gone.'

'So you are off, Philip, I suppose?' said Mr Kenny, as he met the emigrant on his road to Waterford.

The young man looked up courageously. 'I am, sir; and for all my hot words, sir, I've a kind heart to you and yours; and if I said anything that my father's son should not have said to your father's son, I hope your

honour will overlook it. It did not come from the heart, only from the necessity of the case; that was all, your honour.'

'I believe you,' was the gentleman's reply; 'but if you look at it, Philip, it is rather strange for such as you to take a hundred pounds, as I hear you do, away from your country and your natural protector, to employ it upon you know not what.'

'I know anyhow, sir, that if I stayed, I should employ it on what would never be my own. It's done now, and God be with your honour. See, sir'—and he laid his hand on the shoulder of the beautiful horse Mr Kenny rode—'I may never set eyes on you again; but take care who you let in on the land—promises grow no gold.' His voice faltered; his eyes filled with tears; he took off his hat, and held out his hand to the squire; it was kindly taken. 'I could say a deal more, sir, but you wouldn't heed me; and so take care who you let in on the land; promises grow no gold: and God be with you and Miss Grace!'

'He's a fine fellow to look at,' thought the squire, 'but a disturber—one of *the tenant's-right* men. No good will come of it. No good comes of letting the poor into one's secrets, or taking them out of their place.'

Things seemed to be going on pretty much as usual in the valley where Mary continued to reside with her grandmother, and yet they were changing every day. Many of the cottages in the village were in ruins; and Mary shared her old dog's and her own food with more than one half-starved cat and cur that lingered about the lonely places where they once had friends. The chapel on Sundays was filled; but there were few horses or cars waiting outside, where there used to be numbers, made 'sonsy' for the farmers' wives to ride in, by featherbeds, covered with gaudy quilts. The young men that lounged about the door and against the walls bore no likeness to the 'old stock,' and were careless, scampish-looking fellows, who more frequently handled a musket than a shillala. There were many white-headed old men; but the race of 'strong, young, small farmers,' who rode a good horse, and wore boots and corduroys, had disappeared. Altogether, there had been a sort of voluntary clearing; if that could be 'voluntary' which was compelled by circumstances and reason.

'Grace,' said Mr Kenny to his niece one morning, more than two years after Philip had left the country—'Grace, dear, I wish you would send for the glazier to put a pane of glass in the library window.'

'You forget, uncle,' replied Grace, 'that there is no glazier in Kennystown since young James Daly went to Canada. What a nice workman he was! He made my fern-house; but it is broken now, and there is no one to mend it.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the squire, 'the fellow wanted increased wages, and got talking of the value of time, so he was not fit for this country. Do you ride today?'

'How can I ride, uncle? That horrid new blacksmith, who took Whalan's old forge, has lamed my mare. I am sure I hate those new-comers. I cannot think why you did not encourage those to remain who worked so well. The resources of the country are dried up.'

'Whalan certainly was a capital workman, Grace; and I own I am sorry that the gentry all grumbled when he raised the price of shoeing horses. It had been fixed so long—ever since my grandfather's time—that I did not like a penny a-shoe put on: he might have raised it to three-halfpence.'

'Better that,' murmured Grace, 'than have half the horses in the country lamed by a botch, who does not mind his business either. He told my groom to-day he would attend to the mare when he had finished reading the paper. Whalan would never have sent such a message as that.'

'That is certain: those fellows grow so impudent.'

'Those who were born,' answered Grace, 'upon our own land were never so. I do miss the old faces.' Tears were in Grace Kenny's eyes while she spoke.

'You are a fool, child,' said her uncle abruptly; 'they grew discontented, and wanted change.'

'They wanted their rights,' answered Grace firmly; 'they wanted to be paid according to the times—they wanted tenants' rights. And those new people, with all their fine promises, are far more likely to do us wrong than those who loved the spot whereon they were born; and who, despite all disagreements, would rather leave you than harm you.'

'You are a saucy girl to talk about what you do not understand; go and see if the hoops are put on the vat.'

'They are not,' she replied; 'there is not a cooper within five miles since Naylor went to Sydney; and the carpenter says he cannot see to your vat until he has finished the priest's fence. What a ready obliging fellow Dick Murphy was! He has sent his mother five pounds since he settled in Connecticut. It was a great pity, uncle, you quarrelled with Dick about the new gates.'

'They all grew so conceited, and so extortionate in their demands, that it was impossible to get on with them. I wish the times had remained as they were with all my heart.'

'Wishing wont make them what they were; and I wanted to speak to you, uncle, about the shearers. The two men you got cheap to shear the sheep this year have, I am told, taken almost as much skin as wool from the poor animals. You used to be so proud of your sheep-farming before Murphy went to Australia.'

'Grace, you are enough to drive one mad!'

'I could go on for an hour,' continued the positive girl. 'The dairymaid gave me warning this morning, because, she says, she can have better wages in Cheshire; and my own maid is going to marry the gardener, and go to Pennsylvania. He says you have been unkind to him about some trees. We are all going wrong somehow; I am sure of that.'

'It's all the education, and fine learning, and politics,' said Mr Kenny; 'but that's not the worst of it. Here's a threatening letter about my notice to the rascal who took poor Philip's farm when he quitted it. He has never paid a farthing of rent, and racked to pieces the land that was just coming round.'

'Poor Philip!' repeated Grace: 'you should see his letters to Mary, and then you would not say "poor Philip." He is doing so well; and though things are dear, he says labour of all kind is so highly paid for, that it makes the things twenty per cent. cheaper than they are here! It is quite interesting to see Mary vibrating between the two great affections of her life. And she keeps her grandmother so clean: she carries her in her arms into the sun every morning, as if she were a baby, and attends her with so much tenderness. The old creature has lost the use of her limbs, but her feelings are as acute as ever. "I pray," she said to me, "to the Lord to take me, for I know I'm keeping them asunder. I can't see Mary's tears now, nor hear her sobs, for I'm both blind and deaf; but when she kissed me last night, I felt her cheek was wet, and I feel that she is much thinner than she was. I know her heart is withering away, but I can't help it. If I was fit to go, the Lord would take me."'

'Grace,' said her uncle, 'I have just told you I received a threatening letter, and instead of talking to me about it, you run concerning a foolish old woman and as foolish a girl.'

'Every one receives threatening letters who ask for rent,' replied Grace carelessly; 'I hear of them wherever I go. If your old people had remained with us'——

But Mr Kenny would hear no more; the theme was ungracious in his ears: he would not see where he had done foolishly; he only knew that he could not get his rents; that there was a combination against him; that those who would pay, dared not pay; and that others

would not. His nominal rent-roll, increased by the emigration of the old tenants, had almost ceased to be of value; but this did not prevent those (not a few) to whom he owed money insisting upon prompt payment for long, long standing debts. The network of the whole—owing and being owed—had got into tremendous confusion; and when his paroxysm of temper was over, and Grace saw how miserable the old man looked, she forgot all but him, and endeavoured to divert his anxiety by every means in her power. She saw there was no use in trying to convince him that it was better to receive five shillings than the *promise* of twenty. With a perfect relish for the enjoyment of existence, he did not see any reason why the 'lower orders' should have any enjoyment apart from labour; he could not perceive that the spirit of serfdom, so long in the ascendant, was passing away; and that though there must be grades in society—that, like the steps of a ladder, some must be high, some low—yet none could for the future press upon the other without disorganising and materially injuring the fitness of the whole. He was irritated because people were not content to be 'as their fathers were before them;' he made grievous laments over 'the good old times,' when claret and whisky were on draught in the gentleman's house; when the master could horsewhip the man, and the man would only twist his shoulders, and say, 'God be praised, sir, there's a power of strength in your arm!' when, to live free, any man who had a thousand pounds might 'split it into three halves,' and lend it upon mortgage, and whenever he called for the interest, be certain of two months' hospitality, with fishing and shooting into the bargain. He treasured up the memories of the past, and could not understand why the present generation differed from the last: he was one of those mentally blind men who would attempt to stem a torrent, not guide its course; he could not see that, whether the past were best or worst, it had vanished; and that however it may be honoured, it is but a memory—at best an example; that living beings have to do with the present, and not with the future: he was, as he often said himself, 'bothered entirely;' he regretted that Philip, and such as Philip, were gone; but he did not see why he should have given them what he considered a premium to remain. His father thought sixpence a-day good wages. Capital soldiers had been '*raised*' on potatoes; then what could they want of better food? As to the fever, why, there always was fever more or less in Ireland: sure it wasn't worse than it had always been. Some people say, 'let well alone;' but Squire Kenny acted, 'let bad alone.' He could not think but those were insane who broached the *tenant's-right* to anything but labour: he had subscribed to an anti-slavery society once, but never thought of the white slaves he held in thrall at home; never thought of the effects of books, and steamboats, and railways, and newspapers; never bestowed an idea on *progress*; never, I believe, thought that the 'people had mind.' While so many things went on, he stood still.

Of all men, he thought he had no right to receive threatening letters. He was always generous to the poor, so he was; he gave in 'meal and malt;' he gave to the young and strong as well as to the old and feeble, and so encouraged beggary. 'He only asked his own'—'his land was not let higher than other people's'—'he was considerate.' How? He suffered 'the gale' to run on, and then seized on the improved land as a set-off to his debt. Custom, in his particular district, had sanctified this wicked practice into a law. It has passed now; it has gone down, steeped in blood, along with other tyrannies which have been swept away by the glorious thunder-voice of an indignant public; and yet Squire Kenny believed 'he only sought his own.' In the case of the tenant who had succeeded Philip, he had most certainly been badly treated; and his hardness to Philip was no excuse for the new man's delinquency: but so mysteriously are all the links of society twisted together, that one wrong deed is the herald of others. Grace was not only more quick, but more strong-sighted than her uncle: she told him his only plan was to sell the estate; but he replied to this by saying, that even if he did, he should still be 'an incumbered beggar!' She sat alone in her chamber, the moonlight shining through the open window—the whole country steeped in that magic light which conceals defects and exaggerates beauties. She had left her uncle with his solicitor, and was companioned by any rather than pleasant fancies; a low tap at the door, and Mary Connor entered. She stood without speaking for more than a minute.

'She's gone from me, Miss Grace! Went away this morning when the sun was brightest, just as a butterfly folds its wings, and dies on a flower! No more than that, miss—gone! Oh, then, I can hardly think it! I went out of the room, in the fancy that maybe she'd come to herself again when I came back; for never did I come into the place that she hadn't the kind word for me, and the wise word, and the good prayer. I ran for the priest, but he could not overtake her: was not that a sorry thing? But his reverence said she was always prepared. She's gone from me! and I think, maybe if I had taken more care of her, she'd have lasted longer. It seems unholy for me even to think of Philip, though she's gone. "*Tell*," she said, and she groping with her hands, "*tell the squire my dream about the man that thought to treat the bull as if it was always a calf, and what it did to him.*" Oh, Miss Grace, she was greatly troubled about you and yours! May the Lord protect you! The good went fair and easy out of the place, but that wont be the way with those that's in it now! If the master distrains, I don't know what might not happen. Let him talk of it, miss, but not do it—at least while he's in the country. Oh to think how those that's gone would have stuck by the old stock, if they had only fair play!' The poor girl's sorrow was relieved by words and tears, and Grace insisted upon her accepting the shelter of their roof until she heard from Philip.

'I wont have you as a servant, Mary, but as a humble friend. When all is over, you must stay with me. Your grandmother will be laid in her people's grave; you have the consolation of knowing that you did your duty. I only hope I may do my duty to my old relative as well as you performed yours.'

Mary went to live with her foster-sister, and Grace frequently derived consolation from the straightforward, right-hearted opinions of Mary Connor. In the country, matters were growing worse instead of better. Mr Kenny became naturally more and more exasperated at the course of conduct pursued by the people. As his difficulties increased, his temper became worse; and he acted upon a system of aggravation and injustice, until he became cruel as well as careless. The country combined against him, and added fuel to the flame; while he attributed every wrong thing to others, not to himself.

Mary, as time passed on, spent a good many anxious hours watching 'the post,' wondering why Philip did not write. Despite her lover's caution, she cast many a glance at the hill farm: the trees Philip planted had been cut down; the gate hung on one hinge; the thatch had not been mended; the pigs had grubbed up the garden; the land, with the exception of the potato field, had returned to its sterility; the man who possessed it was *known* to be the most *actively* dangerous man in the district. But what of that? Who would give evidence against him? Who, if they saw him pocket the pistol with which he committed murder, would inform? He had at one time sought to win Mary's heart; but a woman who really loves, knows how to keep off all suitors but *the one*. There is a protection in devoted love which renders a maiden sacred even to the profligate, and Mary continued an especial object of admiration and interest to the new settlers of Kennystown.

Irritated not only by the open defiance which met him when he demanded a portion of his rents, and driven to the verge of insanity by debts which he could not discharge, the old squire still said he had done nothing foolishly. It was deemed necessary to put bars to shutters that had grown worm-eaten without them; and the carpenter who did it was brought from a distance, under the protection of the police. The pistol took its place at the family table, on the master's right hand; and even in the daytime, he did not care to ride much beyond the avenue gate. The light-hearted cheerful Grace was changed into a sharp-featured, anxious-looking woman. The interest of her money was all they really had to subsist upon; for, luckily, neither her uncle nor herself could touch the principal until she completed her twenty-fifth year. She performed her duty, and she did not do it grudgingly; but it requires a great deal of patience, as well as purity of intention, to labour in the path of a duty upon which love never shines. It is bad training for a young heart to live with the age it cannot reverence; and circumstances had worn out the kindliness that once distinguished the old squire. Moroseness succeeded good-nature; the house of his ancestors was tumbling about his ears, and he had not wherewith to put it in repair; the new people were openly leagued against him; and those who remained of the old, were too feeble or too fearful to 'stand by the old master.'

One evening, Mary was slowly descending from 'watching the post;' the lad walked past the road leading to the avenue, and waved his stick, in token that he had nothing to bring. Her steps were slow; the hill-farm was mouldering away beneath her eyes; frequently she brushed away the tears with the back of her rough hand; the leaves which an autumn wind whirled from the few stunted trees that remained of the plantations were circling with the dust along her path; the thin stubble was decked with gaudy weeds, like paint on the cheek of withered beauty. There was a chill over the landscape; the rays of the setting-sun looked straight and hard, cut into lines of garish light, on the dark sky; the rushes that fringed the pools were brown and discoloured; a group of ragged boys were pelting half-a-dozen newly-plucked miserable geese, that had been groping in the mud for food; the rooks were cawing discontentedly on their homeward way; and the village of Kennystown sent up but little cheerful smoke to the heavens.

'It's so changed altogether,' muttered Mary to herself, 'that St Patrick would not know it! And they're fighting about who shall and who shan't go to the National School; and the masther must go the wrong way in that too,' she sighed bitterly, and turned to look again to see perhaps if the post-boy was really out of sight; and as she did, she saw Lawrence Jones, who had taken Philip's farm, running towards her: he made her a sign to stop, but she immediately turned homeward: he overtook her.

'Mary,' he said—'Mary, when did you see your aunt beyant there?'

'Not these three weeks, Lawrence.'

'Well, she's got a heavy fit of sickness. I don't mean *the* sickness—not the fever—but a heavy turn of some kind; and she sent word to you to be sure to be up there this evening. Mind, *this* evening—to-morrow wont do.'

'And why wont to-morrow do? and why didn't whoever she sent come up with the word, and not give it to another?'

'Because he was going for the doctor.'

'Sure it's turning his back on the doctor he'd be if he'd come this way,' said the shrewd Mary.

'Why, girl alive! how sharp you are on us,' was the reply; 'hadn't he to go back after he left the message? And who knows but it's dead she'd be by to-morrow night; so do as you like—only maybe it's a heavy heart you'll have if you don't do my bidding. I've small reason,' he added carelessly, 'to care whether you do or not; only I'm a fool about you still, Mary.'

'And about everything else, or you'd never have that farm in the way it is,' she answered; and then, thinking perhaps she had been 'too sharp,' she added, 'thank you all the same; though my aunt was never much of an aunt to me, I'd be sorry she was to go, and I so near her, without my seeing her once more.'

'You'll go?' said Lawrence anxiously.

'I will,' she replied.

Mary equipped herself for a three miles' walk, and set out; yet more than once her 'heart,' as she called it, misgave her; more than once she paused and turned back; but 'it might be that her *aunt was ill*, and how unkind not to go near her!'

She resumed her path. When within sight of the cottage, through the twilight she saw a woman rolling up some cloth that had been put out to bleach. It was her aunt, who declared that, 'glory be to God! she never was better in her life. What set *her* to inquire, who never looked the same road she was?' Mary told her. 'It's not going back you are without taking bit or sup with your own blood relations?' said the woman; 'sure you wouldn't think of such a thing as that? If you wont stop the night, it's early moon, the road is fine, and the country safe *for such as you*.'

There was something in her aunt's expression in 'for such as you,' that struck on Mary's ear like a warning. There was nothing in the words; they conveyed no new information; but they awoke a dormant anxiety; they revived a half-formed dread for those who had protected her in her time of trial: why should Lawrence wish to get her out of the house? She put out a good many leading questions, but her aunt had simply said the truth—the country was safe 'for such as her,' though it might not be safe for others; that was literally all. She ate cheerfully the potatoes and milk set before her with a taunting observation, 'that, to be sure, they were no food for one used to the run of the big house, where there was *lashings* of what wasn't always paid for.'

Mary roused at this sneer, which was unpalatable in proportion to its truth; and without waiting for many more words, she commenced her return. The corn-craik was running along the hedges, and the night-owl hooted as she passed the burial-place of her grandmother. It was the first time she had passed the grave without kneeling beside it; but she could not venture among the shadows which imagination conjured up, and superstition believed in. Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and the fast trotting of a horse. She felt very lonely, but turned down a new road which had been lately made, and led round the base of the hill which the old road crossed. The driver of the car called out to her to know which was the shortest of the two to Kennystown. She made no reply: he repeated the question: there was no answer. Mary attempted to rush to the car, but fainted in the attempt. The man sprang from his seat; he lifted her up; he unfastened her bonnet; in another moment he pressed her to his heart; he called upon her to awake by all the endearing names in the eloquent vocabulary of Irish love; that it was Philip, her own Philip, who called her; that he had come to take her to his new-made home; that they should never more be separated; never—never! It was the sudden feeling of all this, when his voice struck upon her heart, that overpowered her. In a few minutes she was seated by his side, weeping tears of thankfulness and joy: she assured him of a welcome at 'the big house,' and the horse was urged forward to its utmost speed. The avenue gate was open; the door of the lodge was open also. This startled her at the moment as strange; for of late, at night, the gate had been chained and padlocked. They drove on: the moon was shining forth in the queenliness of her glory; the house was within sight, but what a sight it was! A loud, long, ringing shriek told of violence and terror; men were struggling on the steps of the hall-door with the old squire; they forced him on his knees, but their intention was for a moment frustrated: a woman,

feeble in all but purpose, interposed: she clung around him with twining arms; more than once, in a brief space, they were separated, but again she flung herself between him and his murderers.

Philip did not lack courage, but it was Mary who urged the horse forward. Dreading the arrival of the police, the ruffians hurried to perpetrate their crime with increased violence. A clump of trees interposed between Mary and the view she had of the fearful struggle. They saw the light of firearms through the branches, and heard the report of more than one. Faster, faster they drove to the door, under shelter of the plantations, which in a degree concealed one end of the dwelling. The murderers had disappeared, and Grace was kneeling beside her uncle. It was impossible to tell which of the two was wounded, for Grace's hair and garments were dabbled with crimson.

'I do not know,' she said to Mary with terrible calmness—'I do not know how I am; but I know one of those who fired. I know *one;* and I know you, Philip. Uncle!' she said to the dying man—'uncle, Philip is come back to save you!'

'He cannot save me; but he should not have gone—he should not have gone! I am not fond of newfangled notions; but tell him,' he added, raising his head, though his glazed eyes told how little he could discern—'tell him he shall have the *tenant's-right* if he'll come back—the tenant's-right—if—he'll'—— The old man's spirit passed away from the scene of his own mismanagement, and of the atrocity and blindness of those who, suffering more or less from the insufficiency of the law, take revenge in its place as their counsellor and protector, and brand their country in the eyes of the universe as a land that winks at murder, and harbours the assassin.

'I see he is dead!' said poor Grace, as she drew the old white head upon her lap: 'if he had not been dying, he never would have given in to the *tenant's-right;* it's the last thing the old landlords will yield. Oh, if you had been but sooner!' she said to the police, who came crowding up from their station, which was sufficiently near to hear, as indeed they did, the report of the firearms: 'if you had been sooner! I know Lawrence Jones of the uphill farm; he fired the fatal shot; my poor uncle fell then! You are well revenged, Philip! Do not cry, Mary! No, I will not go in! I will remain where I am with my poor uncle!' and she rested her cheek upon his white hair with a tenderness which those who knew her best thought she had forgotten.

It is one of the beautiful properties of woman's nature, that she forgets the bad, and recalls the good, of those whom she has loved 'when they are no more seen.' And in after-times, Grace persuaded herself that her uncle was blameless. His was one among many deaths that have occurred from the same cause—murders which admit of no apology, but for which those who know the history of the past misrule and maladministration of the laws do not find it difficult to account. No country can be greatly prosperous, or permanently safe, where justice is not administered with an even hand to rich and poor, high and low: the injustice of the one causes crime in the other.

Philip had been sufficiently long in the new world to look with horror on the conduct of those who concealed the murderer from the grasp of the law, and he found it necessary to hasten his bride's departure from Kennystown. She paused on her journey by the old churchyard, to drop a few tears on the grave of the old master, and to say a last prayer over the green mound which covered the ashes of a beloved parent, to whom she had been so dutiful a child. Nor was she unmindful of the simple superstition of her country: counting amongst her greatest treasures a long tress of Miss Grace Kenny's hair, cut by a new pair of scissors from her head, when the moon was in its first quarter—alas! it was abundantly streaked with gray!—a slip of witch-hazel, a four-leaved shamrock, a sixpence carefully reunited (it had been broken between herself and Philip), and a handful of the mould from the burial-place of her humble ancestors. 'If I die in foreign parts,' she said to her husband, 'this must be buried with me; *but maybe we may return?*'

'Please God!' he said, 'when the TENANT'S-RIGHT IS ESTABLISHED IN THE LAND!'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MUNIFICENT BUT POSSIBLY USELESS BEQUEST.

It may be observed, from advertisements in the newspapers, that a gentleman deceased left by his deed of settlement a considerable fund, to be applied by his trustees, at intervals of forty years from 1774, in the payment of two premiums for the best treatises on natural and revealed religion. 'The amount of the fund to be applied cannot be less at any period than L.1600, and, as nearly as can be ascertained, it will, on occasion of the next competition, be about L.2400. Three-fourths of the funds divisible at each period are appointed, by the terms of the bequest, to be paid to the author of the treatise which shall be found by the judges to possess the most merit; and the remaining fourth to the author of the treatise which, in the opinion of the judges, shall be next in merit to the former, after deducting therefrom the expense of printing and binding three hundred copies of each of the treatises, or of purchasing three hundred printed copies thereof, as the said trustees shall direct, to be distributed by them among such persons to whom they shall think the same will prove most useful, or in any other manner that they shall judge proper. The time allowed by the testators for the composition of the treatises for next competition extends to the 1st of January 1854.' Such are the terms of the announcement; it being further intimated that treatises for competition are to be sent to the agents of the trustees in Aberdeen.

No objection whatever can be taken to the principle of offering premiums for the best written treatises on subjects so important as natural and revealed religion; but to benefit the public by such treatises, it is not merely necessary to write them. Some years ago, the late Duke of Bridgewater bequeathed L.8000, to serve as a premium for the writing of a treatise on Natural Theology. His Grace's representatives subsequently called for eight several treatises on various sections of the subject, each to be rewarded by L.1000. The treatises were written, accepted, and paid for; but they cannot be said ever to have been made public in the proper sense of the word. The books were no doubt printed and issued, and to a certain extent they have been sold. Few people in England, however, know anything about them, or ever saw them. Issued in an expensive form, they could be purchased only by the wealthy—those to whom this species of literature was already familiar. The people at large—those who may be supposed to stand most in need of treatises of this nature—never cast eyes on them. As far as the general public are concerned, the 'Bridgewater Treatises' might about as well have never been in existence. A significant fact has, however, been reported; namely, that popular editions of these treatises have been published in the United States of America at a dollar per volume, and have consequently had an enormous sale; of course, as these do not circulate in Great Britain, their publicity is not a thing for which the duke's trustees can claim any thanks. It is to be hoped that the trustees of the Aberdeen bequest, before going farther, will consider whether it be within their power to prescribe the mode of publication of the treatises which are to be written under their auspices. As the sum of L.1800 or thereabouts is to be paid for one treatise, and L.600 for another, it appears not unreasonable to suggest that the respective authors should be held as relinquishing all claims to copyright, and that the publication of the works should be freely left to any one who might be pleased to undertake it as a matter of ordinary enterprise. If this were done, and if the works were possessed of merit, dozens of cheap editions would pour from the press, and the public would really be benefited by the bequest of the pious Aberdonian. If this is not done and if the issue of high-priced

volumes is alone proposed, the transaction must be viewed as of a private nature, of little or no interest to the masses, whose instruction and welfare may be presumed to have been contemplated by the testator.

AN ALDERMAN'S FAMILY SOLD TO PAY HIS DEBTS.

Among the many strange things told of slavery in the United States, we have heard of none more revolting, or more calculated to rouse sentiments of indignation, than what is conveyed in a paragraph which lately appeared in the 'Washington Patriot' newspaper. It is as follows:—'We noticed a short time since the sudden disappearance from Charleston, South Carolina, of a certain alderman and bank-director, on account of debts he could not pay, and who was married to a mulatto woman, by whom he had six children. It turns out now that this mulatto woman was his slave, and consequently the six children are slaves also. The result is, the creditors of the absconding alderman have made arrangements to seize the wife and children, and sell them for her husband's and their father's debts.'

THE 1846 POTATO CALAMITY.

The privations endured by the poorer classes of Irish and Scotch Highlanders last winter and spring, in consequence of the failure in the potato crop, have enforced more than one valuable lesson. It has been shown, by evidence too conclusive to be disputed, that few things are more corrupting than the wholesale administration of charity—that no means more effectual could be devised for cultivating habits of idleness than the giving of money for nothing. In this word *nothing* we might include sham labour; for playing with a spade at a shilling a-day is scarcely worthy of the name of industry. We will not refer to the many strange stories told of Irish road labourers and the local committees who superintended their operations; we prefer adverting to the less expected and equally strange manœuvres of the supposedly destitute Highlanders.

To rescue this impoverished body of our countrymen, and keep them from universally dying of famine, the best authorities represented that a million of money at the very least would be necessary. Nothing like a million was subscribed. The sum got together amounted to no more than L.117,000; nor has all this been used. After the time has elapsed when the whole people were to have died of famine, only L.47,000 out of the L.117,000 has been distributed; yet none have died. It becomes evident that the number assumed to be in need of relief, as well as the amount of relief required, had been monstrously exaggerated. The report just published by the board affords a melancholy revelation of the low tone of independence in the minds of the Highlanders, yet not lower than was to be expected from the state of tutelage in which they have been reared. It appears that men left their work on railway cuttings in the Lowlands, and returned to their native Highland districts, in order to share in the distribution of meal furnished by the charity fund. An inspector states, that in one place he found that the entire local committee, with one exception, had placed *themselves* on the list of paupers. This was bad enough; but the following shows that the demoralisation was not confined to one place:—The Glasgow Board had found many of the Highland population unwilling to work, and the local committees had allowed those men who had left their work on the railways and returned home, to be again put upon the relief fund in their respective districts. They had likewise found that *not a little* of the supplies had been given to parties on the poor-roll; and in one case they had been compelled to strike off a large number of persons who had been transferred from the parochial fund, to that which had been raised for a special object by the liberality of their fellow-countrymen. One of the proprietors in Mull had stated that he had been obliged to send to Glasgow for thirty Irishmen to perform some work on his estate, from the unwillingness of the people in his vicinity to work; and in these circumstances, the Glasgow Board felt that proceedings should be altogether stopped, till some distinct and strict system was adopted by the Board with regard to these irregularities.

It is unnecessary to go farther. We are not disposed to speak severely of a people who have many claims on our sympathy, and who may be said to have been demoralised by a train of circumstances over which they could exert no proper control. The real subject for complaint is the existence of a population in a condition approaching so nearly to want and barbarism, and whom the benevolent would far more effectually serve by transferring to new fields of enterprise—some of the colonial possessions, for example—than by periodically doling out meal to save them from instant starvation. Now is the time, when the day of famine is past, to enter on schemes for averting a fresh crisis of calamity; and towards such schemes the money still on hand might very properly be devoted.

TREATMENT OF ROYALTY ON ITS PEREGRINATIONS.

When royalty appears in public in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, it excites little remark. On venturing into the provinces, it is sure to be beset by staring crowds, officious 'authorities,' and intrusive 'gentlemen of the press,' so as to be utterly deprived of the enjoyment of privacy, however much *that* may be desired. While disposed to look leniently on harmless curiosity, and even to admit that there may be some good feeling mixed up with the case, we cannot but deprecate the usual manner of treating a royal party on its peregrinations. If the Queen, for example, wishes to stop at a particular place to see a few of the objects commonly inquired after by tourists, it seems a hardship that she should have to pay for this gratification the *tax* of the formal reception of sheriffs and magistrates, and listening to their commonplace addresses. It might be well for a magistrate to appear unobtrusively on such an occasion, merely to see that the conveniency of her Majesty was secured in all respects—to do this, and never once attempt to attract notice to himself. But to come forward in the paraphernalia of robes, and the attendance of assessors and recorders—to occupy her Majesty's time with affairs the very opposite of what she obviously wishes to be engaged in—leaves us to infer that they aim only at their own glory and gratification; and such conduct must accordingly be condemned as a mere impertinence. The childishness of these fussy exhibitions is what strikes us with most wonder. How it should occur that at one moment we shall see a large town taking a lead in great moral and political movements, having for their object the elevation of the masses of mankind, and that at another it will be absorbed in the business of raising a triumphal arch, merely to commemorate the fact of the Queen having landed there on a hunting excursion, is what we cannot pretend to reconcile with any theory of human nature which we have ever entertained. Perhaps *provincialism*—holding this as involving the magnification of small affairs—the mere 'P. P., clerk-of-the-parish' spirit—is the right explanation of the fact in itself. We would hope that the extended intercourse produced by railway travelling will help to abolish this amongst other follies, and enable the mass of her Majesty's subjects to receive her, wherever she goes, with simple good-breeding, joined to a due regard for self-respect.

WILLM ON THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

Professor Nichol of Glasgow has performed a well-timed and everyway valuable service to the country at the present moment, by publishing a translation of a continental work on education, together with a preliminary dissertation by himself.* For many reasons—among which it is sufficient to state the newness of our best minds to the subject—England has produced no work on education answering to the requirements of the era; and perhaps for ten years to come, she will be unable to produce such a work. But on the continent, the subject is more advanced with the abler class of men, many of whom have been brought into practical acquaintance with it

* W. Lang, Glasgow: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. London.

by employment in the state system, now of some standing in both France and Prussia. Hence it is that M. Willm, who holds the situation of an inspector of schools in the department of the Rhine, produced in 1842 a treatise at once philosophical and practical, presenting, in wonderful condensation, such a view of the whole matter, as may be a guide to the most ignorant. Here is everything educational—from great principles deduced from the constitution of our being, down to the humblest details of the organization of a school. It is—we say emphatically and advisedly—*the book* for all who would wish to know what education ought to be, and may be in these better days. Every legislator, every journalist, every teacher, every enlightened person taking an interest in the subject, should possess this very comprehensive treatise.

The work is systematically arranged, without becoming thereby in the least formal. The first part states *the Principle and Object of Education in General*, coming finally, after the discussion of every dogma on the subject, to this—to develope the germs of mental power and disposition planted in us by the Creator, fitting men at once for their places in society, and their parts in 'the divine city which extends its shelter over all people, which embraces all time, and even reaches beyond it.' 'It should summon to light,' says our author, 'every germ of reason, of virtue, of greatness, which concur in constituting our true humanity, and sufficiently develope them to secure their victory over all opposing dispositions; so that, the thorns and necessities of life being inadequate to extinguish them, or give them a false direction, they may, on the contrary, be augmented and fortified by an unintermitting progress.

'Man thirsts naturally after the good, the true, the beautiful, and the infinite; whence arise the moral sentiments, the love of truth and knowledge, the feeling of the beautiful, and the sentiment of religion; which, as they are developed, become the moral conscience, knowledge of the system of the universe, taste or susceptibility in regarding beauty, and religion. In these, by man's rational nature—that nature which is especially human, which distinguishes its possessor from the animals, and raises him above them, and by suitably nourishing these high dispositions, and inspiring man with the consciousness of what he may and ought to be—education places him in a condition to govern his animal nature, and make it subserve the grand ends of his existence. To be complete, then, education ought to be at once moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and religious; and since man is nothing without society, but, on the contrary, social by his nature, his education ought, at the same time, to be social and national. . . . *Moral* education, having for its object to inspire the sense and habit of charity, love of the good, the just, and the honourable; *intellectual* education, unfolding the universal order, nourishing the love of the true, and raising our mind by the spectacle of the wonders of external existence; *æsthetic* education, nourishing and guiding our sentiments of propriety, of the beautiful and the sublime; *religious* education, unfolding the idea of the Infinite, nourishing our fear of God, and faith in His providence; and lastly, *social* and *national* education, endeavouring to form the future citizen, to develope sociality, and our national sentiments. Each of these divisions demands a special kind of instruction and analogous exercises; there must be a moral instruction, an instruction wholly intellectual, an æsthetic instruction, a religious instruction, and a social and national instruction. These diverse kinds of instruction suppose that wholly elementary teaching included in the programme of the primary schools; and they are afterwards completed by that other special instruction required for each individual in consideration of his special vocation or destiny. Thus education and instruction ought at first to be purely human, then national, then special and professional.'

This will show the wide principles on which M. Willm proceeds. The second part contains ample details of means and modes; the third is devoted to the means of training teachers. We cannot say we assent to every arrangement dictated by our author; but they bear, generally, the stamp of experience and sagacity, and, in a country unprovided with a national system, must be of vast utility. It would be tiresome to enter into the minor details of school-forming and teaching; but as a specimen of this part of the work, we may present M. Willm's section on social and national education. Let Britain be substituted for France, and it entirely answers our own case.

'The design,' he says, 'of this branch of education is to prepare children one day to become useful members of society, citizens, friendly to order, obedient to the laws, and devoted to their country. Inasmuch as these duties are imposed upon us by conscience, and consecrated by religion itself, social is included in moral education; but something more remains to be done than is accomplished by this. There is particular knowledge to be imparted on this subject, habits to be formed, and sentiments to be awakened, developed, and directed.

'There is something too confined in the idea usually attached to the word patriotism. He alone is not the true patriot who, passionately loving his country, is ready to make any sacrifice for it, to shed his blood for its prosperity, its glory, and its liberty; but he also is a patriot who, knowing that order is the first condition of public liberty and happiness, and that order supposes obedience to the laws, religiously observes them, even although they may clash with his private interests or personal opinions. Socrates, refusing to save himself by flight from an unjust sentence, and carrying his respect for the laws of his country so far as to die for them, proved himself to be a greater patriot even than when he merited the reward of valour in the field of battle. The just and wise man, according to him, is he who faithfully observes the laws of man and of God.

'This patriotism for law is the more meritorious that it is unostentatious; it is also on that account more difficult. To incline children to it, by making them understand its necessity, is the first duty of social education. There are many persons who, through ignorance, look upon taxes, especially on indirect ones, as a heavy, unjust burden, imposed by power rather than by necessity, and endeavour to evade them as much as possible. The people must be enlightened on this subject in the schools, and must be made to understand that tribute, including that of blood, is required for the life of the state.

'Civil and political probity is much more rare than private probity, even in the middling and higher classes of society. Historians relate that formerly, in some free towns of Germany, each man was left to tax himself according to his means, and to deposit, with no other witness than his own conscience, his voluntary gifts in the public chest; and they add, that the state in general profited by this method of collecting the taxes. We are very far removed from these simple and primitive manners. To deceive the public

treasury, by eluding as much as possible indirect taxes, is not only considered pardonable, but even as justifiable; some even go so far as to applaud themselves for it. The people scarcely look upon smuggling, poaching, or forest robbery as crimes. It is known, likewise, how the electoral privileges of all kinds are exercised. Popular education has a serious mission to fulfil in all these respects. It has to teach the future citizens that the performance of the duties imposed on them by this title, can alone render them worthy to enjoy the invaluable privileges which our institutions and laws secure to every Frenchman.

'A thorough knowledge of these privileges, and institutions on which they are founded, might be given in all well-conducted elementary schools for boys, at the end of an abstract of the history of France. It is chiefly by this means that public education can become truly national. This branch of education doubtless presents great difficulties, and less evil would arise from neglecting it entirely, than from intrusting it to unskilful hands. But these difficulties cannot exempt popular education from an important duty; and we will see, when treating of instruction and normal schools, how it might be possible to provide for it without danger. The instances of devotion, and the noble deeds in which the history of France abounds, would also be an excellent means of instilling into the hearts of youth that sacred love of country to which all men are naturally inclined. To such accounts might be added an animated description of our beautiful country, to which nature has denied nothing that constitutes the true wealth of nations, and to which nothing is wanting to perfect happiness but the knowledge how to be happy, and an acknowledgment of the happiness it enjoys.

'To dispose our youth towards patriotism, to make them love France, and be ready to devote themselves for her in the hour of danger, it is not necessary to inspire them with hatred towards foreigners: education can be quite national, and quite French, without ceasing to be human. France is powerful enough to have no need of fortifying herself by hatred for other nations; and she may allow ancient prejudices to fall without being thereby weakened. In the books we place in the hands of our children, I would not imitate the example set in some parts of Germany, where patriotism seems to be made to consist principally in horror of the French name. Let a just war arise, and our soldiers will fight the enemy, inspired solely by a love of their country and by duty. To such declamations of hatred against foreigners, I am happy and proud to be able to oppose the noble words recently uttered by one of our most illustrious writers [De Lamartine]. "Patriotism is the first sentiment, the first duty of man, whom nature binds to his country before all things by the ties of family, and of nature, which is only the family enlarged. Why is it sweet to die for one's country? Because it is to die for more than ourself, for something divine, for the continuance, for the perpetuity of that immortal family which has brought us forth, and from which we have received our all. But there are two kinds of patriotism: there is one composed of the hatreds, prejudices, and gross antipathies, which nations, rendered brutal by governments interested in disuniting them, cherish against each other. This patriotism is cheap; all it requires is to be ignorant, to hate, and revile. There is another, which, whilst it loves its own country above everything, allows its sympathies to flow beyond the barriers of race, of language, or of territories, and regards the various nationalities as part of that great whole, of which the various nations are so many rays, but of which civilisation is the centre; it is the patriotism of religion, it is that of philosophers, it is that of the greatest men of the state, and it was that of the men of 1789."'

Professor Nichol's preliminary dissertation may be described as an application of M. Willm's views to our own country—a brave and eloquent piece of writing, characterised by more closeness of texture than usually marks his compositions. The striking part relates to the aspect of our religious systems towards education, and the late unhappy movement of the government towards the confirmation of every existing sectarian division. 'The uprooting of a social evil,' says Mr Nichol, 'may often be a task so serious, that no practical statesman will consider it prudent to undertake it; but the cases are exceedingly rare in which a just and enlarged view of expediency can authorise the establishment, with a view to good ends, of exceptionable means:'—words the more needful to be applied, considering with what an air of self-complacency the expositor of the government views took it upon him to ridicule every one who so much as hoped to see a national system of education free from such divisions. Some of the learned professor's remarks on this subject appear to us animated by such purpose, and expressed in such terms, as at least must save them from offending those who, starting perhaps from a different point, have come to believe that they think differently. 'How far,' he says, 'ought our religious variations to interfere with the common or united education of the young, even in matters expressly religious? It is of essential importance that we discuss this subject not as sectarians, but as Christian men. Can it be possible, then—surrounded as we are by the noblest examples of worth and piety, limited to no church, confined within no special creed—can it be possible to evade the conclusion, that perhaps the most important elements of the Christian life are, after all, those grand sanctions which, for the most part, lie below our sectarian differences? How far, let me be permitted to ask, would these specialties of our separate churches interfere with our efforts to bring the young mind into submission to the wholly unmetaphysical teaching of Christ? Nay, to look deeper into the subject: what is the ultimate aim of all sects?—what the object of their apparatus of creeds and worships? Is it not, in so far as teaching is concerned, to reconcile the mercy of the Almighty with our ideas of His holiness? Is it not to present Him as infinitely pure, hateful of sin, and yet the merciful Father of the repentant wanderer? If any sectarian scheme whatsoever has reached, as its final result, conclusions—I don't say at variance with, but loftier in any sense than the lesson in our Lord's tale of the Prodigal, I confess they are unknown to me: and I earnestly appeal to those to whom the young generation is the dearest—to those conscientious parents who are thinking solely of their children's welfare—why these children might not be taught *in common* that exquisite representation of our relations with a holy and merciful God? It is true this is not the whole of the scheme of Christianity. It is, besides, a most profound philosophical or metaphysical system, and as such it is represented in our articles; but assuredly, our distinct duty to the child is, in the first place, to draw out his religious sentiments—to familiarise him with those grand intuitions on which that system rests—and certainly by no means to substitute a purely dogmatic teaching. We are verging, perhaps, on too logical an age. The unresting energies around us—that excessive bustle of modern life—conduce to intellectual activity, but they are adverse to the sustenance of contemplation; and I should say, therefore, that it is a formal duty with the churches, acting for the highest interests of culture in our times, to address themselves powerfully to the development of the intuitions; in other words, to the inculcation of religion on the young mind, by that best method of the Gospels. It is right, indeed, that teaching should proceed further than this. Just as in the case of morals, when the scholar's intellect is ripe enough, he should be led into contact with those difficulties and contests whose record occupies the pages of ecclesiastical histories; and probably one good manner of presenting a view of these is by the form of catechisms. But the teaching of catechisms, in this view of the subject, must clearly belong to the category of special instruction, and therefore may be studied apart. I would fain appeal, on this question, to the powerful

and enlightened Church of England. The greatest of the reformed churches, it ought to be the most generous; and it requires only a few amendments in its practice to place it in the loftiest position yet ever held by any church—apart, namely, from all sectarianism—and as the acknowledged head of every great movement of civilisation.'

EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

THE WASP FAMILY.

Poets and essayists are in the habit of likening the wasp to fops of another genus, and *vice versâ*. This questionable sort of reputation these insects must ascribe to their splendid caparison, and to their apparently useless position in the world. The simile is more true in a more curious respect; for there are annual *reunions* of these glittering creatures, just as in the fashionable world—a fashionable season of a few months, and then all disperse again. The economy of the wasp family possesses considerable interest, and deserves far more attention than in our hostile state of feelings towards the race we are readily disposed to believe. It is only necessary that the real character of the tribe should be known, to remove at least the blot of laziness from it. That they are a set of bold, insolent, daring robbers, no one can deny; yet give them their due, and we shall admit that there is much in their habits deserving our admiration, and that even their audacious thefts have their redeeming points.

The general aspect of the *Vespidæ*, or wasps, is sufficiently familiar to obviate the necessity of description. Their black and gold-painted bodies, their powerful mandibles, formidable stings, and their surface destitute of hairs, are present to the eye at the very mention of the word. The society consists of males, females, and neuters, each having their appropriate functions; but the males, on the whole, leading the quietest and least arduous lives. The females are the hardworking foundresses of the colony, and the neuters are wasps of all-work—robbing, fighting, defending, nursing, and building indifferently, and by turns. Their history commences most conveniently for our purposes in the spring. At the conclusion of the preceding summer, the males, after pairing, all died, and there remained but a few females behind of all the busy ranks which crowded the vespiary. These are awakened by the return of spring. The solitary wasp finds herself immediately summoned to active duties. She has to construct the carcase, and to excavate the earthwork, for her future people and city. Serious as is the task, she has to effect it all alone; not a single companion to cheer her hours of incessant toil, or to lighten her labour by a single load! Her energies are equal to the undertaking: she is to be seen buzzing about in the sunny mornings, looking out for a site. It is soon found: it is some dry, warm bank; and here she sets to her work. She perforates it, and forms a long circuitous tunnel, at the extremity of which she digs out a vault of considerable dimensions. This task is performed in no careless or slovenly manner; although every particle of rubbish which the little excavator tears from the walls of her cavern must be carried in her jaws, she does not leave it at the entrance, but voluntarily entails upon herself the vast additional labour of casting it away to some distance. Her design in so doing appears to be principally to avoid the risk of her cell being discovered by a heap of rubbish at the foot of the bank. After the labour of excavation is ended, the walls are to be plastered, and to this fresh duty she at once addresses herself. Surely every person has seen the nest of the wasp, and wondered at its exquisite and delicate architecture of celled paper? Behold the architect! The nest is really made of paper: it was for some time a puzzle to our philosophers. Reaumur appears first to have detected the wasp in the very act of this manufacture. He beheld her alight on a deal window-frame; and watching, saw her tear a bundle of delicate hair-like fibres, about an inch in length, from it, bruising the woody fibre with her mandibles until it became like a fine lint. This is the material from which the papyraceous plaster is to be prepared. Flying away with it to her abode, it is there made into a proper consistence by the addition of her tenacious saliva; and when this part of the process is complete, it forms a fine, smooth, adhesive paste, precisely analogous to the product of our cumbrous and costly mechanism *papier maché*. Rolling it into a sort of pellet, she conveys it to the summit of the dome, plasters it on the wall, and spreads it out, by means of her legs and jaws, into a very thin lamina, which is veritable paper. Leaf after leaf must be added, until the whole cavity is thus papered or plastered over, and not with one coat alone; generally the insect lays down fifteen or sixteen, leaving spaces between each layer for the advantages of inward lightness and strength to her ceiling. Her labours do not end here. She has built the walls of the city, it remains for her to commence the edifices, and supply the population. She builds a terrace of hexagonal cells, of marvellous exactness, and suspends it by paper pillars from the roof of her texture. These terraces emulate in elegance and artistic skill, and far surpass in utility, the famous hanging gardens and terraces of the renowned city of old. A few hundred cells are thus constructed, and at length an interval of comparative repose awaits the labourer, while she proceeds to fulfil her more proper duties as a parent. Single-handed, she has laid the foundation of the vesp-polis, and has marked out the general design of its future buildings; but she must have further assistance before the city will be complete. The walls, at present bare and desolate, the palace empty and still, are soon to resound with the hum of life, and with the busy labours of a new generation. In the cells the insect deposits her ova, gluing them to the walls by an adhesive substance. These are soon hatched, they become larvæ, and are for some time entirely dependent upon their parent's exertions for their supply of food. She has to forage for this numerous and voracious progeny, and runs about from cell to cell with the utmost solicitude, while the grubs put forth their mouths, and are fed by her just as the 'callow brood' of a bird is fed. Most pleasing is it to observe the anxious mother keeping watch over her offspring, and apparently many a needless time popping her head into their snug cots, as if to see how they do, and to give a mouthful of food now and then to some tender young larva not yet big enough to put its head out to be fed! A few weeks slip by—a great change has come over the vespiary; it is replete with life; hundreds of workers have been born in the interim, and are now labouring might and main, with the empress at their head, to extend the buildings, and enlarge the city. When complete, a vespiary has been calculated to contain about fifteen or sixteen thousand cells, each of which is thrice a cradle; and therefore, in a single season, each nest will probably be the birthplace of full thirty thousand wasps.

Such is the birth and development of this insect colony—a lesson to states, and nations, and individuals, of the certain results of indomitable perseverance. Let us trace out its government and destinies. The empress—the protoplast of this interesting microcosm, the foundress of this bustling republic—is an exaggerated type of the duties of its female members. These are produced in comparatively small numbers; they perform the proper duties of wives and mothers; they stay at home, feed the children, and attend to the nurseries; they mostly perish before winter; but a few, more hardy than their fellows, endure its cold, and become the perpetuators of the race in the ensuing spring. The males, according to the younger Huber, are far more industrious than the male bees, or drones, but are less active by far than the neuters, or working-wasps. They have the peaceful occupation of scavengering the streets: they sweep the floors of the terraces and avenues, and diligently carry off every particle of rubbish. They also undertake the funerals of any

deceased companions, and speedily cast the dead bodies out of the vespiary. On the whole, they are useful members of the community; and they probably owe their permission to live to their diligence. The 'workers' are the most interesting class: they are smaller in size than either male or female wasps, but are wonderfully energetic, and indefatigably laborious. Some are builders and repairers of the breach; they receive a commission to make excursions for building materials; and returning home with their bundles of lint, set themselves to the repairs and extension of the city. Others are the commissariats: the issues of life at home are intimately connected with their expeditions. They roam over fields and meadows, frequently catching flies and weaker insects, and carrying the game home often with no inconsiderable difficulty. Dr Darwin says he once beheld a curious act of a wasp: it had caught a large fly, and in rising with it into the air, the breeze caught its wings, and nearly wrenched it from the wasp's clutches. The insect immediately alighted, and deliberately sawed off the wings of its victim, when it was able to carry it in safety away. There was a something nobler than instinct in this action; nor is it by any means an isolated example of insect sagacity. Others seek our orchards, select the ripest, sweetest fruits, suck their juices, and convey home the luscious treasure, of which but a small portion is for themselves. These foragers will even enter and rob beehives. Those that tarry at home, in every instance share the spoil. Our grocery stores, pastrycooks, and butchers' stalls, are equally attractive to the forager-wasps. Surely it is some palliation of the robbery to remember the claims of hungry kinsfolk, friends, and acquaintance, and little ones at home? There is no squabbling at their orderly meal-times; no fighting for the 'lion's share;' each expectant insect receives its due portion, and is content therewith. 'I have seen,' writes the fascinating observer Reaumur, 'a worker, after returning home with spoil, on entering the nest, quietly perch at the top and protrude a clear drop of fluid from its mouth. Several wasps drank together from this crystal drop until it was all swallowed; then the worker would cause a second, and sometimes a third drop to exude, the contents of which were distributed in peace to other wasps.' If we have any young readers of these entomological sketches, here is a lesson for them!

The mode of government is republican: there is no recognised head, as with the bees; yet an amount of even military discipline, and the utmost order, are to be found among the subjects. The good of the commonwealth seems to be the prevailing object of each insect. If the workers are building, each has its own spot, about an inch square, assigned to it, as the amount of work it is expected to execute. It was an interesting discovery of Mr Knight, that wasps also have sentinels. These are placed at the entrance of the vespiary; they run gently in and out of it, and give immediate notice of the approach of danger. To their communications alone does the community give heed; and on their giving the alarm, will issue in angry hosts to avenge the injury, and defend their home to the death. Sometimes, however, but rarely, intestine combats take place; and there are terrific duels between the workers, or between a worker and a male. This is a bad affair for the latter, as he has no sting: his fate is generally to die.

One of the most striking facts in the natural history of the Vespidæ is the occurrence of an annual massacre in October. Then the vespiary is indeed a scene of horrible atrocities and profuse carnage. The wasps, whose affection for their young is generally remarkably strong, seem then to be possessed with frenzied rage against them. They cease to feed their larvæ: 'they do worse,' angrily writes Reaumur; 'the mothers become implacable murderesses; they drag the helpless larvæ out of their cells, slay them, and scatter them outside the nest, strewing the very earth with their dead carcasses. There is no compunction: the massacre is universal.' A wise purpose is fulfilled by this apparent cruelty. The coming winter would rapidly destroy, by a far more miserable death, all that are killed on this occasion; and it is a stroke of mercy to terminate their sufferings by a blow. The early frosts destroy the murderers themselves. The scene is now, in truth, altered; 'the populous city has become waste, and without inhabitant,' saving some one or two females, which spend the winter in the depths of the vespiary. The complicated galleries, cells, and hanging terraces, and the entire framework of the nest, are for ever vacated when the female leaves them in the spring; and this exquisite specimen of insect architecture is abandoned to the destroying influences of time and accident. These interesting features of the history of the Vespidæ are full of subject-matter for our meditation and admiration, indicating, so clearly as they do, that the 'Hand that made them is divine;' yet all these marvellous sagacities, contrivances, governing principles, present us with but dim and broken reflections of the far-seeing Wisdom that created all things, 'and for whose pleasure they are and were created.'

A few more particulars will make the history of this family a little more complete. The preceding sketch has dealt only with the common wasp, *Vespa vulgaris*. The mason-wasp is a solitary insect, and builds its nest in sand and brick, being able, by means of its strong mandibles, to break off pieces of brick with ease, and to burrow to a considerable depth in its substance. It has the peculiarity of storing up ten or twelve green larvæ, as food for its own, and resorts to a curious contrivance to prevent them from moving out of its reach. The hornet, *Vespa crabo*, selects for its habitation commonly some decayed, hollow trunk, where, building its nest, it forms a tortuous gallery of entrance. The American farmers are said to make use of these nests to destroy domestic flies, hanging them up in their rooms, where they do not molest the family, but fall entirely upon the flies. Another species, the *Vespa Britannica*, forms a curious oval nest, sometimes to be seen hanging from the branches of trees. Others form elegant nests, like half-open flowers, with a platform of cells at the bottom. A foreign species constructs a beautiful nest, of a substance identical with the very finest card-board, suspending it, like a watch from a guard-chain, by a ring at the extremity of the bough, out of the reach of monkeys. Sometimes these nests grow to an enormous size. Mr Westwood states that the Zoological Society has one six feet long. A South American species of wasp imitates the bee, and is a collector of honey.

Bold as are the Vespidæ, great as is their fecundity, they are mercifully kept in check. The ichneumon is their ferocious foe; in the West Indian islands they are the victims of a parasitic plant, which vegetates in their interior; man leagues his forces against them; and nature itself, in a deluging season or severe winter, destroys thousands, and prevents the plague becoming greater than we are able to bear.

PAPA'S TRIAL.

The Boys put up a prayer to Jupiter, representing that they had long been subjected to a grievous rule on the part of their papas, who treated them rigorously at all times, and often punished them severely for light offences, while there was much reason to believe that papas in general were themselves no better than they should be. They therefore demanded permission to try a Papa before a court of Boys, as a step towards forming some sort of judgment as to the justice of this rule. Jupiter was pleased, in consequence, to issue a commission for that purpose.

A Papa being accordingly caught, a court was formed, over which George Plumb, a noted booby, presided as judge; while Tom Foxey, a youth notorious for never having whole clothes, or being out of a scrape, acted as prosecutor. That there might be at the same time perfect fairness, the prisoner was allowed to have for his counsel the most distinguished dux of the time and

place, Jack Smart by name. A jury, composed of a top class from an infant school, was duly impannelled.

Tom Foxey, in opening the proceedings, observed that the gentleman brought before them that day was not accused of any specific crime, unless the fact of his belonging to the tyrant class of papas might be so considered; in which case his guilt must be great indeed, seeing that he was an unusually extensive papa, in as far as he had ten children—six boys, and four girls. The object was to subject him to a trial of qualifications or pretensions, to ascertain if he were, from his own conduct and character, worthy to hold that absolute rule over certain of his fellow-creatures, usually called his family, which he claimed to do on the grounds of old use and wont. The time had been when an inquiry of this kind would have been held as an unnatural rebellion; but such times were now passed away. Everything was now questioned, everything had to stand and give an account of itself, and why should not the despotism of the paternal rule do the same? He did not believe there was any partiality shown in the selection of a subject for trial. The gentleman in the dock was a passable enough man in the world—a very fair specimen, he would say, of his class. He would now proceed, however, to bring forward evidence to display the actual lineaments of his character; after which it would be for the jury to say whether he was entitled to hold any kind of rule over his children or not.

Jack, the prisoner's eldest son, being sworn, deponed that his Papa was an exceedingly ignorant man, having entirely neglected his own learning in youth; yet he had all his children at study for twelve hours a-day, and punished them for failure in their lessons with even more severity than their masters. He scarcely ever went to church; but he caused all the young people to go with their mamma twice every Sunday, and rigorously enjoined the parson to keep them well up in the catechism; though he scarcely knew one question from another himself. He generally thrashed at the rate of two children a-day on an average, the offences being usually of the slightest kind—such as laughing at the governess's painted eyebrows, or wheedling something nice from the cook, to make up for the ultra plain fare which was assigned to them. Had heard it said that Papa once sold a horse as sound, which turned out to be broken in wind; the fact being the more deeply impressed on his memory, as that day Papa had whipped Bill within an inch of his life for denying that he had picked up a fallen apple in the garden. Papa was observed to be always most cross when he had been making most merry. For example, if he had been at an unusually boisterous party, where a vast quantity of wine was drunk, he was sure to come home with a very stern and defying countenance, and almost for certain would fall a-scolding both mamma and the children.

Dick, another son of the prisoner, confirmed all that Jack had said, with the addition, that Papa always beat them for rough words spoken among themselves, and yet would both swear and throw buttered toast at the servants, when the said toast was not done to his mind.

Tag, a tyger, lately in the employment of the prisoner, stated that master was liable to be irritated by trifles; such as a spot of dirt left on the outside of the carriage, or the emptiness of cruets at table. On these occasions he never failed to blow up missus, and then was sulky for all the rest of the evening. Master had been engaged in two duels, and was never out of lawsuits, notwithstanding which, he beat his sons if they ever fought with each other. (*Sensation in the court.*) Had been obliged to leave the place, in consequence of suffering so much from master's temper.

Henry Baddely, Esq. knew the prisoner; had been his club acquaintance for many years; sometimes had transactions in business with him. Thought him much like other men—that is, he liked a good dinner, and plenty of wine after it; could not do without having his own way at home; would take all fair advantages in business—that is, advantages not forbidden by the law or the code of honour; paid his debts when he could; was anxious to take all the pleasure out of life that was to be had, and thought the opera the finest thing in the world. Had once heard him speak of the duties of life, referring particularly to the propriety of his children never doing anything contrary to his will.

Here the case was closed for the prosecution.

Evidence on the defensive was then brought forward by the prisoner's counsel. And first his wife was called; whereupon Mr Foxey objected for the prosecution, that so near a connexion might not be adduced on that side, seeing that there was such a natural prepossession in such relations in behalf of any party under accusation. Mr Smart agreed to refer the point to the learned judge, who instantly decided that the lady might be heard, remarking, that the objection was founded entirely on a mistake; in fact, common observation showed that no one was ever found so extremely candid about one's faults as one's nearest relations.

The lady had been married twenty years—had some idea that her marriage had been a happy one, but could not be sure, in as far as she did not know what constituted a happy marriage. Her husband pursued his own course, and was much from home with his friends, while she attended to domestic matters. He seldom was in bad humour oftener than thrice a-week; in this state, sometimes scolded, sometimes sulked, oftenest the latter. He never interfered about the children, except to thrash them when they did anything displeasing to him. Did not think him a bad father, because their neighbour Damson had once broken his boy's arm in a passion, which *her* husband had never done. Believed that his grand motive for being severe with the boys, was his having been an exceedingly wild boy himself—he felt, from his own case, that one never could be too strict with young people. Did not know how it was, but the boys did not become any better under their father's discipline. He was aware they did not like him, but always thought it was because he did not chastise them enough. Things, therefore, always seemed to be getting worse. Was often sorry for the boys, but believed it to be all for their good, having been assured by her husband that there was something of the devil at the bottom of all boys' characters, and which required to be thrashed out of them.

The mother of the prisoner was also examined on this side. She knew that her son had been wild in youth, and was anxious that his boys should be better than himself. Thought, as their mother was chiefly concerned in their upbringing, there might be other causes than her son's conduct for their not giving satisfaction. Feared they were screened too much when they did wrong. It was impossible for any father, who only saw his children two or three times a-week, to be responsible for them, beyond punishing what he found positively wrong.

The evidence for the prisoner being now closed, Mr Foxey said it was unnecessary for him to occupy the court with long speeches. They had heard how the accused conducted himself in general. Constantly occupied with the pursuit of wealth or his own selfish pleasures, he had no time, as it did not appear he had any wish, to train his children aright. For all their consequent shortcomings, real or supposed, he could only lay on the lash. Was this justice to Young Ireland, or Young England or Scotland either? At the same time, every offence for which he punished his children, he was in the habit of continually committing in an aggravated form himself, thus adding hypocrisy to his other guilt. In short, it fully appeared, even from the evidence in his own defence, that he was a very bad person, who only could be called a Papa by courtesy. Mr Foxey was therefore fully of opinion that he had no true title to a sovereign rule over the young and rising members of society who happened to have been born in his household; and he craved judgment accordingly.

Mr Smart made some remarks on the other side, but almost as much as admitted that it was a bad case. He represented, however, amidst the smiles of the court, that there was something sacred in the title of Papa, however imperfectly the character might be fulfilled. He intreated the jury to think of this, ere they gave any verdict that might tend to derogate from parental authority. They ought also to be sure, before pronouncing unfavourably, how boys were to be kept in order, if anything should come between them and the salutary dread under which they now stood regarding fathers. A universal family anarchy might ensue, to the serious detriment of the republic. (*Laughter, which Mr Plumb instantly silenced.*)

The jury (to whom a service of rolls and butter had been handed in the middle of the proceedings) pronounced a verdict of unworthiness against Papa, without leaving the box.

The judge then addressed the prisoner in a very solemn manner. He had been duly tried, and found wanting. The evidence had been quite conclusive; the verdict arrived at instantly, without dispute. There could not be a doubt that Papa had been fully proved incompetent for the sacred function which he pretended to have an indefeasible right to exercise. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'that this court has no power beyond that of expressing its opinion. The prisoner must be immediately set at large, and allowed to resume that authority which he abuses. There is no help for it. All that can be done is, for our friends Jack, Dick, &c. henceforth to take their thrashings under protest.'

The court was then dissolved, with three groans for Papa, who retired evidently much crestfallen. The proceedings having been reported to Jupiter, were fully approved by that eminent divinity, who remarked that it was not now his custom to use his thunder against every petty offender, otherwise Papa might have had more pressing reason to repent of his delinquencies.

AFFECTATION.

Amongst the whole number of Rochefoucauld's 'Maximes,' there is none more constantly verified by what we see in every-day life than this one—'On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir.'—['People are never so ridiculous in consequence of qualities they really possess, as those of which they *affect to have*.'] If a thorough conviction of the truth of this maxim could by any means be impressed on every one to whom it is applicable, it would go a good way towards revolutionising the manners of half the population. But those to whom it *is most* applicable, are precisely those unthinking persons on whom all reasoning would be utterly wasted. There are, however, a very large number who have sense enough to see the truth, if they can only be induced to pay attention to it, and whose tendency to affected habits would be easily checked, if they could be made to see them in the same light as others do. Of the motives which regulate our ordinary life, there is none greater than the desire of our neighbour's respect, or fear of his ridicule. Wounded vanity or diminished self-respect is the bitterest and most unforgiving enemy you can raise up. A man may know that you *hate* him, and yet become your friend afterwards; but if he knows that you *despise* him, he is, and will be, your enemy for life. Now, of all the defects and infirmities under which a person labours from natural causes, or others over which he has had no control, there is none which brings the person into contempt. Sometimes, it is true, children and others may laugh at some of those mistakes or accidents occasioned by these things—as, for instance, at a deaf person's making an irrelevant answer to a question, &c.; but this is unaccompanied by the slightest particle of disrespect. But if the individual having these imperfections endeavours foolishly to conceal them, they become forthwith objects of ridicule. Now, nobody would attempt this concealment, unless he imagined that he was gaining in respect by it; whereas the natural imperfections would never have raised a sneer, whilst the attempts at hiding them are just what people laugh at. But the great mass of the affected have no such excuse as the desire to cover over natural defects. These are generally purely gratuitous attempts to make one's-self look very grand, or very handsome, or very wise; whilst every bystander is exclaiming, 'What an ass that fellow is making of himself!' It is really astonishing how quickly everything like showing off is detected. Insolent and vulgar people take a wicked pleasure in mortifying all such affected persons to their faces (and really sometimes they deserve it); whilst better-mannered spectators are quietly laughing 'in their sleeve.' Let us take a few examples in illustration. Perhaps one of the most frequent, though trifling causes of people making themselves ridiculous, is dress. Now, I have often thought it a great pity that the poorer classes (especially) cannot be convinced that they look every bit as 'respectable' in their every-day working clothes (*if clean*), as if dressed out in the gaudiest Sunday finery. And it is precisely their *over*-doing it on Sundays that marks out their want of good taste. There is something *dignified* in the appearance of a number of masons or carpenters, &c. going to their work, which cannot have a stronger contrast than in the tawdry finery—rings, gilt chains, pins, and nobody can tell what rubbish besides—with which the conceited shopman decks himself on Sundays, looking, nevertheless, stiff and ill at ease. The grand characteristic of gracefulness is to be quiet, easy, and natural. How many ladies are there in Great Britain who can *walk* gracefully? The reason of there being so few who do so, is, that they are not accustomed to it; it is not *natural* to them. Now, all the dancing-masters in existence can never make them do that gracefully which is not acquired naturally. Let them become as much *accustomed* to walking as the signoras of Spain, and they will do it as gracefully.

Again, take the tone of voice and accent as an example. If anything will sicken and disgust a man, it is the affected, mincing way in which some people choose to talk. It is perfectly nauseous. If these young jackanapes, who screw their words into all manner of diabolical shapes, could only feel how perfectly disgusting they were, it might induce them to drop it. With many it soon becomes such a confirmed habit, that they cannot again be taught to talk in a plain, straightforward, manly way. In the lower order of ladies' boarding-schools, and indeed too much everywhere, the same sickening mincing tone is often found. Some specimens I have heard, which make me feel sick even to think of them. Do, pray, good people, talk in your natural tone, if you don't wish to be utterly ridiculous and contemptible; for there is nothing which more inevitably marks a coxcomb and a fool than this same sentimental mealy-mouthedness. They fancy that it is 'aristocratic!' I have not the entrée at Devonshire House myself, but I would refer the men to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the ladies to our Queen, believing in neither will they find any precedent for their fooleries. All travellers amongst the native Indians of America remark the gracefulness and dignity which characterise their actions. There is no reason why ours should not be the same. Only be natural, and you avoid most of what is *un*graceful; and by being content with your own natural character and appearance, you will certainly escape that contemptuous ridicule which invariably falls on every species of Affectation.

GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

We are apt to ascribe our good or bad fortune only to our last action, and not to the many preceding; and we hear, when we inquire of ourselves, as when we ask echo, only the last words repeated.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

THE NEEDLE, PEN, AND SWORD.

[BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.]

'WHAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,
Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?'
* * * *
'I have lent to Beauty new power to reign
At bridal and courtly hall;
Or, wedded to Fashion, have helped to bind
Those gossamer links that the strongest mind
Have sometimes held in thrall.

I have drawn a drop, so round and red,
From the finger small and white,
Of the startled child, as she strove with care
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,
But wept at my puncture bright.

I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,
As my utmost speed she plied,
To shield from Winter her children dear,
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,
While they slumbered at her side.

I have heard, in the hut of the pining poor,
The shivering inmate's sigh,
When faded the warmth of her last, faint brand,
As slow, from her cold and clammy hand,
She let me drop—*to die!*'

'What dost thou know, thou gray Goose Quill?'
And methought, with a spasm of pride,
It sprang from the inkstand, and fluttered in vain
Its nib to free from the ebon stain,
As it fervently replied:

'*What do I know!*—Let the lover tell,
When into his secret scroll
He poureth the breath of a magic lyre,
And traceth those mystical lines of fire
That move the maiden's soul.

What do I know!—The wife can say,
As the leaden seasons move,
And over the ocean's wildest sway
A blessed missive doth wend its way,
Inspired by a husband's love.

Do ye doubt my power?—Of the statesman ask,
Who buffets Ambition's blast:
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care;
A flourish of mine hath sent him there,
And locked his fetters fast;

And a flourish of mine can his prison ope—
From the gallows its victim save;
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,
And to Liberty lead the slave.

Say, what were History, so wise and old,
And Science, that reads the sky,
Or how could Music its sweetness store,
Or Fancy and Faction their treasures pour,
Or what were Poesy's heaven-taught lore,
Should the Pen its aid deny?

Oh doubt, if ye will, that the rose is fair,
That the planets pursue their way;
Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,
Or the countless streams that to ocean run,
But ask no more what the Pen hath done.'
And it scornfully turned away.

'What are *thy* deeds—thou fearful thing
By the lordly warrior's side?'
And the Sword answered, stern and slow,
'The hearthstone lone, and the orphan know,
And the pale and widowed bride.

The shriek and the shroud of the battle-crowd,
And the field that doth rock below;
The wolf that laps where the gash is red,
And the vulture that tears ere life hath fled,
And the prowling robber that strips the dead,
And the foul hyæna, know.

The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,
And the grass that doth rankly grow
O'er the rotting limb, and the blood-pool dark,
Gaunt Famine, that quenches life's lingering spark,
And the black-winged Pestilence, know.

Death, with the rush of his harpy brood,
Sad Earth, in her pang and throe.
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,
And the throng of the souls sent before their time
To the bar of the Judgment, know.'

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath returned,
While the Needle sped on in peace;
But the Pen traced out, from a Book sublime,
The promise and pledge of that better time
When the warfare of earth shall cease.

—*American newspaper.*

PATERNAL DUTY.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief and occasional word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, By what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labour? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

THE DOOM AND GUERDON OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious task of the village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labour, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice, by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he do not seek strength and courage elsewhere than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labours; he must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertions, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him; to labour, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God.—*Guizot.*

A MAN.

The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself, whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

NOTE.

In an article in No. 189, on the East Smithfield Wash-houses, there is an indistinctness of expression regarding the clothes-drying apparatus, leading to a doubt as to the authorship of that invention. We take this opportunity of stating that the apparatus is a patented invention of Messrs Davison and Symington.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 197. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847. Price 1½d.

PRUDENCE.

Nothing, perhaps, has occasioned greater confusion in morals than the custom of calling two contrarious things by the same name, and then distinguishing them by means of the part of speech called the adjective. Thus we hear of two kinds of glory—*false* and *true* glory: how beneficial might it have been to the real interests of mankind, had it been at once decided, on the highest authority, that false glory was no glory at all! It is common also to hear of a person called a false friend—nay, there is an old play so entitled—when, all the while, it is clear that the acquaintance intended by the phrase is the worst enemy that a man can have. In both instances, the adnoun 'false' is used to signify that which seems to be what it is not. It is equivalent to the term 'apparent,' and may be useful to lead us to distinguish that which 'appears' from that which 'is;' but this utility, it is manifest, befits the scholarly better than the popular mind. Now, in reference to things that, like glory and honour, are calculated to dazzle the imagination, it may be perhaps easy to account for the tendency that exists to confound the mere appearance and reality under one name; but the practice prevails in relation also to the humbler virtues. Thus, for instance, prudence has been brought into unmerited contempt by being associated with what is really its opposite, much to the injury of the greater number who, in the ordinary circumstances of life, have had daily need for its exercise. It has, in particular, fallen under the lash of Churchill the satirist, who writes of it in the most disdainful language—

> 'Prudence, of old a sacred term, implied
> Virtue, with god-like Wisdom for her guide;
> But now in general use is known to mean
> The stalking-horse of Vice, and Folly's screen:
> The sense perverted, we retain the name;
> Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.'

And he accompanies this description with an instance, in which, by the skilful practice of hypocrisy, a well-instructed student arrives, notwithstanding his secret vices, at the rank of a nobleman, as the reward of his presumed virtues. Such extreme cases, doubtless, have occurred; but in the vast majority of instances (such is the justice of Providence), the ordinary moral—the 'poetic justice,' as it is called—of the novel or drama has been practically illustrated. The hypocrite's success has generally been of a temporary character, and the villain, for the most part, has been at last shown in his true colours—stripped of his mask, and publicly exposed, to the satisfaction of all the parties whom he had previously deceived. What, then, becomes of the prudence so gratuitously supposed, all along, to have been exhibited in the deception? Not only has it been false prudence, but the most stupid, because the most elaborate, *im*prudence—labour not only without profit, but with a fearful loss.

Let us grant the whole of Churchill's case, however: let us suppose the most perfect worldly success to accompany a long course of hypocrisy to its close; we should then have, with Dr Paley, to trace the expediency of such conduct into a future state, and there, proving it to be inexpedient in its eternal relations, contemplate a still more fatal, because utterly hopeless, disappointment. But leaving this view to the theologian, and confining the subject to the present visible dispensation, we demand to question the delinquent himself whether he has been prudently 'chary of his peace'—whether, in the secret chambers of his heart, he is as happy as he appears to the world to be? Oh no!—

> ——— 'When the Night
> Suspends this mortal coil; when Memory wakes;
> When, for our past misdoings, Conscience takes
> A deep revenge; when, by Reflection led,
> She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead—
> Let every Muse begone: in vain he turns,
> And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
> A more than Ætna, in his coward breast,
> And Guilt, with vengeance armed, forbids him rest:
> Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
> His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
> *Hypocrisy* has planted daggers there,
> No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.'

The case can thus be sufficiently made out, even without referring to the rewards and punishments of another world. Virtue is ever, if we only look close enough at the facts, its own guerdon, and vice its own executioner.

We are the more anxious to vindicate the character of prudence, by restoring the proper meaning to its name, because the abuse of the title has led to practical evils. Individuals have been known to despise prudence as the most beggarly of the virtues, from a mistaken apprehension of its qualities. The more generously-disposed have witnessed the muck-worms of society depriving themselves of all rational enjoyment in the pursuit of gain, and they have reasonably questioned the value of possessions purchased at the expense of all that is dearest in the estimation of the wise and good. The sordidly-minded are guilty, unquestionably, of the most grievous mistake. Not seldom, by reason of their niggardliness, they sacrifice the purpose for which they labour. Where they should aim at winning, they care only for saving, and for want of a prudent expenditure, bring to nought an eligible and truly promising speculation. Marking such errors, but rather with the eyes of prejudice than of the understanding, some persons conclude at once against the utility of prudence, and read the text, 'there is who scattereth, and yet gathereth,' in a perverted sense.

Nothing will they save—nothing will they provide for—but, in their eagerness to enjoy, they scatter all, and gather nothing. Thus it is that against imprudence in one extreme (only because it goes by the name of 'prudence' with the unreflecting, though with the epithet 'false' prefixed by those who are somewhat wiser) they set up imprudence in the other, and thus get fatally confounded in the unsuspected *mêlée* of corresponding opposites.

But there is no such short cut to happiness; the spendthrift is as far off from felicity as the save-all. There is no safe refuge in either negation. The only security lies in a positive assertion and practical affirmation of the whole doctrine and discipline of prudence in its purity and truth. We must be honest in our homage, faithful to our conviction, and unequivocating in our testimony, both verbal and actual; we must be ready to undergo trials, to do battle, for it; we must maintain its cause against all opposition, whether it come in the insidious shape of a false prudence, or the more impudent, though less hypocritical, guise of open imprudence. Life is a warfare in which we must side with the good or evil; and just in proportion as we show indecision of character, we shall inevitably suffer. We may make speculative or grammatical mistakes in the appropriation of prefixes and adnouns, and delude ourselves into the notion that no harm will follow; but in the practical operation of the moral laws, such delusion is impossible. The error in the idea becomes at once the error in fact; and our whole conduct and character prove themselves to be tainted both in principle and action—in thought, word, and deed. Here we are dealing with nature in her higher manifestations, and subject to a code of rules, not written in a statute-book, but essentially imbedded in her hidden being, as the motive spring of her existence. The whole works with the certainty and effect of a well-constructed and carefully-regulated machine. It owns no allegiance to any external impulse, but goes forthright in its appointed channel, regardless of impediment, whether the latter be weaker or stronger, whether it shall destroy or be destroyed. It behoves us, therefore, most studiously to avoid error in the beginning, and before the machine is set in motion. Here truth in thought, truth in word, truth in deed, are especially desirable. To insure them, as regards our present theme, we must conceive the right idea of prudence, properly define her characteristics, arrive at an honest appreciation of her gifts and graces, and devote ourselves to her, as her faithful ministrants, in all her relations, social, intellectual, and moral.

Than prudence, thus contemplated, there is no higher wisdom. Such a prudence is co-mate with the loftiest wisdom. The prudential course of conduct inferred in these remarks, would commend itself as an illustration of the most elevated philosophy. It would be able to enlist in its favour the suffrages of the wisest in all times, the moralists of all climes. It would be at one with the most benevolent and beneficent impulses of the human heart, and at the same time insure the true interests of every individual who acted in obedience to its precepts. It has the promise both of this world and the next; and there is no conceivable condition of life in which we can safely dispense with its assistance. This virtue the ancients held in the greatest esteem. Not only the Hebrew proverbialists, but the Greek poets, have set forth its praises in some of their best works. The sublime fable of Prometheus has evident reference to it. One part of the moral of Æschylus's admirable drama on this high argument, is to enforce the doctrine, that the exercise of prudence is as incumbent on the father of the gods as it is on inferior deities and men.

BYGOING THINGS.

There are many things which, in these 'fast,' 'go-ahead' days, may be justly said to be bygoing, in as far as they have fallen behind the fashion and requirements of the age—things slow, things *arrière*, things *rovoes*—which we must soon see no more. For all such things as were good in their day, I think there is no need for our seeing their going with indifference, even while we welcome those presumedly better things which succeed them; nay, there are some which good-feeling will not allow us to take leave of without something like regret, and a wish at least to keep them bright and pleasant in the memory.

Does my reader remember the time when he was a child—a boy?—that time when a coach with four horses was his ideal of the *ne plus ultra* of locomotive speed? I do not ask whether he would desire to have that time forgotten—that precious season of his life, before the glorious brightness of boyhood faded

'Into the light of common day.'

There breathes not, we believe, 'a man with soul so dead,' as to wish to forget his boyhood. But let me ask him whether he would willingly forget the coach with four horses—that grand locomotive of his childhood, 'the mail?' Would he have this bygone quite bygone and forgotten? Answer, all ye British men, who fly along the railways of these isles at a speed that causes the winds to whisper together in astonishment! When the engine-whistle thrills through every nerve of your body—when the bell rings while you (poor belated wretch!) are still a quarter of a mile from the station—when you arrive panting, almost at the last gasp, with haste, and just in time to see the train going off—when you are carried, by mistake, fifty miles beyond your destination—when you are going through a very long, dark tunnel—when a grand crash takes place, and you damage yourself on your opposite neighbour by being precipitated into his chest—when these things occur, say, my candid countryman, does not a vision of a mail-coach, with four fine horses, sometimes come galloping across your brain? Do you not see the 'capital cattle' clearing the ground at a sufficiently rapid rate? Do you not catch a glimpse of the rosy faces of the coachman and guard; an echo of the notes which the latter sends out from his bugle? Do you not see those passengers who would become almost like friends to you before the journey is completed? The pleasant inns where you stop to change horses; the pleasanter ones where you stop to breakfast or to dine; rapidly, indeed, and for the most part standing—as the Jews eat the Passover—but still you *are* stopping, and you *are* dining: do you not see these things in imagination when enduring the inconveniences pertaining to our improved mode of travelling? for, alas! all sublunary improvements have their inconveniences. Surely, dear reader, be your shares in railways ever so many—be you a director of a dozen lines—be your philosophical and scientific devotion to steam and its wondrous powers ever so great—you cannot—no, you cannot surely say of a mail-coach, 'Away! dull remnant of a past state of things: rest for ever in a deserved oblivion!'

Having nothing particular to do in London this last

July 1847, I determined to run down to the coast and enjoy the luxury of sea-bathing, and a strong breezy row on the ocean. With Brighton, Dover, and the Isle of Wight I was familiar, and I therefore resolved to try Hastings, of the beauty of which I had heard much. Having ascertained that the railway to Hastings was completed, I consulted a map to examine the route. Here was ample matter for the exercise of our national talent for grumbling. The railway from London to Hastings was not *direct*. An Englishman, like a mad dog, loves to run in a straight line; and the idea of going round by Brighton became insupportable to me. To be more than three hours going from London to a place about sixty miles distant!—it was too bad—and I walked on down Parliament Street in a discontented mood, with a *Bradshaw* in one hand, and a map of Kent and Sussex in the other. Presently the clear notes of a key-bugle were borne to my ears; 'The Light of Other Days,' correctly and tastefully played, came swelling and dying through the street. Soon I distinguished the cheerful trampling of horses accompanying the music, and saw a well-loaded coach coming quickly along, finishing its journey in triumphant style, quite unabashed by the knowledge that it was slower than steam. There was something life-like, nay, *human*, about the whole affair. As it passed by me, I read the word 'Hastings' painted on the vehicle. 'So there is such a thing as a Hastings coach still existing,' thought I, and followed it mechanically. It stopped at the Golden Cross, and there the dusty but cheerful-looking passengers dismounted, and exchanged last words with each other. Their luggage was soon distributed by the energetic exertions of the guard, and each wended his way in a different direction; and the four horses were taken out—their day's work was done. I do not pretend to analyse the motive of my change of mind, but I suddenly took it into my head that I would go to Hastings outside the coach; and walking into the office, I booked the box-seat for the following morning. I went home to dinner, not quite sure that my determination was not very stupid. By half-past nine on the following morning I and my portmanteau arrived at the Golden Cross. An American friend came with me to see me off. The fact was, that he did not believe I should keep to my resolution of going by coach, but thought I should slink off to the railway terminus instead. He is one of those men who fear nothing so much as losing time on a journey; although *why* they are so anxious about saving it then, is astonishing to those who see them waste it recklessly on most other occasions.

'Well, good-by, S——,' said he, shaking hands with me. 'There is no accounting for tastes, you know, but I did not think yours was so antediluvian! You actually mean to be nine hours *doing* sixty miles?'

'No indeed,' I replied; 'I mean to spend nine hours in seeing some of the richest country in England. I am going not *to suffer a journey*, but to enjoy a drive.'

'But, my dear fellow, it's not to be compared to going in a first-class carriage by a fast train,' persisted my friend.

'I never thought of comparing them. They are two very unlike enjoyments. Thoughts of bygone days come over me as I look at that coach,' I continued, approaching it to watch some passengers ascend to the roof—a young woman and an old man. They took their seats behind the box.

'Well, well; but you know the old proverb, "Let bygones be bygones."'

'Yes, I remember the proverb, and I am going to turn it inside out, and to see how much it is worth in the present instance. So now good-by, D——; and when you write next to the people at Buffalo, tell them you have seen some curious monuments of antiquity in London; among others, the Hastings coach, and a man who was going to ride on it.'

We laughed and shook hands. I climbed to my seat beside the coachman, and in another minute we were going fast down Parliament Street to the tune of 'Off she Goes.' I experienced a strange sort of feeling in my new position, for the box-seat of an old-fashioned coach is not quite like a seat on the top of an omnibus. The machine itself which carried us along was quite hidden by the people, and the packages which covered it, and were suspended on all sides of it.

I had promised myself the study of two things in this expedition—the study of human nature, and the study of what landscape painters and lovers of the picturesque call *par excellence* 'nature.' The immortal Mr Fudge travelled in the dicky, that he

> 'Might more of men and manners see.'

I chose the box for the same reason; and I began my observations with the coachman. He was a florid, but decidedly handsome man of five-and-thirty; he looked a little like a *mauvais sujet*, but much more like a smart, good-natured fellow. His hat was put on in a jaunty style; he held a carnation by the stalk between his teeth, which was afterwards transferred to his button-hole. For the first few minutes he devoted himself entirely to his horses, for which he seemed to entertain a strong affection. At last he said, while he looked down curiously at the flank of his off-leader, 'We shall have a warm day, sir.'

As I supposed this observation was addressed to me, I replied to it. He then turned his head round, and said to the young woman who was seated behind him, 'I hope the old gentleman's settled comfortable, miss; and that you don't suffer no ill-convenience from that ere hamper?'

'No, I am much obliged to you,' she replied; 'we are quite comfortable.'

'Very good,' replied the coachman, pushing down one of his own coats; 'but just you put your feet upon that; it will do for a footstool, and then you'll sit a deal more comfortable.'

The young woman hesitated to apply the coat to such a purpose, but the coachman persisted. 'Bless you, it aint of no value; and if it was, I shouldn't mind it. I always do what I can to make ladies comfortable,' he added with a laugh. The young woman, with a little embarrassment, accepted the proffered courtesy in silence. I did not like to add to her embarrassment, and therefore turned away to look at the other passengers. The old man beside her with the hooked nose was her father. That young man next to him was a wide-awake, keen-eyed fellow, evidently an attorney's clerk, from his blue bag. What was he doing outside a Hastings coach? He could not be travelling for pleasure in July? It came out afterwards that he was going as far as Seven-Oaks, to take down the evidence of a bed-ridden man who was concerned in a breach-of-promise case. Next to him sat a smartly-dressed, middle-aged woman, with an abundance of baskets. It was a long time before she was settled to her satisfaction. First she put up her veil, then she pulled it down again; then she did the same by her parasol; finally, she took off her shawl, and declared that if she 'had had any idea how hot and dusty it was, she never would have consented to travel outside the coach; it would certainly lay her up for a week; she was not strong enough to bear such things,' &c. &c. My friend the coachman informed me in a whisper that 'the lady who was cutting it so uncommon fine was one of Lord ———'s housemaids going down to ——— Park.'

There was another person in front of the coach, and within my sphere of observation, who attracted me much. He sat on the other side of the young woman. This was a tall, thin, pale man of about five-and-twenty. His face had acquired by study, illness, abstinence, or deep sorrow, a refinement both as to outline and expression which was to my taste more pleasing than that which is inherited by many a descendant of the highest races in the land. Though evidently not of

gentle blood, and quite unpolished and inelegant in his bearing, there was a quiet self-respect, a melancholy modesty in his manner which was singular. From his black coat of coarse cloth and *priggish* cut, his white neckcloth tied in the vilest manner, I should have guessed him to be a dissenting preacher, even without the assistance of the tract which he held in his hand, and which he began to read as soon as we were off the stones.

The young woman had whispered something to the old man as soon as she saw the person I have last described, and before mounting the coach, the old man had taken off his hat respectfully to the minister. The latter shook hands with them both, and assisted them to ascend. Afterwards he seemed to forget them, and to be lost in his own reflections. But the young woman, though scarcely daring to look at him, seemed always to see what he was doing. The expression of mingled reverence and admiration was not without a tinge of a tenderer feeling as she regarded him. He was her spiritual pastor and master, a minister of the gospel, and the preacher at her chapel. Besides this, he was a saint—a learned man; and so kind and good, as to forget himself for any one who needed help. All this I read in the girl's face as she sat beside him.

Talk of the dangers of a red coat to a woman's heart! they are as nothing compared with those of a black one. Of twenty women, five will be attracted by a soldier, while the other fifteen will find more to love and admire in a clergyman. The soldier inspires a light fancy, which is soon cured; the clergyman a far deeper feeling. I watched all these persons, and conversed with them during the journey. The old man and his daughter, and the minister, were residents in Hastings; the others we parted with on our road. And what a road that was! If I wished to give a foreigner a true idea of rural comfort and agricultural wealth in England, and also to give him a sight of picturesque scenes peculiarly English, I would place him outside a coach, and send him from London to Hastings. The road lies through Lewisham, Bromley, Seven-Oaks; then it skirts a part of Knowle Park, giving 'beautiful bits' of its unrivalled sylvan scenery. Hereabouts the hop-gardens begin. From the tops of hills you get extensive views over Kent and Surrey, noting

'Many a village marked by little spire,'

and many a fair mansion

'Bosomed high in tufted trees,'

with wide sweeps of corn-fields, hop-gardens, meadows, woods, and heaths. Many a snug homestead, or farm, is seen nestling in a hollow, and the labourer in the fields stops to stare up at the coach as it passes. On driving through a village, your eyes are feasted with the well-kept gardens before the cottage doors. Such roses and lilies, hollyoaks and sweet peas, clematis and honeysuckle, as I saw crammed within tiny gardens ten feet square! all as carefully tended as if the lady of the manor sent her own gardener to keep them in order. Then the cottages themselves were a treat to see—so clean, and neat, and cared for! The children not indeed so clean as their homes, but merry, rosy, and noisy. The coming of the coach was a daily cause of excitement, and the urchins roared after it as if it carried away their schoolmaster. The towns through which we passed, and the inns at which we changed horses, were such as no other country that I am acquainted with can boast. An English country town (not manufacturing), and an English inn (not a tavern or gin-palace), is to my mind a credit to the nation in every way—municipal, moral, æsthetical, ay, and even *intellectual*. I will answer for it, that any one English town, of the size of Tunbridge, for instance, will produce half-a-dozen persons fit to grace a literary drawing-room, or the pages of a magazine, as well as the same number culled from the same rank of persons in any one parish of London or Edinburgh. The country round about Tunbridge is very fine, and it is still finer at Tunbridge Wells, which is about four miles off. Tunbridge Wells is apparently composed of new, and in many instances handsome stone houses, built for the accommodation of visitors. Its situation is peculiarly beautiful. After passing Tunbridge, I began to find that I was hungry. The succession of interesting scenes, and the amusing and clever conversation of the coachman touching the various places we passed, had given me an appetite; and when the coach stopped at Pemry to dine, I attacked a cold sirloin with right good-will. Here I entered into conversation with the young minister, and was struck with the justice and good sense of all he said. His account of Hastings and its environs pleased me much. It was evident that his feeling for the beauties of nature was not destroyed by his renunciation of the things of this world. I asked him if he could direct me to some quiet lodgings on my arrival in Hastings, as I particularly disliked remaining at an inn. After a moment's reflection, he looked earnestly at me, and replied, 'You observed the old man and his daughter who are our fellow-travellers? They are persons in reduced circumstances, and let part of their house. I lodge with them. I think they have more rooms to spare. I can only say that the house is very quiet, and that I find them very pleasant people to live with. They are true Christians, and belong to my congregation.' Saying which, he bent down his eyes, and then remained silent. I thanked him for his information, and resolved to speak to the daughter as soon as we reached Hastings. After taking our places again, I began to talk to her about Hastings, and the beautiful country we were passing; she answered in such a manner as to convince me that although she was obliged to ride outside a coach, her education would not have disgraced the owner of a carriage. When we came to Battle, she pointed out many beautiful things in that picturesque old town, and showed a knowledge of the history of the place which was, as I thought, extraordinary for a woman, until her father told me that he had devoted great part of his life to a study of the antiquities of Sussex, and that his daughter was born at Battle. The first sight of the sea, on our approach to Hastings, was at a distance of four miles from the coast. I could scarcely believe that we were already so near the end of our journey, or that I had been nearly nine hours on the road. The day had been lovely; neither too hot nor too cold. We had no rain, and not very much dust. During the last part of the ride, the only passengers in front were the old man and his daughter, their minister, and I; and our conversation having, as I said, turned upon the history of the locality, it became general. As the coach went along the road from St Leonard's to Hastings, which lies along the beach, I was absorbed in watching the waves, and allowed the others to talk without me. Presently the old man drew my attention, and said that he was sorry to part with me. I returned his kind speech by another; and then lowering my voice, so as not to be heard by our merry-hearted coachman, informed him that I should feel much obliged if he and his daughter would receive me as a lodger, since I had learned from the gentleman beside them that they wished to let part of their house. The affair was arranged in a minute. When the coach stopped at the Castle Hotel in Hastings, we four did not part, as fellow-passengers generally do, but we all walked together to old Mr C——'s house, near All-Saints' Church, and sat down to a plain dinner together. Mary C—— and her father are indeed 'pleasant persons to live with.' I have spent a fortnight here already, and as yet I feel no inclination to go away.

Now, dear reader, I have travelled on all the railways in England, and on many abroad, but not one has ever produced so very agreeable an acquaintance for me as this old-fashioned 'bygoing' coach. I cannot say that for all purposes a coach is best, but I am sure it is best if you wish to see the country through which you

pass, and learn something of the characters of your companions. Therefore, I say, be not the mail entirely despised—be it not parted from without at least the due tribute of a sigh.

THE GEOLOGY OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.

These Falls, which an American writer, with justifiable boldness, speaks of as the greatest wonder in the world, occur, as is well known, on the course of that stream which forms the outlet of the great chain of Canadian lakes. In passing from the Atlantic up this grand natural water-course, we first come to Lake Ontario, a sheet of water a hundred and seventy miles long, and bearing all the ordinary appearances of a sea. Between this lake and Lake Erie there is a connecting river of about thirty miles, usually called the Niagara River, though it is the same stream which, below Lake Ontario, bears the name of the St Lawrence. It is about the middle of this short river course that the Great Waterfall takes place. The arrangement of physical objects essential to the fall is simple, and easily understood. The river flows over a flat table-land, in a depression of which Lake Erie is situated. Where it flows from the lake, it is three hundred and thirty feet above Lake Ontario, which is about thirty miles distant. It is here a mile broad, with all the appearance of an arm of Lake Erie. After flowing about fifteen miles between low banks, and only descending as many feet, it comes to a series of rapids terminating in a precipice of about one hundred and sixty-five feet, down which it is precipitated into a narrow ravine, which extends for seven miles, and along which the waters make a comparatively rapid descent. The course of the river above the fall is occasionally three miles broad, and studded with low woody islands, one of which forms a considerable tract of land. Below the fall, all is changed, for the water then runs with turbid violence in a trough or groove, generally not more than four hundred yards broad, and in some places only about half that width. At Queenstown, again, having passed out of the elevated region, it once more assumes a slow and gentle course over an open country, and thus it continues till it joins Lake Ontario. The course of the Niagara River is north and south; the country on the east or right bank belongs to the United States; that on the west is part of Canada.

A vast volume of water, the drainage of a country thousands of miles in extent, pouring over a rock one hundred and sixty-five feet high, must needs constitute an object of uncommon sublimity in almost any circumstances. It is admitted that, if it took place amidst savage alpine scenery, its effect would be greatly increased. As it is, there are some external features not unworthy of the neighbourhood of so grand an object. The western shore is a cliff of about eighty feet above the top of the fall; the eastern shore is lower, but is finely wooded. The whole breadth of the river at the fall—eleven hundred yards, or nearly two-thirds of a mile, and forming the chord of an irregular arc—is divided by a low wooded island, called Goat Island, into two parts, the eastern of which is about three hundred and seventy-five yards in curvilinear length, constituting what is called the *American Fall;* while the western is about seven hundred yards in the same measurement, forming the more celebrated *Horse-Shoe Fall,* so called from its strikingly curved form. Level with the edge of this fall is a platform called *Table Rock,* projecting over the abyss below, and from which a fine view of the cataract is obtained. This rock seems much shattered, and likely soon to give way; yet young and headstrong persons will sometimes lay themselves prostrate on its front edge, and with extended hand cleave the torrent as it leaps down. One who has acted in this venturesome way says, 'The prodigious volume and indraught of the falling waters, the gushing spray, the bewildering noise of the cataract, your prostrate and impending attitude, and the tremor of the very rock on which you lie, render the experiment in the highest degree shuddering.'*

All beholders speak of the Niagara Falls in terms of the highest admiration, but with a strong sense of the impossibility of conveying by words an adequate idea of the grandeur of the scene. We take leave to quote a few descriptive passages from Mr Bouchette. 'The first object that meets the eye, after descending to the Table Rock, is the splendid gradation of swift rapids above the Falls; then white revolving clouds of mist, irregularly belched forth from the abyss, rush across the platform, enveloping the beholder; and as these are swept away by perpetually varying currents of air, he approaches nearer the verge of the rock, and beholds the whole length of the tremendous cataract. The loud shrill roar of the rapids is lost amidst the appalling thunders of the Falls, which give a real or imaginary tremulous motion to the earth, and seem to threaten a disruption of the projecting rock upon which we are standing. The view from this spot is extremely grand, and unspeakably sublime; but it is too near and overpowering to permit the spectator fully to appreciate the whole splendour of the scene. The summit of the bank, rising about one hundred feet above the Table Rock, affords a more comprehensive and advantageous view. This position is most commanding, and perhaps the point from whence the collective magnificence of the cataract can be seen with the greatest effect. According to the altitude of the sun, and the situation of the spectator, a distinct and bright iris is seen amidst the revolving columns of mist, that soar from the foaming chasm, and shroud the broad front of the gigantic flood. Both arches of the bow are seldom seen entirely elicited; but the inferior segment is perfect, and its prismatic hues are extremely glowing and vivid. The fragments of a plurality of rainbows are sometimes to be seen in various parts of the misty curtain of the Falls.

'The exploration of the inferior regions of the cataract is attended by some hazard and much difficulty; but the thirst for the romanesque and sublime has overcome all obstacles, and led the ardent youth, the dauntless traveller, and the philosopher, a perilous pilgrimage along the slippery margin of storming eddies, beneath impending rocks, amidst jarring elements, to the foot of the deluging torrents, and even to penetrate several feet behind the concave sheet of the headlong waters. It eminently requires fortitude and self-possession to make this progress. The rocks over which we advance are sharp, broken, and excessively slippery, owing to the perpetual moisture they acquire from the oozing crevices of the superincumbent cliffs and the spray, so that one inadvertent *faux-pas* might plunge a victim into the whirling and boiling vortex of the Falls. The danger is considerably increased by the terror arising from the stentorian thunders of the tumbling floods, that ever resound from side to side of the humid cavern, and seem to shake the firm rock to its foundation. The difficulty experienced in breathing, from the combined moisture and compression of the air, the impossibility of hearing or being heard, the dizziness produced by the falling waters, the dimly-discovered snakes and reptiles around, the whirl, the wind, the roar, all combine most powerfully to affect the soul, to overwhelm at once the senses and the imagination, and baffle all powers of description.

'Immediately at the base of the Falls, the raging waters are lashed into one thick mass of froth and foam of dazzling whiteness; but their surface farther down becomes comparatively still, though ever whirling and boiling, and exhibits a totally different appearance from that of any other part of the river. The labouring stream seems inwardly convulsed, heaving and throbbing in dark and bubbling whirlpools, as if it threatened every moment to eject some of the mystic terrors of the deep. This effect is ascribed by Professor Dwight of the United States to the reaction of the ascending

* Bouchette's British Dominions in North America, i. 143.

waters. Precipitated bodily to an extraordinary depth by their own prodigious gravity, and the force of their impulsion, and involving in them a quantity of fixed air, they reascend to the surface in a struggling career, checked by the weight of the superincumbent water.

'The noise of the Falls is truly grand, commanding, and majestic. . . . It is very variable in its loudness, being essentially influenced by the state of the atmosphere, the direction of the wind, and the position of the listener. It is sometimes scarcely audible within three or four miles; and at others it may be heard at York, on the opposite shores of Lake Ontario, a distance of forty-six miles.'

The configuration of the ground suggests a curious inference regarding the history of the Niagara Falls. The table-land—over the surface of which the river flows for fifteen miles, and through which its channel is cut for other seven to the depth of from two to three hundred feet—terminates at Queenstown in an abrupt cliff ranging east and west, and facing towards Lake Ontario. Below this point, the course of the stream is over a low flat country, with a very slight descent. The most superficial observers unavoidably contemplate the deep channel of seven miles as the work of the river itself; and the idea receives confirmation of the most decided kind from the fact, that the waterfall is continually, though slowly, wearing away the rock. The common belief of the country people therefore is, that the fall was originally at Queenstown, and will in time get back to Lake Erie, which will consequently be emptied, and become dry land.

Geologists have examined the district, and fully confirm these popular observations. Our countryman, Mr Lyell, has given it his especial attention; and in his 'Travels in North America,' has introduced some curious speculations on the subject. It appears, from the inquiries of Mr Hall, geologist for the state of New York, that the table-land is composed of nearly horizontal strata of the Silurian formation, the inclination being from Queenstown back to Lake Erie, at the rate of about twenty-five feet in a mile. It may be remarked that, the land being highest at the cliff above Queenstown, the fall must have been considerably more lofty and grand when at that point than it is at present. Indeed there is another circumstance to be here taken into account—namely, that the space over which the river now runs between the fall and Queenstown, would also be an addition to the height of the fall. We may therefore suppose it to have been at first upwards of three hundred feet high—a stupendous altitude for the descent of such a volume of water. What chiefly has tended to the wearing away of the channel, is the peculiar arrangement of the strata at this place. The superficial beds are a hard limestone, calculated to wear away very slowly; but underneath these are deep beds of soft shale, which rapidly yield to the force of the water. The river, pouring over the limestone, makes little impression upon it; but, falling upon the shale below, it readily makes a great abyss for the reception of its maddened waters, while the spray, driven by the wind against the wall behind, scoops out a recess in that direction, thus taking away the support of the limestone above, and preparing it for crumbling away in considerable masses. Such is actually the way in which the cataract recedes. There was a great fall of rock in 1815, and another in 1828, causing very considerable changes in the appearance of the falling waters. In the year before the one last mentioned, Captain Basil Hall conversed with a settler who had lived on the spot thirty-six years, and who had witnessed many such changes. In a country so recently settled, we have unfortunately very short and imperfect records to trust to; but it so happens that, so far back as 1697, a missionary called Father Hannepin published a drawing he had taken of the Falls, and from it we find that there was then a third fall, crossing the direction of the other two, and caused by the opposition of a rock which does not now exist. It was the belief of the old person consulted by Hall, that the fall receded at the rate of a yard per annum, and this received the sanction of the son of Mr Bakewell, the well-known geologist. Mr Lyell, however, made such inquiries as satisfied him that one foot per annum was nearer the actual rate of the retrogression. The matter, after all, must depend very much upon the nature of the rock which forms the substratum at different points. In the early part of the process, the basis rock was of a harder kind, and the wearing would be slower accordingly, as it will in time be slower again, when the fall recedes beyond the point where the shale forms the base of the precipice. The obvious reason why the Falls assume a curved or horse-shoe form, is the fact, that the greatest volume of water is always in the centre of a stream, and this evidently leads to the great narrowing of the river channel from the fall downwards.

The greater elevation of the plateau towards the north, indicates that the above-fall portion of the river formerly occupied a higher bed. There remain actual memorials of this circumstance, in certain patches of a fluviatile alluvium, or river deposit, which are found close to the present fall, and in places farther down. A portion of this deposit rests upon Goat Island, at thirty-eight or forty feet above the top of the fall; a terrace-like portion is deposited on each side of the river, at an altitude so coincident as to show that they originally formed one uninterrupted bed. In this alluvium are found, united with remains of the extinct mastodon, shells of the genera *Unio*, *Cyclas*, *Planorbis*, and others usually found in fresh water, clearly proving that it is a river or lake deposit. Three similar terraces exist near by, at somewhat lower levels, indicating *rests* which the river made in the process of depression which necessarily accompanied that of recession. Mr Lyell extended this interesting class of observations, by discovering other patches of ancient river alluvium at two several places. They contained shells of the same genera. 'These facts,' he says, 'appear conclusive as to the former extension of a more elevated valley, four miles at least below the Falls; and at this point the old river-bed must have been so high, as to be capable of holding back the waters which covered all the patches of fluviatile sand and gravel, including that of Goat Island.' He adds, 'By exploring the banks of the Niagara above the Falls, I satisfied myself that if the river should continue to cut back the ravine still further southwards, it would leave here and there, near the verge of the precipice and its islands, strata of sand and loam, with fresh-water shells similar to those here described.'

Mr Lyell sees great difficulties in the way of coming even to an approximate conjecture as to the time that has elapsed since the cataract was at Queenstown; but remarks that, if the recession proceeds at an average rate of a foot per annum, a lapse of 35,000 years is implied for the whole process. Viewing the position of the strata, their coming to an escarpment at Queenstown, and their being partially covered, not only by the alluvial patches and terraces, but, below these, by a bed of drift, or ancient boulder clay, of marine origin, and referable to a time when ice prevailed more extensively over the land than now, he speculates on a succession of changes in the order in which he imagines they may have happened. 'The first event to which we must recur, is the superficial waste or denudation of the older stratified rocks, all of which have remained nearly undisturbed and horizontal from the eve of their formation beneath the sea to a comparatively modern period. That they were all of marine origin, is proved by their imbedded corals and shells. They at length emerged slowly, and portions of their edges were removed by the action of the waves and currents, by which cliffs were formed at successive heights, especially where hard limestones were incumbent on soft shales. After this denudation, the whole region was again gradually submerged, and this event took place during the *glacial period*. . . . The country was then buried under a load

of stratified and unstratified sand, gravel, and erratic blocks. . . . The period of the submergence was very modern, for the shells then inhabiting the ocean belonged, almost without exception, to species still living in high northern, and some of them in temperate latitudes. The next great change was the re-emergence of this country, consisting of the ancient denuded rocks, covered indiscriminately with modern marine drift. The upward movement by which this was accomplished was not sudden and instantaneous, but gradual and intermittent. The pauses by which it was interrupted are marked by ancient beach-lines, ridges, and terraces, found at different heights above the present lakes. . . .

'As soon as the table-land between Lakes Erie and Ontario emerged, and was laid dry, the river Niagara came into existence, the basin of Lake Ontario still continuing to form part of the sea. From that moment there was a cascade at Queenstown, of moderate height, which fell directly into the sea.' [Mr Lyell describes a series of minor cascades which would then be formed, as successive strata of different degrees of hardness came into exposure. The series of events from the submergence are all, he proceeds to say], 'so modern in the earth's history, as to belong to a period when the marine, the fluviatile, and terrestrial shells were the same, or nearly the same, as those now living. Yet if we fix our thoughts on any one portion of this period—on the lapse of time, for example, required for the recession of the Niagara from the escarpment to the Falls—how immeasurably great will its duration appear in comparison with the sum of years to which the annals of the human race are limited!'

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE IN EDINBURGH.

[From the new edition of the 'Traditions of Edinburgh.']

In the Netherbow, the street receives a contraction from the advance of the houses on the north side, thus closing a species of parallelogram, of which the Luckenbooths formed the upper extremity—the market-place of our ancient city. The uppermost of the prominent houses —having of course two fronts meeting in a right angle, one fronting to the line of street, the other looking up the High Street—is pointed to by tradition as the residence or manse of John Knox, during his incumbency as minister of Edinburgh, from 1560 till (with few interruptions) his death in 1572. It is a picturesque building, of three above-ground floors, constructed of substantial ashler masonry, but on a somewhat small scale, and terminating in curious gables and masses of chimneys. A narrow door, right in the angle, gives access to a small room, which has long been occupied as a barber's shop, and which is lighted by one long window presented to the westward. This was the *hall* of the mansion in former times. Over the window and door is this legend, in an unusually old kind of lettering:—

LVFE · GOD · ABVFE · AL · AND · YI · NYCHTBOVR · [AS ·] YI · SELF ·

The word 'as' is obliterated. The words are, in modern English, simply the well-known Scriptural command, 'Love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself.' Perched upon the corner above the door is a small effigy of the Reformer, preaching in a pulpit, and pointing with his right hand to a stone above his head in that direction, which presents in rude sculpture the sun bursting from clouds, with the name of the Deity inscribed on his disk in three languages—

ΘΕΟΣ

DEUS

GOD

Dr M'Crie, in his *Life of John Knox*, states that the Reformer, on commencing duty in Edinburgh at the conclusion of the struggles with the queen-regent, 'lodged in the house of David Forrest, a burgess of Edinburgh, from which he removed to the lodging which had belonged to Durie, abbot of Dunfermline.' The magistrates acted liberally towards their minister, giving him a salary of two hundred pounds Scottish money, and paying his house-rent for him, at the rate of fifteen merks yearly. In October 1561, they ordained the dean of guild, 'with al diligence, to mak ane warm studye of dailles to the minister, Johne Knox, within his hous, aboue the hall of the same, with lyht and wyndokis thereunto, and all uther necessaris.' This study is generally supposed to have been a very small wooden projection, still seen on the front of the *first floor*. Close to it is a window in the angle of the building, from which Knox is said by tradition to have occasionally held forth to multitudes below.

The second floor, which is accessible by two narrow spiral stairs, one to the south, another to the west, contains a tolerably spacious room, with a ceiling ornamented by stucco mouldings, and a window presented to the westward. A partition has at one time divided this room from a narrow one towards the north, the ceiling of which is composed of the beams and flooring of the attic flat, all curiously painted with flower-work in an ancient taste. Two inferior rooms extend still farther to the northward. It is to be remarked that the wooden projection already spoken of extends up to this floor, so that there is here likewise a small room in front; it contains a fireplace, and a recess which might have been a cupboard or a library, besides two small windows. That this fireplace, this recess, and also the door by which the wooden chamber is entered from the decorated room, should all be formed in the front wall of the house, and with a necessary relation to the wooden projection, strikes one as difficult to reconcile with the idea of that projection being an afterthought; the appearances rather indicate the whole having been formed at once, as parts of one design. The attic floor exhibits strong oaken beams, but the flooring is in bad order.

In the lower part of the house there is a small room, said by tradition to have been used in times of difficulty for the purpose of baptising children; there is also a well to supply the house with water, besides a secret stair, represented as communicating subterraneously with a neighbouring alley.

From the size of this house, and the variety of accesses to it, it becomes tolerably certain that Knox could have only occupied a portion of it. The question arises, which part did he occupy? Probability seems decidedly in favour of the *first floor*—that containing the window from which he is traditionally said to have preached, and where his effigy appears. An authentic fact in the Reformer's life favours this supposition. When under danger from the hostility of the queen's party in the Castle—in the spring of 1571—'one evening a musket ball was fired in at his window, and lodged in the roof of the apartment in which he was sitting. It happened that he sat at the time in a different part of the room from that which he had been accustomed to occupy, otherwise the ball, from the direction it took, must have struck him.'—*M'Crie*. The second floor is too high to have admitted of a musket being fired in at one of the windows. A ball fired in at the ground-floor would not have struck the ceiling. The only feasible supposition in the case is, that the Reformer dwelt in the *first floor*, which was not beyond an assassin's aim, and yet at such a height, that a ball fired from the street would hit the ceiling.

[Some time ago we stated that this curious antique house was likely to be taken down to make way for a place of worship connected with the Free Church of Scotland. As we made some free remarks on the design at the time, we feel the more pleasure in now stating that a resolution has been come to to spare the building, the plan of the intended church being modified for the purpose. There was at all times, we understand, a wish to preserve so interesting a relic; but great fear was entertained lest this should be impossible, owing to the state of decay in which the house had been found by its new proprietors. A more rigid examination, under

an anxious desire to sustain it if possible, has now led to the adoption of the plan in question. Every effort will, we understand, be made to strengthen the building, so that it may long remain as a memorial of one of the most remarkable men whom our country has produced. We have no doubt that the feeling of gratitude which this excites in us towards the parties concerned will be general.]

REMARKABLE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

Some years ago, we gave our readers a sketch of the race of hereditary robbers and murderers in India called Thugs; and we have now the task, as strange as it is pleasing, of describing a series of measures by which, in the part of the country where the experiment has been tried, these preternatural monsters have been already converted into quiet and useful citizens. We are enabled to do this by the kindness of a stranger, who dates in July last from Jubbulpoor, in the Saugor and Nerbudda territory. He describes himself as 'a poor uneducated man, but one interested in his fellow-beings;' and he addresses himself to this Journal in gratitude for its efforts in the cause of human amelioration, and from his desire to take advantage of a circulation which is not confined to one country, or one hemisphere, in giving publicity to some important suggestions. He begins his communication by referring to our account of the Dundee School of Industry in March last, a perusal of which led him to suppose that we should be glad to have a sketch of a similar establishment in India, whose objects are not pilferers and beggars, but outlaws of nature as well as of man, who inherited from their ancestors, as their sole fortune and profession in the world, the trade of assassination!

Jubbulpoor, we may premise, is a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, and somewhat remarkable, even in India, for ignorance and superstition. Its neighbourhood was specially infested with Thugs and poisoners, and its citizens, to a man, were—and most of them are still—devout believers in the grossest species of sorcery. We mention this to show that the singular School of Industry we are to describe set out with no peculiar advantages of locality.

The grand difficulty that was at first found in the suppression of Thuggee, arose from the vast extent of the territory it pervaded, and the want of local courts for the special cognisance of that gigantic crime. Such tribunals were at length formed in the capital cities of various native princes, with our Residents for their judges; while at Jubbulpoor, Colonel Sleeman established himself, in 1836, as chief superintendent of the whole. Thanks to the energy of this meritorious officer, murder was now no longer permitted to traverse the country unchecked. Upwards of a thousand Thug families were apprehended, and sent in to Jubbulpoor for trial; and as everything is on a great scale in India, it was no uncommon thing to see in a single morning fifteen, twenty, even twenty-five, of these wretches swinging upon the gallows. The consequence of this virtually humane severity was, that the whole race was seized with a panic; the gangs separated and fled; their individual members, of course, found their occupation gone; and in a space of time wonderfully short, a system that had been for hundreds of years rooted in habit and religion was broken up and destroyed.

But all the convicts could not be hanged, and many were found useful as approvers in obtaining the conviction of the rest, as they were captured from time to time. Of these there had collected at Jubbulpoor, in the year 1837, 450 men with their wives and families, who resided during the day in a walled village in the neighbourhood built on purpose for their reception, while at night the men were locked up in the jails of the town. Each family, according to size, received from four to eight shillings a-month for its support; but as the mouths increased in number, this grew more and more inadequate, and the children were sent out by their parents to work, beg, pilfer, or forage for themselves in anyway they thought proper. Colonel Sleeman saw that this system could not go on. As the children grew up, their wants would be greater, and their will stronger, and the convict village would turn out to be a nursery of crime. Under these circumstances, he suggested to his able and energetic assistant, Lieutenant Brown, the necessity of their attempting to introduce habits of industry among the convicts and their families.

Lieutenant Brown set to work with his customary alacrity, and erected a few sheds near his own house, where he induced about two hundred of the approvers themselves to repair, for the purpose of working at some common manufacture. These men, however, had never in their lives tried their hands at anything but murder, and such work as they were now set to did not come kindly to them. Their reward was to be the profit on the articles manufactured; but the manufacture was so bad, and the profit, in consequence, so small, that the labourers became first discontented, then disgusted, and then enraged, at their having condescended to anything at once so mean and unprofitable as regular industry. One day, in order to make an end of the business, they set fire to the whole plant, and burned it to the ground. Here they had reckoned, however, without their host, Lieutenant Brown; for the circumstance only made him the more determined and peremptory. He turned out the whole village morning and evening for six hours, to make bricks sufficient for a shed eighty feet by forty; and having completed the building, he borrowed L.50 from the government to roof it in. The lieutenant himself, however, had to attend to his magisterial and other duties from ten till five o'clock; and the native guards were useless in superintendence, as they stood in the most abject awe of their desperate prisoners, and allowed them to work or play just as they pleased. He applied, therefore, for an overseer, and obtained, in 1840, the services of a Mr Williams, a daring and indefatigable officer, who kept four hundred desperadoes at work from seven A.M. till five P.M., thrashing with his own hands the idle and refractory. Under this discipline, the convicts were able in two years to spin hemp, weave common carpeting, make coarse towels, door-mats, &c. all of which were sold at Jubbulpoor and the surrounding stations.

It was now considered advisable to make an attempt with the children; and the approvers were informed that all who chose might bring their sons to the factory, who would be taught a trade, and receive a monthly stipend. Not one appeared. It was the idea of the parents that the real object of the government was to make their children Christians; and although they, the prisoners, must work under compulsion, they were determined to place their offspring, who were free, under no such suspicious subjection. Mr Williams at length offered, as a premium to such parents as should comply, the privilege of sleeping in the village, instead of being locked up in the jail at night; and the consequence was, that twenty boys appeared at the factory the next morning, and one hundred more within a week. The latter, however, were rejected; for Mr Williams had become uneasy at the idea of leaving so many desperate men together in a village guarded by only four sentries. It was necessary to proceed by degrees, and let the *ci-devant* Thugs feel their way to the comparative freedom of the village.

The first twenty boys were taught the manufacture of Brussels carpeting by an expert weaver from Mirzapore, and in three months were able to go on without their master. Another score of boys were then admitted; and in six months there were in all fifty boys, under ten years of age, busily employed in carpet-weaving. But although such a luxury as Brussels carpets might employ fifty boys even in India, it could not afford occupation for hundreds; the overseer, therefore, constructed another shed similar to the one

built by Lieutenant Brown, and set more approvers and boys to the manufacture of cotton cloth. And cotton cloth they did manufacture to a considerable extent; but unluckily, when they came to sell it, they found the long cloths of another hemisphere offered in the bazaar at two shillings for six yards, while for the same money they could not afford more than seven of their own, as coarse as dowlas. This now, of course, remained unsaleable. 'Read this, men of Manchester!' says our correspondent. 'In the valley of the Nerbudda, where cotton is cheaper than in any part of India, and where labour is the cheapest in the world—being six shillings a month for weavers who will work with an Indian loom twelve hours a day—in that valley you can sell cheaper cloth than is produced at our very doors, although, to say nothing of the sea voyage of so many thousand miles, you have to bring your manufacture 800 miles inland, and pay duty on it four times after it has left Calcutta!'

What was to be done? The cloth must be used—the work must go on. It was suggested by the overseer to turn the stuff into tents; and although these had hitherto been supposed to require expert workmen, no one now saw a difficulty in teaching the Thugs anything. Expert workmen were brought from Futtyghur; and in twelve months, 100 people were employed in making tents, stamping the chintzes for lining, turning the poles, making carpets, ropes, and a score of other articles indispensable for a Bengal tent. From the year 1840 to 1847, this establishment has increased tenfold: it has now upwards of twenty large workshops, built in good style by the Thugs themselves; and among the hands are 150 boys, most of whom earn more than ordinary workmen in the town. The original 450 murderers by birth and profession who have thus been brought into habits of industry, are represented as exhibiting every appearance of contentment and comfort; their children are growing up respectable members of the new form of society of which they are a part; their wives keep their houses and village clean, and add to the family funds by spinning thread at their leisure hours, which is purchased at the factory. The wages paid to them average L.80 a month; and the goods sold exceed L.300 a month. In fine, the paltry outlay of the government has been already returned, and the establishment supports itself.

We have but one more trait to add to this cheering picture. The question is no longer how to induce the attendance of the children at the factory; but, on the contrary, the advantages derivable from *permission* to do so are so manifest, that the superintendent is able to make a condition with their parents. The condition is, that the children attend a school provided for them, and learn to read and write before being admitted to work! Notwithstanding all this growing prosperity, our readers will be surprised to hear that Mr Williams has as yet no assistant but a single native clerk to keep the accounts of the establishment. This would be incredible to those who are not aware of the wild extravagance of the Company in matters of show and bloodshed, and the miserable per centage on their princely revenue which they devote to the purposes of education and national progress. There are various persons in this country, however, who have an opportunity, as our correspondent suggests, of assisting the solitary overseer, and in a way perhaps conducive to the gratification of their own tastes. Models, for instance, of such simple machines as would assist him in his labours would be all-important to him: such as a brick-and-tile-making machine, a common windmill, or a warping-mill.

In the account already referred to of the Dundee School of Industry, we gave some details of the previous habits of the objects of the institution; but a picture of the same kind in the present case, besides being infinitely more painful, would have no compensating utility, referring, as it would do, to a state of society so widely different from our own. Still, with reference to the above history of their reform, we must say enough to dispossess our readers of the idea, if any of them have formed it, that the Thugs were mere ignorant and brutal wretches, who murdered from an innate ferocity of character. On the contrary, their worst crimes were tinged with a sort of wild feeling of religion. In the establishment at Jubbulpoor they are never unwilling to relate their adventures, asserting that they were themselves but blind instruments of a higher power, sent into the world for the purpose of punishing such objects of Divine wrath as were delivered into their hands. Our correspondent states that the approvers in question were supposed to have murdered, collectively, 25,000 persons by strangulation; but he must mean, we presume, that this was the number of the victims of the gangs to which these individuals belonged. The patience, perseverance, and ingenuity they are now exercising in the arts of civilised life, receive a remarkable illustration from the following anecdote related by Colonel Sleeman himself:—

'A stout Mogul officer, of noble bearing and singularly handsome countenance, on his way from the Punjaub to Oude, crossed the Ganges at Gurmuktesur Ghat, near Meeruth, to pass through Moradabad and Bareilly. He was mounted on a fine Turkee horse, and attended by his khidmutgar (butler) and groom. Soon after crossing the river, he fell in with a small party of well-dressed and modest-looking men, going the same road. They accosted him in a respectful manner, and attempted to enter into conversation with him. He had heard of Thugs, and told them to be off. They smiled at his idle suspicions, and tried to remove them; but all in vain: the Mogul was determined: they saw his nostrils swelling with indignation, took their leave, and followed slowly. The next morning he overtook the same number of men, but of a different appearance, all Mussulmans. They accosted him in the same respectful manner; talked of the danger of the road, and the necessity of their keeping together, and taking advantage of the protection of any mounted gentleman that happened to be going the same way. The Mogul officer said not a word in reply, resolved to have no companions on the road. They persisted: his nostrils began again to swell, and putting his hand to his sword, he bade them all be off, or he would have their heads from their shoulders. He had a bow and quiver full of arrows over his shoulders, a brace of loaded pistols in his waistbelt, and a sword by his side, and was altogether a very formidable-looking cavalier. In the evening, another party, that lodged in the same surae, became very intimate with the butler and groom. They were going the same road; and as the Mogul overtook them in the morning, they made their bows respectfully, and began to enter into conversation with their two friends the groom and the butler, who were coming up behind. The Mogul's nostrils began again to swell, and he bade the strangers be off. The groom and butler interceded; for their master was a grave, sedate man, and they wanted companions. All would not do; and the strangers fell in the rear. The next day, when they had got to the middle of an extensive and uninhabited plain, the Mogul in advance, and his two servants a few hundred yards behind, he came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans sitting weeping by the side of a dead companion. They were soldiers from Lahore, on their way to Lucknow, worn down by fatigue, in their anxiety to see their wives and children once more, after a long and painful service. Their companion, the hope and prop of his family, had sunk under the fatigue, and they had made a grave for him; but they were poor unlettered men, and unable to repeat the funeral service from the holy Koran: would his highness but perform this last office for them, he would no doubt find his reward in this world and the next. The Mogul dismounted; the body had been placed in its proper position, with its head towards Mecca. A carpet was spread; the Mogul took off his bow and quiver, then his pistols and sword, and placed them on the ground near the body; called for water, and washed his feet, hands, and face, that he

might not pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down, and began to repeat the funeral service in a clear, loud voice. Two of the poor soldiers knelt by him, one on each side, in silence. The other four went off a few paces, to beg that the butler and groom would not come so near as to interrupt the good Samaritan at his devotions. All being ready, one of the four, in a low under-tone, gave the *shirnee* (signal); the handkerchiefs were thrown over their necks, and in a few minutes all three—the Mogul and his servants—were dead, and lying in the grave in the usual manner—the head of one at the feet of the one below him. All the parties they had met on the road belonged to a gang of Jumaldehee Thugs, of the kingdom of Oude. In despair of being able to win the Mogul's confidence in the usual way, and determined to have the money and jewels which they knew he carried with him, they had adopted this plan of disarming him; dug the grave by the side of the road, in the open plain, and made a handsome young Mussulman of the party the dead soldier. The Mogul being a very stout man, died almost without a struggle, as is usually the case with such, and his two servants made no resistance.'

In conclusion, we must permit ourselves to express the pleasure we feel in having had an opportunity of recording in these pages the names of the individuals who have been the proximate agents in bringing about so happy a moral revolution. We have strong hope that the good work will spread, and that the government of India will at length be awakened more fully to a sense of its duty, and even to a sense of the glory it may acquire—if glory be its object—by following up the bloodless triumphs of peace and humanity.

THE OLD MAID FROM PRINCIPLE.

'Let him deny himself.'

'Cousin Lucy, when will you tell me why you are not married? You often promised to tell me when I was a little older. I am now nearly sixteen: is not that old enough?'

'Yes, love,' replied the mild-eyed Cousin Lucy; 'you are, I think, old enough, and thoughtful enough, to apply my tale to useful purpose; so I will defer it no longer. Let us go to my favourite seat under the fir-trees, and we can then watch the sun set, while you listen to the old maid's prosy story. Come, the shadows are stretching nearly across the lawn, and I have the history of a life to relate.'

The fir-trees crowned the brow of a gentle western declivity, along which ran the miniature moat and palisades which formed the boundary of the pleasant garden. The slope below was rich with waving corn, mellowing in the breath of a warm July. Farther still, the 'hedgerow elms' were here gathered into majestic groups, and there stretched away in long irregular lines, enclosing fields of every hue, presented by a rich country in high cultivation. There was the bright tender green where the young grass was springing up after the hay harvest, the duskier shade of the pastures, the yellow barley, the feathery oats, and the sombre bean-field, all studded here and there with patches of the brilliant scarlet poppy. Bounding the prospect on the right might be seen a portion of the park-like meadow belonging to the house, dotted with enormous oaks and beeches; while on the extreme left lay a wide extent of moorland, glowing with flowering gorse and heath flowers. The rich landscape swept away, diversified by an occasional village spire, a mass of darker wood, the picturesque gable of some old farmhouse, or the silvery windings of a small river, and was terminated by a chain of lofty hills, towards which the sun was just sinking in a blaze of golden and crimson light. The 'smell of dairy farms' mingled with the thousand luscious perfumes that hang about the air of a summer evening; and the ear was soothed by the cooing of the wood pigeons, the tinkling of sheep bells from the heath, the evening song of the blackbird, and the ceaseless murmur of a hidden brook. A rustic bench of unbarked wood extended beneath the ancient firs, and on this Cousin Lucy and her youthful auditor sat for a while, watching in silence the sunset changes of the gorgeous landscape.

Now Cousin Lucy was by no means the venerable personage she seemed to think herself. She was not forty, and looked considerably younger; her complexion was pale and clear; her figure slight and graceful; and although the usual expression of her face, and her fine full eyes, was thoughtful almost to sadness, a sweet bright smile was ever ready to light them up as she witnessed the enjoyment of those around her.

'There is no romance in my narrative,' she began, after a pause, 'so you must not expect any stirring incidents, flitting ghosts, or mysterious warnings. I have had my trials, it is true; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that my life has been much more useful, and far happier, than it would have been had I not borne them with a patient spirit.'

'Well,' exclaimed Margaret, 'it is a comfort to know at the beginning that, whatever troubles and miseries you describe, it will all end happily at last.'

'Not according to the sense you generally give to those words, my wilding,' responded her cousin, caressing the young girl's redundant tresses; 'since that implies that the lovers are married, and live happily all the rest of their lives. My story, remember, is an answer to the question, Why am I an old maid?'

'Yet you seem happy?'

'Nay, I know not seems: I am happy: and there is no happiness equal to that which is inspired by the consciousness of having acted rightly. But your question reminds me that I must begin my story, or night will overtake us before it is ended. You must know that my mother died when I was quite an infant. She had had many children, but of the whole number, only the eldest and the youngest grew up to womanhood. Now pray observe how many circumstances, arising chiefly from ignorance, conspired to bring my poor mother to her grave at the age of twenty-seven. She was naturally delicate, and this delicacy was increased by a boarding-school education, where the confined polluted air, the want of exercise, the tight stiff stays, and the unceasing mental exertion, completed the destruction of the little vigour she once possessed. Nevertheless, like a forced flower, she flourished precociously for a time. At sixteen, she was a woman in appearance and manners; and she had only left school a few months, when she married a man as ignorant as herself of the grave error they were committing. Within a year, she gave birth to a daughter. Six years more passed away, each being marked by the birth of a child. I was the last, and, with the exception of my eldest sister, the only one who survived the age of eighteen. All the others sunk under some form of consumption, that fell disease to which my mother had a strong constitutional bias. Shortly after my birth, she, too, showed symptoms of this disorder, and in a few months she was laid beside her children.'

'Ah, then, I see why you would not marry: you feared that all *your* children might die of consumption?'

'Exactly. But I was not so fortunate as to learn my danger at your early years. In my young days, such subjects as physiology, or anything relating to it, were scouted, even by those who professed liberality, as quite unnecessary, if not improper, in female education. And so, for the want of the merest elementary knowledge of these important sciences, mothers, with the best intentions, bound up their daughters' figures in unyielding web and whalebone, compressed their lungs, distorted their spines, impeded the action of their hearts, shut them safely up from the free breath of nature, taught them assiduously every fashionable accomplishment and every artificial grace, but would have fainted at the vulgarity of a morning run over a breezy hill, had common sense ventured to propose such a remedy for the poor creatures' pallid cheeks and wasting forms. And as for reflecting on the effect this false system must

have on their children's children, that of course they never did. Women did not often reflect at that time, except upon the characters of their neighbours. It has often struck me as a singular anomaly, that we calculate the extent of land or the amount of money we shall bequeath to our offspring, but never bestow a thought on the *health* they will inherit from us!

'Well, ignorance of such matters was prevalent when my sister, then about eighteen, married a young man of good family, but no wiser than herself. My father rejoiced at the unexceptionable match, and pleased himself with flattering visions of her future welfare. In short, everything seemed to me to smile upon their union, until one evening I happened to overhear a conversation that made a strong impression upon me, though I did not understand it till some years after. Our medical friend, Dr Winter, who had been on the continent for several months, and had only heard of my sister's marriage on the day of his return, was chatting with Miss Rumball, the clergyman's sister, and another lady—the wedding of course being the staple of their discourse.

"It is a great pity," said the doctor with a deep sigh; "her mother died of consumption, and I understand that his family is not free from the same malady. They ought on no account to have married. The children will pay the penalty."

"But there may not be any, you know, doctor," interposed one of the ladies (*not* Miss Rumball, for she, I remember, kept her eyes fixed on the point of her toe, and looked excessively shocked); "there are many happy marriages without children."

'Miss Rumball here cast a horrified glance first at me and then at them. Mrs Bland stopped short; the doctor shrugged his shoulders, and walked away. I could not imagine why Miss Rumball had checked them, as if they were saying something which it was improper for me to hear; so I stood behind the window-curtain (not very creditable, you will say; and I hope you will not suspect I should do so *now*), that I might hear the remarks of the two ladies when the doctor was gone.

"Singular man!" said Mrs Bland, who was a warm-hearted, weak-headed matron; "now, for my part, I can see no possible objection to the match; there are youth, wealth, and beauty on both sides."

"Oh, I've no patience!" exclaimed Miss Rumball, indignantly whisking the crumbs off her black silk dress; "it is *dreadful*, it is *dis-gust-ing*, to hear human beings with immortal souls talked of in that way!—actually brought down to the level of the brutes that perish! Dr Winter ought to have been a horse-dealer, or something of that sort, and then he'd have been in his proper element. One would really think, to hear him talk, that there were different kinds of human beings, just as there are of cattle and such things."

"Why, I've heard him say," replied Mrs Bland, "that if we took half as much care to improve our own race as we do to improve our horses and sheep, the doctors would be obliged to turn farmers."

"Pray, my dear friend, don't repeat such things to me. The man is low."

"He is rather indelicate sometimes," said the other, urbanely siding with indignant virtue; "but then he's such a clever creature, one must make allowances for his odd little ways."

"Oh, clever! I've no patience!" exclaimed Miss Rumball.

'For many an hour afterwards did I puzzle my little brain to make out what they had been talking about; but, as I said before, the interpretation came at last. Six years passed away. My dear sister was blessed, as we thought it, with four sweet children—little fairies, like living lilies and roses; but her own health was delicate. But suddenly my whole attention was engrossed by a new object; and the consequences, a new and powerful feeling. This object was a cousin, a nephew of my mother. He was about twenty-two years of age, intellectual, accomplished—in short, a perfect gentleman. He was the only survivor of a large family, and had lived from infancy with his widowed mother in the mildest regions of Italy. Important business at length compelled them to come to England, and it was then that Henry Goring paid his first visit to our quiet home.

'I sometimes smile, and sometimes weep, but oftener both together, when I think how very happy I was for two months after his arrival. Every object seemed to glow with radiant colours; the perfume of the commonest flowers became intoxicating; all the sounds and sights of nature spoke a new and delightful language. Music was—ah, I must not attempt to describe what music was! A strain that was familiar then, and is mixed up, as it were, with the dream-like recollections of that delightful time, will sometimes return, and wander through my brain for days and nights together, and then I sadly live over again my former happiness. But that is enough. One day you will know by experience how delightfully such moons as these roll by.

'As yet, no word had been said of our attachment. We had looked into each other's eyes, and read our souls there; and we might have gone on in the same way for two months more, had not Henry been summoned to London upon the business that had brought him from Italy. This drew matters to a crisis. It was just such a lovely evening as this when he first spoke to me of his attachment. It was agreed between us that he should speak to my father the next morning. He did so; and all seemed propitious to our wishes, for my father gave a cordial consent. Another day of bliss, almost too intense for endurance, and then came my first sorrow—the departure of my lover for one whole wearisome week. Well might Moore sing—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!"

The first-love of a girl who knows that she loves worthily—the sacred halo which her pure thoughts cast around her ardent feelings—all make of that epoch in life a veritable foretaste of heaven.

'My approaching marriage soon became the talk of the little town. Everybody said what a good match it was. Miss Rumball was quite oracular on the subject; but Dr Winter called upon my father, with a book under his arm, and after being closeted with him for nearly two hours, went away, leaving the book behind him. I met him in the hall: he stopped, looked earnestly at me for a moment; then his eyes filled with tears, and he passed on without speaking. I felt as if under the influence of a coming nightmare. I could do nothing but wander about the house and gardens, visiting again and again the spots that were rendered sacred by some association with my beloved Henry; and cherishing but one definite idea throughout all the chaos of my feelings, and that was, a firm resolve that no power on earth should prevent my fulfilling the promise I had given him.

'My father remained in his study the whole day. The meals passed away without his appearing; and as I crept up stairs to bed, I saw, by a ray of light streaming through the keyhole, that he was still watching. The vague sense of approaching evil still hung over me; and as I laid my aching head upon my pillow, the words which I had heard Dr Winter utter respecting my sister's marriage rushed upon my memory, giving to this foreboding a shape of formless yet ghastly terrors. My dream of happiness was at an end!

'You may imagine I did not sleep much that night. In the morning, I hastened down, anxious to see my father. He was in the breakfast room, and a glance at his soiled dress and disordered hair showed that he had been up all night. I even thought I could detect the traces of tears on his pale and haggard cheeks. He looked at me as I entered, and then turned away with an expression of keen suffering on his face. In the midst of my agitation, that look made me think of Jephtha and his daughter. He was evidently striving to arrange his words and ideas to open some painful

subject, when it occurred to me that, by speaking first, on the clue of my suspicions, I might spare him the agony of plunging a dagger into his poor child's happy heart, and rudely destroying all her air-built castles.

'It is now twenty years since this happened; but I remember the whole scene as vividly as though it had taken place but yesterday. I hung upon my father's neck, and said in as firm a voice as I could command, "Father, I am prepared to bear anything you may have to tell me, even though it were that I must break my engagement with Henry Goring—provided," I added, "that I am convinced it is a duty."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, clasping me to his heart; "and thank you too, my beloved child, for sparing me the trial I so much dreaded. I could not have hoped for this fortitude in one so young. My poor Lucy!" and as he said this he held back my face to look at me, "it is a severe trial for you, and one that ought not to have been imposed upon you; but how could I teach you that which I knew not myself? Read this book carefully. Had I been acquainted with it before I married, I should have avoided committing two grievous errors. Your noble conduct gives me the assurance that you will help me to prevent another. May God in heaven bless and reward you!" And so we parted at the untouched breakfast table.

'With a despairing calmness I shut myself up with that terrible volume, whose pages seemed to be inscribed with my death-warrant. For a while I felt prompted to blind myself to its warnings, and rush madly to the enjoyment of a brief summer-day of happiness. But calmer reason, and my father's solemn words, prevailed, and I sat down to its perusal. You shall read that book yourself one of these days: it is sufficient for me now to tell you that it explains the laws governing the transmission of qualities, mental and bodily, from parent to child; the immense amount of suffering and disease with which the world is filled in consequence of the frequent disregard of these laws; and how fearfully the sins of those who marry with a strong taint of hereditary disease are visited upon their children, even to the third and fourth generation. I now understood Miss Rumball's outcry against Dr Winter's indelicacy. She was a good sort of person, but too narrow-minded to perceive that prudery is in general far more indelicate than philosophy.

'Well, love, I must not now stand shivering on the brink of resolution, as I did when the light of that calmly-reasoned book was clearing away the mists which had made the valley of the shadow of death look like a paradise. As I read on, I saw clearly the position in which I was placed. The very affection, so ardent, so buoyant in its youthful energy, which I bore to my lover, was enlisted to oppose my marriage with him; for what true love would doom its object to the misery of seeing all his dearest ones sinking into an early tomb? Such at least was not my love; and seeing my path of duty thus strongly marked out before me, I resolved unflinchingly to follow it. But there was something more to be done. He, too, was deeply tainted with the same fell disease, and must therefore be convinced that marriage was forbidden to him. My own grief was nearly forgotten when I thought of this. Could I have borne the burden alone, it would have been comparatively light; but he must share it, and that indeed was bitter. To teach him to love me as a friend—to behold him happily married to some one who might marry—to train up his children, and rejoice over their health and beauty—this would have been to me a dear delight; but, alas! the ban was upon him likewise, and bound us both in the same dreary fate. All that was left me, as I now thought, was sternly to pluck out every hope of happiness from both our hearts, and make the best preparation for the early grave that yawned at our feet.

'I could fill a volume with the thoughts and emotions that passed through my mind during those few hours, but such a recital would be useless. It is enough, that when the sharp conflict was over, and my resolution firmly bent to perform the hard task assigned to me, I felt a degree of tranquil composure that surprised myself, and which arose from a lofty faith that so great a sacrifice to truth and justice would not be made in vain.

'I went into my father's study, to concert with him the best means of breaking the subject to Henry. He was dreadfully agitated, but my calmness communicated itself to him; and when I saw that, it stimulated me to still greater efforts of self-control. He appeared astonished and delighted; and the fervent blessing he called down upon me, mingled with praises of what he called my heroic fortitude, reflected back upon me the consolation I had inspired. This was the first fruits of the faith that sustained me.

'It was agreed that I should not write to Henry immediately, but await the arrival of his next letter, which would give me time to deliberate. Sorrow seldom comes alone: while expecting this letter, we received a summons to my sister's bedside, as her illness had taken an alarming character. Her husband had carried her to Torquay soon after Henry's first arrival, and thither we followed them.

'A description of her illness would add nothing to the usefulness of my narrative, so I will not burden your young mind with it. She died a fortnight after our arrival. There is, however, one painful circumstance which I shall relate, because it bears directly on the principle I am endeavouring to enforce. This was my poor father's sorrow. He saw his daughter die, and that was grief enough; but it was trifling compared with the remorse that gnawed his soul at having first, by his imprudent marriage, inflicted upon her the enfeebled existence which could not stand the ordinary trials of a mother's life; and having then allowed her to commit the same error, by which her life was probably shortened, and her fatal malady transmitted to her four innocent children. It was no alleviation that he had acted in ignorance; he continually repeated that "he *ought* to have known it." The only drop of comfort in this bitter cup was derived from my patient submission to my own sorrow. To the hour of his death, he never knew what were my real sufferings; for I fortunately possess a good share of self-control, which enabled me to appear more calm than I felt. He did not see the paroxysms of agony which at times prostrated all my energy. They did not last long, however, and became daily of less frequent occurrence, for the resignation which I affected soon began to assume a real existence. I may praise myself at this distance of time, just as old ladies are permitted to boast of their youthful charms, because I have now nothing to do with disinterestedness, heroism, or anything, in fact, but taking care of my own little self, and doing such atoms of service to my fellow-creatures as chance may throw in my way. Then life appeared to me a blank—dull, hopeless, soulless. I was immolated on the altar of unrelenting justice, a sinless but unresisting victim; for the sentence was as distinct as it was righteous, and I could not wish to evade my doom. Gradually a serener mood came over me. First of all, my father required my every care: he would sit for hours plunged in melancholy reverie; and Dr Winter, a wise student of human nature, excited me to redoubled exertions, by awakening fears concerning his mental health—knowing that the surest means of drawing me from my own grief was to engross my attention with some external object. Under our united care, my father slowly regained his tranquillity; but he had sustained a shock from which he never wholly recovered.

'I had received one letter from Henry Goring, to which I had answered briefly, informing him of my sister's death. This sad event was also an excuse for leaving long unanswered that which he sent in reply, full of gentle and affectionate condolence, but not a word of our expected marriage. But the work was to

be done, and delay seemed but to magnify the evil. By Dr Winter's advice, I wrote at first vaguely, hinting that our marriage might be deferred longer than we had anticipated, but without assigning any reason. By return came his answer, assuring me that he would not press our union until my grief had quite subsided. I thought he had not taken the alarm as we intended he should do; but then followed these words in a postscript—"On reading your letter again, my mind misgives me. Surely there can be no other reason than your late bereavement for any delay of our marriage? For mercy's sake do not speak to me in riddles, but write immediately, and explain." I did write as he wished, intreating him to read the fatal book, and, divesting himself as much as possible of the trammels of passion, to submit implicitly to the dictates of right and justice.

'On the evening of the following day, as I sat by my father's sofa, watching the first sound sleep which he had enjoyed for many a weary day and night, the door opened hastily, and Henry entered. I suppressed with difficulty the scream that was bursting from my lips, and rising quietly, with a gesture of silence, I took his hand and led him into the garden.

"Have you read the book?" was my first question.

"I have," he replied.

"Then," said I, "you know what must be our resolution."

'Alas! I had judged too hastily. Either his feelings were stronger than mine, or he was less in the habit of controlling them. I was terrified at the storm my words aroused. The wildest expressions of love were mingled with anger, despair, bitter reproaches, jealousy, vengeance on those who had instigated me to such unnatural conduct: he was indeed shaken by a tornado of all violent emotions. He even declared, poor fellow, that changed affection was the real cause, and that the book and its arguments were only a subterfuge to get rid of him. Very, very dearly and truly did I love him, so you must not be surprised that, unaided and weak as I was, my resolution began to quail. Still I argued, I intreated, I wept; and he did the same, yielding at times to fearful paroxysms of passion. Dreading the effects of such powerful excitement upon his delicate lungs, I strove to calm him; and was about to give him a promise to reconsider my resolve, when his voice became suddenly husky and stifled, a deadly paleness displaced the brilliant flush upon his cheeks, he staggered, and fell upon a garden seat, near which we had been standing. Believing that he had fainted, I raised his head, when I felt my hand covered with the hot blood that was gushing from his mouth. He had broken a blood-vessel.

'I dared not scream, lest I should arouse my father, whose reason might be wholly unseated by the spectacle that poor Henry then presented. I dared not leave him while I ran to the house; but I supported him in my arms, and looked wildly round for help; and help was at hand. Dr Winter had caught a glimpse of Henry's face as he rushed through the town in a postchaise, and had followed immediately, to sustain me by his presence and advice, or to be at hand in case of such an accident as had actually happened. He quickly summoned the servants, who, under his direction, removed the poor invalid to the bed which he had occupied a few weeks before in apparent health.

'You may be sure that every imaginable care was lavished upon him that affection and skill could suggest; but I saw from the first that Dr Winter entertained little hope. The intelligence was broken with the utmost care to my father, whose greatest anxiety was on my account; but when he saw me no less tranquil than before (paler, my glass had told me, I could not be), he resigned himself patiently to this new affliction.

'It was now the commencement of autumn; during that season, and the following winter and spring, I was a constant attendant upon Henry Goring. His mother shared with me the duties of nursing him. At first, she treated me with great coldness, I might almost say harshness, because she thought I had sacrificed her son's life and happiness to a fantastic and unnatural whim. But when Henry himself, calmed by suffering, at last recognised the rectitude of my conduct, her manner completely changed, and she became as kind as she had before been stern. At the beginning of the spring our patient seemed to rally; but Dr Winter warned me not to be deluded by appearances. Again he sunk; again his mother thought she read returning health in the bright hectic flush; and yet again was she compelled to own that her hopes had been illusory. Amid all these apparent variations, the insidious enemy silently continued its ravages, and ere the spring was quite gone, my poor Henry slept in his grave. He died; and (mark this, dear Margaret, for it has been my consolation during all the years that have since elapsed) his last words were a blessing on me for clinging to the right.

'I bore his loss with comparative patience, for sorrow had become my familiar companion; and thenceforth I devoted myself wholly to promoting my father's comfort. When he died, which was about six years ago, I became, at the invitation of your kind parents, a member of your family. And here I am still, you see; living very happily, and prepared, but not watching, for death; rendering what services I can to my fellow-creatures, and thereby securing constant pleasure to myself; fearless as to the future, careful of the present, and, above all—and oh, Margaret, think, think, think of this—free from remorse for the past! And now, do you at last understand,' continued Cousin Lucy with a gentle smile gleaming through a tear that did not fall, 'why I am an old maid?'

'I do, dear cousin; but may I ask you one or two questions? Will it be painful to you to say something more?'

'Certainly not. It must always be a sad, but can never be a painful subject. Ask as many questions as you like; my object would be ill attained if you did not perfectly understand all that I have said.'

'I think I understand it all; but I wish to know if you did not feel as though you had been the cause of poor Mr Goring's accident? I think *I* should.'

'In the first burst of grief I did; but I was soon convinced that I had done right, and that left no room for self-reproach.'

'And yet you must have been very miserable when you reflected that you could never have a kind husband, or loving children to comfort you: you who are so fond of children too?'

'For that very reason, how much more miserable should I have been to see those children blighted in their youth; or, dying myself, to know that I left behind me unfortunate beings whom I had endowed with mortal disease! With what tranquillity could I meet death, knowing that my life had been injurious to the world—that I had spread contamination throughout unborn generations—that by my deliberate and premeditated guilt, incurred from intensely selfish motives, I had increased, to the utmost of my power, the mass of human misery? Is not my present lonely life preferable to this?'

'A thousand times!' exclaimed Margaret; 'as your poor sister must have felt. What became of her children?'

'By very great care, they were reared to the age of man and womanhood; and then, one by one, they dropped off, and now all are dead.'

'To what can you attribute your own exemption from this dreadful disease?'

'In the first place, to my having been brought up from my earliest infancy in a very healthful farmhouse; and secondly, to the incessant watch which I keep over my health, thanks to the judicious advice of Dr Winter. In short, to avoid being thrown a sickly burden upon my friends, my existence is one continued course of self-denial. Am I invited to a ball (and you know that I am

so sometimes, old maid though I be), I consider whether it would be wiser to go and enjoy myself very much, but at the risk of late hours, heated rooms, cold currents of air, the temptations of dancing, ices, and so on; or to stay quietly at home, read, work, or chat, content with my biscuit and glass of negus, and go to bed at ten as usual? In the same manner I reduce everything to this question—Which is the wiser? Not from any great love for life, but from a desire to preserve my independence as long as possible. It is, indeed, a duty incumbent on every member of society to preserve his health in the best possible state, for an unhealthy member is a burden instead of a support to the community. Think of this when a little spice of vanity prompts you to wear a pair of pretty thin shoes in dubious weather, instead of less sightly but more substantial old friends. "If I *do* catch cold," whispers vanity, "that will hurt nobody but myself." But vanity would mislead you, as she generally does those who listen to her; and pass over in silence the trouble which an illness would entail upon your family. *You* would be nursed and petted, while not one other person in the house would be exempt from care and anxiety on your account.'

'Thank you, dear Lucy. I have often sinned in that respect quite thoughtlessly, but I will take care to do so no more.'

'If you act up to that resolution, Margaret, I shall see that my warning tale has not been given in vain. But come, the sun has just set, and I must not wait for the night dews; thereby, like too many teachers, spoiling a good precept with a bad example.'

THE ART-UNION JOURNAL.

Among the various periodicals which are now endeavouring to carry out objects of social improvement, we know of none likely to be more useful than the 'Art-Union Monthly Journal,'* a work devoted to the promotion of taste in the arts, and consequently to the refinement of the feelings. Too long has Great Britain hung back in morbid indifference to the *beautiful*, whether as directed to the eye or ear; and her suitable reward she has found in a people more sunk in sensual gratification than those of any other country in Europe. But all this, we are glad to think, is now in course of amendment. A taste for the elegant in art is no longer presumed to be incompatible with either religion or morals, but is known to be a powerful auxiliary to both: it is at least felt that a man is not the worse for surrounding himself with objects of refinement, instead of those that have no association with the higher sentiments.

While we are in a transition state from semi-barbarous to cultivated feelings, the 'Art-Union Journal' appropriately makes its appearance, and aspires to act as a monitor and guide. We do not presume to say that so noble an enterprise might not have been undertaken by persons more competent than Mr S. C. Hall; but we are certain that none could have entered on it with a more enthusiastic love of art, or a stronger desire to fulfil, in truth and honesty, the professed purposes of the work. Assisted by his gifted lady, who throws over the pages of the 'Art-Union' the charm of her agreeable fictions, Mr Hall has been fortunate in being the first to carry out to a successful issue a periodical production purely artistic in character; nor has this success been undeserved. We have before us a work literally overflowing with embellishment—engravings of some of the finest modern pictures, and highly-finished cuts in wood of things the most novel and tasteful in the useful arts; the whole designed to educate the eye, and lead to higher aspirations after physical and moral beauty. In the letterpress, a variety of observations occur calculated to rouse attention to subjects connected with art, and in particular to improve the forms of numerous articles of manufacture: to cabinetmakers, ornamental iron-founders, glassmakers, potters, jewellers, &c. the 'Art-Union' will therefore prove a valuable counsellor and welcome visitor. Already we see evidences of the prodigious advance which has taken place in nearly all branches of art to which the ornamental can be applied; and we would only hint to young men, that they must now look to something more than mere imitation for a name, or even moderate success in their career.

In an article on the 'Prospects of British Art,' in the number for January, the following passages occur:—'In the whole history of the species, we doubt whether there has been anything comparable to the improvement of England within the last century—so many admirable inventions, so many applications of these inventions, such a progress of general cultivation, such an intellectual estimate of its individual advantages and of its moral power! We do not, however, say that this has not been accompanied with great evils. A large amount of capital has been employed, with increased ingenuity, to minister to the wants of increased refinement: this, which has ever a tendency to crowd men together in cities, has not hitherto had a beneficial effect. The arts have been separated from design; men have worked as machines; the pattern was imported and pirated by competition. The truth is, men have laboured without instruction, amid a caste without education. This is, happily, now undergoing a gradual change. Education, adopted upon a good system, will soon, we trust, induce habits of foresight and self-control, restrain the improvidence and profligacy of the idle hour of the artisan, raise him in his own respect, and make those arts which are mostly dependent upon intellectual and moral refinement the chief source of his pleasures.' As to the immediate prospects of art, 'Government has openly and liberally admitted its claim to public support. This concession is made, too, at a time when the education of the people is held binding as a public duty. Thus education and the arts will act and react, refine and elevate each other; it signifies but little how intellectual beauty is perceived (moral truth is only another form of this); once communicated, it must inspire aversion for everything vile and specious, which becomes thus a social guarantee, almost as effective as well-considered principles. As knowledge also enables us to see things in their causes and their consequences, so does genius; whether in literature or art, by operating upon these as a spiritual sense, enhance, vary, and gracefully combine them, until they become the silent monitors of the conscience and of the will. That, also, which genius discovers, is a possession for ever; for great truths, once admitted, remain the inheritance of generations. Thus permanency is added to principle. Of this, moreover, governments may be assured, that to develop, encourage, and employ the talent of a nation, is the best guarantee not only for public morals, but political good.'

Stepping down from this heroic altitude, our next extract will be from an article in the August number, on the adornment of houses with works of art. At present, there is much incongruity in domestic ornament, which the writer hopes to dispel. 'It is only natural to consider that, on entering a mansion, the first appearance should be one of simplicity, gradually leading the eye with increasing delight through the inferior apartments and staircases to the drawing-room, where the principal luxuries of art and ornamentation should be assembled.

'Thus a principle becomes established; and so it appears to be pretty generally carried out in our noblest abodes, unless interfered with by the architectural arrangements of the interior. It is upon such examples that it is safest to found some rules for our guidance in houses of lesser pretensions; and purely in the hope that the subject may engage the attention of others, who will communicate their views to the public, the few following remarks are thrown out for consideration.

'In the entrance-hall statues are appropriate, or busts upon consoles. If pictures are added, they ought to be

* London: Chapman and Hall. In monthly numbers, quarto.

adapted to the sizes of the spaces left unoccupied by doorways, and if inserted in the panelling, would form a continuation of architectural divisions; besides, they give an appearance of greater space than if hung in frames. In town-houses, allegorical or mythological figure-subjects are the most suitable. For country-houses, hunting pieces, fruit and game subjects, or whole-length portraits. Religious compositions are wholly out of place in entrance-halls.

'The dining-room, being dedicated to festivity, should have analogous subjects: bright landscapes, of good dimensions, are cheering. A superb example of this taste exists at Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, where the panels are filled by large Italian landscapes, painted by C. Stanfield, R. A. The cheering, joyous effect of this decoration must be seen to be appreciated. There is another class of pictures which, with refined taste and love of literature, becomes appropriate—as the portraits of distinguished persons, either sovereigns, warriors, or men distinguished for acquirements which reflect honour on themselves or their country. To dine in the imposing presence of great "celebrities," is not without its influence on the grateful repast: it is adding the luxuries of mind to the lower gratifications of the table. The dining-parlour at Northwick Park, the seat of Lord Northwick, is an example that may be cited for the superb Vandykes by which it is decorated.

'Staircases are not generally suitable for pictures; but sculpture, bronzes, *bassi relievi*, and vases, may ornament with propriety this common channel of communication. If pictures are there placed, they have the appearance of being discarded from the apartments, or thrust out of the way.

'The library, being occupied by books, offers little accommodation for the fine arts; but portraits of literary persons or divines appear suitable, and miniatures may be here disposed with advantage, as well as small and elaborate pictures or drawings of high quality.

'The next portion of an abode is that of the greatest consequence—being the drawing-room.

'It is generally considered that here profusion may be tolerated in articles which pass under the denomination of *vertu*. The elegances of rare porcelain, chasings, enamels, and objects adorned with gems, carvings in ivory, sculptures in alabaster, are all admissible according to the present received ideas. Pictures, too, so long rejected, are now considered as suitably placed in drawing-rooms. The subjects here appropriate are of two classes—either works of the highest character, or those of subjects only which are of elegant and chaste design. In the first class are, however, included the low *genre* subjects of the old Dutch school—the occupations of peasants, sometimes vulgar, or cattle pieces in farmyards, and similar scenes—such as persons of refinement do not seek to witness as living realities. The wonderful talent with which the great masters invested these ordinary transcripts of common nature, makes them coveted as drawing-room distinctions. Of the other class, where this great attainment of skill has no existence, the admissible subjects for drawing-room decoration are the classic, the elegant, the poetic, the sylvan, and the pastoral. Fine prints, framed, may advantageously contribute to the cheerfulness of bedrooms and dressing-rooms.'

The writer recommends that the mechanism for hanging pictures should not be seen. This we would improve upon, by greatly altering the mode of picture-framing. A mass of gold frame is oppressive to the eye, and in bad taste. Pictures of a fine kind might advantageously be let into panels in the walls; but this infers structural alteration in the dwellings. We merely offer the suggestion for consideration.

In the number for May, we observe a smart article on the scenery of the stage. This is a good subject. The greater number of theatres in England do not trouble themselves very much about new scenery. In twenty different pieces may be seen the same everlasting street, forest, castle, and interior. Occasionally, in the principal theatres, new scenes are painted, but are only sufficient to excite a desire for greater liberality in this department of art. Hear what is done in Italy and France. 'In Italy, the scenery of an opera or ballet is of equal importance to the composition. It is always new to the new pieces: if the opera or ballet fail, the scenery is totally obliterated. By these means a succession of original subjects analogous to the piece are constantly presented, and contribute to the general efficiency by boldness of design, and a close approach to the enchanting luxuries of the *beau ideal*. In execution, they differ materially from the careful finish of the Parisian stage, being as strongly imbued with poetic invention as their ancient school of painting, and executed with the same grandeur and massive idea. At the theatre of La Scala alone, upwards of one hundred and twenty new scenes are painted annually; and of such interest are these decorations in that classic land of art, that as regularly as a new operatic performance succeeds on the stage, so does a series of engravings appear contemporaneously with the publication of the music, delineating the scenery which has contributed to the triumph and embellishment of the musical composition. These prints, which are scarcely known in England, comprise designs of the highest magnificence, without the slightest violation of the grammar of practical art. Thus the twin sisters of music and painting are linked together, and the names of Perego, Sanquirico, and Tranquillo, who have carried the scenery of the lyric drama to the extreme limits of artistic quality, are as much honoured and caressed in their native climes as any of the illustrious composers of the chosen land of song.

'The scenery of the French stage is of a completely opposite character to that of Italy, being most elaborately worked and studied in the minutest details. Authentic authorities are investigated, to insure the truth of the most unimportant adjunct; and in completion, the scenes of the French stage are so many orthodox works, seldom soaring into the ideal, but forming perfect pictures of the subjects displayed. The visitors to the French metropolis will find plenty of artistic instruction in admiring the scenes painted by Ciceri, Cambon, and Zarra: those of the newly-erected Théâtre de Montpensier are by the latter. On the past incongruities and anachronisms of our own stage it were superfluous to dilate: the past may be forgotten, hoping the future is pregnant with better things for a higher object. That it is capable of becoming the facile medium of instruction to a race thirsting for knowledge, cannot be doubted, or of imparting sound information on the theories and capabilities of art; thus supplying the stepping-stone to a just, true, and wholesome understanding of its value.'

The 'Art-Union' is acknowledged to have done some good service by exposing on divers occasions the tricks of picture-dealers, who have lost all sense of decency in palming off, at high prices, trashy productions as the works of the great masters. We observe that the editor keeps up a shockingly uncomfortable series of exposures of these worthies, and that they no longer find it an easy matter to get up sales of their wares. Driven in a great measure from public auctions, and having even little chance with shop-windows, the picture-riggers, as they are called, have had the impudence to try to find purchasers in the trustees of the National Gallery. This comes out in a late report laid before parliament. 'There are many curious features in the report, not the least amusing of which will be found to be the vast number of pictures offered to the trustees for purchase by persons of no condition in life, but mere jobbers and brokers in the species of picture-ware we have so often denounced as vamped-up trash, for the unworthy purposes of deception. Mr Eastlake must have had a very sickening task to view and report on this mass of rubbish, and perhaps, but for his judgment and unflinching integrity, the fine works we already possess would have

been grossly contaminated by bad neighbours on the walls. We may congratulate ourselves on escaping from these numerous traps with only a mock "Holbein;" and although it is certainly not a "Holbein," it has many points to recommend it as a good work of the early period it represents: this has never yet been questioned; it is only the pecuniary value which has been impugned—600 guineas. We intend to give an analysis of some of the individuals who have been thus ardent in thrusting their pictures on the trustees; and some curious anecdotes of these "gems of art" will amuse the reader who is not behind the scene. We know of one picture offered by a man, a foreigner, which has since found its way to the stores of a pawnbroker for ten shillings; and another has, on the pressure of the disappointment, been offered for two sovereigns and an old coat.'

INTERMENTS IN LONDON.

From a statement made by Mr G. A. Walker, well known for his writings on intermural burials, we gather the following particulars:—'There are 132 parochial graveyards in London; of these only 48 were confined to the proper limit of 136 bodies to the acre; the rest exhibited various degrees of saturation, from 200 to 3000 bodies to the acre annually. In St Andrew's Undershaft, the average per acre was 1278; Portugal Street burying-ground, 1021; St Dunstan's, Fleet Street, 1182; St Dunstan's-in-the-East, 1210; St John's, Clerkenwell, 3073; St Mary-at-Hill, 1159; St Olave, Tooley Street, 1257; St Swithin's, Tooley Street, 1760. Turning from parish ground to dissenting burial-places, the following were the results:—Wickliffe Chapel, Stepney, 1210; Enon Chapel, Woolwich, 1080; Parker, Dockhead, Woolwich, 1613; Moorfields, 1210; Cannon Street Road, 1109; and lastly, New Bunhillfields was distinguished by an average of 2323. It was humiliating to think that a parish ground—St John's, Clerkenwell—stood at the head of these unchristian nuisances, pestiferous in every respect, because, when a proportion of 3073 were annually interred on an acre of land, it followed that the bodies could only remain in the ground five months instead of ten years. Hence the stacking of coffins in deep pits, the brutal dismemberment of bodies, the consumption of coffin wood in many localities, the danger to mourners from attending such places; the insidious infection which, especially in the warm season, poisons the atmosphere, and by undermining health, or begetting disease, hurried thousands to an untimely end, again to become the subjects of fresh indignities, the centre of infection to survivors, and the distributors of pestilential emanations.' What admirable reasons for leaving the metropolis out of the late Health of Towns Bill!

HEALTHINESS OF CRICKET.

Within the last two years, it has been in the knowledge of the author that there are many clergymen in different parts of the kingdom who have been endeavouring to cultivate cricket in their respective localities, from a conviction, in common with himself, that a vast moral good is to be achieved by a general introduction of the game amongst all classes. It prevents any addiction to intoxication, because those who wish to excel, must, to a certain extent, if not entirely, eschew excess. Its characteristics, too, are the cultivation of a fine healthy and athletic exercise in the open air; a commingling, as he has often before stated, of all grades, the one with the other; combined also with the knowledge, that if a man desires to stand well either as an operator in the game or with his superiors, his habits must be regular and steady, and his conduct and demeanour respectful and proper. There is nothing so good as to let a man discover, by mixing with his betters in the common pastimes of his country, with those to whom he ought to look up, that course of conduct which it is best for him to pursue. The author has known many instances where the dissolute have, by being allowed to meet their pastor and the gentlemen of their neighbourhood at cricket, become excellent members of society. He has known those who, instead of attending to religious worship, have, on the contrary, spent most, if not the whole of a Sunday, in a public-house, turn from their ways, and become regular recipients of religious instruction by a constant occupation of a seat in their parish church. He has known men whose dispositions have, from untoward circumstances, been of a wavering character, as between honesty and dishonesty, by being permitted to mingle with those above them in point of wealth and station, become fixed in the former. Surely, then, the clergyman who adopts such a course as shall lead to the accomplishment of these objects, does no more than perform one portion of the duty of his sacred calling? Teach a man, however uneducated, by association, example, and kindness, what is expected of him, and what his real duties are; let him mix with men of education on a proper footing—and the association in a national game like cricket is one of the first—and his natural perception will very quickly point out to him what those duties are.—*Denison's Cricketer's Companion.*

LABOUR.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now—
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labour all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field—
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labour long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
And half the weary night,
Who labour for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right—
Although ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labour—all who strive—
Ye wield a lofty power:
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.

A DESIRABLE NEIGHBOUR.

'Mother wants to know if you wont please to lend her a preserving kettle, 'cause as how she wants to preserve?' 'We would with pleasure, boy; but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she *preserved* it so effectually, that we have never seen it since.' 'Well, you needn't be so sarsy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it; and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, only we see'd you bringing home a new one!'—*American paper.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 198. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1847. Price 1½d.

A HIGHLANDER OF THE LAST AGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD.'

In a small house near one of the numerous pretty villages scattered along the sea-shore on the coast of Devonshire, there had lived for many years back a retired general officer, of some note in his profession. He had served from very early youth almost by the side of our Great Captain—beginning his career in India, fighting through the battles of the Peninsula, and resting with the army of occupation before Cambrai. He had passed a lifetime in the field. He had gained laurels, medals, orders, a knighthood, and a pension—a moderate pension for several severe wounds—which addition to his half-pay enabled him to pass the decline of his bachelor days in the tranquillity which suited his disposition. Time glided quietly on with him towards the end he appeared neither to wish for nor to dread. He had a small society of brother officers within his reach, which he mixed with occasionally. He paid a yearly visit to London in the spring, enjoyed a few weeks of his club, showed himself at a levée, and returned to his country life all the cheerfuller for this short intercourse with the busy world. He had the look of a happy man, although his habits were solitary. He lived much alone, rode or walked alone, often spending hours on the sea-shore alone, pacing up and down some unfrequented stretch of sands in a sort of reverie, or standing quite erect to gaze upon the waves, with his hands, in one of which he held a stick, crossed behind him. His manner was invariably self-possessed, calm, and not ungraceful, though his speech betrayed at times the peculiarity of accent never thoroughly got rid of by the Celtic tongue, and which appeared always more remarkable as he became animated in conversation. He seemed to have no relations, and no friends but his military companions. He never alluded to any but his campaigning days; nor would a trace of his childhood's home have ever been recovered, had not a small bundle of letters, left, with other papers, to the discretion of his executors, been found after his death in a curious old wooden box, that had evidently seen much travel. His extreme reserve on the subject of his early life makes it probable that he had forgotten these notices of it, or had intended to destroy them; but as they contained nothing discreditable to the fame of any concerned in their production, the following memoir has been compiled from them, as an interesting reminiscence of a class of our countrymen now 'passed away.'

Lieutenant-general Sir Hector Macneil, we will call him, was the eldest of a fine family of children, born and bred on a small farm in the Highlands. His father, who had served with distinction in the German wars, though a Glasgow merchant's son, quitted the army, when only a lieutenant, to settle on a property he had inherited, a wadset of a hundred acres, on the extensive estates of a noble chief whose distant relation he then married. On this humble portion of a barren soil he established himself while yet in the prime of life, content with the quiet happiness the cultivation of his land insured to him. His wife, in addition to her gentle blood, brought him a fair portion in a large green chest, which it took nearly half-a-dozen sturdy Highlanders to lift from the dray it had been carried on. She had herself helped to fill it; for having had this marriage for some years in contemplation, her wheel in the long winter evenings had not been idle; and the result of her labours, added to her mother's thrift, had provided her with a far from contemptible plenishing. She had passed the season of giddy youth, and both bride and bridegroom being of active habits, well acquainted with the business of a farm, as it was understood in their times, the lieutenant and his wife began the world together with very comfortable feelings, backed by the regular arrival of his half-pay. Their house was rather a good one for the age: it had an attic storey, which, though low in the roof, gave four decent bedrooms to people of such simple manners. They themselves occupied a room upon the ground-floor, to the right hand of the passage on entering the house. To the left was the kitchen, and behind, on either side the staircase, was the best parlour and the strangers' room. To judge of the attics from the appearance of the more carefully-furnished ground-floor, they must have been little incumbered with movables. The best bedroom contained only a four-post wagon-roofed bedstead, with red checked curtains, a home-made rug by its side, a deal table, a wash-hand stand, two mahogany chairs, the seats covered with horse hair, and a print of the Countess of Coventry, whom the lieutenant had somewhere seen in the course of his military experience, and been so struck with, as to possess himself of this portrait of the beauty of his day. The print had hung in his own room during his bachelor life, but his wife disapproved of its situation, and removed it to a 'higher sphere.' The best parlour had a carpet reaching to the front legs of the closely-set chairs, ranged round the walls, two of which had stepped out of the ranks to accommodate the best bedroom. A long mahogany table was placed under the window; a square mahogany table stood in the middle of the room; and there was a cupboard, with glass doors to the upper shelves of it, revealing how rich they were in glass and china. In their own room, as they principally lived there, there was a box bed, closed during the day. The few books they had were ranged upon a hanging shelf; two swords were crossed over the fireplace; the green chest stood against the wall; a small bureau near the window sufficed for the keeping of the goodman's accounts; while a great display of clews of yarn, fixed on nails

over the green chest, a small table with her knitting, and a little wheel in the corner, proved the industry of the goodwife. In this room was served the neat tea breakfast, of which they alone partook. Here was laid the slight supper, followed by the 'tumbler,' out of which the lieutenant spared his wife a wine glass, after all the house had gone to rest. Here the children read their 'chapter,' and received their lectures for misconduct; and here sometimes, when their mother's heart was soft, they were regaled with a treat beyond the common from the large closet adjoining the box bed.

The kitchen, where the family lived, where the meals were prepared and eaten, and where all the various works were done, had a door almost in every side of it —one opening into a large dairy, another into a sort of scullery or back kitchen, another into the yard. There was a wide hanging chimney, from within which depended a set of strong pot-hooks, and where a bright peat fire blazed the whole year round. The room contained a well-filled dresser, a meal girnel, a large and a small table, pots and pans, and tubs and cogs, a reel, a muckle wheel, several small wheels, a bread tray, a girdle, forms, creepies, a chair or two, and, fastened against the wall, numberless articles required in the family business, or the result of the family industry. The two servant-maids, and one old trustworthy man, had their assigned places in this general rendezvous; the other out-of-door servants lived with the ploughman in a divot hut near at hand, among the rest of the offices, which were set down here and there, as if by chance, without any regard to the economy of time or space, or any attention to the keeping of them in the background. Underneath his own window Mr Macneil had laid out a flower-plot, which he had pleasure in attending to himself. He had a good vegetable garden close by, through a corner of which ran a rapid burn, overhung by weeping birch. The ground being unequal, and a few rocky stones checking the stream just as it left the garden, he had managed to carry part of the water through a long spout projecting over the highest of these, and thus formed a natural douche bath, beneath which he every morning placed himself, to alleviate the pain of a rheumatic shoulder, the consequence of wet bivouacs. The little burn, wandering lazily on, as if wearied by this fretful interruption, expanded as it left the garden into a wide but shallow pool, beneath an alder tree; which change in its habits the goodwife had taken advantage of, there to erect the posts where swung her copper, gipsy fashion, for her washing. A row of beehives faced the south, at the upper end of the garden, the profits of which—not small, under such careful management—they let accumulate, to form the fund from whence their boys were to be outfitted. The situation of the house had been curiously chosen—so near a wild mountain river, as to be within reach of its sudden overflow, an accident that happened frequently, and gave an air of desolation to the few acres immediately around, as the stones, and sand, and other wrack brought down by the water lay scattered over the ground in unsightly profusion. But the little stream itself was picturesque in its windings, the high banks opposite were richly wooded, and the cultivated plain, which stretched far away behind the farm-steading, towards the distant amphitheatre of fantastically-shaped gray mountains, contrasted agreeably with the rougher foreground.

The habits of the family were simple even for the period. They rose early, laboured hard all day, and retired early to rest. All without was supposed to be under the direction of the goodman, while the goodwife reigned supreme within, keeping every key, and not only directing all the various works, but assisting in their execution, and occasionally extending her watchful eye beyond her own particular limits, to where matters not especially under her control might not have gone on quite so prosperously without her. The children, of whom there were a round half-dozen, breakfasted with the servants in the kitchen, though at a separate table; and often was the authoritative voice of Mrs Macneil heard of a morning, before she began the preparations for her own tea breakfast, calling out to her maid to 'put on the porridge for the pigs and the bairns.' At the noontide dinner she herself presided, as she always partook of the meal served at that time. In winter, it was almost invariably broth or kail, or beef brose the day after a bit of corned meat had been boiled, with potatoes. In summer, sowens, curds, mashed potatoes with milk, or oaten bread and cheese, were preferred to stronger food, particularly as the goodman never came home at this hour. With a bannock in his pocket, he remained abroad till evening, when at the family supper time—a meal which was a sort of second or slighter edition of the dinner—the best the house afforded was prepared for him, and served to him in the family room. In his homespun, home-dyed suit of dingy blue, Mr Macneil braved all weathers. The small cocked bonnet feared no showers, the gray ribbed worsted stockings, of his wife's good knitting, rendered him indifferent to the wet his ill-dressed brogues hardly protected his feet from. In summer, he often wore the little kilt, with bright scarlet hose, bound below the knee by a smart fringed garter; the plaid was flung across his shoulders at all seasons, except when made quite a wrap of during the severity of the winter. He often put his hand to his own work, though his busy wife sometimes reproved him for the gentlemanly indolence of his management. She showed no lady-like feelings of this nature herself, being eternally employed in directing all around her. She had the children and the servants up betimes. She kept the servants as busy as herself, and the children all fully occupied till it was time to start them for the school.

On their return home, she still found plenty to set them about; and for her maids, in the intervals of their more active labours there were the wheels at hand, so that not an idle moment passed; and the work was never done, for every season had its appointed task. In the winter, the spinning and the knitting went briskly on; a certain quantity, about the utmost that active hands could do, being required by her from her maids and her daughters weekly. In the spring, the yarn was dyed: there were mixings, and boilings, and rinsings, and dryings, one effect of which was, to keep the goodman long a-field superintending the ploughmen, for he seldom lingered much in the house during the progress of these chemical mysteries. Then came the blanket-washing, when such piles of comfort issued from beds and chests, as covered nearly a quarter of a mile of paling when they were hung out to dry. In summer, she had the yearly clearing of her napery—no small stock, for it was ever added to, and very carefully *hained*. The sheep-shearing, calf-rearing, butter and cheese-making, the bleaching of the linen webs returned from the weaver, kept the household busy till the harvest-time, after which the labours of the year began again. The goodwife set a bright example to her family; for she did not spare herself. She managed the dairy entirely, creaming the cogs, and making the butter, and breaking the curd for the cheese with her own hands. She also clear-starched her own high caps, ironed the shirts, and put the finishing strokes to almost all that every one else began. She moved slowly about the house in a linsey-woolsey gown of her own spinning, shot with two bright colours of her own dying; a shawl pinned over her handkerchief, a full white apron, and a large bunch of big bright keys fastened to her side. The close mutch over her braided hair in the mornings, was replaced towards noon by a high-crowned muslin cap covering a thicker, and between them she wore a gay ribbon bound about the head just above the lace-border. She was reckoned a good wife, and mother, and mistress, and to keep a full and hospitable house—the large closet in the useful room never being found empty. Cakes of oatmeal, scones of flour or barley-meal, good cheese, good butter, and some simple preserved fruits, were never wanting in it, with

bowls of rich cream from her full dairy, and bottles of various cordials—whisky plain, and whisky spiced, and whisky sweetened. Visitors on intimate terms were shown, without ceremony, by the mistress of this humble household into her ordinary living room, where the refreshments always offered were at hand. Those of higher degree passed on to the best parlour, there to wait for the bareheaded, barefooted maid in her blue flannel petticoat, and her white neatly-frilled bedgown, with her tray; for to meet without both eating and drinking, was unheard of in those days in the Highlands. And it was not a mere taste of cake and wine—a mere form of civility—it was good honest hunger well satisfied, the visitor having generally made a journey of some miles. It was a matter of duty with the host to partake of every article offered, even to the cordials, which had also to be tasted with every fresh arrival. Mrs Macneil carried her scrupulous adherence to these ceremonies of the olden time so far, that, in presenting powdered sugar and whisky, which was then much the fashion with the ladies, she invariably took the first spoonful out of the glass herself—a real relic of the barbarous ages, as the same spoon served all. Guests of their own degree often remained to a late dinner, when, if there were only gentlemen—which indeed mostly happened, as the Highland ladies seldom left their homes—the goodwife saw little more of them, her part being behind the scenes, to keep the punch-bowls going till long after they had better have been filled no more. It was rather a thickly-inhabited part of the country, full of half-pay officers and small lairds, and one or two retired merchants, at that time of day but little thought of, with one great house only, within a very large circuit of miles, the noble residence of the chief, to whom Mrs Macneil was distantly related.

Castle Fruich was a large building of gray stone, very irregularly constructed, surrounded by a perfect town of small houses and offices, placed on a wide moor, sheltered by a few very formal plantations, of what has been till lately called by the name of the Scotch fir; although its miserable appearance beside the natural forests of black pine, stretching in their grave beauty far up some of the more sheltered glens, might have shown to any observing eye how misnamed had been the interloper. A fine background of mountains relieved in some degree the uninteresting nature of the home scenery, and extensive shrubberies added a cheerful look to the immediate precincts of the castle. The laird of the clan Fruich passed the greater part of the year in this his bleak residence, keeping open house during the whole of the summer and autumn, and generally surrounding himself at all times with a constant variety of guests. He lived plainly in the hospitable manner befitting his station, his board being most plentifully provided, and the ever-changing company of all degrees being welcomed with unfailing cordiality. There was no attempt to encourage a select society. It was no mark of high caste to dine at the castle. Every one felt entitled to a place there, in a country where, however poor individual means might be, every man considered himself born a gentleman. The company consisted for the most part of the clan, all bearing the same surname with their chief, and repeating so constantly among them the one or two Christian names in favour with their race, that they could never have been distinguished but for the prevailing custom of conferring a sort of title on these far-spreading members of one family, each man being commonly known by the name of the place he lived at, whether it were his own, or merely a wadset, or even but his rented farm. And as in larger communities, so there was in this, degrees of rank perfectly recognised, although never offensively paraded. There were branches to the clan—cadets of the great house, gifted in far back times with such lands as they could keep or take, who had risen to independence, though they gloried in acknowledging the source from whence they had sprung. In their turn they had similarly provided for scions of their own stock; and thus in time the name spread wide over the wild country they had settled in, descending even to those who laboured for their daily bread, though these, in general, had rather been adopted into the clan, when fleeing from justice or injustice in some other. All, however, felt themselves links of the one great chain which connected the least among them with their chief. When associating in his baronial hall, each fell into his own place easily, thus keeping up the manner of perfect equality, while, in reality, there was a wide difference between those whose station was below 'the salt' and the 'yellow drawing-room' section of the company, who entered the banqueting-room, and retired with Lady Margaret, the laird's high-bred lady, none of the miscellaneous remainder offering to attend upon her unless specially invited. Mr Macneil held a sort of middle rank amongst this assemblage. His commission, his manners, his wife's good birth, placed him above his wadset; but his known mercantile descent, and his very humble means, reduced him again in the scale of Highland society; so that he owed it to his sound common sense that he was a frequent invited guest at the castle.

As the lieutenant's sons grew up, they occasionally accompanied their father on these visits. They were ushered into what was to them the 'world,' with no further preparation than the donning of their Sunday suit; and they took their places in it with that simple composure born with the Highlanders. Their mother, indeed, had not omitted to inform them of their claim to a seat at their great relation's table; for she had her full share of pride, and she had given a due proportion to her sons of this failing of her age, instilling at the same time into their young minds firm moral feelings, worthy of the race from which she had descended. She was a woman of high principles, accurately discriminating between right and wrong, and never compromising the matter between them; yet, shrewd and active, she had always all her senses about her. After her household thrift, the one aim and end of her existence was the advancement in life of her children. She had hitherto well done her part as a good Highland wife and mother. She had gathered gear, kept all hands busy, advised her husband, nursed the babies, given habits of industry and obedience both to sons and daughters, with the best instruction within her reach. She had now to push her family on; and for this purpose, as regarded her sons, she looked to her chief for assistance, not as a favour, but as a right, for he well knew that they were his blood relations. It was the custom of the times for the great to keep their patronage, like their charity, at home among their own connexions and dependents, on whom, indeed, no act of kindness was spared when occasion offered for its being exercised. The laird, therefore, made little difficulty about obliging his cousin. Labour of any sort being utterly distasteful to the spirit of these children of the mountains, the army was then the refuge of all the unemployed—'to serve' being the sole ambition of the young Highlanders. And as commissions were easily obtained in that warlike period, when any man of influence asked for them, the lieutenant's eldest son had not long to wait before he saw himself gazetted. He passed the interim principally at the castle, Lady Margaret, out of regard to the parents, condescending to aid in fashioning the manners of the son. It was a happy novitiate for the future knight. With well-bred companions of his own age and sex, the days sped rapidly on in the pursuit of those active sports which still occupy the higher ranks during a Highland autumn, and were then almost the principal employment of all classes; while the fair daughters of the house, accomplished far beyond his simple ideas of female merit, gaily contributed to the cheerful passing of the evenings. Whether these influences altogether worked for good as to the young soldier's future happiness, however much they might elevate his feelings, is almost doubtful; for broken hints were scattered among the earlier letters, from which rather a melancholy romance of real life

could, with a little ingenuity, have been woven. But whatever may have been his youthful dream, his manhood was none the less vigorous for its indulgence. Bravely and honourably he won his way, well supporting, throughout his prosperous career, the character of a gentleman. With no education beyond the mere rudiments of such knowledge as he could acquire at the parish school, his manners formed only by the principles of rectitude, and the habits of application he had imbibed at home very slightly polished by a few months of intercourse with more refined society, Hector Macneil prepared to enter life without one feeling of timidity. Strong in the simple resolve to do his duty under every circumstance, he quitted his father's roof not without sorrow, but without fear. He had been brought up to expect this separation, to look forward to it as to a starting-point from whence his own independence was to spring, and good to result, through his means, to his family. Thus nerved by the hope of assisting those he loved, while reflecting credit on them by his own success, there was little room in his honest heart for the mere indulgence of the grief of leaving them. His courage drooped for one short moment only, when he bent before his mother for her blessing. Solemnly but calmly it was given, though the unusual paleness of her countenance betrayed something of what she felt on dismissing to the turmoil of the world her first-born. He left the north country with the chief. It was usual with the great men of those days to spend the winter frequently in the south with their families, and it was the custom for a considerable number of the clan always to attend their chief on this his progress. It was a very stately migration. There was a sort of body-guard of mounted gentlemen, with a crowd of humbler retainers on foot. The escort fell off as the great man travelled, till, towards the close of his journey, when he left the hills to enter upon the plains, only a few of his most intimate friends remained to take leave of him. At this point the lieutenant and his son parted. Calm, yet sorrowful, the old man retraced his steps to his humble mountain home. The young man moved on with equal steadiness to the fulfilment of his destiny. That they ever met again, is at the best uncertain; as among the papers alluded to there is no evidence of the fortunate soldier ever having revisited the Highlands.

NEW FACTS IN ASTRONOMY.

A WORK has just been published which reminds one of some of the achievements of the early ages of literature, when an enthusiastic and patient philosopher found a patron equally zealous, and devoted many years of his life to the accomplishment of a single object. We refer to Sir John Herschel's work*—the title of which is given below—and to the manner of its publication. To quote the author's words:—'To the munificent destination of his Grace the late Duke of Northumberland of a large sum in aid of its publication, it owes its appearance as a single and separate work, instead of a series of unconnected memoirs, scattered over the volumes of academical bodies.' Greatly to his honour, the present duke has completely carried out the intentions of his predecessor, who died before the volume was finished.

A simple enumeration of the contents of the book—a large quarto—will serve to convey some slight idea of its great scientific value. The observations comprise those of the southern nebulæ, double stars of the southern hemisphere; astrometry, apparent magnitudes of stars; constitution of the galaxy in the southern hemisphere; Halley's comet, with remarks on its physical condition; satellites of Saturn; and lastly, observations of the solar spots. To all this labour, and to the bringing out of the work, a period of twelve years has been devoted. The results are described in language as philosophical as it is eloquent: many passages among the scientific details of the catalogues produce an impression on the reader equal to that caused by a sublime strain of poetry. We propose to lay before our readers such portions of the work as may appear most popularly interesting.

The late Sir William Herschel made, during his life, what he called 'sweeps of the heavens,' in which, as is well known, he discovered and investigated, amongst other celestial phenomena, those presented by nebulæ. The results of these researches were published in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society;' but about the year 1825, Sir John Herschel proposed to re-examine the whole of his father's work, and spent eight years in the survey, which extended over 2306 nebulæ and clusters of stars, 525 of which were described for the first time; and in addition, the places of 3000 or 4000 double stars determined. In this re-examination Sir J. Herschel made use of his father's twenty-feet reflector, over the manipulation of which, and the process of polishing the mirrors, he obtained a complete mastery. Afterwards, in obedience to an impulse arising out of the absorbing nature of the pursuit, he resolved on making a survey of the southern hemisphere, for the purpose of instituting comparisons with the northern. In pursuance of this object, as many readers are aware, he embarked with his apparatus for the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived in January 1834. Having found a suitable residence, bearing the name of Feldhuysen or Feldhausen, about six miles from Cape Town, in the direction of Wynberg, the instruments were fixed early in March, and ready 'to commence a regular course of sweeping.'

The hot season at the Cape—October to March—is said to afford many superb nights for observation, interrupted occasionally, however, by a wind called the 'black south-easter,' which attaches a black belt of clouds to the mountain, and stretches it over a large surface of the sky. At other times the air is so disturbed by the intense heat of the arid sandy plains, that distinct vision is impossible. 'Even in the hottest season, however, nights of admirable definition occur, especially looking southwards. But what is not a little remarkable, in the very hottest *days*, looking *northwards* over the burning tract intervening between Feldhausen and Table or Saldanha Bay, the most admirable and tranquil definition of the solar spots, and other phenomena of the sun's disk, is by no means unfrequent. In such cases, I presume the strongly-heated stratum of air incumbent on the surface of the soil, is swept off by the south-east wind blowing from False to Table Bay, before it ascends high enough to interfere with the visual ray.' 'It is, however,' we read, 'in the cooler months, from May to October inclusive, and more especially in June and July, that the finest opportunities occur for observation. The state of the air in these months, as regards definition, is habitually good, and imperfect vision is rather the exception than the rule. The best nights occur after the heavy rains which fall at this season have ceased for a day or two; and on these occasions the tranquillity of the images and sharpness of vision is such, that hardly any limit is set to magnifying power, but what the aberrations of the specula necessitate.'

A singular phenomenon was frequently observed, 'a nebulous haze,' which came on suddenly, and disappeared as rapidly; making the stars appear, while it lasted, as though surrounded by a 'nebulous photosphere of greater or less extent,' while to the naked eye the sky was perfectly clear. Similar phenomena occur in the atmosphere of England, but not with the frequency or suddenness of those at the Cape. The clouds, too, as seen from the southern extremity of Africa, are more opaque than in our latitudes: in England, astronomers not unfrequently observe the stars while veiled by a

* Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart. London: Smith and Elder. 1847.

thin stratum of cloud; but at the Cape, the clouds are too opaque for the rays of light to pass through them.

Of the star marked *n*, in the constellation Argus, and the great nebula surrounding it, we are informed that 'there is perhaps no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses—a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces (called by the old navigators "coal-sacks"), constitute the *milky way* in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo.' The number of stars in this region is immense, as many as 250 being in the field of the telescope at one time. But the great point of interest is the star *n*, which, in Halley's Catalogue, 1677, is marked as of the fourth magnitude, and in later Catalogues as of the second magnitude. 'It was on the 16th December 1837,' writes Sir John Herschel, 'that resuming the photometrical comparisons, in which, according to regular practice, the brightest stars in sight, in whatever part of the heavens, were first noticed, and arranged on a list, my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude, in a part of the heavens with which, being perfectly familiar, I was certain that no such brilliant object had before been seen. After a momentary hesitation, the natural consequence of a phenomenon so utterly unexpected, and referring to a map for its configurations with the other conspicuous stars in the neighbourhood, I became satisfied of its identity with my old acquaintance *n* Argus. Its light was, however, nearly tripled.' The star attained its maximum of brightness, when it was nearly equal to *a* of the Centaur, on the 2d January 1838, after which it faded into its former appearance. But since that period, it has again brightened so as 'to have surpassed Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre.' This was in 1843, and was noticed by observers in different parts of the world; and again, in 1845, the star passed through a similar state of fluctuating brilliance. As Sir John Herschel observes—'A strange field of speculation is opened by this phenomenon. The temporary stars heretofore recorded have all become totally extinct. Variable stars, so far as they have been carefully attended to, have exhibited periodical alternations, in some degree at least regular, of splendour and comparative obscurity. But here we have a star fitfully variable to an astonishing extent, and whose fluctuations are spread over centuries, apparently in no settled period, and with no regularity of progression. What origin can we ascribe to these sudden flashes and relapses? What conclusions are we to draw as to the comfort or habitability of a system depending for its supply of light and heat on so uncertain a source?'

Of the nebula in connection with Argus, we read that, 'It would manifestly be impossible, by verbal description, to give any just idea of the capricious forms and irregular gradations of light affected by the different branches and appendages of this nebula. Nor is it easy for language to convey a full impression of the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle it offers when viewed in a sweep, ushered in as it is by so glorious and innumerable a procession of stars, to which it forms a sort of climax, justifying expressions which, though I find them written in my journal in the excitement of the moment, would be thought extravagant if transferred to these pages. In fact, it is impossible for any one with the least spark of astronomical enthusiasm about him to pass soberly in review, with a powerful telescope, and in a fine night, that portion of the southern sky which is comprised between the sixth and thirteenth hours of right ascension, and from 146 to 149 degrees of north polar distance; such are the variety and interest of the objects he will encounter, and such the dazzling richness of the starry ground on which they are represented to his gaze.'

Instances of variability in some of the stars of the Little Bear have been detected of late years, on which Sir John Herschel writes, in a profound and suggestive strain of reasoning—'Future observation will decide whether the change which is thus proved to have taken place be of periodical recurrence. . . . Ignorant as we are, however, both of the cause of solar and stellar light, and of the conditions which may influence its amount at different times, the law of regular periodicity is one which ought not to be too hastily generalised; and at all events, there is evidence enough of slow and gradual change of lustre in many stars, since the earlier ages of astronomy, to refute all *a priori* assumption as to the possible length of the cycle of variation of any particular star. The subject is one of the utmost physical interest. The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive, as at one epoch to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation; at another, to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate, and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr Lyell's views) can be well supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which, in the immensity of time past, may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order, without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed, or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extravagance about it than the idea that the sun, by its own proper motion, may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars, as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation. Nor can it be objected that the character of a *vera causa* is wanting in such a hypothesis. Of the exciting cause of the radiant emanations from the sun and stars, we know nothing. It may consist, for aught we can tell, in vast currents of electricity traversing space (according to cosmical laws), and which, meeting in the higher regions of their atmospheres with matter properly attenuated, and otherwise disposed to electric phosphorescence, may render such matter radiant, after the manner of our own aurora borealis, under the influence of terrestrial electric streams. Or it may result from actual combustion going on in the higher regions of their atmospheres, the elements of which, so united, may be in a constant course of separation and restoration to their active state of mutual combustibility, by vital processes of extreme activity going on at their habitable surfaces, analogous to that by which vegetation on our earth separates carbonic acid (a product of combustion) into its elements, and so restores their combustibility. With specific hypotheses as to the cause of solar and sidereal light and heat, we have, however, no concern. It suffices that they must have a cause, and that this cause, inscrutable as it may be, does in several cases, and therefore may, in one more, determine the production of phenomena of the kind in question.'

Turning to that portion of the volume in which the observations of the solar spots are contained, we read that, during a part of 1836-7, a more than usual accumulation and disturbance took place in the spots on the surface of the great luminary. One of the spots, on

measurement, was found to occupy a space 'of nearly five square minutes. Now, a minute in linear dimension on the sun being 27,500 miles, and a square minute 756,000,000, we have here an area of 3,780,000,000 square miles included in one vast region of disturbance, and this requires to be increased for the effect of foreshortening. The black centre of the spot of May 25 would have allowed the globe of the earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf.' From January to March of 1837, numerous spots of most complex structure and character were formed in copious succession. During April and May the spots were fewer in number, and assumed generally a rounded appearance; in June and July they again increased; while we read that 'in August and October, so far as observed, the sun seemed to have passed into a quiescent state, the spots being few, small, and irregularly disposed.'

Sir John Herschel insists strongly upon a continuous and systematic observation of the solar spots, as the only means by which to explain the phenomena they present. 'We are naturally led to inquire for an efficient cause—for a *vis matrix*—to give rise to such enormous dynamical phenomena, for such they undoubtedly are. The efficient cause of fluctuations in our atmosphere, in terrestrial meteorology, is apparent enough; namely, external agency—the heating power of the sun. Without this, all would be tranquil enough; but in the solar meteorology we have no such extraneous source of alternate elevations and depressions of temperature, altering the specific gravity, and disturbing the equilibrium, of its atmospheric strata. The cause of such movements as we observe, and upon so immense a scale, must therefore reside within the sun itself; and it is there we must seek it.' Sir John proceeds to show that the rotation of the sun upon its own axis may be the chief cause, by producing currents of air in opposite directions, similar to our trade-winds, and with a density at the equator different from that at the poles. 'The spots, in this view of the subject,' he then pursues, 'would come to be assimilated to those regions on the earth's surface in which, for the moment, hurricanes and tornadoes prevail. The upper strata being temporarily carried downwards, displacing, by its impetus, the two strata of luminous matter beneath (which may be conceived as forming a habitually tranquil limit between the opposite, upper, and under currents), the upper of course to a greater extent than the lower; and thus wholly or partially denuding the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with vorticose motions, which, left to themselves, die away by degrees, and dissipate; with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below, as well as the remoteness from the point of action, which lies in a higher region, so that their centre (as seen in our water-spouts, which are nothing but small tornadoes) appears to retreat upwards. Now, this agrees perfectly with what is observed during the obliteration of the solar spots, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot, and disappearing after it. . . . The spots are black; the penumbra a nearly uniform half-shadow, with, however, here and there undefinable definite spaces of a second depth of shade. There is no gradual melting of the one shade into the other—spot into penumbra, penumbra into full light. The idea conveyed is more that of the successive withdrawal of veils, the partial removal of definite films, than the melting away of a mist, or the mutual dilution of gaseous media. Films of immiscible liquids having a certain cohesion, floating on a dark or transparent ocean, and liable to temporary removal by winds, would rather seem suggested by the general tenor of the appearances, though they are far from being wholly explicable by this conception, at least if any considerable degree of transparency be allowed to the luminous matter.'

The sagacity of these views is only equalled by the earnest philosophical spirit in which they are written. Such works as that just passed in review become landmarks for science, by which present and future discoverers may direct their steps. We feel much pleasure in making it known to a large circle of readers, who otherwise would never hear of its publication.

THE KING AND THE CONSUL.

It was the fortune of France, during the course of the eighteenth century, to be governed, at an interval of about ninety years, by two men who filled all Europe—shall we not rather say the world?—with their renown. One of these was Louis XIV., the descendant of a hundred kings, whose early promise of goodness was too quickly blighted by the baneful atmosphere of a brilliant and adulatory court; but who, amid his faults and errors, never ceased for a moment to be the courteous gentleman, as well as the despotic monarch. The other was Napoleon Bonaparte, who bore upon his brow the stamp of natural royalty, and who, by various qualities, won the hearts of his comrades in arms; but whose attempts at courtesy were as rare as they were unsuccessful. He found it easier to become an emperor than a gentleman; and this deficiency was felt by him more acutely than might have been expected from a man of his gigantic mind.

It was the singular fate of one woman, the Marquise de Créquy, to have been presented to both these great men, and to have been received by each of them with distinguished marks of attention. She has left behind her a brief sketch of these remarkable interviews, which we present to our readers, with the hope that it may prove interesting. Let us, however, say a few words first of the fair and distinguished writer.

Victoire de Froulay, Marquise de Créquy, was one of the most noble and witty, as well as one of the loveliest women of her day; and during the profligate reign of Louis XV., her life was so irreproachable, that the shaft of slander could find no arrow wherewith to wound her peace. At the age of ten or eleven, Victoire de Froulay accompanied her uncle, the Maréchal de Tessé, and her grandmother, the Marquise de Froulay, to St Cyr, where Mme de Maintenon was then staying; but we will give her own account of the visit.

'We stepped into the maréchal's carriage, and found ourselves on the road to St Cyr. At the end of a few minutes the equipage stops, and our laquais open the doors and let down the steps with precipitation. "It is the king," said my uncle, and we got out of the carriage leisurely; for the maréchal's people were too well trained not to have given ample notice of his majesty's approach. The king's carriage soon overtook us. It was drawn, as usual, by eight horses, and escorted by three *mousquetaires*, and as many light horse. There were two pages in front, and four behind, all of whom were clad in light-blue velvet, at that time the livery of France. Louis XIV. was alone in the carriage, and the moment he perceived us, the equipage and its escort stopped as by enchantment. His majesty let down the glass at our side, and saluted us with the most graceful courtesy. "That is the king, then," said I, with tears in my eyes—"the great king?" "You may add, the good, the unhappy king," replied the maréchal in a grave and melancholy tone.

'On arriving at St Cyr, we passed through a large apartment filled with the pages and attendants of his majesty, who was gone into the convent garden with the Bishop of Chartres and some other noblemen. Mme de Maintenon received us in a lofty chamber, wainscotted in oak, and singularly free from decorations of any kind. There were no paintings on the walls, neither was the floor of the apartment carpeted; but a small square of tapestry was placed before each of the chairs. Mme de Maintenon called me over to her, and fixing on me a look full of intelligence and sweetness, kissed me on the forehead. She then spoke to me of the high consideration in which she held my

family; and my grandmother rising soon afterwards to take leave of her, because the hour for the king's visit had arrived—"Stay, marquise, stay," said Mme de Maintenon in an earnest tone; and my grandmother readily yielded to her request.

'The monarch entered without any announcement, save that the folding-doors were all opened wide, and a gentleman-in-ordinary, who preceded his majesty by two or three minutes, approached Mme de Maintenon, making her a profound and silent obeisance, as is done to royal personages when their repast is ready. Mme de Maintenon advanced five or six steps to meet his majesty, who seemed to walk with difficulty, but nevertheless saluted her with the most graceful courtesy.

"Here is a young lady," she said, "whom I have taken the liberty to detain a while, that I might present her to the king. It is not needful that I should name her."

"I believe," replied the king, "that there is some sort of spiritual relationship* between this young lady and myself; but we are also relations after another fashion," added he, looking upon me as if he meant to congratulate me on the honour I enjoyed in being his cousin.

"I ask permission of the king that you may kiss his hand," said my grandmother with an air of solicitude, which had, however, no shade of obsequiousness about it.

'The king extended his hand with the palm downwards, as if he had presented it with the intention that I should kiss it; but a moment afterwards, he closed his hand quickly upon mine, which he deigned to press to his lips, and then he had the goodness—the exquisite politeness—or, if you will, the gallantry (for I know not how to designate his proceeding)—to place my hand gently by my side, and to detain it there long enough for me to understand that he did not choose me to offer him my intended homage.'

The same mark of distinction which had been conferred upon Mme de Créquy by Louis XIV. as an act of gentle courtesy to a child, was rendered to her eighty-five years later by Napoleon Bonaparte, as a proof of respect and veneration. But before transcribing her account of this interview, we will relate her earliest impressions of Bonaparte, when she obtained a passing glimpse of him during his boyish days.

'It was the 31st December, in the year 1780. I had gone to pass a day at Elysée Marbœuf with my invalid friend, the Marquise de Marbœuf, and was sitting tête-à-tête with that dear woman, who was drinking apple-water incessantly, and talked of nothing but coughs and colds, tubercles and inflammations, until I was wearied to death with her conversation. The servant announced some lady, who was waiting in the antechamber, and had come to wish her a happy New-Year.

"May heaven bless her, and deliver me from her visit! Tell her that I have come out to Elysée on purpose to avoid company, because I do nothing but cough from morning to night. Why should she thus pursue me to Elysée? Have I never spoken to you of this Mme Bonne-ou Mal-àparté?"

"Malàparté you call her? I rather think it is Bonaparté." And then Mme de Marbœuf began telling me how her husband had become acquainted with this family while he was governor of Corsica, and that he had procured for the husband a situation in the customs, as they were very poor, although persons of good family.

'Being thoroughly wearied of my friend's society, I proposed that Mme Bonaparte should be admitted; and accordingly there was ushered in a fine-looking woman, with a legion of ill-dressed children. Amid this covey of unfledged Corsicans, there was a little boy, whose red eyes betrayed some recent vexation, and who was making a strong effort to gulp down his tears. By way of being civil, I inquired, in a kind tone, what was the matter with her son. "*Madama*," she replied, with a loud provincial voice, "*è oun piti monstro!*"—("he is a little monster!")

* Her grandmother was the goddaughter of Louis XIV.

'Mme de Marbœuf looked quite distressed at the jargon of her visitor; but as it was rather amusing to me, I continued my inquiries until Mme Bonaparte related how she had taken her children to see the Bishop of Autun, and how this proud schoolboy had refused to kiss my lord bishop's hand, and how she had boxed his ears soundly as soon as they were outside the episcopal palace, by way of teaching him better manners for the future. "*Ma e ouna testa de fer, madama!*"—("He has an iron head, madam!") Assuredly, I will not contradict the glorious mother of the citizen Bonaparte, now that the "*piti monstro*" is become the hero of St Roche and the Pont-tourmant.'

About twenty years had elapsed since Mme de Créquy's first meeting with the Bonaparte family—years of multiplied trials to her, and of ardent activity to the 'iron-headed boy,' whose proud spirit a maternal hand had vainly endeavoured to repress. Early in the nineteenth century, she dictates to her faithful secretary, Dupont, as follows:—

'Bonaparte had returned from Egypt, and was dwelling in the palace of our kings. Talleyrand was using all his address to draw the nobility into communication with the republican government. Many of them had solicited an audience of the First Consul, in order to obtain a restitution of their sequestered forests. My cousin and heir, the Baron de Breteuil, was very desirous that I should write to Bonaparte, and with infinite repugnance I consented to do so. It is impossible either to conceive or to express the painful effort it cost me to take this step.*

'Two days afterwards, Colonel (I forget his name), aid-de-camp to the First Consul, was announced; and I behold a tall fine young man, who, on entering my drawing-room, makes three profound bows, and tells me in a most respectful tone that the First Consul desires to see me, and requests my presence at the Tuileries on the ensuing day, at two in the afternoon. This summons perplexed me. I gave for answer that I was very aged and very feeble, but that, if possible, I would wait on the First Consul at the time appointed. Having applied to the Baron de Breteuil for his advice in this perplexing juncture, he counselled me by no means to neglect the invitation of the chief of the Republic, especially as he seemed willing to restore the confiscated forests. He added, that the Princesse de Guemenée had already presented herself to Bonaparte at his request, and that, after giving her a very polite reception, he had restored to her her forfeited lands. Let me confess that curiosity in some measure swayed my decision, and it was finally settled that I should wait on General Bonaparte.

'It was the 12th of November 1800, when I was carried in a sedan chair to the Tuileries. This poor castle seemed to me sadly dilapidated. The porters landed me at the entrance of the last saloon. (I must tell you that, for lack of dresses made according to the fashion of the day, I was habited in my usual costume; that is to say, in a petticoat and short pelisse of carmelite taffety, with a mantle and hood of the same material.) The "Citoyenne Créquy" was announced, and I found myself tête-à-tête with the conqueror of the Pyramids. He looked thoughtfully at me for a moment, and then addressing me in a kind manner, "I have wished to see you, Mme la Maréchale." But quickly assuming a more imperious tone, "I have desired to see you. Are you not a hundred years old?"

"Not quite, perhaps; but I am very near it."

* Extract of a note from Mme de Créquy, relative to the letter which she had consented to write to Bonaparte. 'I will sign this letter, which I must not have the trouble to correct or to write. All the necessary formulas may be employed; but care must be taken not to use any expression which may convey the false idea of *submission* on my part; and I will not sign anything which can be at variance with sincerity or dignity of character. Therefore, let there be perfect politeness in the expressions, but no superfluous compliments. I ask for justice, not favour.'

"How old are you precisely?"

'I could scarcely forbear laughing at such an interrogation, made in so imperative a form. "Sir," replied I, smiling—in such guise, alas! as one can smile at my age; and perhaps my smile was not even perceptible to him—"I cannot tell you precisely my age. I was born in a castle of La Maine."

"Ah, yes," said he, interrupting me brusquely; "in your time the civil registers were either badly kept, or else altogether neglected." And then he resumed his interrogatories in a magisterial tone. "Where do you live?"

"In the Hôtel de Créquy."

"Ah diable! And in what quarter?"

'I could not understand this fancy to know where I resided; but am told that it is a sort of curiosity which he feels with regard to all those who approach him. It also perplexed me to know wherefore he addressed me as Mme la Maréchale; but on learning that he had bestowed equally inappropriate titles on other people, it occurs to me that he wishes perhaps to create an illusion to himself as to the date, origin, and nature of his consular authority. On learning that I resided in the Rue de Grenoble——

"Rue de Grenoble! There was a tumult in your quarter yesterday. Were you frightened? It was on account of the price of bread."

"The rioters were not numerous, and I did not trouble myself about the matter."

"There *can* be no disturbances under my government; no serious ones at least! There may be an uproar now and then; but France is not the less happy and contented. Don't let people deceive themselves; a little clamour is no proof of dissatisfaction among the people. Happiness does not go about and make a noise in the streets: a few restless spirits make a vast commotion. Is it not so?"

"Oh, assuredly; three women who set about screaming, make more noise than three thousand men who hold their peace."

"What you say, then, is very good; very good indeed, do you know?"

'And I answered him quite simply, as Colinette would have done at court, "You are very kind, sir!"

'The weather being dark and showery, with gusts of cold wind, "I am sorry to have made you come out today," said he, smiling; "the weather is arbitrary," laying an accent on the last word. "We see a relative of yours frequently."

"Who can that be?" I inquired with an air of surprise, and in as familiar a tone as that which he used. He replied it was Mme de Mirande. "I did not know we were relations! I am the Duchess of Miranda in Spain, and this perhaps has occasioned her mistake." But the First Consul looked so annoyed at the deception, that I was sorry to have said so much; for in truth I did not wish this gasconne any harm.

"You have seen Louis XIV.?" continued he in an elevated tone; "have you also seen Peter the Great, Mme la Maréchale?"

"I have not had that honour, for I was in my province when"——

"I know that you were intimate with Cardinal de Fleury; is it true that he expected to obtain the imperial crown for Louis XV.? Had Louis any chance of being emperor?"

"It was believed, general, that his success was certain, but for the bad faith of Frederick, king of Prussia, whose treachery Fleury never forgave."

"Frederick was cleverer than Fleury, but not more astute: old Fleury was a cunning one. Have you suffered much from the Revolution?" he inquired dryly.

'Believing he would be glad to escape a long list of grievances, I mentioned my losses as briefly as possible; alluding especially to the forests of Versailles and St Pol, and the wood of Valenciennes. His answer was vague; for he evidently responded to his own thoughts rather than to my words. "Madame, the desire to do good in a time of revolution is like writing upon the sand by the sea-shore; what is spared by the winds is effaced by the waves." After a moment's pause, he inquired, "Did you know Dubois and Cartouche?"

'Instead of answering a word, I looked at him with so severe an expression, that it surprises me now to think upon it. Most probably he became sensible of the impropriety of having summoned the Dowager Marquise de Créquy into his presence for the sake of asking news about Cartouche; and he smiled so naïvely, that I felt at once disarmed.

"Allow me, madame," said he, "to kiss your hand."

'I began to pull off my mitten as hastily as the occasion required. "Leave on your glove, my good mother," added he with an air of respectful solicitude; and then he pressed my poor decrepit centenary fingers firmly to his lips. He granted me the restitution of our forests with the best grace imaginable; and then spoke of the noble conduct of the Duke de Créquy Lesdiguiéres at Rome, adding, that France was wrong in allowing the destruction of this pyramid, which testified the reparation offered by Rome to her ambassador.

'Alas! what avails me this noble name of Créquy, which I shall be the last to bear; and which must very shortly be noted down for the last time in a dirty register, among the names of an undistinguished multitude!

'I have remarked in the character and conduct of Bonaparte many things which are abhorrent to me, one thing that perplexes me, and one that I approve of. It is needless to enumerate the causes of my dislike; but the motive of my approbation consists in his unconquerable perseverance. He never retreats before any opposition; and in great affairs, as well as in little ones, he who is the most resolute will infallibly succeed. As for the matter which perplexes me, if Bonaparte be indeed desirous to reign over France, the enigma may be partly solved—Wherefore does he seek so earnestly to win over to his interest the high nobility of France, who never can be of any service to him? Heirs of their unworthy sires, most of our young nobility have been educated without piety, and too early plunged into the corrupting vortex of the world: an enervated and degenerate race, they are unfit to govern. Wherefore, among the nobles who have distinguished themselves during the Revolution by ability or self-devotion, has there not been found even one of our grand seigneurs? Wherefore have they made themselves remarkable only by their disloyalty or their want of intelligence?

'I believe that the impiety and profligacy of the Regency, and of the closing years of Louis XV., have produced the dissolution of society in France; and that our country needed to be purified in a bath of her own blood. I believe that Bonaparte has been raised up to exterminate the assassins, and to dissipate revolutionary illusions. I think it very probable that his head may be turned by success; and perhaps this man of victory may so far forget the mission he has received, that his ambition may be severely chastised. Laurels are a perfect symbol; they yield shade, and nothing more.'

THE MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I HAVE lived a very wandering life. When quite a boy, I was taken from school to be consigned to the care of a near kinsman in the West Indies. In two years this gentleman died insolvent, and I tried successively several of the greater islands without finding a permanent place for my foot. I next found my way to the Spanish main, but in the company of loose and daring speculators, rather than in the regular mercantile employment for which I had been intended; and several years were passed in a course of adventure and vicissitude, many portions of which would seem too wildly improbable for romance. In the other division of the new world, I was carried by my wandering destiny along the whole of the Mexican range of coast, and passed nearly two years

in California. In the course of this time I visited several of the islands both in the North and South Pacific, and at a subsequent period hunted the sea otter, with a crew composed chiefly of Aleutian savages, in the ocean that separates Asiatic from American Russia.

All this had done nothing for me in the way of fortune. Indeed I cannot be said to have ever thought seriously of the future. Like the wild companions among whom my lot had been cast, I was satisfied with the bounties of the passing hour; spending gaily, whenever we had opportunity, the money earned at the constant risk of life and limb. But at length a circumstance occurred which made me think. When poring one day over an old newspaper in the cabin of an English ship, I observed with a surprise and incredulity—at first manifested by a fit of laughter—that the world had not altogether forgotten the poor, friendless, reckless adventurer of the Pacific. A series of unexpected deaths, as it appeared, had taken place; and the boy who had been shipped away at such early years from his home and country, in the hope of securing for him in the new world a provision, which in the old could only be the result, if it ever came at all, of the struggles of years, was now the heir of an independent property!

These particulars have nothing to do with an adventure (if it can be called an adventure) which I fell in with immediately on my return to England, and which I now sit down to sketch for the amusement of my new friends. But I give them in order to account for the wildness of certain hallucinations which beset me, and which would otherwise be considered merely an instance of bad taste, rather than traced to a habit of mind engendered by the extraordinary scenes that had formed my every-day life since the days of boyhood. Even the long homeward voyage had no effect in tranquillising my nerves; for it was a voyage of storm and other disaster, including hunger, and its frequent concomitant, mutiny. When at length the white cliffs of my country rose upon the horizon, steeped in the mellowed sunlight of these temperate latitudes, I felt an unaccustomed yearning after repose. My unquiet bosom grew calm; my wild eyes filled with tears; and I called upon the winds to swell our lagging canvas, that I might flee away and be at rest.

What a contrast was my life now about to present! What a novelty was even the physical aspect of the country about to disclose to my eyes! How should I fall in with the measured tread of that calm and orderly population of which I was to form a unit? How could I even walk steadily upon the level roads and smooth fields that awaited me? Presently, as these inquiries crowded into my mind, there mingled with my new-born longings after rest a kind of misgiving that I was not fitted for its enjoyment; and as the night began to close dark and heavy around while we were nearing the coast, I felt almost happy in the idea that another day was to dawn before I should enter upon my new course of tame, quiet, methodical, prosaic existence.

But this interval was not destined to occur. As lights rose here and there upon the dark mass before us, in clustering groups, long lines, or solitary stars, they rekindled my excitement. The voices of the land called me from a hundred points, and my heart answered to the hail. It seemed an *adventure* to plunge into that world of shadows, studded with so many gems that sparkled without illumining; and in the morning, it would be an amusement to observe into what common forms the phantasmagoria of my imagination had resolved. A conveyance, I was told by the revenue officers who boarded us, would set out in two or three hours from a neighbouring town, towards the distant part of the country which was my destination; and I suddenly determined to go on shore, and make as much progress on my journey as I could accomplish in the night.

On landing, I could form no distinct idea of the character of the country, for my vision was unable to penetrate more than a few yards around me. These few yards, however, were tame and civilised, just as I had expected; and being informed at the Customs' station that I should find the road good and direct towards the next town, I at once shouldered my knapsack—for my worldly goods were then packed in small compass—and set out on the few miles' walk. The wind was against me, and felt keener and colder than I had known it under the tropics; and by and by it came on to rain, and the drops dashed in my face as if they would have cut the skin. Altogether, my walk was somewhat uncomfortable; and although it was impossible to wander from a narrow road that was bounded on both sides by a thick hedge, blinded as I was by the rain, and confused by the gust, I found the way a little longer than I expected.

I at length reached the town. The streets were already deserted; not a sound was heard but the wind moaning through them; and as I passed between rows of lamps, of what seemed to me an unearthly brilliance, I could have supposed that I had entered some dead city of enchantment. After wandering on for a considerable distance, I at length reached an open door of what proved to be a house of entertainment; and having signified to the people what I wanted, and whither I was going, and desired to be called in time for the conveyance, I sat down to a substantial and not unwelcome meal. This was indeed rest. I was alone in the room: the house, like the street, was profoundly silent: and as the servant-woman glided in and out to attend to my requirements, she seemed afraid to disturb by voice or footfall the repose of the scene. She at length left me, signifying that I should be called 'in time to start;' and while mechanically satisfying my appetite, I gave full reins to my excursive imagination.

It was still cold, although not late in the autumn; and in order to restore the circulation to my limbs, I drank a little spirits and water. This circumstance would not be worth mentioning; but my habits being strictly temperate, I am inclined to *hope* that I may thus in some measure account for a state of mind which I should be loath to describe as delirium. However this may be, I either fell asleep after supper, or into that trance-like reverie which can hardly be distinguished from a dream. I was still roaming by the cliffs of the Pacific, through the primeval forests of America, amid the breakers of Behring's Sea. I was still searching for gold (which had at one time been my occupation) among the mountains of the south-west, and listening to the wild legends of the place, as I paused at the opening of some tomb-like cavern, said by the natives to communicate, through the bowels of the earth, with lands beyond the ocean. But my reverie had not the effect of reality. I knew at the time that it was my imagination that thought, while my judgment watched its aimless gambols with a sense of languid amusement. Ever and anon, however, England mingled in my dream. From each loftier cliff, from the summit of each wilder wave, I saw spread out in the distant sea its green and level fields, bathed in the pale sunlight of the north, and slowly traversed with methodical steps by an industrious and orderly population.

I was at length suddenly awakened from my trance by the noise of heavy footsteps, clanging doors, and calling voices; but so imperfectly awakened, that I have only a confused recollection of having been told that it was time to set out on my journey, of being flooded along the street in a hurrying crowd, and of having paid, in the midst of a scene of tumult, some money, which I understood was to be the price of my transport. I may have been partly asleep, and partly under the influence of the unaccustomed glass of spirits and water; yet, after all, this confusion of mind is perhaps not very surprising in a stranger from the wilds of the Pacific set suddenly down in the heart of a distant country, and in the midst of an entirely new form of society. But mark the sequel.

I was hardly seated in the public vehicle, when it rolled off, leaving the tumult behind in an instant. A female, in the corner opposite to mine, was the only

other passenger; and by the light of a lamp which we passed now and then in the earlier part of the journey, I saw that she was young and fair, but pale, cold, mute, and passionless as a statue. Not a trace of excitement caught from the hurry and the crowd, or the romance of a midnight journey, was on that marble brow, or in those lovely but soulless eyes. They were fixed on mine, as her head leant back, with a look which confounded me by its utter want of human sympathy; and then, having wandered for an instant over my foreign garb, and my knapsack, which lay on the seat beside me, they withdrew so coldly and lifelessly, that when a hand was protruded from her cloak, to arrange with listless motions its folds about her neck, and exhibited not one trace of blood in its long, tapering fingers, that gleamed like snow in the darkness, I could have supposed her to be some preternatural being in whose custody I was travelling! There was no amusement without. We seemed to be journeying between two shadows, the denser being the earth, and the rarer the heavens; and again and again I turned to look at my companion. Sometimes, though rarely, I met the dead eyes as before; but at length they closed, and she was all statue.

The form of the denser shadow without now began to change, being half disclosed by a pale gleam from above, which seemed to indicate the quarter of the sky where the moon lay under her pall of clouds. The shadow grew loftier and more rugged, and then appeared to come out in cliffs and heights. These presently began to close in upon our path; and the sound of our rushing wheels, before partially lost in the surrounding atmosphere, was converted, by the interruption, into groans and screams. On flew the vehicle, shrieking as it flew, and answered by the thousand voices of the rocks, as they gathered closer and closer, till they seemed to totter over our heads. Nor was this idea so absurd as you may suppose; for as I thrust my head in alarm out of the window, there was a yawning gulf before us, into which we were obviously hurrying.

Was I still in the midst of my dream? Was this the Gold-seeker's cave, through which my 'extravagant and erring spirit' was to be transported beneath the foundations of the sea? I had hardly time to ask myself the question, ere the screams and groans of the vehicle, becoming more agonised every instant, were broken by an unearthly yell, which quivered in the ear for more than a minute, and then, with a rush and a roar, received with a sound of mingled laughter and sobbing, we plunged madly into the abyss.

Onward—onward—onward we flew, through as dark and wild a cavern as ever disclosed to modern men the extinct races of an earlier world. Sometimes a red and momentary gleam illumined, I knew not whence, our lonely path, and I saw the face of the living rock overhead jagged with stalactites, and its rugged sides dripping with water. On these occasions I turned a look of intense curiosity upon my companion. Sometimes her eyes were open, sometimes shut; but her manner remained as listless and impassive as ever. Sometimes her glance met mine, but it betrayed no trace of human emotion. She appeared to look on me as a portion of the material things before her, with which she claimed, and could feel, no sympathy. Sometimes her eye wandered to the window; but after a single glance, it returned as cold and unmoved as before. It was the same thing to her whether we were above or below the earth, whether we were flying upon the clouds or digging beneath the foundations of the sea; it made no change in her listless manner or reclining posture: she remained as cold, and pale, and mute, and passionless, and fair as ever.

How long this subterraneous course went on I cannot say. I lost account of time. We had set out from the mountains of Mexico, and for aught I knew, we were now beneath the Pacific, and destined to rise in the deserts of Australia. In fact, the old world and the new were so strangely jumbled in my imagination, that I could not have determined, with any feeling of certainty, in which quarter of the globe our journey lay. All on a sudden, a wan, spectral light broke into the cave, and but for the wild absurdity of the supposition, I could have really supposed that I caught a glimpse of the moon emerging from her pall of clouds. This I *knew* to be impossible, although the other details of the scene were so terribly real, that I was sometimes fully persuaded I was awake! On, however, we rushed, in utter darkness as before, and for so long a time, that, worn out and stupified by the over-excitement, it was with a feeling of little more than languid curiosity I saw —not by the approach of light, but rather by a steady change in the darkness—that we neared the end of our subterranean career, and were at length vomited forth into the upper world.

I beheld nothing distinctly for several minutes. My companion was asleep, or at least motionless; and, as if controlled by some strange fascination, I felt my own eyes growing heavy; when, all on a sudden, the moon burst forth, and lighted up a scene of such surpassing splendour, that I uttered an involuntary cry of admiration. We were in a deep glen, or rather gorge, the sides of which appeared to be formed of majestic cliffs of white marble, hung here and there with a drapery of woods. The summits were inconceivably various in their outlines: sometimes representing castles and towers; sometimes battlemented steeps; sometimes fringes of tall trees, that held up their finger-like branches between us and the moonlight. In the distance, the ravine, at a place where it sunk sheer down from the base of a lofty mountain, was spanned by an aërial bridge, that appeared to me like a path by which the sons of God might have descended to visit the daughters of men. My cry had aroused the female statue, and she even raised her head for an instant; but there was nothing unnatural to *her* in this spectral show, and in another moment she leant back in the carriage, although I could see her strange eyes gleaming upon me for some time through the gloom.

Onward we rushed through the gorge, now plunging into solemn woods, and now skimming along the extreme edge of steeps, from which I could see, through the tops of tangled trees, the gleam of a torrent far below. But presently, as we appeared to be issuing through the narrow portal of the ravine into a more open country, the moon was again hidden, and a thicker shadow than before descended upon our path. At this moment I received an impression which I shall long remember, for its remarkable consistency with the scene. My eyes were attracted to the opposite window of our headlong vehicle by a sudden and momentary gleam of red light, accompanied by a sound like the sweep of a tempest, and—smile if you will at the superstition!—I beheld a crowd of spectral faces glaring in upon us for an instant, and then vanishing in the night.

After our egress from the enchanted valley, we appeared to descend gradually, but without diminishing our speed. It was too dark for any distinct observation of the nature of the country; but the air felt thick, chill, and damp, and it was obvious that we were gaining an extremely low level, with perhaps a marshy soil. But at length the struggling moon was able to throw a wan light upon the scene, and I saw that we were either crossing the sea, or traversing a flooded district. Water was around us as far as the eye could reach, studded here and there with small islands, each bearing a hut, a rick of corn, or a few solitary trees, in the midst of which we continued our career without appearing to disturb the slumbrous wave by our rushing wheels. It seemed as if we skimmed along the surface of the liquid expanse without touching it. At this part of the journey, the marble fingers again stole out, to draw closer the drapery about the marble chin: my companion apparently felt the chilness of the air, but it gave her no farther trouble to find herself out of sight of the mainland.

Not the least extraordinary circumstance attending this extraordinary journey, was the rapidity of transition from one level and from one character of scenery to another, without our receiving any distinct impressions from the act of climbing or descending. It may be, however, that the monotony of the water-course lulled my over-excited senses into a temporary oblivion; but at anyrate, the next change I perceived was the moon completely free from the imprisoning clouds, and her faint beams struggling with the first rays of the dawn. We were now rushing through a wild and rugged country, evidently of considerable elevation, with here and there the adjuncts of wood and water giving variety and interest to the scene. Suddenly, however, as I leant out of the window to refresh my fevered brow with the morning air, I could perceive, by an appearance in the misty distance, that our journey was in all probability drawing to a close. A deep valley, if it would not rather prove to be a chasm in the mountains, extended at right angles with our course; and in order to pursue our career, it would now be necessary, instead of running, as we had hitherto done, pretty nearly as the crow flies, either to turn sharply away, or fling ourselves headlong over the steep.

It was with intense interest I watched the event; which became more and more puzzling, as I saw that there was no mass of houses giving indication of our having reached the goal. To turn away along the brink of the valley, would be contrary to the whole scheme of our journey; and as we approached nearer and nearer, it was obvious that to plunge into that gulf of tumbling shadows, on which the gray light of the dawn had as yet but little influence, was entirely out of the question. My agitation appeared to arouse in some measure even my strange companion; at least she leant languidly forward to give a single glance out of the window, and then returned to her marble repose.

How I wished that I could see more clearly!—but perhaps the wish was imprudent. Nearer and nearer we came to the edge of the chasm; deeper and more sudden appeared the precipice to fling itself into the misty gloom; swifter and wilder flew the wheels of the desperate vehicle: we are at hand; we are on the brink: my eyes closed—but not till I had seen that we were no longer on the firm earth. We had darted out into space, like an arrow from the bow. We had swerved neither to the right nor the left, neither upwards nor downwards. We had scorned the depths of the valley, just as we had laughed at the impediments of cliff and mountain; and now we appeared to be skimming through the air, with the same indomitable will, the same headlong impulse, with which we had thundered through the living rock!

The first edge of the sun arose as we flew, and the shadows of the valley disappeared. A beautiful and fertile plain stretched far beneath us both to right and left, diversified by woods and waters, farms and cottages, fields and gardens; and here and there we could see men and women, horses and oxen, coming forth to their daily employment. We were nothing to them. We did not belong to their world. A face may have been turned up for an instant, a finger extended; but the peasant returned the next moment to his cheerful toil, without a thought of whence we had come or whither we were going.

We had left this scene long behind before my bewildered senses revived; but at length I was aroused by the stopping of the vehicle, and I found myself suddenly in the midst of a crowd and bustle similar to that which I had witnessed at our departure. The mysterious female at once started into life. Her manner thawed; her complexion lost its marbly tint, and became human; and her beautiful face was lighted up with smiles.

'Give your ticket!' said she, teaching me by her example, as a functionary came to the door.

'What is this?' said I. 'Was it all real? Where have we been? How have we come?'

'I see,' replied she, smiling, 'you are a foreigner, and do not take well to the rail. It is very dull and stupid, I must needs confess, but I usually manage to sleep a little. However, I shall not find it quite so tame to-morrow when returning in daylight.'

'You return to-morrow?'

'Yes; I have only come down to dine to-day with some friends, who have made up a little party for a trip to America to see the Falls.'

'You do not go with them?'

'Alas, no! I am such a weak creature—so childishly nervous; and they say Niagara is *so* odd! In your country, too, I daresay there are wonderful sights, and strange adventures, and all sorts of things to keep one awake. Here we only spin cotton! Good-morning.' And with a kindly smile, and a graceful bend, the young lady tripped away, and was lost among the crowd.

Such was my first journey after my return to England; and it served to dissipate many delusions. I found every-day life a poem, a romance, compared with which the adventures of the Pacific are tame and commonplace. Even the cotton manufactories, so disdainfully referred to by my fellow-traveller, present scenes unparalleled for wonder and excitement, danger and hairbreadth 'scapes. But the magic with which my countrymen are surrounded is *their own*. A tunnel through a mountain, or a viaduct across a valley, is no marvel to them, because they know the amount and kind of labour which produced it, and the sum of money it cost. For my part, my impressions are as yet free from such associations, and I still walk about like a man in a dream. I went abroad in search of fortune, and found only danger and toil; I returned home for repose, and find nothing but headlong hurry and wild excitement. Science has changed the face of the world; and I am as a man called up by enchantment from the sleep of ages to find himself a stranger upon the earth.

MAN AND WIFE.

A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'You wish to delay your decision until you have had an opportunity of further consulting your wife, I presume?' This observation was addressed by a house agent to a young tradesman with whom he had for some time past been in treaty respecting the lease of a shop.

'Consult my wife!' repeated Bradshaw in a tone indicative of surprise and indignation. 'No; I would never consult a woman upon a matter of business.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' hastily rejoined the wary house agent, secretly rejoicing at having at length discovered the weak side of the man he was dealing with; 'but I thought you might possibly like Mrs Bradshaw to see the house. I know the ladies like to have a voice in such matters.'

'I tell you I don't ask her advice in *any* matter,' the young man sharply retorted; 'and to prove to you, Mr Hutchingson, that I don't boast of an independence I do not really possess, I'll strike the bargain at once.'

The house agent had previously tried all the usual methods of drawing the business to a close. He had assured him that his rival draper, Mr Dawkins, had been after it, and that several other persons were eager to have it. These, however, had failed. Bradshaw still had scruples regarding the prudence of the affair; for the rent and taxes were exorbitant, and the terms of the lease far from favourable; but no sooner was it hinted that he was waiting for his wife's consent, than Hutchingson's end, as he had acutely perceived would be the case, was accomplished.

Now, it must not be inferred, from the above-related conversation, that Mr Peter Bradshaw was a domestic tyrant: he was willing to allow his wife all the home comforts his means would afford, and his manner towards her was not often unkind; but then she must never dare to express an opinion on any subject—the

preparation of the dishes for his table, or the dress of his children excepted. We sometimes hear mention made of individuals who have but *two* ideas, and this is surely a poor allowance. Unhappily, Mr Bradshaw had but *one;* and that one was—that it was beneath the dignity of a man to take the counsel of a woman. His notions of the mental superiority of 'the lords of the creation' were so towering, that he looked down upon his gentle spouse with feelings bordering on contempt, and consequently treated her as he would an upper servant, whose office it was to administer to his domestic comfort. He on his part thought he was discharging his sole duty by finding her the means to supply a liberal table and suitable apparel, and by treating her with negative kindness.

'Well, Martha, I've taken that shop in Market Street,' the husband exclaimed on returning home; and as he spoke, he threw himself at full length (which, to own the truth, did not far exceed five feet, notwithstanding his exalted idea of himself) upon the couch in his little back parlour.

'What shop, my dear?' Mrs Bradshaw asked in surprise.

'Why, the new shop opposite the market-place. Didn't I tell you I thought of taking it?'

'No, Peter; you once said that you had looked at it, and asked the rent, but it appeared much too high for our means.'

'I am going to try it at all events,' the husband rejoined a little tartly, for he was not pleased with her vague allusion to the imprudence of which his conscience accused him of having been guilty. 'There is nothing to be done now-a-days without a great show; and I think I have stayed in this dull street long enough.'

'This shop has afforded us a comfortable maintenance for seven years, my dear,' the wife quietly observed.

'The change will be for your benefit, Martha,' Mr Bradshaw interposed; 'you will have the use of three or four additional rooms, and large ones, instead of these little pigeon-holes, so I don't see that you will have any reason to complain.'

'I am not complaining, Peter,' she returned; 'I am only fearful that you will find it difficult to meet the expenses from your profits; besides which, we must, you know, have this house on our hands three years longer.'

'I shall easily find a tenant,' he carelessly replied; adding, 'and I have taken the other for twenty-one years.'

'Twenty-one years!' exclaimed the wife in astonishment and alarm; but seeing that the gathering storm was about to break, she dared not add more.

When some persons have done that which their consciences decide to be wrong, they not unfrequently have recourse to a fit of passion, as the only means of silencing the remonstrances of those who have most cause to complain; and to this refuge Mr Bradshaw fled, knowing that he had no arguments to trust to. His wife being too gentle to resist, and too wise for strife, suffered it to have its vent without a word of retort. Thus it shortly subsided into a calm.

Another month found the family settled in their new abode; and the usual methods of advertising informed 'Mr Bradshaw's friends and the public that he had removed from No. 7 Church Street, to 50 Market Street, where he hoped, by offering the best articles at a very moderate price, to merit their continued patronage and support;' but notwithstanding this announcement, the expected influx of customers did not follow, at least in proportion to the additional expenditure of the shopkeeper, and his spirits consequently fell.

'Martha, my dear,' he one day said, addressing his wife a few weeks subsequent to the period at which the change took place, 'I am convinced that my want of success here is wholly owing to the small capital I have, so I have been thinking of taking a partner into my concern.'

'You must be cautious whom you trust, my dear Peter,' Mrs Bradshaw quietly remarked.

'Oh, I have taken care to be on the right side,' her husband answered. 'I have made a bargain which cannot be otherwise than for my benefit.'

'Then you have already settled the affair!' cried the wife in surprise. 'I thought you implied that you had it only in contemplation. Pray who may it be that you have made this arrangement with?'

'With the son of my father's old friend, Smithson. The old man is anxious to associate his son with some steady man of business, and is willing to put a thousand pounds into the concern, which will be an excellent thing to stock my new shop, and will enable me to extend my connection.'

'A thousand pounds will, I think, be a poor recompense for having a young man of George Smithson's habits as a partner in your business,' Mrs Bradshaw observed. 'It is not often that I interfere in such matters,' she pursued; 'but if you take my advice, Peter, you will have nothing to do with him.'

'And why not, pray?' her husband sharply asked. 'I have known the father these twenty years, and his character has always stood high for integrity.'

'That may be; but it does not follow that the son will not bring you into trouble. You know he has caused his father a great deal of unhappiness by his imprudence and extravagance; and it appears to me to be like rushing into ruin with your eyes open to have any connection with him.'

'You are too severe upon the young man, Martha,' Mr Bradshaw interposed, with an inflection of voice which indicated that his judgment was more than half convinced by her argument. 'He has been a little extravagant in his youth; but now he has sowed his wild oats, his father hopes he will settle down into more steady habits.'

'It is quite natural that the father should hope so; but not that you, my dear Peter, should depend on such slender foundations in a matter which may be so very serious. My own observation,' she added, 'has led me to remark that a disobedient, extravagant youth, seldom makes a steady, persevering man.'

'Oh, you always look on the dark side of the picture, Martha; you are always prognosticating evil. For my part, I like to hope the best.' This speech was accompanied with one or two of those nervous movements which often attend unsound arguments; but Mrs Bradshaw, who was really much concerned at the new step of imprudence her husband was about to take, thought it right to be more than usually tenacious in maintaining her ground. All, however, was vain. 'Pshaw—stuff!' muttered Mr Bradshaw. It was all he could say, for he had not even a lame leg to stand upon.

Mr Peter Bradshaw's once small and comparatively unpretending concern now assumed the more substantial appellation of a *firm*, though it had really less ground for so doing; and fresh placards and advertisements announced 'that Messrs Bradshaw and Smithson would now be able to offer the public goods of superior quality at a before unheard-of price.' But neither the plate-glass, the puffing, nor the partner, had the desired effect of enticing fresh people to inspect the wares; and many of those who had been regular customers at the late shop in Church Street discontinued dealing, thinking that, in order to make so much show, the articles must really be inferior. To add to Mr Bradshaw's distress, the house he had before occupied did not let, nor did it seem likely to do so till the lease had expired, owing to its being in want of a thorough repair.

Just at this period the attention of the family was called to an affair of a different nature. Mr Bradshaw's eldest brother had died some years previously, and made him his executor, and also the guardian of his only daughter. The interest of the money was to be appropriated to the young lady's board and education till she became of age, when it was to be at her own

disposal. Miss Caroline Bradshaw had been brought up at a boarding-school in the suburbs of London, and remained there after her education was deemed *finished*, till within a few months of the expiration of her minority, at which time it was proposed by her uncle that she should take up her residence in his house. As his fair ward had, in addition to a pretty face, the attraction of fifteen hundred pounds, Mr Bradshaw had, during those few months, several overtures for her hand; but, to the dismay of the rival candidates, it was at length discovered that Mr George Smithson, who was amongst the number, was the favoured individual. This circumstance caused Mrs Bradshaw considerable uneasiness. Unhappily for her own prospects, she had no reason to alter the opinion she had formed concerning the young man. She foresaw that poverty and misery must be the termination of the career he was pursuing, and she trembled lest her niece should be involved in the ruin he was bringing upon himself, and she feared on them also. She made several appeals to her husband, begging him, as he valued the happiness of his brother's child, to warn her of the precipice on which she stood; but he was deaf to her pleadings. 'Caroline is old enough to choose a husband for herself, and I shan't interfere in the matter,' he on one occasion angrily returned. 'I would not certainly have any hand in making up the match, because people might say that I wanted to keep her money in my own hands for the use of the firm; but she shall certainly do as she pleases.' The wife had next recourse to arguments with the young lady herself; but Miss Caroline thought her own judgment superior in such matters to that of her good aunt. Mrs Bradshaw then tried to delay a union which she could not prevent. She represented to her husband that if he withheld his consent for twelve months, he would by that time see how the young man conducted himself in the connection he had already formed with the family, and thus have a better opportunity of judging whether there was any prospect of happiness for his niece. Poor Mr Bradshaw's prejudices concerning the superior judgment of his own sex came again into full play. He was angry at what he termed his wife's pertinacity in groundless apprehensions, and persisted in saying he should let the young people follow their own course. The result was, that Miss Caroline Bradshaw became Mrs Smithson on the very day that she attained her majority.

The young couple had arranged, though without the consent, or even the knowledge, of Mr Bradshaw, to invest the greater part of the bride's fortune in establishing a business in London. The fact was, that Smithson was not at all pleased with the subordinate position he held in the firm. He wanted to have the entire management; and, above all, that the money should pass through his hands, which Mr Bradshaw had hitherto wisely prevented. A proposal to spend the honeymoon in town did not awaken surprise or suspicion; but this was the preparatory step for the plan being put into execution.

Three weeks after his niece's marriage, Mr Bradshaw received a letter from his young partner, stating that he had just had the offer of a dashing shop in Regent Street on very advantageous terms; that they wished, therefore, to take up their residence in London, instead of returning to B——; and that, in the event of Mr Bradshaw approving of the arrangement, he and his beloved Caroline were quite willing that the profits of the concern should be equally shared with their dear uncle. All he desired was, he said, to have the superintendence of the London business left wholly to himself. Mrs Bradshaw, with her customary penetration, perceived that this was likely to involve them in still greater trouble. She foresaw that it would enable Smithson to make what use he pleased of his partner's name; and now that he was removed from under their eye, it was likely that he would become more improvident and reckless than ever. She again ventured to expostulate with her husband, representing how much better it would be to dissolve the firm at once, and thus save himself from absolute ruin. Had this advice come from any other quarter, it is probable that Mr Bradshaw would have seen and acknowledged its wisdom. Indeed, as it was, he had his misgivings; but the fact of its being urged by his wife, was a sufficient reason why he should pursue a contrary course. The result was, that at the expiration of a few months, the names of Bradshaw and Smithson appeared in the Gazette amongst the list of bankrupts; and a very inconsiderable dividend had they to offer, for Smithson had given bills upon the credit of the firm to a large amount, having in the meantime launched out into expenses which a capital of five thousand, instead of fifteen hundred pounds, would scarcely justify. Nor was this all. He had, during his residence in London, formed connections with several dissolute young men, who, being, like himself, in want of sufficient means to gratify their extravagant desires, occasionally had recourse to fraudulent acts in order to supply those means. This was discovered just at the time his commercial affairs were finally settled; and the consequence was, that he was obliged to fly the country, leaving his unhappy wife in a most destitute and hopeless condition.

Poor Mr Bradshaw was in a state bordering on insanity. His naturally weak mind sunk under an accumulated load of sufferings, which, in spite of his inordinate self-esteem, he could not but feel had been brought on by his own want of prudent forethought. He was really distressed beyond measure at the contemplation of the misery in which it had involved his gentle wife and innocent children; his niece's distress, too, and consequent illness, gave additional poignancy to the stroke. He could not but feel that he had not fulfilled the part of a father or guardian towards her; and that her premature death, or the horrors of her future life, would be alike owing to this fact. Mrs Bradshaw was the only person capable of action, and she in this emergency displayed an energy of character which was little expected, but which could alone be of any avail in saving her family from a total wreck. Her kind and judicious treatment of the unhappy young wife restored her, in a short space of time, to some measure of health; and her prudent counsel then induced her to make an effort for self-support, by means of the education which she had received. The task of soothing the irritated feelings, and calming the perturbed spirit of her husband, was less easy; yet this she in time had the happiness of accomplishing. She did not, it must be told, do it by vaunting her superior judgment and forethought, and taxing him with being the cause of all the evils which had befallen them. She did not even vaguely allude to his folly, or to her having foretold the event. She merely endeavoured to show him that, however unprosperous his circumstances might be, her affection was unchanged, and her desire to share his fortunes unabated. She bore his petulance with calmness, and his only half-subdued pride with patience, trying to soften the rigour of their present situation, and selecting opportunities for offering wholesome advice, and forming judicious plans for the future. Though weak-minded and imprudent in the extreme, Bradshaw was not an unprincipled man. Notwithstanding the late unhappy affair, his character for integrity was not impeached. Mrs Bradshaw, therefore, advised that they should return to their late residence in Church Street, which was still untenanted, and recommence business on a small scale, trusting to the generosity of their former customers for a renewal of their favours. She went on to say that she would cheerfully confine the household expenditure within the limits of their profits, whatever they might be; and not only so, but proposed, if possible, laying aside some portion of those profits for the purpose of paying at least a part of the debts they had themselves incurred. Bradshaw listened, for the first time in his life, with something like complacency to this prudent counsel. He was too well satisfied with

the plan to raise even an objection; and though his pride would not allow him to acknowledge it, he was really much pleased with the part she had taken in the whole matter. Mrs Bradshaw, too unostentatious to feel any desire for commendation, was satisfied with accomplishing what she felt to be right, though she would certainly have been pleased with an expression of approbation, and she immediately set about the necessary preparations for removal.

B—— had, for nearly a century, been one of those quiet country towns in which the only variations known are the deaths of the elder members of the families, and the younger ones springing up into their places—the changes of the seasons, and the alternations of day and night. The inhabitants had gone on for so many years in the same routine of events, that they looked upon anything which prognosticated advancement as an absolute evil. This state of things, however, had its day, and also its termination; for a railway was just at this period brought so near to the place, that it was deemed requisite to have a station there; and such a circumstance of course turned the heads of half the inhabitants, by exciting a desire for speculation. As in all other revolutions, the results were various: to some it wrought evil, to others good. In this instance, however, the preponderance was of the latter; and amongst those individuals who benefited was Mr Peter Bradshaw. His small unpretending shop by degrees assumed a more substantial and stylish appearance; and three years subsequently to the period when we commenced our narrative, at which time his lease had expired, he was able to renew it on highly advantageous terms. The fact was whispered, and not without some ground, though he would not own its truth, that he on this occasion consulted his wife regarding the length of time it would be most prudent to extend it.

Mr Bradshaw was one evening strolling, business hours being over, in the precincts of the railway station, amusing himself by watching the passengers alight—some looking anxiously after their luggage, some greeted by beloved and familiar faces, others seemingly lonely, and with little of worldly wealth to look after—when a smart rap on the shoulder, and a hearty 'How do you do, my old friend?' from a voice the tones of which were not unknown to him, aroused him from his contemplations, and he the next moment recognised the features of an old schoolmate. 'Bradshaw, my dear fellow!' exclaimed the traveller, now bending to seize him by the hand, and shaking it with earnestness; 'I'm glad to see you—glad to see you; on my word, this is an unexpected pleasure.'

'It is so on my part as well as on yours, my good friend,' our hero returned, surveying with a pleased expression the almost gigantic form of his quondam playfellow.

'I lost sight of you when I settled in London,' the traveller resumed; 'but I've often thought of you. We used to be cronies at school, you know.'

'Yes,' Bradshaw rejoined, with a very undignified 'he—he—he!' 'You used to fight my battles, correct all my exercises, and work my sums, for I never had much taste for such things.'

'No, nor ability neither,' thought his auditor; but he loved his little protégé, from the very fact of his having always looked up to him as a protector and friend, and was really pleased with having met him again.

'Come home and take supper with me, and I'll introduce you to my good lady,' Bradshaw continued. 'I've been an unlucky wight, but I'm getting on pretty comfortably now. How has the world treated you?'

'Oh, I've managed at least to avoid failure; but I'll accept of your kind invitation when I've secured a bed at the inn, and then we'll make mutual revelations.'

'Make our house your home for the night,' exclaimed the draper: 'we can find you a bed; and I see,' glancing at the carpet-bag his friend held in his hand—'I see you have your luggage with you. Let us go home at once.'

'But are you sure that my stay will not be deemed an intrusion by Mrs Bradshaw?' the traveller hesitatingly interposed; adding, 'It is not, I know, always agreeable to ladies to perform the rites of hospitality for a stranger, without any previous intimation of the visit.'

'Mrs Bradshaw never thinks of opposing anything I do or say,' the little man pompously returned.

'Indeed!'

'I wouldn't allow it; and, to do her justice,' he pursued, 'she never showed any inclination to dispute my authority. All the complaint I can make of her is, that she is a little too forward with her advice sometimes. But that has nothing to do with the present matter; she'll make you welcome, I promise you. I never yet knew her look black upon a guest, let me invite him when I would.'

'You seem, my good friend, to have been lucky in your choice of a wife at all events,' the traveller observed; 'and your description of your home is so inviting, that I cannot resist the very strong inclination I have to avail myself of your kind offer.'

'That's just what I wanted you to do. I'm not a man for unmeaning compliments,' cried Bradshaw; and as he spoke, he with some difficulty linked his arm within that of his companion, and bustled towards his dwelling. 'Are you married, Rawlins?' he abruptly asked after a brief pause.

'Oh yes, I've been married these seven years.'

'Then I shrewdly guess that you have been foolish enough to let your wife get the upper hand: is it so?'

'You're quite mistaken there, my friend. My idea of happiness in married life is for man and wife to go hand *in* hand, and to have no *upper* hand in the matter.'

'Oh—oh! that is your opinion, is it? Well, I can't say it is mine. I could never live with a woman who did not allow me to be master.'

'Nor I, my friend; but then I would, at the same time, allow her to be mistress.'

'Then you are under female rule, after all, Rawlins?'

'Not a bit of it; but I am under female influence.'

The friends had by this time reached the door of the house; and the cheerful smile which sat upon Mrs Bradshaw's countenance, when told by her husband that he had brought home a guest for the night, and the alacrity with which she set about the necessary preparations for his accommodation, clearly indicated that the draper's statements were perfectly correct. The absence of the lady gave the gentlemen an excellent opportunity for unrestrained confidence. Rawlins would not have hesitated to tell his tale if Mrs Bradshaw had been present, but poor Mr Bradshaw never could allude to the circumstances of his late failure in the hearing of his wife. The shrewd reader may possibly give a broad guess for what reason, but it was unacknowledged even to himself. Rawlins, at the request of his host, related his story first; but as it was void of interest, excepting to those who had a personal regard for him, we will not tire the reader with the recital.

'My narrative is, you see, very barren of incident,' he observed as he concluded. 'I have had no hair-breadth escapes; no sudden reverses; no accounts of being dragged to a prison either for my own or any one else's debts; and now, shall I tell you what has been the key to my prosperity?'

'Why, you've been a fortunate fellow, that's all; you always were so; you never got into the scrapes that I did when you were a boy.'

'Fortune has had nothing to do with it, my friend,' Rawlins exclaimed. 'The secret of my success is this—I made choice of a good partner; and'——

'Ah, you were lucky there at all events,' Bradshaw interposed. '*My* partner has been my ruin.'

Rawlins looked up in astonishment. 'What! that quiet, gentle-looking woman?' he remarked. 'Why, I thought'——

'She! No, I don't mean her: I mean the partner I took into my concern.'

Rawlins laughed heartily at his own blunder. 'I beg Mrs Bradshaw's pardon a thousand times,' he said; 'but, my good fellow, I was alluding to my *wife* when I spoke of *my* partner. I have had no other partner—I have needed none.'

'I took a young man into my business because he brought a thousand pounds, but he turned out a sad rogue.'

'Ah, I had no such inducement,' Rawlins interposed. 'I selected a partner with good sense and good principles; that was of far more value than a thousand pounds; and the secret of my success, my friend, is my having made use of those qualifications, and placed unbounded confidence in her.'

The little draper looked somewhat disconcerted, and glanced quickly round, to observe if Mrs Bradshaw were within hearing.

'Pshaw!' he pettishly exclaimed; 'you've been a fortunate fellow, that's the upshot of the matter.'

'I tell you once more, my good friend, that fortune had nothing to do with it; but we wont get into a dispute. Let me hear your story; I fancy it has more interest than mine.'

Bradshaw was not sorry to change the subject; and putting on a very dolorous aspect, he commenced his woful tale. Happy would he have been had Rawlins allowed him to proceed without interruption; but, as the poor little draper thought, some evil genius possessed him, and induced him to make occasional queries, which were by no means pleasant to answer. These were—'But what did your wife say to this?' 'What did Mrs Bradshaw advise?' 'Surely Mrs Bradshaw was more quicksighted?' 'Women are good advisers in such cases,' &c. The poor man got more nervous than ever when obliged to confess that Mrs Bradshaw had opposed his taking the new shop and the long lease; that she did object to young Smithson as a partner; and that she had done her utmost to prevent his niece's marriage; but he made an attempt to get out of the raillery which, though not very quicksighted himself, he could not but foresee would follow, by lamenting that he had been born under such an unlucky planet.

'The planets have had no more to do with your disasters than I have, my worthy friend,' Rawlins interrupted him by exclaiming; 'but I'll give you a piece of information for which, if you make good use of it, you'll thank me if, at the end of another ten years, we should meet again.'

'Oh, I hope we shall meet long before that!' cried Bradshaw.

'I hope we shall; but be that as it may, you will thank me for the information whenever you see me.'

'Pray, what may it be?'

'I am afraid you will not make use of it without a little reluctance,' Rawlins resumed; 'but I'm confident that the result will fully recompense you for the effort it may cost you. It is this, my friend:—All your misfortunes have arisen from your having pursued a course diametrically opposed to that which I have taken; that is, from your having scorned the counsel of your wife.' Poor Bradshaw at that moment wished his old schoolmate anywhere but where he was; still he made no remark.

'Now, I tell you what it is, my good fellow,' Rawlins proceeded, 'we lords of the creation are apt to plume ourselves on a superiority we do not possess. We give the ladies credit for affection, gentleness, kindness, and all that sort of thing, but we fancy that all the intelligence, good sense, and sagacity are thrown into our scale—that is, our pates. I had an early opportunity of observing this. My father and a twin brother were partners in business, and occupied adjoining houses. They married, and commenced the world together, and they were as alike in character as in age. They were upright, well-meaning men, and were, in consequence, much esteemed; but they both held the lordly views of which I spoke. My father, happily for his family, made a wise choice in his partner for life; but there his wisdom ended: he scorned to make use of her good sense and judgment, supposing, like you, that women ought not to be consulted in any matters beyond the household economy. My uncle was less happy in his selection. He married a giddy, thoughtless woman. Still, had he treated her with confidence, and showed her that he considered she had an equal interest with himself in his commercial success, he might possibly have corrected her thoughtlessness; but as this was not the case, she was always carrying on some petty deception, which wholly destroyed their original peace. I learned a valuable lesson, however, from their experience. Thinks I to myself, when I marry, I'll have a wife I can trust, and then I will trust her. She shall see that I expect her to take an interest in my wellbeing in everything. She shall be my confidant in every affair relating to my interest or my feelings; and she shall have no temptation to deceive me, because she shall not have any cause to complain that I am ungenerous. Well, I put these resolves into practice, and it has fully answered my expectations. Depend upon it, my friend,' he concluded, perceiving his companion was lost in a fit of musing—'depend upon it, there is no happiness in the marriage state without mutual confidence. The more a woman is trusted, the more she will feel that the interests of her husband are her own; and I believe that extravagant, mismanaging wives, are more frequently made so by the want of this confidence than by any other circumstance.'

The entrance of Mrs Bradshaw, followed by a little handmaid with a well-cooked savoury supper, put a stop to the conversation, also to poor Bradshaw's reverie; and in performing the rites of hospitality to his friend, he forgot, or at least pardoned, his telling him a truth which no one had ever had the moral courage to tell him before.

It was nearly three years ere the two friends again met, and then it was by the same fireside, though the room they occupied contained many useful and ornamental articles which it had not done at the former meeting. Mrs Bradshaw being present the greater part of the evening, Rawlins could not allude to the subject of their last conversation; but he thought, from the fact of her being present, that there was some improvement in the quarter where he most desired it. At length he found an opportunity of whispering a word in Bradshaw's ear; but as it was a whisper, and only heard by the person to whom it was spoken, we cannot be expected to make the reader acquainted with it. The answer of the little draper will, however, possibly elucidate the mystery. It was this: 'I've not forgotten it, my good fellow; I've not forgotten your prophecy, and I can't help fulfilling it. Thank ye—thank ye!'

GENUINE CONVERSATION OF A CURIOUS MAN.

A GENTLEMAN remarkable for his curiosity, retired in his latter days to a rural villa near one of the principal rivers in Scotland, where time used to hang rather heavily on his hands. Nevertheless, his curiosity was active, and he was wont to go forth every day to the roads, and to a ferry station in his neighbourhood, where he would assail travellers of all kinds, in order to make them give an account of themselves. He would make even beggars stand and deliver—their histories; after which they were usually surprised when he gave them only a civil good-morning. A lady who lived near his house was one morning walking in her garden, when she became an involuntary listener to the following conversation, in which she was herself referred to; the interlocutors being the curious man and a peasant whom she had despatched on a small piece of business:—

'Well, honest man, what's this you've got in your cart?'

'Some draff.'

'Draff! What are you going to do with draff?'

'It's for Miss ———.'

'Miss ———! What is *she* going to do with draff?'

'It's to feed her cow, I reckon.'

'And where have ye gotten't?'

'At the New Town.'

'At the New Town! Wha did ye get it frae?'

'Frae Lord Belhaven.'

'Lord Belhaven!! (*Great surprise.*) How do ye come to get draff frae Lord Belhaven?'

'It's frae his distillery.'

'Oh, ay, the distillery. Ye've got it frae Lord Belhaven's distillery. But ye wadna get it for naething?'

'Na.'

'And what did ye pay for't then?'

'Twa shillings the sack.'

'And ye'll ha'e to get something to yoursel'?'

'I'll get a shilling, I reckon.'

'Ay, a shilling to yoursel'. But there would be a toll?'

'Yes, sixpence.'

'Ay, sixpence for a toll. Twa shillings a sack for the draff is four shillings; a shilling to yoursel' makes five; and sixpence for the toll makes five-and-sixpence. Five-and-sixpence in all. My friend, I begin to understand you now. You've got twa sacks of draff frae Lord Belhaven's distillery at the New Town for Miss ———'s cow, at twa shillings the sack, with a shilling for yoursel', and sixpence for a toll, being five-and-sixpence in all. Good-morning t'ye. Jenny [addressing his wife, who always walked behind], come away home to breakfast.'

SACREDNESS OF THE QUESTION OF SANITARY LAWS.

The aristocracy only visit the cities in the season, and spend the rest of the year in the purest of atmospheres and the healthiest of mansions. Even when 'up,' they have a city within a city—spacious houses, wide streets, remote from manufacturing nuisances. Merchants, and the higher class of tradesmen, have the country or suburban villas, and, whatever the air they breathe in the day, spend the evenings, nights, and mornings far away from smoke and smell. All who can afford it, have their annual excursion 'to lay in' a stock of health and spirit for the year. It is not so with the vast majority. They have no such chances for health and existence. From hour to hour, day to day, and year to year, they must go on respiring in the same tainted atmosphere in which the majority came into the world. As we pass through the streets, and hasten, with mixed terror and disgust, first through one ill savour and then through another, by filthy corner, open grating, dark alley, or noisome workshop, we should remember that these airs of hell, the merest waft of which is enough to turn our stomachs, are the fixed conditions under which many thousands live and die. It is for them, not for us, not for the fortunate and free, that sanitary laws are needed. *Their* case imparts necessity and sacredness to the question.—*Times.*

ANTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

But there is one variety of ant which must be excluded from all commendation. There is a small species, called Saüba, and they are a terrible annoyance to the proprietors of rosinhas, inasmuch as they strip the fruit-trees of their leaves. An army of these will march to the tree, part ascending, and the others remaining below. Those above commence their devastation, clipping off the leaves by large pieces; and those below shoulder them as they fall, and march away to their rendezvous. It is surprising what a load one of these little things will carry, as disproportionate to its size as if a man should stalk off beneath an oak. Before morning, not a leaf is left upon the tree, and the unfortunate proprietor has the consolation of knowing that, unless he can discover the retreat of the saübas, and unhole them, one by one every tree upon his premises will be stripped.—*Edwards's Voyage up the Amazon.*

THE LAW'S DELAY.

In the one case, there is a straight road of a mile long, and without a turnpike in it: in the other case, you may go to, or at least towards, the same place by a road of a hundred miles in length—full, accordingly, of turnings and windings—full, moreover, of quicksands and pitfalls, and equally full of turnpikes. In conducting the traveller, nothing obliges the conductors to avoid the straight road, and drag him along the crooked one: nor would they ever have given themselves any such trouble, had it not been for the turnpikes, the tolls of which are so regularly settled, and the tills in such good keeping:—learned feet, could they be prevailed on, are no less capable of treading the short road than unlearned ones.—*Benthamiana.*

THE KILT, THE CLAYMORE, AND THE COTTON UMBRELLA!

TUNE—'*Cam' ye by Athole?*'

CAM' ye by Badenoch, lad wi' the paletôt?
Saw ye the Highlanders, loyal, good fellows?
Wrapped in their dripping plaids, wiping their rusting blades,
'Waiting their Queen under cotton umbrellas!

Badenoch, Badenoch, who isn't proud of thee?
Were not thy sons ever loyal, brave fellows?
Who wouldn't rush to thee, ay, stand a crush for thee?
Though it should pelt, ye have store of umbrellas!

Macpherson of Cluny, and Tulloch, I feel for them;
They've drawn out their men like Castilian guerillas;
To welcome their Prince and Queen, such a sight ne'er was seen—
Highlanders ranked under cotton umbrellas!

Highlanders, Highlanders, well have ye fought of yore,
Led by the sound of your bagpipers' bellows!
Now for your tartans green, find ye a proper screen,
Under your chiefs—and your cotton umbrellas!

But ye had example set, under the heavy wet;
Didn't the Queen, as the newspapers tell us,
Ay, and the Prince and train, land in the pouring rain,
Under the shelter of 'goodly umbrellas?'

Wet Caledonia! who wouldn't drown for thee?
Are not your sons loyal, brave-hearted fellows?
Keeping their powder dry, while with a smothered cry,
Comes a damp welcome from under umbrellas!

—*September* 1847.

*** 'Her Majesty,' says the correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, 'landed under cover of a goodly umbrella, carried by her own royal hands. The judicial authorities of the county of Inverness—Mr Tytler, the sheriff, and Mr A. Fraser, one of his substitutes—were in due attendance; and there was a tolerable turn-out of the men of Lochaber, with plaids, kilts, claymores, *and cotton umbrellas*, who waved glittering blades and dripping ginghams, and shouted Gaelic salutations to the "wife of the king"—for such, I understand, is the literal signification of *Bhan Righ*—the Erse words meaning Queen.'

DOGMATISM.

Maintain a constant watch at all times against a dogmatic spirit: fix not your assent to any proposition in a firm and unalterable manner till you have some firm and unalterable ground for it, and till you have arrived at some clear and sure evidence—till you have turned the proposition on all sides, and searched the matter through and through, so that you cannot be mistaken. And even where you think you have full grounds for assurance, be not too early nor too frequent in expressing this assurance in too peremptory and positive a manner, remembering that human nature is always liable to mistake in this corrupt and feeble state.—*Watts.*

WASTE OF LABOUR.

There are in some of the villages of the wolds of Lincolnshire, farm labourers who regularly walk 1252 miles, in going and returning from their work, year after year; and several have done so for eight or nine successive years, thus travelling nearly the distance of half round the world in that time, besides performing their regular work. One man can be pointed out who has walked this distance for fourteen years; and others in the same place whose yearly journeys to and from work amount to 1666 miles; and all this because of the law of settlement preventing them from living near their work!—*Newspaper paragraph.* [An argument for erecting cottages for labourers near the scene of their labours.]

UNWISE CHOICE.

A very fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; his eyes are witty, but his soul is sensual; it is an ill band of affection to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 199. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847. Price 1½d.

THE LITTLE DANCING-MASTER.

Polydore Jasmin was, as he said himself, 'a professor of the Terpsichorean art;' in plainer terms, a dancing-master. Being a short-legged, dumpy little man, nature did not seem to have intended him for any extraordinary feats of agility; but an irresistible vocation had enabled him to overcome every physical obstacle. As he was a married man, and the father of seven children, he remained poor, in spite of the almost supernatural industry with which he applied himself to his art both day and night. Instead of owning a handsome and fashionably-situated *salon de danse*, he was allowed to waste his talents in a damp cellar-like room, looking on the yard of a dingy house in the Rue St Denis, where he daily revealed the mysteries of the light muse to the smart shopmen and pretty *grisettes* of the neighbourhood.

Still, Monsieur Jasmin was a contented, and even a happy man: the lightness and buoyancy of his profession seemed to have passed into his heart. His manners, however, were very grave and dignified; and when he danced, he became so solemn, that his pupils, like the courtiers of the *Grand Monarque* on a similar occasion, remained struck with awe at the imposing sight. To say the truth, M. Jasmin had a respect for dancing; he looked upon it as a very grave affair, and could not bear to hear it lightly spoken of, or turned into ridicule. If anything could tend to increase M. Jasmin's natural equanimity of temper, it must have been the high opinion he entertained of his art, his own person, and his family. Madame Polydore Jasmin, according to him, possessed the gift of eternal youth; at least he solemnly averred—and he believed it—that she had not altered in the least since the day of their first meeting, when her coal-black eyes, rosy cheeks, and pleasant smile first won his tender heart. Others averred that cares and anxiety had rendered the poor woman pale and thin, and that she was only the shadow of her former self; but of this he saw and knew nothing, and his love for his wife remained unabated. She was a good, simple-hearted woman, well deserving of affection, and entirely devoted to her family: her love and veneration for her husband were unbounded: she entertained, moreover, the deepest respect for dancing, and looked upon M. Jasmin as the high priest of that mysterious art. The children of this worthy couple were like their parents—contented, good-humoured, and simple-hearted: their education was very carefully attended to; for there had not been danced a *pas* in France since the days of Louis XIV. with which they were not thoroughly acquainted.

Amongst the few acquaintances of M. and Madame Jasmin, who were rather shy and reserved, was one of their neighbours, M. Bourreux, a disagreeable, satirical old man, who had no children, was thought to be in easy circumstances, continually talked about making his will, and seemed privileged to say whatever he pleased, without giving offence, to any of the families which he daily visited—teasing the children, annoying the parents, and turning the household arrangements into ridicule, during the whole time of his stay. On a fine summer evening this amiable individual condescended to pay M. Jasmin a visit. To the dancing-master's surprise, he was unusually gracious. The high polish of Madame Jasmin's bees'-waxed floors seemed to transport him with admiration: by an adroit transition he contrived to connect the subject with M. Jasmin's proficiency in his art; and he was so eloquent on both topics, that the heart of the dancing-master's wife swelled with pride, whilst equally gratifying feelings agitated her husband. In his sudden fit of amiability, M. Bourreux even attempted to pat the heads of the children, and say a few kind words, but they all drew away with instinctive mistrust. When his stay had been somewhat prolonged, M. Bourreux rose to depart; but, as though suddenly recollecting himself, he turned towards his host, and with a bland smile observed, 'My dear Monsieur Jasmin, allow me to congratulate you before I go; I am indeed delighted.'

M. Jasmin opened his eyes very wide, and seemed bewildered; his wife looked at him as though for an explanation. M. Bourreux continued: 'It is perhaps indiscreet in me to mention this so early; but I really could not command my feelings.'

The dancing-master and his wife exchanged glances: 'What could this mean?'

'What!' exclaimed the visitor; 'can you be unacquainted with an event concerning you so nearly? Nay, then, let me have the pleasure'—— And without finishing the sentence, he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and handed it with a smile to M. Jasmin. The dancing-master mechanically glanced over the paragraph pointed out by M. Bourreux; but scarcely had he read a few lines, when he became very pale, and sank down on a seat.

'What is the matter, Polydore?' cried the alarmed Madame Jasmin.

''Tis only the effect of joy,' coolly remarked M. Bourreux; 'he will soon come round.'

But instead of coming round, M. Jasmin betrayed increasing emotion; his little gray eyes twinkled with tears; and mournfully shaking his head, he exclaimed in a broken tone, 'Poor fellow! I taught him how to dance: is it now come to this?' and with another shake of the head, expressive of the deepest melancholy, he allowed the paper to fall to the ground. Madame Jasmin hastily picked it up, looked over the paragraph which had so affected her husband, and fairly burst into tears, whilst M. Bourreux eyed them both with undisguised contempt. Not to keep the reader in suspense,

we will state that the paper so officiously produced by M. Bourreux announced the death of Jaques Jasmin, merchant of New Orleans, where he had died of the yellow fever, on the eve of returning to his native country with a large fortune. As the deceased was a cousin of M. Jasmin, of whom he had not heard for several years, the golden consequences of this event chiefly struck M. Bourreux, who, when he saw the paltry light in which his friends beheld it, began to look upon them as more shallow and foolish beings than he had till then thought them to be. M. and Madame Jasmin were in the meanwhile relieving their grief by enumerating, as is usual in such cases, the manifold virtues of the deceased.

'So good-tempered!' exclaimed madame.

'So willing to learn too!' observed her husband.

'The newspaper says he died immensely rich,' urged M. Bourreux.

'He deserved it,' warmly cried M. Jasmin. 'Poor lad! when he went away, ten years back, to seek his fortune, "Trust me, Cousin Jasmin," says he, "I shall make my way; and honestly too," he added proudly; for he was proud, poor Jaques was.'

'Ay, and don't you recollect how, when you slipped the piece of gold into his little trunk, he pressed your hand, and could not speak?' observed Madame Jasmin, wiping her eyes.

'I declare,' replied her husband with surprise, 'I had forgotten all about that. Well, he was welcome to it; but it was a loan, not a gift; and indeed, if ever his children come to France, I shall remind them, in a polite manner of course, of the debt.'

'Your cousin was never married, and has left no children,' sharply said M. Bourreux.

'Well, I might have known that,' replied M. Jasmin; 'for when he was going away, "Cousin," says he, "I shall never marry but a pretty lively Frenchwoman like Madame Jasmin." Here the dancing-master tenderly glanced towards his wife, who positively blushed.

'Well, but do you also know,' impatiently exclaimed M. Bourreux, 'that your cousin has left no will?'

'What about it?' calmly asked M. Jasmin.

'What about it!' almost indignantly echoed his neighbour; 'why, if he died childless, and without making a will, does it not follow that his large fortune—two millions of francs, the newspapers say—must be divided amongst his relations?'

M. Jasmin opened and rolled his eyes in a manner which showed that the thought now occurred to him for the first time. For a while he seemed lost in thought, then incredulously exclaimed it could not be; a sentiment in which his wife fully concurred. On hearing this, M. Bourreux became indignant, then satirical, and at last, by a natural transition, quite sentimental. He begged of his dear friends to believe him—what interest had he in deceiving them? The dancing-master and his wife at length allowed themselves to be convinced; and after giving a few more tears to the memory of Jaques, they agreed that the intelligence must be true. M. Bourreux having thus accomplished his errand, departed, leaving them to their own reflections. These were dismal enough; and what with their grief for the death of Jaques Jasmin, and their joy of becoming at once so rich, the worthy couple spent, upon the whole, a rather miserable evening.

By the next morning they were more composed, and had settled how to act. The whole family immediately went into mourning; for what less could be done to honour the memory of a man who left them a fortune? Besides this, M. Jasmin had to write to his Norman cousin, M. Legros, who was the only other heir of the deceased. The next, and still more important step, was to remove from their present 'low neighbourhood to a more convenient residence.' So at least said Madame Jasmin, who had a secret taste for grandeur. A fashionable apartment in the Chaussée d'Antin was accordingly found. It was horribly dear; and though nominally consisting of four rooms, might be said to be all *salon*, every other convenience being sacrificed to that one room. The kitchen was a square hole, where daylight had never penetrated; the dining-room could hold only about four full-grown persons at a time; and although the salon or drawing-room was handsome and well-proportioned, it unfortunately happened that the only spot in which the sofa could possibly be put, was precisely against the only door that led into the bedroom. This door, which would otherwise have spoiled the symmetry of the room, was supposed to be there incognito, and was papered over like the rest of the walls, in order to keep up the delusion; but as the bedroom, like the kitchen, had no window, the architect had humanely caused a few panes of glass to be inserted into the highest portion of the door already mentioned; so that, with a little complaisance on the part of visitors, they might be supposed to be out of view altogether.

After a long consultation, M. and Madame Jasmin agreed that the sofa must be put against the door, and that, as the glass panes fortunately opened and shut like a real window, the aperture should serve to introduce them into their sleeping apartment. It is true it was somewhat narrow; but, as M. Jasmin wisely observed, 'you had only to step up on the sofa, pass your head through the opening, and you were sure to come down, most probably on the bed, and without being more than slightly grazed at the utmost.' Notwithstanding these advantages, the dancing-master and his wife soon grew dissatisfied with their apartment, which, they began to think, was not at all suited to them. Madame Jasmin's mind and cookery were perfectly bewildered by the dark and narrow kitchen; the unhappy children were cooped up night and day in the dining-room, lest they should soil the elegant paper of the *salon;* and it was found that, upon the whole, the manner of going in and out of the bedroom was anything but convenient, especially when it had to be repeated about a dozen times a-day. 'We shall get accustomed to it in time,' was M. Jasmin's comforting reflection. In the meanwhile, he discovered, to his great chagrin, that his pupils of the Rue St Denis refused to walk so far in order to take their lessons, and deserted him altogether; another source of mortification was to perceive that the fortune which he had expected would come to him of its own accord, delayed making its appearance; and the worst of it was, he could learn nothing more about it than what he had seen in the newspaper paragraph communicated to him by M. Bourreux.

The family had not been more than three days in their new apartment when they were surprised one morning by the sudden arrival of the country cousin, his wife, and his two sons. When the first greetings were over, M. Legros, who was short and stout, and a very abrupt, business-like little man, informed his cousin that, having learned living in a hotel was horribly dear in Paris, he had determined to give him a proof of his friendship by lodging and boarding with him during the whole time of his stay. He partly apologised for bringing his two boys; 'But the poor fellows,' he said, 'were so very anxious to come, that he really could not leave them behind.' Words could not describe the consternation which seized M. and Madame Jasmin on hearing this. The dancing-master made a feeble attempt to remonstrate, by urging want of room, and so forth; but M. Legros checked him in the very beginning, by vowing to hear no apologies, and that it would all do excellently well. He and Ma-

dame Legros could sleep in the *salon*, or in the dining-room, and the two boys would do admirably in the kitchen; in short, a few mattresses, feather-beds, sheets, blankets, and coverlets, were all they required. Without giving his unfortunate relative time to recover from this stunning blow, M. Legros continued—'We shall lead, I foresee, a very pleasant life. Madame Jasmin, I have no doubt, is an excellent cook; the boys and your children will be sure to agree together; and you, my wife, and I, shall go out sight-seeing; for you must know, cousin, this is our first visit to the capital. But first of all, what news on the business that brings us here?'

'Why, none as yet,' answered M. Jasmin.

'None!' echoed M. Legros with an anxious frown, and as though he strongly suspected his cousin of having fraudulently abstracted the two millions for his own benefit. 'Well, do you know,' he continued with a look meant to be particularly cutting in case M. Jasmin was guilty—'do you know I think this very strange?'

'To say the truth, so do I,' ingenuously replied the dancing-master.

M. Legros coughed doubtfully, and in a manner to show that, for the present, he would not decide on so grave an affair; but that he would, nevertheless, keep his eye on M. Jasmin.

We will not attempt to describe the sufferings M. Jasmin and his family had to endure during the first week of the stay of their relatives. Matters went on, however, as M. Legros had predicted. The unfortunate Madame Jasmin cooked from morning till night; the children agreed or quarrelled as their fancy led them; and whichever they did, always made such a fearful noise, that the lodger who resided underneath offered M. Jasmin a certain sum on condition of his removing instantly, which, from a sense of dignity, he refused to do. But the worst of it was, that the luckless dancing-master was compelled to show his cousins about not only over all Paris, but also over every portion of the surrounding country that had ever possessed the least celebrity. M. and Madame Legros were determined to make the best of their stay. As though to increase M. Jasmin's deep mortification, no tidings whatever could be had of Jaques Jasmin's fortune, a circumstance which caused M. Legros to hint, in a dark manner, that he strongly suspected the newspaper paragraph of being entirely groundless, and that he was not even far from considering his cousin as accessory to the fabrication, which had been the means of involving him in travelling expenses—and all in order to gratify M. Jasmin's selfish wish of enjoying the company of himself and his amiable family! M. Jasmin protested such an idea had never even entered his mind; but this of course only increased M. Legros's suspicions. 'But look ye, sir,' he added in a threatening tone, 'it would be better for you never to have made a dupe of me, sir; for I protest I shall leave neither this city nor this house, sir, until I have ascertained the truth of the whole affair.'

This was an awful threat, and M. Jasmin felt it in all its force. Legros was one of those suspicious men who are always imagining that all sorts of conspiracies are going on to cheat them, and who are resolved never to believe anything which is opposed to their own preconceived notions. His wrong-headedness on the present occasion was very perplexing, but what could the simple-minded Jasmin do? It was altogether against his nature to be rude.

During the whole of this time, M. Bourreux visited the family, and on learning that nothing was to be heard either of Jaques Jasmin or of his two millions, he appeared disappointed; but he soon grew accustomed to the circumstance, which even seemed to afford him peculiar pleasure, as was evident by the chuckle of satisfaction with which he alluded to it. One morning, when the whole family were at breakfast in the drawing-room—the only room which could contain them—M. Bourreux made his appearance at an earlier hour, and with a more agreeable and pleasant look than usual. On being asked to partake of the morning meal, he readily consented; and whilst Madame Jasmin was pouring him out a cup of coffee, cheerfully hummed a merry tune. M. Legros opened the conversation by asking if there were any news.

'Why, yes, there are,' answered M. Bourreux with great liveliness; 'and very good news too. What do you think now of your cousin Jaques not being dead?'

'Not dead!' echoed M. Legros, laying down his cup in indignant astonishment; 'not dead!'

'Yes; excellent, is it not?' chuckled M. Bourreux, rubbing his hands. 'But perhaps you don't believe it? Read this, my dear sir—read this!' and with the utmost complaisance he handed a newspaper to M. Legros. The paragraph to which he drew his attention merely stated that it was with the greatest pleasure the editor announced to the public that the merchant of New Orleans whose demise had been so deeply lamented a few weeks ago was still in the enjoyment of excellent health, the report having originated entirely through a mistake. As M. Legros read this aloud, M. Jasmin had his full benefit of the intelligence. It would be difficult to state exactly what the dancing-master's feelings were: he was rather disappointed at the loss of a fortune; but he was still better pleased to think that Jaques Jasmin was alive, observing aloud, in the simplicity and openness of his heart, that it was a great comfort.

'And do you call this a comfort, sir?' cried M. Legros in a rage. 'Do you know, sir,' he continued, scowling upon him fearfully, 'that these words would lead me to suspect that you have agents in New Orleans by whose means you contrived to spread this report? But no!' he exclaimed, checking himself, 'I will not believe it; nor will I believe that Jaques Jasmin is alive: it is a moral impossibility; and as there is no name mentioned in this statement, I am authorised to believe either that it is utterly false—a scandalous fabrication—or that it does not in any manner relate to my deceased cousin.'

'But supposing it is true?' observed M. Bourreux.

'I will suppose no such thing!' exclaimed the irascible M. Legros.

'Well, but it may be true,' persisted the other; 'and I ask how you would behave in case your cousin Jaques were to come home unexpectedly?'

'Sir,' gravely replied M. Legros, 'I should consider myself a deeply-injured man, and require a compensation; but admitting that my deceased cousin could come home, which I consider impossible, I should think myself justified in not recognising him, as I have a very faint recollection of his person.'

'Ah, but I remember him quite well,' here interposed M. Jasmin with a knowing look.

'I would not recognise him on your authority,' hastily exclaimed his cousin; 'indeed I should consider the whole affair so extremely suspicious, that I would turn my pretended cousin out of doors directly.'

'A very prudent course indeed!' observed M. Bourreux with a sneer. 'But,' continued he, changing the conversation, 'I have more news; and an excellent joke they will make too,' he shrewdly added. 'You must know, neighbour,' addressing M. Jasmin, 'that your old lodgings are let—you would never guess to whom? Well, not to keep you in suspense—to a dancing-master, who has now all your scholars: so you see you are fairly in for it;' and M. Bourreux chuckled very merrily at the idea.

This was pouring oil on M. Legros's wounded spirit: he laughed very long and very loud; so did his wife and his two boys. Madame Jasmin made a faint attempt to smile; her husband, seeing that his friends enjoyed the joke so much, thought it must be a capital one, though he could not exactly see where the point of it lay: he therefore laughed as much as he could; but his eyes glistened, and his lips quivered, as he thought

of his seven children, and wondered what he should do.

'Well,' said M. Bourreux, who had finished his breakfast by this time, 'now that I have made you so merry and comfortable, I think I shall go.' And away he went with a very satisfied air.

Still, it must be confessed that no particular signs of mirth or comfort were shown by the individuals whom he left behind him. Madame Jasmin had gone into the kitchen to cry: Madame Legros seemed to think that she had been mortally offended by her cousins, for she scarcely deigned to look upon them; her husband, who believed more in the truth of the newspaper paragraph than he chose to confess, was exceedingly snarlish and ill-tempered; M. Jasmin was overwhelmed by the news of the rival dancing-master: a reputation of twenty years' standing had been overthrown in a moment. After an hour's deep meditation, M. Legros rose, and stating that he was going out, asked his wife to accompany him; in a few minutes they walked out, without requesting, as usual, their cousin to come with them. M. Jasmin was not sorry for this; for, to say the truth, he wanted to speak to his wife. When they were alone, the children being all stowed away in the dining-room, he began pouring his sorrows into her faithful bosom, accusing himself of folly, and lamenting his imprudence. Madame Jasmin consoled him as well as she could: 'he had done everything for the best, and everything might yet turn out well.' M. Jasmin was easily comforted; he tried to persuade himself matters were not desperate, and that the best thing he could do would be to see about it directly. What 'seeing about it' meant, neither he nor his wife exactly knew; but it must have been something pleasant, for it caused them to brighten up immediately. In order to effect this, it was necessary to dress and go out: the first of these operations was not half over when a ring came at the bell. Madame Jasmin ascertained, by peeping through the key-hole, that it was a stranger. The worthy couple were in a terrible dilemma: M. Jasmin could not take refuge in the dining-room, for the children were there; neither could he enter the kitchen, lest the grease off some of the plates and saucepans should contaminate his new suit of clothes; it was impossible for him to remain in the *salon*, for there was no other place in which to receive the stranger: in short, M. Jasmin saw that his toilette must be finished in the bedroom. There was no time to lose; so, hastily catching up his clothes, he jumped up on the sofa, darted through the window, and alighted safely on the bed. Scarcely was this delicate operation concluded, when the stranger was ushered in by his wife.

'Is Monsieur Jasmin at home?' he inquired.

'Yes, sir,' she somewhat hesitatingly replied.

'Could I speak with him?'

'Oh, certainly, in a few minutes,' answered Madame Jasmin, wondering how ever her husband was to get out.

'He is a dancing-master, I believe?' continued the stranger; and on being answered in the affirmative, 'Is he usually moderate in his terms?'

Madame Jasmin was going to answer 'Exceedingly so;' but her husband, who had been extremely fidgetty and nervous since the beginning of the interview, now thought it proper to interfere. Standing on the bed, he therefore thrust his head through the window, and coughed gently. The stranger immediately gave a start, and looked up. 'Good-morning, sir,' affably said M. Jasmin; 'I believe you want to speak to me?'

'You are Monsieur Jasmin, then?' observed the stranger with the greatest gravity.

M. Jasmin bowed.

'And I believe you are a dancing-master?'

'I have that honour,' replied M. Jasmin; 'but if we are to speak on professional matters, will you allow me'—— And by an appropriate gesture he indicated his wish to come out.

'Oh, by all means!' cried the stranger.

Out accordingly, in more senses than one, the dancing-master did come, performing the awkward feat with truly professional grace and agility; and as he was now quite dressed, looking very dignified indeed.

The stranger did not even smile; and when M. Jasmin had taken a seat, resumed the conversation as though nothing had occurred. After several inquiries, he suddenly asked, 'Did you not formerly reside in the Rue St Denis?' When M. Jasmin had answered in the affirmative, the stranger dryly observed he thought it was a great pity he had ever left that neighbourhood. This mysterious speech led the dancing-master to conclude that his visitor resided in that quarter himself; and as, from the nature of his questions, he looked upon him in the light of a future pupil, he began to feel nervously alive to the danger of losing him beforehand.

'Ah! sir,' said he, sadly shaking his head, 'it was indeed a melancholy event that brought me here!' And as though he had known him for years, he began relating to his visitor how he had learned the death of Jaques Jasmin, and had been induced to remove to his present lodgings. 'Poor fellow,' he added with glistening eyes, 'I taught him how to dance!—poor Jaques! But there is yet hope,' said he, checking himself; 'yes, sir, there is yet hope: Cousin Legros says he could not recognise him, but I am sure I should. I have him even now in my mind's eye—a tall, good-looking young man; taller and younger than you, sir, a good bit, with darker hair too, and more colour. Oh, I should know him instantly!'

'Well,' said the stranger rather ironically, 'if your cousin is alive, what becomes of your fortune?'

'Sir, I will not think of that,' manfully replied M. Jasmin; 'it is his, not mine. I confess that I shall feel sorry to have ever heard of his death, as this has been the cause of a few disagreeable circumstances; but I shall feel still more pleased, sir, to hear that he is alive. But really there is quite enough of this. I believe you wished to speak to me on professional matters: my terms are very moderate,' he added with an insinuating smile.

The stranger looked embarrassed. 'Why, to say the truth'—— he began, and then paused hesitatingly.

As M. Jasmin was wondering what this could mean, the drawing-room door opened, and M. Legros majestically stalked in. Without regarding the presence of the stranger, who, on seeing him, discreetly retired to the other end of the room, he indignantly exclaimed, 'Well, sir, I am satisfied now; I know everything. Yes, sir,' he fiercely continued, 'I have been making inquiries, and have actually learned that Jaques Jasmin, or rather an impostor, taking the name of my deceased and respected relative, has been seen this very morning in the Rue St Denis inquiring after you!'

'Thank God for it!' fervently exclaimed the dancing-master. 'He is then alive and well, and Monsieur Bourreux was right.'

'Sir,' said his cousin, with a glance of withering contempt, 'you are mad, wretchedly insane; if I had my will, you should be sent to Charenton [the Parisian Bedlam]. If you were not so blind and deluded, I could prove to you, as clearly as two and two make four, that Monsieur Bourreux's intelligence was a vile calumny on the character of our late cousin, inasmuch as it accused him of the grossest inconsistency—namely, of being dead at one time, and actually alive again in less than two weeks afterwards! Where is the newspaper?'

Whilst the eye of M. Legros was wandering about the room in search of the paper, it chanced to alight on the stranger, who was looking at him very fixedly. On meeting his glance, M. Legros started back, and even turned pale; but rapidly recovering his presence of mind, he folded his arms upon his breast, and in a tone and attitude of defiance, exclaimed, 'Well, sir, what about it? I suppose you are going to say *you* are Jaques Jasmin, and that I recognise you! You are mistaken, sir; I shall do no such thing: the fact is, I do not recognise you!'

'Jaques!' cried M. Jasmin, sinking down on a chair in the height of his astonishment.

'Oh!' ironically observed M. Legros; 'I suppose, sir, *you* recognise him: very good, sir. I have a witness, mind you, who has heard you say you would; so that it is evidently quite premeditated!'

'Jaques! Jaques! can it indeed be you?' exclaimed the dancing-master, without heeding M. Legros.

Jaques Jasmin — for the strange visitor was no other—merely smiled in reply, and warmly shook his relative by the hand. M. Polydore Jasmin, with all his simple-heartedness, was somewhat of a formalist; and though his eyes were filled with tears as he gazed on the altered and sunburnt features of his long-lost cousin, he gravely folded him in his arms, and kissed him on each cheek, according to the old French fashion, which, though wearing away, is still in use among the middle and lower classes, and all the partisans of the old school.

'Very well, gentlemen, very well,' indignantly exclaimed M. Legros, as he witnessed these friendly proceedings with very ferocious feelings—'very well, you might have waited to kiss each other until I was gone! I shall soon rid you of my presence; but before I go, you shall hear some of my mind. You, sir'—to Jaques—'I look upon as a swindler, seeking to involve your unhappy relatives in expenses; and you, sir'—to M. Jasmin—'are a mean hypocrite. I have the honour to bid you both good-morning: my innocent family shall no longer undergo the contamination of this roof.' With this M. Legros walked out of the room in a very stately manner. When he stood on the threshold of the apartment, however, he turned back to inflict a last blow. 'My dear fellow,' said he, smilingly addressing the dancing-master, 'I must give you a friendly piece of advice before I go: learn to dance, my dear sir—learn to dance!'

M. Jasmin had heard himself called a mean hypocrite; and being naturally good-tempered, and inclined to make allowances for the blighted hopes of a disappointed heir, he had borne this unjust treatment with the greatest equanimity. But there are limits to endurance; and when M. Legros ventured on making the audacious remark above recorded, M. Jasmin started to his feet in a fit of ungovernable fury, and seized on the object nearest to him, with the firm intention of throwing it at M. Legros's head. Although this object happened to be a large arm-chair, he lifted it up with the greatest ease, and would actually have accomplished his design, but for the interference of Jaques Jasmin, and the precipitate retreat of M. Legros, who rushed down the stairs in a state of great terror, calling out murder all the way, and followed by his screaming wife and children. As soon as M. Jasmin's momentary anger had subsided, he felt very much ashamed at having so committed himself. He would even have run after M. Legros, to apologise for his inhospitable hastiness of temper, but the terrified gentleman was already out of sight. This made M. Jasmin very uncomfortable. The only reflection that alleviated his distress was, that what he had done was merely in defence of his art, and so far excusable. By repeating this a number of times, he confirmed himself in the belief that personal feelings had in no manner influenced his conduct, and that his art alone had been insulted—an impression which Jaques Jasmin carefully refrained from removing. When the dancing-master's mind had recovered its usual equanimity, he hastened to introduce his cousin to his wife, who had rushed in from her post behind the door (where she had been listening till then) on hearing the altercation between M. Legros and her husband. Though not quite so astonished as M. Jasmin had expected her to be, she was nevertheless very hysterical, and might even have fainted away, if the continued whining which proceeded from the dining-room had not recalled her to the necessity of giving the children a good scolding. Jaques Jasmin having, however, interceded for them, they were forgiven, and at his request allowed to enter the drawing-room immediately.

We will not dwell upon the manner in which the day—which, notwithstanding the many disappointments it brought with it, was truly one of happiness—was spent by the family of M. Jasmin, nor on the long account which Jaques had to give of himself. His history was simple enough, and will be easily detailed in a few words. The first of the newspaper paragraphs, which had caused such a series of mistakes, turned out to be false in every respect. Jaques did not possess two millions of francs; he had not much more than one: worse still, he was married—to a Frenchwoman, however—and was the father of several children, so that all chance of inheriting his fortune was at an end; yet, strange to say, M. Polydore Jasmin seemed quite happy on hearing this, and actually rubbed his hands with glee. But the most singular portion of Jaques Jasmin's history was, that the piece of gold which he had received from his cousin at the epoch of their parting had partly been, he said, the means of making his fortune. This struck M. Jasmin as one of the most extraordinary circumstances he had ever heard, and made so deep an impression on his imagination, that for a long time afterwards he mentioned it to every one he knew as a great natural curiosity; for, he observed, there must have been some virtue in the gold: it could not have happened otherwise; so at least says Madame Jasmin.

As it had never occurred to the simple-minded dancing-master that he had anything to expect from his rich relative, he felt somewhat surprised when, on the second day which followed his first visit, Jaques Jasmin hinted that, as he had been the involuntary means of causing him to remove from his old quarters to a neighbourhood wholly unsuited to his circumstances, he felt it his duty to provide him with new lodgings. M. Jasmin would not at first hear of this; but he at length consented, and in a few days was comfortably settled with his family in a large and airy apartment in a part of the town equally removed from the commercial Rue St Denis and the fashionable Chaussée d'Antin. Here the dancing-master rapidly found scholars; but as they did not pay him very highly, he might still have repented leaving the Rue St Denis, if it had not occurred to Madame Jaques Jasmin, who turned out to be a very pretty and amiable woman, that, as her family was rapidly increasing, it would be a prudent and economical plan to settle a certain annual sum on their cousin, on condition of his engaging to teach his art to their children, with all the new *pas* that might come out. Her husband, who is partly suspected of having suggested it, immediately submitted this plan to his relative, who, after mature deliberation (for although he said nothing about it, the clause of the new *pas* was to him a great objection), adhered to it, and faithfully performed his part of the agreement, always being in mortal fear lest some new *pas* should come out without his knowledge, and render him guilty of what in his eyes would have been direct perjury.

It was shortly after these events that M. Jasmin wrote a long letter to M. Legros, in which, after tendering the most satisfactory apologies, he gave him a detailed account of Jaques Jasmin's marriage, his family, and what he had done for him personally. M. Legros, instead of being pacified, considered the dancing-master's epistle as a direct insult on his feelings. The only answer he condescended to return to it was, that he left Polydore and Jaques Jasmin to the workings of their own consciences; but that, for his part, he could never forgive them. Strange to say, M. Bourreux was glad to hear of M. Jasmin's good fortune: he might have been still better pleased, perhaps, had matters turned out otherwise; but he was pleased. As it has been discovered, in the Rue St Denis, that his only fortune consists in an annuity which must die with him, and that, consequently, he has no property to bequeath,

his importance is very much diminished; but it is pleasant to reflect that his temper is greatly improved.

The Jasmin family are happy and comfortable. M. Jasmin has been somewhat troubled by the Polka mania, but he is reconciled to it now. He thinks his wife prettier than ever, and idolises his children. Upon the whole, he may be described as that human curiosity—a happy and contented individual. He has entirely forgotten that he once thought himself rich, though it is said he still remembers the miseries he had to endure in his fashionable apartment.

TUITION OF IDIOTS.

At the conclusion of our last article on the tuition of idiots, we dwelt briefly on the methods of exciting the senses of taste and touch. We now proceed to consider the means to be adopted with a view of acting on the organ of vision. In devising expedients for this purpose, as also in every other proceeding respecting the object in hand, the condition of the young subject must be carefully regarded, and the appliances made to bear on the individual in greater or less intensity, according to the peculiarity of the case. In most idiots a vacant wandering gaze is observable; the first aim of the tutor should therefore be directed so as to fix the eye of the pupil on some object. This may, in general, be accomplished by holding up a small substance in the axis of vision, and causing it to follow the varying motions of the eyeballs. As soon as the regard is attracted to whatever is thus presented, and the eye is noticed to dwell upon the object, it should be kept stationary until the attention is fixed upon it; and then being slowly moved backwards and forwards, so as to draw the eye in a corresponding direction, a regular and voluntary action of the muscles of the eyeball becomes excited. In most instances this preliminary exercise will be followed by the desired result; but should a more powerful stimulus be found necessary, it may be advisable to employ a luminous body. If this prove insufficient, the room ought to be darkened, and a beam of light permitted to enter through a small circular aperture in the shutter. To this point the face of the pupil should then be directed for a longer or shorter time; and when the object of fixing the attention by means of this strong impression is obtained, the exercises on the organ of sight, already described, may be adopted at a subsequent period.

As soon as the efforts to fix the regard prove successful, attempts may be made to impart an idea of colour. To accomplish this, pieces of wood, of the same form and size, painted with the three primitive colours, red, blue, and yellow, as well as white and black, should be provided. These should be successively and slowly exhibited. In due time duplicates of each colour ought to be placed on the table; and the tutor, selecting a particular piece from the one set, intimates that the pupil should take a corresponding one from the other set which are placed before him. Whenever an indication of appreciation of colour is manifested by readiness in matching the portion presented by the tutor, it will be advisable to pronounce the name of each, so as to affect both the eye and the ear with a distinct impression in relation to the quality of the object held up for observation.

In like manner, some impression as to the different forms of objects may be engendered by placing on the table pieces of wood having distinct and marked shapes —such as square, circular, triangular, &c. The exercise with these may be pursued in a way precisely similar to that adopted to impart ideas of colour—namely, by first showing each separately, then by placing the whole before the pupil, and drawing from a duplicate set a particular piece to be matched, and at the same time pronouncing its form.

When conducting this exercise, it is advisable to bring the sense of touch, as well as that of sight, into play. The hand should be caused to pass over the surface of each figure, so as to distinguish the different sensations produced by objects differently shaped. At a more advanced period, it may serve a good purpose to bring each sense into operation independent of the other, with a view of quickening them in a still higher degree. To accomplish this, a bandage should be lightly passed over the eyes, and then each figure should be placed in the hands, in order that the sense of touch may be exercised to discover the form of the object without the aid of sight; and so, in a similar manner, the eye may be encouraged to discriminate without the assistance of the hands.

The continued action of the senses of sight and touch may, after the lapse of a short interval, be made serviceable to communicate the separate ideas of size and number. This can be accomplished by pursuing the principle adopted to impart notions of colour.

To give instruction as to size of objects, procure several duplicate pieces of wood, some in the form of squares, others oblong, and another set in long pieces. Each set being successively placed before the pupil, his attention is to be directed to them; and if he has already conceived the idea of shape from the previous exercise, he will become conscious that the objects before him have the same figure, but are different in another particular — namely, size. Whenever this conception is formed, the duplicate set may be produced, and the exercise pursued in the manner already described when speaking on the method of communicating ideas of colour, using the words *large* or *small* as the corresponding fragments are presented. In conducting this, as well as every other exercise, care must be taken that no objects except those in use are exposed to view, otherwise the attention will become distracted, and the ideas confused. It is equally important to avoid wearying or irritating the pupil by continuing any effort too long, or by an unnecessary repetition of performances in which he is tolerably perfect. A judicious variety of action, passing from the simple to the more advanced, by bringing into play the several functions of the mind, prevents irksomeness, and promotes improvement in a material degree.

Notions of number will be generated if twenty or thirty circular pieces of white card are exposed to view in two different quantities, distinguishing each by the words *larger* and *smaller*. As soon as this conception is created, equal numbers should be presented, using at the time the word *same* or *like*. Subsequently, a single portion should be held up, and indicated by pronouncing the figure *one*, then *two*, and so on. Whenever ideas of quantity and number are thus formed, attempts should be made to impress the mind with the corresponding symbol. To effect this, a black board should be provided, having white spots painted upon it of the same size as the pieces of card, and with the figure corresponding to the number placed at the extremity of each line, thus—

10
200
3000

A single line should be exposed separately, so as to show only one figure and the corresponding circles at the same time.

To those pupils who have the capacity, and with whom it is desirable to pursue instruction further respecting the power of numbers, the task will be much facilitated, and the object better attained, by employing the separate portions of card in preference to the arbitrary symbols. The design of tuition should be carefully kept in view—namely, that of quickening the faculties, and creating clear conceptions, so as to turn them to good account. We should therefore be especially guarded against the temptation of stepping beyond the bounds of utility: we should ever keep in mind what ought, rather than what can, be accomplished.

It is pleasing to discover, amidst much that is unattractive in these imperfect creatures, some peculiarities

which are singularly interesting. Among these may be noticed the remarkable susceptibility of the majority of idiots to musical sounds. Nearly all are acutely sensible of this influence, though they may be unable to utter a note or intelligible sound; and many, ignorant and incapable in other respects, manifest a remarkable power of imitating with the voice any simple air which has been carefully and repeatedly executed for their benefit. This sensibility of the organ of hearing becomes important as a means of producing impressions and awakening emotions. By a judicious education of the ear, the tutor acquires both a capability of communicating pleasing sensations, and also an increased power of enforcing obedience by a careful and marked intonation of his own voice, when imparting the various necessary directions to his pupils. Although in general naturally acute, yet this sense should receive a like systematic culture with the others. In addition to the regular gradations of the gamut, impressions should be made by striking various sonorous bodies together, and by uttering the different vocal expressions indicative of the emotions of the mind. It may be here remarked that there appears to be a greater susceptibility to lively and well-marked instrumental music than to that produced by the voice.

In following out the foregoing directions respecting the cultivation of the senses, great discretion will be absolutely necessary on the part of the tutor in adjusting the exercises to each particular case, as well as to the relative imperfections of the different organs observable in the same individual. Careful observation, combined with a fair amount of tact, will, however, lead to an adaptation of suitable means to each pupil. It may here be remarked that too rigid an observance of the above directions should not be enforced. Considerable latitude should be taken by the tutor, lest, by following too rigidly the somewhat artificial, though scientific and progressive order of cultivating the senses, a degree of irksomeness might in some instances be produced. To prevent this, frequent opportunities should be made available of directing the notice of the pupil to all ordinary objects which come within the range of his observation. He should be made as familiar with their names and uses as his imperfect capacity will allow. He should be taught to handle various articles, to attend to personal cleanliness, to dress and undress, as well as to take his food, without assistance. To accomplish all these objects, the force of example must be brought into operation, and much reliance must also be placed on the ingenuity, judgment, patience, and perseverance of the instructor.

In pursuing a systematic course of training, it will be found that the imitative tendency is strongly implanted in the objects before us. This is a fortunate circumstance, as, by a judicious use of that well-known influence which the stronger has over the weaker mind, a valuable means of leading forward, regulating, and rendering useful the rudest and most inert materials is placed in our hands. Of all the various elementary principles brought into operation in the tuition of idiots, this is the most powerful and important. It fortunately happens that so useful an agent is applicable in all cases, and may be made to bear with due efficacy upon each, taking, as the faculties become developed, a higher range of action. It may be divided into three kinds or stages: first, the simple motions of the limbs; next, the handling of objects; and lastly, the moral influence of example in all that relates to conduct and duty. The manner of causing the pupil to conceive and follow the various positions of the tutor having been already described when speaking on the regulation of muscular action, we proceed to the consideration of the more advanced stage—namely, the method to be employed with a view of leading, by means of the imitative tendency, to the use of various implements.

The first step in this important procedure may be accomplished by placing on the table two pieces of wood, about the size and shape of ordinary building bricks. One of them being handed to the youth, the instructor takes the other, and placing it in a certain position, requires that the remaining piece shall be moved by the pupil so as to correspond with it in situation. At first, little or no idea of the intention is formed, and some assistance becomes necessary. In a short time, however, an appreciation of the object sought is engendered, and the pupil will readily cause his portion to assume the various positions of the opposite one. When this is accomplished, an increased number should be employed, and the faculty of imitation cultivated, by arranging one set in a certain order, to be followed by the pupil with the other set. Succeeding to this exercise, domestic implements may be introduced, and their uses taught through the power of imitation. Thus, by gradual and progressive steps, instruction in various easy occupations may ultimately be inculcated, and the apparently hopeless object rendered useful and happy by means at once simple and applicable.

From what has been already advanced, the reader will perceive that the impressions received by a sound infant mind intuitively, require to be communicated by artificial means to the idiot. In pursuing those higher branches of instruction which prepare him to enter on active and useful avocations, the same principle must be carefully kept in view. Before the attempt is made to instruct the pupil in any handicraft employment, his ideas of form, and his capability of describing various figures in chalk, must be fully cultivated. This is an exercise which usually excites an agreeable impression among the pupils, and is accordingly entered on with readiness and pleasure. A black board being provided, the tutor draws upon it, by means of a rule and chalk, a single line; then requires that a similar one shall be imitated by each pupil in succession. The first lesson is devoted to a perpendicular line, the next to a horizontal, and the following one to an oblique.

As soon as the pupil has made each respective line, he should be required to utter the word, *up, flat, slant*, according as the line is perpendicular, horizontal, or oblique. After this combined exercise of both hands has been duly practised, he should be taught to draw a straight line without the aid of a rule. Then the three lines he has been taught being connected at each extremity, a triangle becomes represented on the board. To familiarise him, or rather to impress him, with a just conception of the nature of this picture, place in his hand the triangular piece of wood formerly employed to impart ideas of form, and encourage him to compare it with the figure on the board. By so doing, he becomes aware that the lines he has made constitute a representation of the substance he holds in his hand. A little reflection will convince us that the various steps embraced in this simple lesson are of great value in creating steadiness and capability of directing the hand, in perfecting the conception of form, and in generating a power to draw a representation of a simple object.

Whenever some proficiency is attained in drawing straight lines, the pupil should be taught to describe a curve; first by the aid of the rule, one extremity of which being fixed by the thumb, forms an axis, and becomes the centre of the circle. Subsequently, the hands should be exercised in forming curves without the aid of any instrument. After some practice of the eye and hand, in proportion to the capacity of the pupil, these preliminary exercises in the art of drawing should be followed up by efforts to impart the power of representing simple objects. This will be effected with the greatest ease by presenting the mathematical figures shaped in wood for imitation, beginning with the triangle, and passing to the square, circle, oblong, oval, &c. In due time, simple implements, with which the youth has become familiar, should be held up, that he may attempt a rude picture of them.

Several advantages ensue from this course of tuition. The object sought is not to make a painter, but to

expand and cultivate the mind, to open out stores of improvement and enjoyment by this simplest of languages—the hieroglyphical. It also serves a most useful purpose in perfecting ideas of shape, and a power of imitation which can ultimately be turned to good account in manual operations requiring a capacity to cut and work out rude materials into useful articles.

The first instruction in letters is founded on the preliminary exercise respecting a straight line and curve, the various combinations of which form the complete alphabet. This important branch of instruction is greatly facilitated, and precise ideas respecting the symbols of language are created, by first making known those letters which consist of simple lines, next the circle, and lastly those consisting of a straight line and portion of the circle. We may here remark, though not forming a part of this portion of instruction, that when a consonant is represented, the simple sound should be associated with it, not that compound with a vowel which is usually employed in ordinary schools. This both aids utterance, and prevents confused notions.

Most idiots are mute; that is to say, they do not utter any intelligible sounds, owing to causes analogous to those which impede control over muscular action in other parts of the body. The means of cultivating the organ of speech consist in producing successive motions of the jaw, lips, and tongue. When the faculty of imitation is developed, and the pupil is able to control the muscles of those parts, the object may be easily attained if the tutor exhibit the necessary movements. But in some cases, both the tendency to follow the actions of others, and the power over the vocal apparatus, are so imperfect, that it becomes necessary to aid the muscles. The jaw should be opened and closed, the lips brought into various positions by the use of the fingers, and the tongue moved by means of a paper knife.

When, however, imitation and power of motion are more perfect, the mechanical assistance is unnecessary. Such exercises as whistling, sucking a ferule, holding a small body between the lips, protruding the tongue, and moving it in every direction, should be practised. After these muscular actions have been many times exercised, a simple sound should be uttered by the tutor, and repeated till the pupil does the same. When he becomes perfect in uttering simple labials and linguals, he should be practised in uttering consecutive syllables.

The power of arrangement may be taught by placing several square and oblong pieces of wood so as to form a certain figure, to be imitated by the pupil. As soon as some knowledge of letters is communicated, he should be taught the sound of two letters combined, and then of those which form a word. The instruction in this department is greatly facilitated by having the letters on separate portions of card, so that they can be selected and brought together. The first words formed should be substantives of one syllable only, as hat, cap, &c. The object should also be presented at the time, so as to impress the mind with the power of the letters employed in forming the word. No words should be used of which the meaning has not been communicated.

From substantives proceed to adjectives: show that a hat may be white or black; then to verbs: form the sentence 'move the hat,' and when moving it, point to the verb. So with prepositions, place an object in, on, under the hat, &c. repeating the respective preposition, and showing the word whenever the object is placed in these different situations.

We now approach a most important department of tuition; namely, that of moral guidance. Owing to the inherent deficiencies already described, the several actions of idiots, constituting conduct, belong in a great measure to that class termed evil. To check this unfortunate tendency, and to cultivate the moral sense, so as to engender ideas of duty and improved conduct, form the highest office of the tutor. Although certain influences about to be described may be said strictly to belong to the class of moral agents, yet it is to be observed that every step already taken bears on the same end in a most material degree. The faculties have been cultivated, knowledge imparted, and an affectionate regard for, and obedient reliance on, the tutor is felt. During the whole progress of intellectual training, it is vitally important that the moral sense be regarded, and that means should be taken to regulate and cultivate it. The first object to be accomplished is to prevent the pupil from committing any evil act; the next, to direct him to a more improved conduct by constant supervision; and lastly, to promote a desire and will to continue such conduct when no control is exercised over him. It will be perceived that, in training the moral sense, a course very similar to that adopted in the regulation of muscular action is recommended to be pursued; namely, first the prevention of vicious tendencies and habits; next, a judicious regulation under control; and lastly, a free and unrestrained power, stimulated by due excitants.

In accomplishing this latter and very exalted duty, the pupil should be taught to notice, compare, and judge—in fact, to reason, and then to will. He should be made to feel his wants both in food and clothing, and to supply them by fetching the necessary articles from a distant part of the establishment. When conducting this moral tuition, the first dawning of a better disposition should be carefully looked for, and made available when discovered. It is probable that, after the perverse propensities have been conquered, and the pupil has submitted to direction in a better course, some manifestation of a new desire or will may become apparent. This, if correct, should be actively encouraged, and other aids sought for to cultivate and gratify pure tastes and feelings. By these means he will, in course of time, be made sensible of many rational enjoyments, the gratification of which can be turned to good account as rewards for improved conduct.

Our remarks on the tuition specially adapted to the idiotic having already occupied so much space, we are unable to dwell at any length on the means applicable to those children in whom the development of the mental faculties has been retarded, owing to the occurrence of certain actions of the brain which have supervened after birth. The gymnastic exercises calculated to invigorate the bodily functions may be safely encouraged, but it will be advisable to adopt precautions respecting those agents destined to stimulate the brain in a direct manner, lest, by an injudicious excitement of a disordered organ, additional disturbance arise which it may be difficult to allay. The advice of a medical man should be sought, who, taking into account the cause which has operated in preventing the expansion of the mind, will be able to suggest what exercises are likely to prove advantageous, and what prejudicial.

Something remains to be said respecting the properties of the individual required to execute this nice and delicate work of tuition. He who is employed in the task should possess many amiable qualities. A mild, gentle, persuasive, serene, and charitable nature should be sought for, but at the same time a weak and yielding disposition is to be avoided. With much calm self-possession should be united an equal share of firmness, consistency, and perseverance. Those endowments of temper, address, forbearance, superior judgment, and strong determination, constituting a power to command, are especially needed; as well as that ready and decisive appliance of just means to every emergency, usually denominated tact. Considerable play and power of voice, gesture, and look, are necessary to fix attention, communicate an impression, and enforce obedience. A capability to enter with spirit on various games and pastimes, and a facility of expressing emotion, as well as a taste for music, are all desirable qualities.

The power of observation should be studiously applied, the peculiarities of each pupil carefully marked, and met with that discretion which can alone lead to success.

We have now traced some of the essential influences

destined to elevate the most inert and degraded creature, by the education of the whole being, to the likeness of man. The means are as simple and applicable as they are sound and philosophical, and it is only necessary to use them with energy and discretion, to secure happy results.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

This is the name of a boy now ten years of age, who, if he lives, and continues to enjoy mental and corporeal health, will in all probability be one of the most remarkable men America has ever produced. He is not one of those 'prodigies' in whom a single faculty is developed to a preternatural extent; for his general talent is nearly as conspicuous as his aptitude for mathematics. He has both the will and the power to *learn* in a very extraordinary degree, and his success cannot by any means be ascribed, as in other cases, to the collective energies of his mind being turned into a single channel.

He was born at Royalton, Windsor County, Vermont, on the 6th of January 1836. His father is a farmer, and a person of considerable intelligence; and both his parents, during the earlier portion of their lives, were instructors of youth. From his father he appears to have inherited his passion for mathematical studies, and from his mother a nervous temperament, so exquisite,

'That one might almost say his body thought.'

In his first year he was so delicate, so fragile, that perhaps no other mother could have reared him; but from the wan unearthly lips of the infant there came questions that made the listeners start and thrill by their preternatural intelligence. It seemed as if he had come into the world with a craving for knowledge, which he waited only for the gift of speech to 'wreak upon expression.' But it was not till his third year that the grand bias of his mind was suspected; nor did this fully develop itself till three years after. His parents had already amused themselves with his power of calculating numbers; but one day now, as we are told, he 'remarked to his mother, that if he knew how many rods it was round his father's large meadow, he could tell the measure in barleycorns. When his father came in, she mentioned it to him; and he, knowing the dimensions of the field, made a calculation, and told the boy it was 1040 rods; the lad, after a few minutes, gave 617,760, as the distance in barleycorns, "in his head," as the phrase is.'

This was sufficiently remarkable in a child of six years of age; but before his eighth year, he had gone to the extent of the famous Zerah Colburn's powers, and had answered, in fifteen minutes, all the questions which more recently made the reputation of a negro boy, detecting three mistakes either of the press or the boy. But these feats were not achieved—and this is the most promising fact in his history—by the kind of intuition usually observable in such cases, but by means of study; and it was observed that he improved rapidly by practice, and lost proportionately when he neglected the cultivation of his powers. At this time he acquired from books some knowledge of algebra and geometry, and appeared to possess, 'in addition to the power of performing lengthy calculations in his head, the higher power of comprehending and solving abstruse and difficult questions in the various branches of mathematics.'

He was now attacked by typhus fever; and an incident of his illness is related which exhibits at once his passion for such studies and the extreme delicacy of his nervous temperament. 'When the alarming crisis of his disease had passed, and he was slowly recovering, he pled most affectingly with his mother for Day's Algebra and his slate. His mother, aware of his extreme nervousness and irritability at the time, thought it would be better to gratify than to refuse him, and gave him the Algebra and slate. He immediately commenced making a long statement, which extended nearly across the slate; but before he could finish it, his little hand failed, his pencil dropped, and giving up in despair, he burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly.' After his recovery, Hutton's Mathematics and the Cambridge Mathematics were added to his few books, and in the winter of 1844–5 he studied hard. In the following spring, Dr Chester Dewry, a mathematician well known throughout the United States, writes of him thus:—'He is not one of the calculators by instinct, if I may use the language, but a real regular reasoner, on correct and established principles, taking the easiest and most direct course. As he had Hutton's Mathematics, and wanted some logarithms, his father told me he computed the logarithms from 1 to 60 by the formula given by Hutton, which were afterwards found to be the same in a table of logarithms for the same number of decimals. He is a wonderful boy. His mind seems bent on the study of mathematics, and he takes his books about with him, that he may study some every day. He was also much interested in three lectures on chemistry that he attended. He seems very able to make a practical application of his knowledge. His mind is too active; and when roused in the night, or made wakeful by his nervous temperament, it is often difficult to arrest the current of his thoughts on some interesting calculation. The study of mathematical relations seems to be amusement to him.'

He was now taken to Hanover, where he saw for the first time an extensive collection of books and mathematical instruments. The sight made the poor nervous student wild with excitement; and when taken away, he was drowned in tears. On returning home from a little tour, in the course of which he had been introduced to various scientific men, and had his library enriched by several useful acquisitions, he set about constructing an almanac, which was actually put to press in the autumn of 1845, having been cast when its author was just nine years and a half old. In the following year he calculated four different almanac calendars—one for Cincinnati, which was published with a portrait; one for Philadelphia; one for Boston; and one for his native Vermont. 'While getting up the Cincinnati one, he became much abstracted in his manner, wandered about with his head down, talking to himself, &c. as is his manner while originating new rules. His father approached him, and inquired what he was doing, and found that he had originated a new rule for getting moon risings and settings, accompanied with a table which saves full one-fourth of the work in casting moon risings. This rule, with a number of others for calculating eclipses, is preserved with his manuscript almanacs in the library of Harvard University.' This almanac was placed upon a par by scientific men with the works of mathematicians of mature years; and the wonderful boy, who saw two editions of his book sold almost immediately—one of 7000, and one of 17,000 copies—became at once a public character.

'Not satisfied,' says the Rev. H. W. Adams of him at this time, 'with the old, circuitous processes of demonstration, and impatient of delay, young Safford is constantly evolving new rules for abridging his work. He has found a new rule by which to calculate eclipses, hitherto unknown, so far as I know, to any mathematician. He told me it would shorten the work nearly one-third. When finding this rule, for two or three days he seemed to be in a sort of trance. One morning very early he came rushing down stairs, not stopping to dress himself, poured on to his slate a stream of figures, and soon cried out, in the wildness of his joy, "Oh, father, I have got it—I have got it! It comes—it comes!"'

We now proceed to give the results of a regular examination of the boy, in which the questions were prepared beforehand by a skilful mathematician, with the view of testing his powers to the uttermost.

'I went, firmly expecting to be able to confound him, as I had previously prepared myself with various problems for his solution. I did not suppose it possible for

a boy of ten years only to be able to play, as with a top, with all the higher branches of mathematics. But in this I was disappointed. Here follow some of the questions I put to him, and his answers. I said, "Can you tell me how many seconds old I was last March, the 12th day, when I was twenty-seven years old?" He replied instantly, "85,255,200." Then said I, "The hour and minute hands of a clock are exactly together at 12 o'clock: when are they next together?" Said he, as quick as thought, "1 h. 5 5-11 m." And here I will remark, that I had only to read the sum to him once. He did not care to see it, but only to hear it announced once, no matter how long. Let this fact be remembered in connection with some of the long and blind sums I shall hereafter name, and see if it does not show his amazing power of conception and comprehension. Also, he would perform the sums mentally, and also on a slate, working by the briefest and strictest rules, and hurrying on to the answer with a rapidity outstripping all capacity to keep up with him. The next sum I gave him was this: "A man and his wife usually drank out a cask of beer in twelve days; but when the man was from home, it lasted the woman thirty days. How many days would the man alone be drinking it?" He whirled about, rolled up his eyes, and replied at once, "20 days." Then said I, "What number is that which, being divided by the product of its digits, the quotient is three; and if 18 be added, the digits will be inverted?" He flew out of his chair, whirled round, rolled up his wild flashing eyes, and said in about a minute, "24." Then said I, "Two persons, A and B, departed from different places at the same time, and travelled towards each other. On meeting, it appeared that A had travelled 18 miles more than B, and that A could have gone B's journey in $15\frac{3}{4}$ days, but B would have been 28 days in performing A's journey. How far did each travel?" He flew round the room, round the chairs, writhing his little body as if in agony, and in about a minute sprung up to me, and said, "A travelled 72 miles, and B 54 miles—didn't they? Yes." Then said I, "What two numbers are those whose sum, multiplied by the greater, is equal to 77, and whose difference, multiplied by the less, is equal to 12?" He again shot out of his chair like an arrow, flew about the room, his eyes wildly rolling in their sockets, and in about a minute said, "4 and 7." "Well," said I, "the sum of two numbers is 8, and the sum of their cubes 152. What are the numbers?" Said he instantly, "3 and 5." Now, in regard to these sums, they are the hardest in Davies's Algebra.

'I took him into the mensuration of solids. Said I, "What is the entire surface of a regular pyramid, whose slant height is 17 feet, and the base a pentagon, of which each side is 33.5 feet?" In about two minutes, after amplifying round the room, as his custom is, he replied, "3354.5558." "How did you do it?" said I. He answered, "Multiply 33.5 by 5, and that product by 8.5, and add this product to the product obtained by squaring 33.5, and multiplying the square by the tabular area taken from the table corresponding to a pentagon." On looking at this process, it is strictly scientific. Add to this the fact, that I was examining him on different branches of mathematics requiring the application of different rules, and that he went from one sum to another with rapidity, performing the work in his mind when asked, and the wonder is still greater. Then I desired him to find the surface of a sphere. "Hence," said I, "required the area of the surface of the earth, its diameter being 7921 miles?" He replied as quick as thought, "197,111,024 square miles." To do it, he had to square 7921, and multiply the product by 3.1416. Then I wished him to give me the solidity of a sphere; therefore, said I, "What is the solidity of the earth, the mean diameter being 7918.7 miles?" He writhed about, flew rapidly about the room, flashed his eyes, and in about a minute said, "259,992,792,083." To do this, he multiplied the cube of 7918.7 by 5236. I believe he used a few figures in doing this sum, but it was unnecessary, as he performed a much larger one in his mind, as I shall soon show. I then asked him to give me the cube root of 3,723,875. He replied quicker than I could write it, and that mentally, "155—is it not? Yes." Then said I, "What is the cube root of 5,177,717?" Said he, "173." "Of 7,880,599?" He instantly said, "199." These roots he gave, calculated wholly in his mind, as quick as you could count one. I then asked his parents if I might give him a hard sum to perform *mentally*. They said they did not wish to tax his mind too much, nor often to its full capacity, but were quite willing to let me try him once. Then said I, "Multiply, *in your head*, 365,365,365,365,365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365!" He flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the top of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, sometimes smiling and talking, and then seeming to be in agony, until, in not more than one minute, said he, "133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225!" The boy's father, Rev. C. N. Smith, and myself, had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it to us in periods of three figures each, as fast as it was possible for us to write them. And what was still more wonderful, he began to multiply at the left hand, and to bring out the answer from left to right, giving first "133,491," &c. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale, and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he had ever done!'

Well, indeed, may the poor child have looked pale, after a three hours' examination like this! Such experiments resemble certain animal murders, in which the victim is tortured to death for the gratification of scientific curiosity. It is no wonder that young Safford has been pronounced to be 'fore-doomed.' But more merciful inquirers have given a very different account of the relative working of his mind and body. They deny any distortion of features, any clouding of the brow, any diminution of the cheerful brightness of his boyish eye. They tell us that he walks with a free step round the room, threading his way behind chairs, gliding into corners, and looking up at the questioner as he passes with a smile, apparently no more fatigued than a boy with his usual play. It would seem clear from this that if he is fore-doomed, it is not by nature, but by man. But the frail constitution, the delicate health, the small limbs, the brilliant eyes, the pallid countenance, are not necessarily indications of early death; and there are circumstances in the case before us which give every hope that, if the boy only receives fair-play, he may live long enough to obtain a permanent place in the constellation of science, instead of passing away, as some anticipate, like the meteor of a moment. One of these circumstances is what appears to us to be the curious and interesting fact, that in him the intellectual does not require to draw upon the physical man for aid in extraordinary emergencies. In ordinary cases, when the feats, as in the present, are not performed by intuition, but are the result of previous study, the calculator or reasoner suspends, so far as he can, the exercise of those faculties that are applied to the uses of the body: he abstracts his senses from external objects, and appears either to exact from them some mysterious aid within, or at least to require a strict neutrality. With the Vermont boy, on the contrary, the external perceptions seem to quicken in the mental excitement. The exercise of his body goes on at the same moment with the exercise of his mind; and if he is engaged in any ordinary employment at the time, instead of suspending it, he redoubles his energy. This affords a hope that in his case the mind may not be worked in any fatal disproportion.

The value of that mind may be collected from the following statements by Mr Adams, the gentleman who tested its powers so rigorously.

'But young Safford's strength does not lie wholly in the mathematics. He has a sort of mental absorption. His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography,

and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas, by Professor Johnston of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. Here his eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process.

'His memory, too, is very retentive. He has pored over Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences so much, that I seriously doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of those immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I saw the volumes, and also noticed he had left his marks on almost every page. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprung into his study and produced me Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Perkins's Algebra, Playfair's Euclid, Pike's Arithmetic, Davies's Algebra, Hutton's Mathematics, Flint's Surveying, the Cambridge Mathematics, Gummere's Astronomy, and several nautical almanacs. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had. And an examination of him, for the space of three hours, convinced me that he had; and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. His knowledge is not intuitive. He is a pure and profound reasoner.'

What to do with this remarkable boy was the question. A neighbouring bank offered him a thousand dollars a year to enact the part of a machine for calculating interest. Another admirer of genius, equally disposed to turn the penny by it, advised his father to carry him about the country as a show; in the hope, no doubt, that his intellectual greatness might stand as well in the market as the physical littleness of General Tom Thumb. If this plan had been carried into effect, we should have had him in England no doubt; when, *of course*, her Majesty and her principal nobility would have treated him with at least the distinction they lavished, so honourably to themselves and to the character of the British court, upon the dwarf! Some thought that he should be lavishly supplied with books, and his genius left undisturbed to itself; while others contended that he ought to have the benefit of a public education, superintended by men eminent for their acquirements. This last opinion, we are happy to say, was adopted by his father; who, on the invitation of the Harvard University, removed to Cambridge with his family, where about this time last year Truman Henry Safford was placed under the charge of Principal Everett and Professor Pierce.

The above is compiled, so far as the facts are concerned, from a long article in a Boston (American) paper, called the 'Christian Alliance and Family Visitor.'

THE PRIVATEERS.

In order to recollect the last shots fired in the European battle-field of this country, a man must now be well up in middle age. The young know nothing of arms but from history; and they can hardly persuade themselves that the most pacific old man in England, is the same Iron Duke who commanded at Waterloo before they came into the world. The trade of soldiering has no longer any necessary connection with fighting. Its duties are merely the drill and parade, and the wearing of gay clothes. And although the officers, in their different grades, are hardly so well paid as merchants' clerks, still there is always a sufficient number found for so easy and amiable a service. It is true they have a chance of being drafted, at some time or other, to the farther East, several thousand miles away; but they know very well that in India they will meet with no such equal enemies as were formerly grappled with in Europe, while in China, it is a mere amusement to bring down the baldheaded Celestials—in fact, a human *battue*.

Under such circumstances, we look back upon war as one of the interesting or terrible things of the past; and although somewhat sick of the details of its bloody struggles, from their having been so frequently obtruded upon our notice, we regard the composition of its materials and character as legitimate objects of literary curiosity. One of the strangest departments of such a subject is the Privateering system; and we now proceed to offer some illustrations of a class of belligerents who have not as yet received due attention either from history or romance. This we shall do by means of a couple of individual portraits—one French, and one English—which may be taken as exhibiting, though of course in higher relief than usual, the general features of the tribe.

As for the system itself, it is a relic of the barbarism of the middle ages, organised and legalised by the folly or depravity of modern governments. It is the piracy of the northern barbarians and eastern infidels sanctioned by letters of marque—a document which affects to give the right of reprisal, but, in reality, invests the desperadoes of the country with the privilege to rob and murder. This sort of commission did not come generally into fashion till the end of the sixteenth century; but once fairly afloat, the privateers continued to maintain their flag in time of war, in spite of the bursts of indignation which their excesses called forth from the neutral nations. Various attempts were made to bring them under legal restraint; but to impose any control but that of force upon ruffians called into action by such sordid motives was impossible. Sometimes the Channel between France and England was swept so clean by the sea guerillas of the two nations, that the poor privateers must have starved if they had not turned their arms against neutrals. In 1758, a ship belonging to Holland (with which country we were then at peace), having on board the Spanish ambassador on his way to Denmark, was boarded by three different squadrons of privateers, and plundered even of his excellency's baggage. A little hanging was had recourse to on this occasion; and in the following year, the nuisance still continuing unabated, great numbers of the privateers, as they were taken and brought into the English ports from time to time, were consigned to the gallows. The neglect of our internal police added to the disorders of the period; and the result, as we are informed by historians, was, that an ingredient of savage ferocity mingled in the national character.

Forty years later—in the first year or two of the present century—when the war raged bitterly between France and England, the career of two adventurers commenced, one on either side of the Channel, who were destined to exercise some influence on the fortunes of each other.

Jérôme Harbour resided in a little sea-port on the coast of Brittany—that is, when he was on shore; for although now only twenty-four years of age, he had been fourteen years a sailor, man and boy. He was little, fat, fair, with short arms and round shoulders. His face was the reverse of long; but his small nose, small mouth, and small blue eyes, were lost in its width. He was, in fact, anything but the pirate of poetry or romance in form; and in other respects he had nothing to distinguish him from the commonest of common sailors, except his genius for sea robbery. When in his twenty-fourth year, his uncle, a weaver at Vannes, left him 20,000 francs—a large fortune either in Normandy or Brittany; and after twelve months' cogitations, assisted by as much brandy as would have gone well-nigh to float a letter of marque, he determined to invest his money in the purchase of a vessel, and go a privateering.

To present little surface; to take hold of the water by length rather than breadth; to keep the sea in any weather; and to be able to run close in-shore at almost any depth—these were Jérôme's requirements in a ship. And all these and more he found in a long, low, narrow schooner, which, notwithstanding, he cut down still farther; shaving her off almost to the water's edge, so that she ran constantly between two seas—one below her keel, and the other above her always wet deck.

This vessel he rigged with a single sail of enormous proportions, with the weight of which the long, low, narrow craft rocked like a cradle, even in the harbour. The astounded spectators called her La Grenouille, as signifying that she would soon seek her proper place at the bottom. 'Be it so,' said her owner; and presently the figure-head of a frog, splendidly painted in green and gold, appeared at the bow. Jérôme himself was from that day called Captain Grenouille, and in the course of a few years was known on the shores of the Channel by no other name.

His commission, in the meantime, had arrived; and all being ready, he filled his tarry hat with six-franc pieces, and stirring them up as he walked with his tarry hand, so as to make them discourse most eloquent music, he went from tavern to tavern to find a crew. The guests crowded round him at the enticing sound.

'Who is for the Grenouille?' said he; 'she sails this afternoon.'

'I—I—I!' cried they with one voice.

'Avast, brothers! Who are you with the game leg?'

'I have only a little coolness with the government just now.'

'You are a deserter?'

'Yes, Captain Grenouille.'

'Nothing more?'

'Nothing more at present.'

'There are forty francs; ship yourself at once. And you with the plaster on your eye?'

'The police are such ugly fellows, I hate to look at them.'

'You are an escaped prisoner?'

'Yes, captain.'

'You belong to the Grenouille. And you with the down-look?'

'I was in the purser's department of a government ship, and the rascals accused me'——

'We shall hear the story again. You are now in the purser's department of the Grenouille; but mind this, brother, that the first cipher you turn into a nine by putting a tail to it, I shall take off your head from your shoulders, and so make a cipher of you!'

This arithmetical sally was received with a roar of laughter which made the glasses jingle; and, in fine, by the time Captain Grenouille had made the tour of the taverns, a crew was collected which comprised the choicest ruffianism of the place.

That afternoon the whole population ran along the rocks to see the Grenouille leave the harbour. The sight was worth the trouble; for as she got out into rough water, she appeared to pass between two seas, like a weaver's shuttle between the threads. Nothing was visible but the mighty sail flinging its gigantic shadow upon the water, and the legs of the crew, who were squatted listlessly at the port-holes, leaning their chins on the breeches of the guns, and smoking with imperturbable gravity. The next afternoon the Grenouille returned into the harbour, towing after her an English brig loaded with sugar and tobacco.

But we have no intention to record the battles, victories, repulses, flights, and escapes of the Grenouille. Such narratives have now become nauseous, from the frequency of their appearance, and the change that has taken place in the taste of the public. Suffice it to say, that the vessel became the terror of the Channel; and her captain, notwithstanding his awkward build and low-breeding, the very Roland of privateers. It may be matter of surprise that a little fat man, with a bullet-head and a great stomach, should have acquired and retained so perfect a command as was necessary for the success of the letter of marque over the most desperate crew that ever floated on blue water; but Captain Grenouille had such ways of persuasion as no human being could withstand. When he ordered, implicit and instantaneous obedience was necessary: but not because he spoke louder than usual, or had recourse to such ungentlemanly enticements as knocking recusants down with a handspike: far from it. If a voice or a hand was raised beyond the desirable pitch, he invited the indiscreet individual to his cabin, and pouring out for him a glass of rum from his oldest bottle, addressed him in some such terms as these:—'Now do, brother, I beg of you, treat me with a little more kindness. I am as true a comrade as ever a fellow had, and even now, so far from being angry, you see I am as mild as a lamb. But my dear friend, don't do so again; for it would compel me—you know it would, old chap—it would reduce me to the really unpleasant necessity of blowing out your brains with this pistol. There, it is all amicably understood between us; and now, take another glass of rum—it is real good stuff—and jump up to your work again like a rigger!' This remonstrance never failed of its effect; and for the simple reason, that every man on board knew that Captain Grenouille would do what he said—'seeing as how' he had already done it more than once.

Captain Grenouille was widely different from his crew, and from most other seamen, in one remarkable particular. He was no niggard of his money, and yet no spendthrift. He was devoutly attached to the sea, but at the same time had a passionate desire to be a landed proprietor. He was, in short, a Norman as well as a rover; and he garnered up from time to time the produce of his lawful piracy in fields, and barns, and cows, and cider-mills. An economist privateer must needs be a terrible phenomenon, and Captain Grenouille was this phenomenon.

But Captain Grenouille was not alone in his glory. He had a rival from the other side of the Channel who was as distinguished a scoundrel as himself. The real name of this worthy, we regret to say, is not on record; but his soubriquet was Beggar—Captain Beggar—and the vessel he commanded was a schooner called the Hunger. Among his crew were some regularly-bred seamen; but the greater number were smugglers, thieves, ruined gamesters, and bankrupts—the miscellaneous vagabonds, in short, who, in this amphibious country, take to the water by instinct when the land becomes too hot to hold them. Captain Beggar himself had been bred to the law, and is even said to have practised as a barrister; and his early studies were of great benefit to him in sundry predicaments arising in his new profession. He was a little young man, like the French privateer; but, unlike him, was thin and pale. In action he sustained himself with gin, as Napoleon did with snuff; but as the liquid fire burned in his entrails, it served only to sharpen his intellect, while externally it gave him a phantom-like appearance that terrified his very crew. When all was over, his excitement suddenly evaporated; and the poor little wretch dropped upon the deck, a mere lifeless rag soaked in spirits, and was carried off to his hammock.

These two great rivals met for the first time off Cape la Hogue, and in circumstances of some interest. The English privateer was in chase of a French brig loaded to the gunwale, and stretching in desperation under a cloud of canvas for Cherbourg. But the efforts of the latter were vain; for it was Hunger that was after her, and the importunate Beggar would not be denied. She was just about to surrender as the guns of her pursuer thundered quicker and quicker over the abyss, when suddenly the desert circle of water, which was their field of strife, opened at another point of the horizon, about three leagues distant, and there entered upon the arena two other vessels. One of these fled, and the other pursued, and the sound of their distant cannonade came sullen and subdued over the deep. They were of course French and English; and Captain Beggar had here an opportunity of saving a countryman and destroying an enemy. But the privateers, even in the construction of the law, were afloat on their own account; they were under no legal constraint to interfere;* and even after the strangers proved to be an

* This is proved by the division of spoil; which, in the case of a government prize, was shared in by any government ships that

English argosy in the very clutches of the Grenouille, Captain Beggar looked with his hungry eyes at the heavy French brig, teeming with spoil, and stood irresolute.

Desiring to learn the enemy's intention, he at length put his ship about, and made a sweep round, as if with the view of examining the new-comers from a different quarter. This manœuvre was exactly imitated by Captain Grenouille; and by and by the two privateers were in a line in which, if far enough produced, they must have met. As they came nearer and nearer, they both cleared for action; but even when greatly within cannon range, not a gun spoke their counsel. When at length they might have fought with pistols, a small boat was seen putting off from the Grenouille; and Captain Beggar, leaping instantly into his yawl, went out to meet her, as in politeness bound, half way. The two captains saluted each other as their boats came alongside.

'What are we to be about?' said Captain Grenouille.

'Don't know,' replied Captain Beggar.

'If I take you, what shall I do with your rascally crew, that are not worth a five-franc piece?'

'And if I take you, what shall I make of yours, for the whole boiling of whom I would not give a herring?'

'Then I should lose yonder three-masted prize.'

'And I yonder brig, with a cargo that seems bursting out of her hatches for very richness.'

'Suppose we each go about our own business?'

'Done.'

'Done.'

'Shall we do a little more, Captain Frog?'

'Say away, Captain Beggar.'

'Well, there are ten ships of ours which will pay me a thousand pounds a piece, if I bring them safely through the Channel. Will you let them alone? One good turn, you know'——

'Of course. Here is a list I happen to have in my pocket of ten customers of the same sort. Give me yours. Is it agreed?'

'Agreed;' and the two captains, first shaking hands, and then pulling off hats, returned to their own ships, and bore away for opposite points of the horizon.

The paction was honourably kept. Gold became a drug among the privateers, who could hardly contrive to spend it fast enough to prevent its accumulation; and Captain Grenouille, who still held to his crotchet of investment, was at length so great a landed proprietor, that he had serious thoughts of giving up the sea, except a cruise against the English now and then for amusement.

One day, when this idea was passing through his mind, and with the greater force, that he had been scouring the Channel for a week without falling in with anything worth his attention, a promising object was seen on the verge of the leeward horizon. It proved to be a large, dusky, awkward ship, which lay upon the water like an island; and the heart of Captain Grenouille was glad within him, as he noted her unwieldy bulk, her peaceful build, and fat bloated appearance. A thousand jibes passed from mouth to mouth on the privateer's deck, as they set their vessel, with her gigantic sail, large before the wind, and trundled down upon the stranger, rolling from side to side, now over, and now under the waves, like a porpoise gambolling after a shoal of herrings. They likened the huge merchantman to a sleeping whale, whose blubber they would have under hatches in no time; and then they described her as an overgrown turtle, which they would cut up and devour for dinner. The object of their jocularity, in the meantime, as if confiding in her vastness, took no notice of their approach; and Captain Grenouille, as he neared her, threw his ship up in the wind, that he might not damage his green and gold frog against the senseless sides of the leviathan.

'I see nothing on deck,' said Captain Grenouille, when they were within a stone's-cast, 'but a dog, and a man in a cotton nightcap. Ahoy!' bellowed he through his speaking-trumpet, 'which of you two is the captain?'

''Tis I,' replied the man in the cotton nightcap—'I—Captain Beggar!'—and at the word, a discharge of musketry swept the decks of the French privateer as with a besom. Captain Grenouille, like most of his comrades, was laid prostrate; and when he next opened his eyes, he found himself in the prison of Plymouth.

He was one of the ten Frenchmen who effected an escape famous in the annals of ingenuity and daring. Without the assistance of a single instrument of any kind, wood or iron, they excavated a tunnel from their dungeon, eighty feet long, and four feet wide, carrying away the rubbish in their pockets, and spreading it over the surface of a court where they were permitted to walk twice a day. The task, however, was not a brief one; and when Captain Grenouille at length revisited his Norman farms, the harvest had been gathered three times during his absence.

He was wealthy; his estate was flourishing; and his friends urged him to marry, and subside quietly into a great proprietor. But Captain Grenouille had an account to settle, which was his thought by day and his dream by night. Captain Beggar must be paid to the last farthing!—he must be rewarded with interest upon interest: this was the only condition upon which he could rest. After a glance over his farms, and a second at the lady recommended for promotion as Madame Grenouille, he set himself to look out for a vessel which should rival his lost beauty. All was ready towards the end of January 1814; and for no other reason than that all *was* ready, he set sail in quest of his enemy, in the midst of what was little less than a gale of wind.

By and by it was quite a gale of wind; and at the tail of the storm there descended so thick a fog upon the Channel, that Captain Grenouille, by this time dismasted and water-logged, found himself driving about, the sport of the winds and waves, without the possibility of ascertaining his bearings, or even knowing whether they were close to the land, or had a dozen miles of sea-room. It was intensely cold, and the air was so thick, that they seemed to breathe sponge. All day they could only just recognise one another's faces; but as the night fell down in darkness and horror, even this last comfort was withdrawn. The strain of the ship's timbers was so great, that there was the strongest possibility of her going to pieces; without the agency of anything harder than water; but at two hours after midnight a sudden shock was felt, and after some wild convulsions, the groaning vessel seemed to be settling down in deep water.

'Out with the long-boat!' roared Captain Grenouille through his trumpet, and the order was not given a moment too soon; for the ship, after a furious plunge, went down like a stone, very nearly sucking boat and men with her into the abyss. The proximate cause of the catastrophe had become obvious as the long-boat was leaving her side; for in addition to their own crew, numbering nine men, eleven strangers tumbled in in the dark. It was a case of collision. Both vessels, being near their last hour at anyrate, perished in the shock; and both crews saved themselves in the same boat.

Captain Grenouille, who had been the last man to quit his ship, threw himself down sulky and silent in the bottom of the boat; leaving the task of baling to the rest, who had some difficulty in keeping her afloat. Not a word was exchanged among that sullen crew till the gray light of the dawn broke upon the sea, showing that the fog had cleared. Captain Grenouille, who had sank into a doze, opened his eyes, then shut them again; then rubbed them very hard, opened them once more, and stared right forward. But he had not rubbed out the phantom which haunted him, and which he at

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chanced to be within sight, it being supposed that it was their intention, as it was their business, to lend a hand. The privateers, on the contrary, whose business was their own interest, received prize-money only when they had been actually engaged in the *mêlée*.

first supposed to be the fragment of a dream; and when he recognised Captain Beggar in lith and limb sitting quietly on a beam before him, he sprang up with a shout, and catching an axe from one of his men, rushed upon his enemy.

But the ten English sailors were up as promptly in defence of their captain; every right hand on board was in the air; and every bunch of fingers grasped a cutlass. The two leaders, however, accustomed to think in the midst of peril, soon came to their bearings.

'Good morning, Captain Grenouille,' said he of the departed Hunger. Captain Grenouille growled.

'Have you any biscuit?' persisted the English privateer.

'We have nothing,' replied Captain Grenouille.

'We could offer you as much ourselves,' said Captain Beggar; 'but since we cannot eat, let us go to council. We are now between Guernsey and Cherbourg—that is, between England and France; but nearer the former. It is clear to me, therefore, that we must steer for Guernsey.'

'It is clear to you that I must still be a prisoner in England! To the east, say I—for France!'

'Where I shall be your prisoner. Is it not so?'

'Exactly.'

'But I have two men more than you, and that turns the scale.'

'We shall see;' and the Frenchmen ranged themselves in the bows, while the English, under their captain, kept the stern. Appearances threatened a bloody struggle; but at that moment a large ship was seen emerging from the haze, and presently the report of a heavy gun boomed along the water.

'She is French!' cried Grenouille; 'you will dance, captain!'

'She is English,' replied Beggar; 'you will return to Plymouth, captain!' But she was neither one nor other, for the next moment the Dutch flag rolled out upon the breeze.

'Are we your prisoners, or you ours?' shouted the two privateers to the Dutchman with their customary audacity.

'Neither,' replied he: 'Napoleon has ceased to reign, and all the world is at peace.'

'Give us your hand!' said Captain Beggar.

'There it is,' replied Captain Grenouille. 'I wish that Dutchman had not been in such a confounded hurry with his news, that I might have taught you to dance, brother: but since we *are* at peace, why, we are —there is no help for it!'

Who would promote a state of things which could resuscitate the Grenouille and Beggar school of miscreants?

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

[We copy the following simple sketch, on an exciting subject, from a very small work—'Sparks from the Anvil,' by Elihu Burritt.]

To one born and bred in New England, the sentiment must be inevitable, that it is a 'free country.' The language of every-day life teems with that capital idea. It is the first idea that infancy is taught, and the last one forgotten by old age. Freedom, Liberty, Free Institutions, Free Soil, &c. are terms of costly water in the jewellery of our patriotism.

How pleasant it is to think—be it true or false—that cold, hard-soiled, pure-skyed New England is indeed a free land! that in her long struggle for freedom, she expunged from her soil every crimson spot, every lineament of human slavery, and severed every ligament that connected her with that inhuman institution! And so we thought. We got out of our cradle with that idea. It was in our heart when we looked up at the blue sky, and listened to the little merry birds that were swimming in its bosom. It was in our heart like thoughts of music, when the spring winds came, and spring voices twittered in the tree tops; when the swallow, and the lark, and all the summer birds sang for joy, and the meadow stream chimed in its silvery treble, deftly singing to the daisies. When everything was alive with the rapture of freedom, we thought, among other bright and boyish vagaries, that this land was free—free as the air; otherwise we would never have slid down-hill on it, or rolled up a snow fort, or have done anything of the kind by way of sport. And we were told that it was free. Old men who wore queues, and hobbled about on crutches, came and sat by our father's fireside, and showed great scars on their flesh, and told how much it had cost to make the land free. And on a hot summer day of every year, the people stuck up a long pole in the middle of the village green; and they tied to the top a large piece of striped cloth; and they rung the bell in the steeple; and they shot off a hollow log of cast-iron; and the hills and woods trembled at the noise, and father said, and everybody said, it was because this land was free. It was our boyhood's thought, and of all our young fancies, we loved it best; for there was an element of religion in it. We have clung fondly to the patriotic illusion, and should have hugged it to our bosom through life, but for an incident that suddenly broke up the dream.

While meditating one Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, upon the blessings of this free, gospel land, and on the liberty wherewith God here sets his children free, a neighbour opened the door, and whispered cautiously in our ear that a young sable fugitive from slavery had knocked at his door, and he had given him a place by his fire. 'A slave in New England!' exclaimed we, as we took down our hat; 'is it possible that slaves can breathe here, and not be free!'

There were many of us that gathered around that young man, and few of us all had ever seen a slave. There were mothers in the group that had sons of the same age as that of the boy, and tears came into their eyes when he spoke of his widowed slave mother; and there were young sisters, with Sunday school-books in their hands, that surrounded him, and looked in his face with strange and tearful earnestness, as he spoke of the sister he had left in bondage. He had been 'hunted like a partridge upon the mountains,' and his voice trembled as he spoke. His pursuers had tracked him from one place to another—they were even now hard at his heels; his feet were bruised and swollen from the chase; he was faint and weary, and he looked around upon us imploringly for protection. Starting at every sound from without, he told, with a tremulous voice, the story of his captivity and recapture; for thrice had he fled from slavery, and twice had he been delivered up to his pursuers. He was chequered over with the marks of the scourge; for his master had prescribed a hundred lashes to cure him of his passion for freedom. A worse fate awaited him if he failed in his third attempt to be free; and he walked to the window, and softly asked the nearest way to Canada. 'Canada and Heaven,' he said, 'were the only two places that the slave sighed for,' and he tied up his clouted shoes to go. He laid his hand on the latch, and his eyes asked if he might go. We knew what was in his heart, and he what was in our own, when the children came near and asked their parents why the negro boy might not live in Massachusets, and why he should go so far to find a home. And we looked in each other's faces, and said not a word, for our hearts were troubled at their questions.

Some one asked for 'the bond,' and it was read; and there, among great swelling words about liberty, we found it written that there was not an acre nor an inch of ground within the limits of the great American republic which was not *mortgaged to slavery*. And when the reader came to that passage in the bond, his voice fell, lest the children should hear it, and ask more questions. He passed the instrument around, and we saw it written—'too fairly writ'—that there was not a foot of soil in New England—not a spot consecrated to learning, liberty, or religion—not a square inch on Bunker Hill, or any other hill, nor cleft, or crag, or cavern in her mountain sides, nor nook in her dells, or lair in her forests, nor a hearth, nor a cabin door, which did not bear the bloody endorsement in favour of slavery. 'It was in the bond'—the bond of our Union, 'ordained to establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity'—it was in that anomalous instrument, that the slave-hunter and his hounds might seize upon his trembling victim on the holiest spot of this land of the free.

It was a bright night. The heavens were full of eyes

looking down upon the earth; and we wished that they were closed for an hour; that the clouds would come over the moon; for the man-hunters had come. They had tracked the young fugitive, and were lying in wait to seize him even on the hearth of a freeman. We never shall forget that hour. We had attired the young slave in a female garb, and put his hand within the arm of one of our number. A passing cloud obscured the moon, and the two issued into the street. Softly and silently we followed them at a distance, and our hearts were heavy within us that Massachusets had no law that could extend protection to that young human being, or permit him to be protected without law. It was a strange feeling to walk the streets of Worcester as if treading on enemies' ground; to avoid the houses and faces of our neighbours and friends, as if they were all slaveholders, and in pursuit of the fugitive; as if here, in the heart of the Old Bay State, there was something felonious in that deed of mercy that would obliterate the track of the innocent image of God flying for life and liberty before his relentless pursuer. We passed close by the old burial-ground, where slumbered many a hero of '76. There, within a stone's throw, was the grave of Captain Peter Slater, one of the 'Indians' who threw the taxed tea into Boston harbour. It was a moment of humiliation and indignant grief, when, passing by his monument, we compared the taxes on tea and sugar of his day with that despotic land-tax, that slave-breeding incumbrance, that Shylock mortgage, which the founders of our constitution imposed upon every square inch of New England, in the terms of 'the bond.'

We have now neither time nor space to tell the story of that young fugitive. We wish he might tell it himself upon every hearthstone in New England. We wish no human heart a needless unpleasant emotion; but we would that every child in this 'land of the free' might see a slave—a being that owns a God, yet owned, and bound, and beat, and sold by man. We would have the rising generation well instructed in the terms of 'the bond;' and a few personal illustrations of the condition which it 'secures' might be of service in defining their path of duty. They will soon enter upon this goodly heritage; and shall we give it over into their hands incumbered with this iniquitous entailment in favour of slavery? No! If there be wealth enough in all New England's jewels—in the cabinet of her great deeds of virtue and patriotism—let us lift this bloody mortgage from one square acre of her soil, whereon the hunted slave may say, 'I thank my God that I too am at last a man!' When, trembling and panting, he struck his foot on that consecrated spot, then the chase should cease, though his master and his dogs were at his heels. That English acre in New England should be another Canada for the fugitive bondman. He should carry a handful of its soil in his bosom as a certificate, honoured throughout the world, that he was free!

WARRINGTON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

[The following communication, from a gentleman residing in Warrington, seems to us so interesting in itself, and so suggestive of good doings elsewhere, that we gladly give it insertion.]

Last Whitsuntide, when the stoppage of the factories became general, some ladies who had carried on a free night school through the winter, and were practically acquainted with the wants of the young women, determined on adopting some plan to keep them from the terrible evils of idleness, and at the same time increase their future powers of usefulness. The result was the establishment of an Industrial School, in which the pupils should be taught to sew, and should be enabled to earn something towards their maintenance. Subscriptions were received to the amount of L.120; a large fustian cutting-room, unoccupied through the slackness of trade, was engaged, and forms borrowed from various Sunday schools. One tradesman lent a clock, another a chest of drawers; and in this way the fittings were completed at a trifling expense. Sempstresses, themselves out of employment, were engaged as teachers, the ladies attending constantly as visitors. The school has now been open for sixteen weeks, during which two hundred and sixty-nine scholars have been admitted. About half of this number only attended two days a-week, as they belonged to a factory which was in partial operation. Strange as it may appear, a large proportion of these were *quite unable* to sew; and only ten had ever made a shirt previously to entering the school. They have, however, made such improvement in this short space of time, that now about one half can fix their work and sew well; and of the rest, a large proportion can sew neatly. They are instructed in cutting out the clothing, and many can make their own dresses. Rewards have been distributed weekly, according to the industry, improvement, and good behaviour of the pupils. The highest amount has been 1s. 6d., the lowest 6d., to each. One half has been given in money when desired; the other in clothing made in the school. Small as these rewards appear, they have been to a large number (independently of the aids afforded by private benevolence) the only means of support. During a few weeks, when bread was at the highest, and potatoes were not ripe, a lady furnished dinners of stewed barley to the most destitute. Instances were frequently discovered of girls having spent the whole day without food. The state of poverty to which the mass of the factory operatives was reduced, was strikingly shown by the following fact:—A visitor offered each of the scholars permission to purchase a dozen pounds of the best flour at twopence per dozen below the usual price. The offer was received with universal joy, and the following Monday was appointed for distributing tickets. However, only fourteen dozen were applied for. Several large families could afford to purchase only three pounds. In about seventy cases out of a hundred and twenty in the school at the time, not a single member of the family was working; and of the remainder, the earnings of an apprentice lad of fourteen or sixteen were often the sole support of large families. The gratitude of the parents for the pains taken with their daughters has been very encouraging. One woman said, 'This is the grandest thing that was ever invented. I was quite *stagnated* when Ellen brought me home ninepence and a pinafore.' Another remarked that she had never before been able to get her daughter to mend her clothes.

The order, regularity, and cleanliness of the scholars has been very satisfactory. Not a single instance has occurred of a scholar being dismissed for ill behaviour. On several occasions, the pupils have cheerfully contributed time, and even money, to assist those who were more than ordinarily suffering, and to purchase Bibles as presents for their teachers. The monotony of the sewing has been relieved by the practice of music, as well as by reading aloud interesting and instructive books. During the late severe fever epidemic, much sickness has been prevented by attention to first symptoms, and strict enforcement of cleanliness. It is believed that the life of one scholar was saved by the devoted attention of a young woman (also a scholar), who nursed her friend night and day during the whole progress of malignant fever. This nurse was in the lowest class; could not read at all, nor sew, previously to entering the school. A visitor lent her a small sum of money to get some clothes out of pawn. She made no stipulation as to the time when it should be returned. But no sooner did the young woman obtain a little work, than the first money she earned was brought to the lady to repay the debt.

The school has been visited by many of the principal inhabitants of the town, as well as strangers from a distance; and all have expressed themselves as much gratified with the working of the institution. The Rev. W. Wight, B. A., who had been lecturing in the town on the 'model parish,' addressed them the next evening on the subject of total abstinence, on which occasion about sixty of them took the pledge.

What has been done shows the power of strong determination in overcoming difficulties, and of kindly interest in gaining the affections, and thus influencing for good one of the most neglected classes of our social community. We regret to say that the school is now suspended for want of funds; and this, too, at a time when the few mills which are now working have announced their intention of stopping. If any of your readers feel disposed to assist in the effort which is being made for the continuing of the school through the winter, their donations will be thankfully received by Mrs B. Pierpoint, treasurer, Friar's Green, Warrington.

HOPE OF A FUTURE.

I find in life that suffering succeeds to suffering, and disappointment to disappointment, as wave to wave. To endure, is the only philosophy—to believe that we shall live again in a brighter planet, is the only hope that our reason should accept from our desires.—*Bulwer.*

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

The discussion of the Oregon question had assumed its most serious aspect, when a British ship, the 'Earl of Eglinton,' was driven ashore on the island of Nantucket, and six of her crew perished in the waves, in presence of hundreds of the islanders, notwithstanding the most desperate exertions to save them. Some of the leading merchants of the town were foremost in the efforts to rescue the drowning men from the terrible surge. They vied with the hardy whalemen in venturing into the surf, each with a rope fastened round his body, by which he was to be drawn ashore the moment he had got hold of one of the shipwrecked mariners. Several of the English sailors were thus drawn almost senseless upon the beach, where they were caught up in the arms of strong men, and conveyed into the town. Every door was opened, and every fireside ready for their reception; and warm clothes, and warm sympathies, and every comfort that kindness could dictate, were in profuse requisition to make them at home. The details of the disaster were rehearsed, and all the hair's-breadth escapes of those on ship and shore. An eminent merchant, who had perilled his life in the surf in plucking from its fierce eddy a struggling sailor, was relating his adventure at his fireside, with his little daughter on his knee, when the little thing, looking into the father's face, with its earnest eyes full of tears, asked, in all the simplicity of a child's heart, 'Why did the people work so hard to save the British sailors, if they want to go to war and kill them?' It was a word fitly spoken; and it passed around from house to house, and from heart to heart, and many were made thoughtful by the child's question.—*Elihu Burritt.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SHIPS.

The following appears in a late number of the New York Journal of Commerce:—'It is a strange fact, that while we have many English ships in port, American vessels obtain 6d. and 9d. per barrel-bulk more freight than they do. An English merchant offered the other day, on 'Change, 3s. 6d. per barrel-bulk to an American owner, who could not take the flour; and an English captain standing by offered to take it at 3s., and then at 2s. 9d.; but the merchant would not accept his offer. There was no particular objection to this English captain or his vessel, but the general unpopularity of them all. The English people at home ought to know how it is that Americans are getting such great advantages over them, that they may remedy the evil if they please. The complaints we hear made first are against their ships, and second against the captains and crews. The ships, it is said, are not so well put together, nor of so good timber. But the chief difficulty is the bad repute which, either truly or falsely, has fallen upon the captains and crews during the two or three months in which so many English ships have been here. The report is spread that English captains and their crews are intemperate; for this reason there is no certainty that a ship will go to sea after she is loaded, or that the captain, mates, or crew can be found in a condition to do business. It is said that, after the news of O'Connell's death, a good many British captains were drunk for two or three days, by way of a wake for O'Connell. These are the stories, and the English ships will do little here until the matter is cleared up. The American captains and mates are now universally sober business men. They are now to be relied upon, and so much superior to the reputation which the English have acquired, that merchants and underwriters make a difference which must drive the English from the ocean, unless they get a better character. We hope they will do so. There will be business enough to occupy all the ships which can be found at leisure. We should be glad to convince all the nations, that unless they join the temperance cause, they cannot maintain themselves in the world with the cold-water men. A man who is liable to be unmanned, to make himself a fool, is not fit to be trusted; and he will not be, if temperate men can be procured at any price. A large proportion of the American merchant vessels are now under the control of "total abstinence." If there be any such English ships, it would give me much pleasure to publish their names, and so get them better freights.' Can all this be true?

INGRATITUDE.

An ungrateful man is detested by all; every one feels hurt by his conduct, because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.—*Cicero.*

TO THE SUN.

[A translation in prose of a poem by Silvio Pellico, composed in the dungeons of Spielberg, and which has appeared in an edition of his work published at Leipsic.]

Who will give back the love of song to the prisoner? Thou alone, oh, Sun, divine treasury of light!

Oh how dost thou, beyond the darkness of this my tomb, intoxicate with thine enchanting ravishment all nature with thy love!

If from these floods, the torrents of genial light in which thou dost bathe the worlds, and which by thee do vivify the worlds—

If from these, but one little drop cheer my prison, that also wakes up into life, and is no longer a tomb!

But, alas! why dost thou so rarely pour forth of thy gifts upon these fatal shores?

Why comest thou not more often in thy brightness to the gloomy dungeons where groan Italian hearts?

Less accustomed to the glory of thy radiance, the Sons of the North love thee not so ardently, so deeply!

But we, nursed from the cradle in the love of thee, we must seek thee, see thee, or die!

Oh never may so dense a gloom veil thee in the far distant skies of my own sweet country!

Beam forth to the eyes of the poor captive's father, beam forth to the eyes of his mother, and let thy cheering ray charm away their grief!

Yet what matters it in what dark vault I be left to cast off this wretched mortal coil, since God has given me a soul that nought here below can fetter!

TEA AND COFFEE.

There are probably few things for which we ought, as regards the means of health, to be more grateful to Providence than for the introduction of tea and coffee. As civilisation advances, the man of wealth and rank uses personal exercise less, whether in walking or on horseback, and prefers the luxurious carriage as a means of transporting himself from place to place: keeping pace with the progress of civilisation, is the number of the thinking and the studious increased, a class of men which is proverbially, and with few exceptions, sedentary: tantamount to the increased number and importance of our commercial relations, is a larger number of men drawn from the fields, and the health-fraught toils of agriculture, into the pent-up and close atmosphere of a town, and have their time occupied in sedentary, or almost sedentary, employment; and in these ways there has arisen a daily increasing number, of all classes, who, taking less exercise, could bear less food, could assimilate, consistently with health, a less amount of nutriment; who could not eat with impunity the meat and beer breakfasts, the heavy and substantial food, to which their fathers had been accustomed; and, as if to meet this, tea and coffee have been introduced, and supply the desideratum: a diet which is palatable, only moderately nutritious, and, if not abused, quite harmless. It has been the fashion of late years for the professors of certain new guises, in which quackery has presented itself—arrayed in one case in the assumed garb of facts and experience; in the other, in that of mystical and fanciful reasonings—to contend against the harmlessness of these great beverages of daily use; and to advise their discontinuance, unless in occasional, and probably infinitesimal doses, and for directly medicinal purposes. The experience, the comfort, the temperance, and the well-being of civilised man, are all happily adverse to such a view as this; and, like most of the other errors of these quacks and visionaries, it hardly influences the many, and cannot long continue to influence even the few.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

MEANS OF PREVENTING ACIDITY IN BREAD.

Bread made in warm weather is frequently sour, and is thus not only disagreeable, but unwholesome. We are assured by a correspondent that a little carbonate of magnesia, in the proportion of three grains to a pound of flour, entirely obviates the risk of this accident.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 200. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1847. Price 1½d.

AN ANCIENT CITY—ITS IMPROVEMENTS AND IMPROVER.

'*Another Day at St Andrews*, papa; and this time, take us with you, for we long to see what that singular man Major Playfair has been doing since you visited the town three years ago.'* So spoke a young voice representing more persons than one; and being in a mild mood at the moment, I was foolish enough to give an assenting answer. Once in for a promised treat to these youngsters, I always find it the best policy to come to performance as quickly as possible, there being no such thing as rest to be expected in the interval; so the second evening thereafter saw us on our way through Fife by a coach which might be regarded as in interesting and almost affecting circumstances, seeing that on Saturday night it was to be numbered among the things of the past, the railway being announced to open at the beginning of the ensuing week. We felt the tedium of the conveyance, and yet could not, without a sigh, think of even the *last* of a stage-coach. It was evening when we drove into the broad venerable streets of the ancient city. We therefore had no expectation of seeing any of the characteristic features of the place till the dawning of another day. We had, however, scarcely settled ourselves at a late tea, when one of the young people peeping through the window-blind of our parlour, announced the rise of a full-moon of portentous magnitude, and it instantly occurred to us that, the night air being cool and pleasant, we might have a walk before retiring.

Threading some narrow streets and lanes, we soon reached the fine terrace called the Scores, lying between the town and the sea, which here dashes at the bottom of a sandstone cliff of nearly sixty feet in height. I had formerly enjoyed this promenade by daylight, charmed with the view which it afforded of a vast sweep of the scenery of Perth and Forfarshires—for which it seemed only inferior to the Calton Hill of Edinburgh; but I was not prepared for the fine effect of the moonlight in such a situation. While the effulgent luminary rode unbridled through the cloudless vault, the town lay in huge dark masses to the south, tipped only with the aërial silver. In full light, and therefore in strong contrast, rose on the other hand the ruins of the ancient castle, casting a giant shadow backward across the glittering sea. This passed, we speedily came to the ruins of the cathedral and ancient Culdee church, an assemblage of objects at all times fine, but now a perfect romance of beauty. Taking our station on a hillock overhanging the sea, we could see the large churchyard and its monuments fully below our feet, the light being sufficient to enable us to particularise every stone; while from the midst of them all sprung up the isolated gable of the cathedral and St Regulus' square tower, like irregular twin columns, the moon shining through between them. A side wall of the cathedral, with a row of entire Gothic windows, through which the moonshine poured, had also a fine effect. Glancing from this to the sea, which laboured not more than fifty horizontal feet from the base of the ruins, one could not but attest that a poetry had mingled with the piety of the ancient religious men who chose this situation for a temple. Worthy was it to be the last adopted resting-place of the bones of one who had followed the Nazarene—for in this moonlight the legend of St Andrew was not to be disbelieved, and it seemed nothing improbable that the whole of the European nations had taken their form and boundaries long after this dark-gray tower was reared! The story, after all, has some plausibility even in a sober daylight consideration, for it is now discovered that the very peculiar architecture of the old church and its tower is *Byzantine*, and a Scottish antiquary lately visiting Patras, whence it is said came the colony of monks who founded it (bringing with them the relics of St Andrew), found still rife there the very names of the men enumerated in the ancient legend. Henceforth let us not disbelieve a thing merely because it has been related by the indwellers of a monastery.

We prolonged our ramble to the little rough antique harbour, and along under the grand old wall built by Prior Hepburn to enclose the concerns of this princely religious establishment. Every step of our progress brought out into the moonlight some bit of hoary masonry, rough perhaps with sculpture, or honeycombed by the sea-breezes. Much was coarse, but we felt that nothing was commonplace, scarcely even the matters of present domestic existence which would everywhere intrude. We returned to our inn with a strong sense of the peculiar character of the place, and of the charm which it possesses for impressionable minds.

With the next day awoke an interest in those modern improvements for which the town is now almost as much celebrated as it formerly was for its relics of antiquity. I was eager to renew my acquaintance with that extraordinary Major Playfair who, at the close of 1843, had introduced me to the many remarkable operations which he was then carrying on for the *decoreement* of his native city. He was fortunately at home, and with his characteristic promptitude, entered my parlour almost as soon as the waiter who had carried my message. The same hardy strong-set figure, vigorous florid face, and firm hearty voice and blunt manner as before—the same resolute grasp of the hand—the same readiness to do the honours of his domain. 'And so, major, you are still provost, notwithstanding all the

* See No. 3, new series.

good you have done. One would have expected to find your fellow-townsmen tired before this time of hearing your praises.' 'Why, as to that, many of them are heartily sick of my services, and anxious for my promotion. Meanwhile, here am I, still "my lord," and at your service.' 'Well, I wish to see your works now they are comparatively complete: can you be my conductor?' 'With all my heart—come along.' In two minutes we were in the street.

The South Street of St Andrews was formerly a handsome and even imposing one, broad, composed of tall and goodly houses, and slightly bending, like the High Street of Oxford, so as to insure a constant change of scenery as one moved along. It was now, however, very much improved from its former self; for, while all those good features remained, a rough causeway, filling it from side to side, had been replaced by an arrangement in which a central line was laid down after the rule of Mr Macadam, with margins of causeway, while near the houses ran lines of flagstones, forming a double promenade of the most elegant description. This pavement is the major's great work. It was a thing long wanted for the comfort of the inhabitants; but unless a new pavement for St Andrews could have been formed, like that of a certain inferior region of good intentions, there was no chance of its being executed under any former management, seeing that the corporation had no funds to bestow in such a manner. Provost Playfair commenced a subscription amongst the inhabitants, made application to natives and well-wishers of the ancient city, however distant; and by the vigour of his procedure, soon raised the necessary funds. It was no small task; but no one will at all comprehend the case unless he acquires the idea that the major is a man of genius, of great insight into human character, of wonderful command of argument, and untiring perseverance in working out his ends. He wiled, screwed, pinched, *curried* the money out of men. Very few possessing any means at all could wholly resist him. When enabled to commence operations, he was sleeplessly diligent in engineering and superintending, and thus caused every penny of the money to do the utmost possible work. The lines of foot pavement could not be placed close to the houses, as these were not all in a straight line; it was necessary to lay them at a little distance, and certain irregular gaps were therefore left to be filled with causewaying as of old. This created an unexpected demurrage; but the eloquence of the major overcame all difficulties, and in the long-run, most of the proprietors of houses filled these spaces with additional pavement at their own expense. The consequence is, that in some places the entire pavement is of princely width; and while individual hardships are forgotten, the community is universally pleased. The indefatigable provost at the same time performed some wonderful exploits, in whisking away certain unseemly projections upon the line of way, using, I believe, all kinds of means for the purpose, even to the expenditure of not a little of his own money. In some instances he had these operations effected at an early hour in the morning, so that men wakened, like Aladdin's father-in-law, to see buildings wanting which existed when they went to sleep. A feeling of insecurity took possession of some persons who knew that they stood in the way; and it is told that, in one house which had an elbow pushed into a lane too narrow otherwise, the family kept watch and ward for a night or two while matters were at their highest crisis, lest this modern magician should have all smack smooth before morning. Many, however, caught a happy contagion from his spirit, and commenced volunteer reforms on their property, to the no small help of the general effect.

As we rambled into other streets, I found that similar changes had taken place in nearly every quarter, so that walking in them, from being a penance, had become a pleasure. The means had been procured in various ways—by subscription, by sales of ladies' work, by an exhibition of pictures collected from the salons of the neighbouring gentry, everything, I believe, short of downright larceny. At the same time, a thousand small matters of conveniency had been attended to, and a system of careful and thorough cleaning rigidly enforced. Amongst the greatest of the doings of the major, was the perforation of a dense mass of town with a neat street, serving as a needful communication between one district and another, and which the inhabitants insist upon calling Playfair Terrace. Had not the worthy provost bought up the property for this purpose at his own hazard, it certainly could not have been effected. Neatness and propriety were everywhere predominant, excepting only in the fishermen's quarter, and even there, some changes for the better were apparent. The major, however, had not confined his exertions to his own department. Prompted by his spirit, a well-known millionaire had projected a wholly new *quarter* of the city, to accommodate the many persons in easy circumstances who now flock to St Andrews, for the sake of its numberless pleasant qualities and circumstances. At the instigation of the major, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had laid out the sepulchral precincts of the ruined cathedral in such a manner as to render them an agreeable—at least a solemnly agreeable—promenade, and they were now much resorted to accordingly. He had also taken up the long-neglected case of the college of St Salvator, and succeeded in urging the government to complete its renovation. This work was now advancing. The rude old hall, which had long been unfit for use, was pulled down, as were several clumps of equally dismal masonry, reared in ages when taste was not, and even comfort hardly had a recognised place in men's affections. In their stead there had been reared a beautiful structure, in the form of a half quadrangle, including not only good class-rooms for the professors, but a large hall of meeting, a private business-room, and a spacious apartment to serve as a museum. An arcade, serving to complete the external decorations of the beautiful old chapel, and a terraced garden, were also in progress. The ancient mother of the Scotch universities must soon, therefore, assume a form worthy of her—a union of ancient and modern edifices truly elegant and graceful. All this is mainly the result of the major's diligence and force of character, for it does not appear that any other influence connected with the university could have induced the government to grant the means. The money has been most economically as well as judiciously expended; and the expenditure seems fully justified by the prospects of the institution, which, from various causes, are decidedly brightening.

In the course of our ramble, the young people had seen the chief curiosities usually shown to strangers in St Andrews. I therefore felt myself at liberty to conclude with a visit to the major's own residence, which I had heard was amongst the things not the least worthy of attention in the ancient city. I must take some pains to describe it, for it conveys, in my opinion, a most agreeable idea of the domestic establishment of a man living in independent circumstances, and mingling the enjoyments proper to the evening of a well-spent life with the volunteer labours of a public-spirited citizen. Imagine, in a situation retired from the principal street, a long irregular building, partly old, and partly new, having a tall antique structure placed at the opposite side of a courtyard, the whole being the relics of a suppressed college (St Leonards), but altered to suit the requirements of a private family. Behind the house, towards the south, is a large productive garden, lying beautifully to the sun, and surrounded by ancient turreted walls. Here the patriotic major and his amiable lady spend their cheerful and hospitable life, surrounded by a blooming troop of children of nearly all ages. The owner's character is everywhere to be traced. In the courtyard, a servant was taking the portrait of a visitor by the kalotype process, of which Major Playfair was an early and successful cultivator. In the lobby, we

found some optical instruments, which are occasionally called into use in amusing company. The parlour we found half hung round with kalotype portraits, a perfect gallery of the family's circle of acquaintance, many of whom now live at the distance of half the globe. Amongst these sun-pictures are many presenting groups of ladies, gentlemen, and children, seated in arbours, or under garden trees, or in parlours. These are generally combinations of some portion of the family, with their relations and friends, taken at times when the latter were living at St Leonards, or had casually called. The pictures, therefore, serve as memorials of those meetings and associations which often survive so long in memory's waste, but which could by no other available means be recalled in their actual features. Ages hence, if preserved so long, these little frames will depict domestic groups of our era, 'in bodily habit as they lived,' not a peculiarity of costume wanting or changed. In the same apartment is a series of Indian landscapes, done by various officers in the major's regiment in Bengal, and presented to him in gratitude for the care he had taken of them, and the instructions he had given to them, when they were young in the service. In his own room, the active character of the man is strongly traced in the numberless philosophical instruments, maps, plans, books, bundles of papers, knick-nackeries of all kinds, which are seen around. One can see it is the retreat of a man who is never one moment idle. It is also visibly the temple of the *practical*, even while something of whim and drollery mingles with most things the major has to do with.

A door from the dining-room admitted us directly into the garden, which all of us declared with one voice to be the *bonne bouche*, for nowhere else are the characteristics last hinted at more strongly displayed. Having been formed at a time when the family were young, it was fitted up, as I may say, with an especial regard to their amusement, at the same time that instruction was not overlooked. At the head of the principal alley, a figure of the sun is placed: along the alley, perched on sticks, are figures of the various planets and their satellites, in such sizes, and at such intervals, as to express their relations to the sun and to each other, while the chief elements of each are stated on a tablet below. In the same line are inserted small tablets, expressing, by the distance from the head of the walk to the several points indicated, the length of the principal large vessels of modern times—the Britannia royal ship of 130 guns, the Great Western and Great Britain steamers. Here, however, the most remarkable thing is a light paling which extends along one side of the walk, bearing a continuous slip of wood, on which is painted the chronology of the world in the ratio of an inch to every year. It is wholly the work of the major's own hands, and cost him four months to execute. As you pass along, you first catch a few sparse notices, as, 'At this time men began to call on the name of the Lord'—'Methuselah born'—'Adam dies;' and so forth. Half way down the walk, you find King David reigning, and the Greeks sacking Troy. Then come the glories of Rome—the darkness of the middle ages—the Crusades; and the rise of the modern nations. At the close, under 1830 and 1831, we have, 'Reform Bill introduced'—'Riots and disorder very general'—and finally, in a somewhat larger size of lettering, a sentence which no doubt sounded at the time like a knell—'Britain having attained a position of power, glory, and respectability never enjoyed by any other nation, it required a mighty effort to subvert her stability. This was effected on 7th June 1832, from which we may observe the decline of the British empire!' I trust that the ingenious chronologist will by and by add a postscript detailing the dismal events which have occurred during the ensuing period of national decay and degradation. Turning to another part of the garden, we find the ancient mill-course of the priory passing through it—a provocation to device and contrivance which such a man as Major Playfair could not have resisted. Accordingly, as the water rushes along, it is made to perform a great number of ingenious feats for the amusement of the family and the public. First, however, you see a Chinese bridge across it, with a number of tiny animals and human beings thronging over in different directions. Then come water-works, including jets, straight and spiral, dancing balls, a Barker's mill, the hydraulic ram, Archimedes' screw, wind-gauge, rain-gauge, &c. &c.—these being connected with a tall pagoda-like structure, in which a Chinese emperor swings about in obedience to every passing breeze, and a revolving wheel, fitted up with obliquely-arranged mirrors, casts reflections on every surrounding object. Then there are rockeries in all forms and dressings. Finally comes a pavilion, containing a little puppet theatre and an organ, all of which may be put in motion by a water-wheel, which can be sunk into the mill-course, while, to appearance, the mechanism is driven by a man toiling at a windlass. The grotesque waltzing party here presented elicited shouts from my young people, and sent us all away in the highest good-humour. Altogether, the mixture of cleverness, humour, and rationality which we had seen at St Leonards, made a strong impression on me, and I could not help applauding a life in which the gifts of fortune and the high privilege of leisure are to all appearance so felicitously used.

I returned from St Andrews more than ever convinced of the immense power for good which exists in every individual of mankind. Here is one not inconsiderable bit of our common country—a town of above five thousand inhabitants—which has been in five years, as it were, transmuted into something better, through the almost sole efforts of one private citizen. May not similar phenomena be effected elsewhere? When I ask the question, I feel how unjust it is to such doings as those of Major Playfair to regard them in their material aspect, or to designate them as local. Physical in the first place, they are in the long-run moral, in as far as elegance and cleanliness are refining and ennobling influences. Through the principle of example, they are operations not merely upon one little spot of ground, but which may be expected to exercise an influence on surrounding districts, so as finally to affect the whole country. But if they did nothing else than show what one man may do by a well-directed mind for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, they would fulfil a high object, and be entitled to the public gratitude.

FACTS RESPECTING THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A SHORT time ago we presented, from a London newspaper, an abstract of a late report to parliament on the present position of the slave-trade, which it was shown was apparently as far from extinction as ever. A communication still more lately made by a committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the First Lord of the Treasury, offers such remarkable and instructive evidence on the insufficiency of all past efforts to put down the trade in negro slaves, that we take the liberty of returning to the subject, with a view to popular information. The communication in question, as we perceive from the 'Daily News,' opens with an announcement of the conviction, 'that so long as slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the slave-trade, or of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings;' further, that the employment of armed force must ever prove inadequate, and that 'the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade will be attained most effectually by employing means of a moral, religious, and pacific character.' The communication proceeds to notice the extent of the slave-trade, and the melancholy results of all past efforts at its suppression, concluding with the expression of an opinion which it is impossible any longer to resist.

'With respect to the extent of the slave-trade, it appears that from the year 1816 to 1843, both inclusive, the number of African negroes landed for the purposes of slavery on

the islands and on the continent of America, so far as the same could be made up from the official reports, was 657,187; of these 18,042 were captured, and brought to or driven on shore on the islands or coasts of America, and there liberated. But it is clear, from the documents on which this statement is founded, that a much larger number of slaves was landed than is here given. The number of vessels reported to have landed their slaves during the period stated was 2313, of which the number of slaves on board 545 could not be ascertained. These slavers probably carried about 208,000 slaves, which, added to 657,000, will give a total of 865,000 victims for the twenty-seven years. Yet this estimate, fearful as it is in the aggregate, does not approach the actual number of wretched Africans who were torn from their homes, and securely landed in the transatlantic slave-markets. It is highly probable that treble the number would scarcely approach the truth. At the present time, it is believed, on good authority, that the number of Africans annually imported into the Spanish colonies and Brazil amounts to from 80,000 to 100,000.

'The great secrecy with which the slave-trade is now carried on, and the facilities which the extensive coasts of Cuba and Brazil offer for the landing of slaves, together with the connivance and venality of the authorities, render it impossible to obtain a correct estimate of the negroes imported, or the places at which they are landed. This is admitted by her majesty's consular agents and commissioners residing in those countries. But all agree that the number is immense.

'The latest official reports indicate an increased activity in the slave-trade. The commissioners at Sierra Leone, in their report for 1844, say that, notwithstanding the augmentation of the cruisers, the addition of steam-vessels, and the increased vigilance of the squadron, "We believe that the slave-trade is increasing, and that it is conducted perhaps more systematically than it ever has been hitherto;" and they add, "Nearly all the former noted slave-haunts appear to be still frequented, and in spite of the stringent measures adopted by the British commodore with the powerful force under his command, there can be no question but that there has been a very large number of slaves transported both to Cuba and Brazil." Her majesty's commissary judge at the Havanna, in his report for the same year, gives it as his opinion that 10,000 Africans had been brought into slavery during that period, and adds, "that the fears expressed in the report of the 1st of January 1844, respecting an active continuance of the trade, have been confirmed." This gentleman further states, that if the average of the importations of slaves does not equal at the present time the number annually introduced previously to the administration of General Valdez, "the cause must be ascribed to the smaller demand for slaves, rather than to the diminished activity of the dealers, or prohibitory measures of the government;" and he gives it as his opinion, that "if it suited their interests to send vessels," whether from Havanna or other parts of Cuba, he "doubts whether they would be deterred by the fear of the blockading squadron." Her majesty's commissioners at Rio de Janeiro, in their report, remark that "the importation of African slaves during the year 1844 has not diminished;" that the slave-dealers have "managed to obtain the cover of different flags, under which they place in Africa, without risk, the indispensable means of pursuing their nefarious trade;" that enjoying "the certain protection of their own government on the shores and in the territorial waters of the empire, they cannot but augment their infamous transactions, stimulated by the profits they leave, and regardless of the horrors they occasion." These profits must be immense; for we are told, on the same authority, "that the capture of four vessels would not subject them to loss, provided the fifth was successful in landing the slaves in Brazil." Among the instances given of the successful prosecution of this detestable traffic, is that of Manoel Pinto da Fonseca, who, the commissioners state, "has publicly declared that his profits in the African trade alone, during the year 1844, were 1,300,000,000 reas, or about L.150,000!"

'With respect to the incompetency of an armed force to suppress the slave-trade, the foregoing facts might be deemed sufficient; but the papers laid before parliament still further demonstrate this point. It appears from official returns, that from the year 1829 to 1844, both inclusive, the number of slaves captured and adjudicated in the Mixed Commission Courts at Sierra Leone, the Havanna, Rio de Janeiro, and other places, was 407, and the number of slaves liberated, 57,639. About 150 of the slavers were captured under the equipment article. In two cases the prosecution was abandoned by the captors, and in twenty cases no adjudication took place; so that the actual number of slavers condemned amounted to 385. But these captures were but few compared to the great number of cases which escaped the vigilance and activity of the British cruisers. The fact is, the skilful arrangements, the daring energy, and the personal impunity enjoyed by all parties engaged in the slave-trade, are found to be more than a match for the present, or indeed for any squadron of cruisers that can be employed on the coast of Africa in that service.

'It is evident to the committee, that whilst vessels of all descriptions and sizes are employed in the slave-trade, few comparatively of the larger size are captured; and from facts which an analysis of the returns has brought to light, it would appear that many of the slavers taken are used as decoys; and that the principal business of the British cruisers now is to recapture old slavers. This fact is strikingly exhibited in the return made by Commodore Jones, of the slave-vessels detained by the squadron under his command from April 1, 1844, to August 26, 1845. The captures were seventy-one. Of these, only twenty were detained for the first time; the others had passed the courts frequently—namely, fourteen had been condemned twice; twelve thrice; nine four times; five five times; four six times; three seven times; one eight times; one nine times; one ten times; and one eleven times. Of these seventy-one slavers, fifteen only were captured with slaves on board; the rest were detained under the equipment article. These facts prove two things: first, that the losses of the slave traffickers are not very heavy, especially as through their agents at Sierra Leone and elsewhere they have the power of repurchasing the detained vessels and their stores at extremely low rates, and of sending them forth again and again on their detestable voyages; and secondly, that this country is put to heavy charges, in the shape of prize-money, on vessels which are frequently captured under circumstances which scarcely admit of a doubt of their having been used as decoys.

'It is impossible, perhaps, to give an exact estimate of the sums of money which have been expended by this country in the attempt to suppress the slave-trade. It is highly probable, however, that L.20,000,000 sterling have been devoted, first and last, to this branch of the public service. There is not only the direct expense incurred by the cruisers which have been employed on the coasts of Africa, the West Indies, and Brazil, but that which has been paid to foreign powers to secure their co-operation, the expenditure in and for Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Fernando Po, bounties paid to captors of slavers, salaries to the mixed commissions, pensions, &c. &c. &c. According to the latest estimate, the charge for the suppression of the slave-trade is stated as follows:—Vessels employed in the west coast of Africa, L.291,501; and for vessels not exclusively employed on that coast, L.414,953: total, L.706,454, exclusive of the sums paid to captors, mixed commissioned courts, &c. Probably, the amount actually expended is more than L.1,000,000 sterling per annum. So vast an expenditure on ineffective efforts to suppress this hateful traffic, clearly shows the impolicy of the measures hitherto adopted to secure that end.

'But to this expenditure must be added the loss of life sustained by the cruisers on the pestilential shores of Africa, from which the dangerous and the destructive character of the service to British officers and seamen becomes apparent. By returns made in 1841, it appears that, during the preceding eleven years, the number of deaths on the West African station amounted to 840, of whom eighteen were killed in action with slavers. The number wounded is not given, nor the amount of invalids sent home during the period, but they must have been considerable. The number of cruisers employed varied from year to year from seven to nineteen, and the complement of men from 710 to 1536. The deaths, &c. which took place on board of vessels employed in the same service in the West Indies, Brazil, &c. are not given. A more perfect return for 1845 has, however, been laid before parliament, from which it appears that the number of ships of war of all classes employed for the suppression of the slave-trade was fifty-six, mounting 886 guns, and manned by 9289 men. The mortality and casualties are stated as follow:—Number of deaths of officers and men in vessels employed

on the west coast of Africa, 166; and in those not exclusively employed on that coast, 93—total, 259; officers and men invalided, 271; making a grand total of 530. Such a waste of life and health in a service which, it must be allowed, has failed in its object, is greatly to be deplored. But when it is found associated with other evils of a more aggravated character—that, in point of fact, it increases rather than diminishes the horrors of the traffic—it may be hoped that the government will pause before it sanctions the continuance of the system, or recommends further grants of the public money for its support.

'The frightful misery and death to which the armed suppression of the slave-trade gives rise on board the slavers, is most afflicting. Since the traffic has been declared contraband, it is an undoubted fact that the vessels employed in the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba and Brazil, have been constructed rather for swift sailing than for stowage, and yet that on board of them incredible numbers of slaves are usually packed. The history of human suffering and crime presents no picture so truly heartrending and revolting as that which is frequently witnessed on board the slavers. In the list of captures furnished by Commodore Jones for 1844–5, we find a felucca of ten tons loaded with 40 slaves, another of eighty-one tons with 312 slaves, a schooner of ninety-four tons with 444 slaves, a brigantine of sixty-seven tons with 435 slaves, and another of one hundred and thirty tons with 685 slaves, besides their crews and stores! Of course the most frightful misery, disease, and death result from this overcrowding; and the wretched victims who survive the perils of their voyage, are usually in so diseased and emaciated a state, as might justly fill with indignation and sorrow the hearts of all not hardened by participation in this atrocious trade. Even in those cases in which the cruisers have been successful for a time in driving the slavers from particular parts of the coast, the slaves accumulated in the barracoons for shipment have suffered "much disease and mortality from the crowded state of those places, and a scarcity of food," as may be seen from the last official report of the commissioners at Sierra Leone. The committee would add, that there are good grounds for believing that, in some of these cases, the slaves are deliberately butchered to avoid the cost of their maintenance, and the trouble of securing them.

'It is, then, incontrovertible that the coercive principle, as applied to the suppression of the slave-trade, has failed; that it costs this country an immense amount of treasure; that it wastes the health and lives of British seamen; that it aggravates the horrors, without sensibly mitigating the extent, of the traffic; and that some other means must be found, if ever this scourge of the human race be removed.'

BENITO, THE HORSE-TAMER.

The traveller in Mexico, while threading his way through the dense forests of the country, or crossing its scorching deserts and vast savannahs, not unfrequently meets with a party of *vaqueros*—those indomitable horsemen—riding fearlessly along, their lassos coiled on their saddles, conducting a train of furious-looking horses to market, or preparing for a chase among the numerous herds of wild cattle which roam in thousands over the broad grassy plains. In one of my journeys across the sandy regions in the northern part of the country, I arrived, after encountering fearful privations, at the establishment of Don Ramon, to which I had some weeks before been invited.

The farm, if such it can be called, which was devoted principally to the rearing of horses, was situated in the centre of a small district, whose fertility, in striking contrast to the surrounding waste of sand, was maintained by the presence of an abundant and inexhaustible spring, which gushed from the soil at the foot of a group of stately ash-trees. The surface of the smooth green turf was dotted here and there with clusters of sumachs and gum-trees, while immense troops of cattle, horses, and sheep were galloping or moving slowly across the enclosure, to drink at one of the little watercourses which were led in all directions over the surface of the ground. At a short distance beyond stood the house, serving at once as fortress, church, and dwelling, in the form of a huge parallelogram, flanked by long rows of stables and low buildings, in which the numerous domestics were lodged.

Fastening my horse to a post in the courtyard, which I was surprised to find deserted, I crossed to an open door, whence a voice issued in monotonous tones. It was the chaplain reciting prayers; and being Saturday evening, the whole household were present, in accordance with the old Spanish custom. Among them were two females, whom, as well as could be ascertained through their *rebozos*, or veils, I took to be Don Ramon's wife and daughter. The latter absorbed the whole attention of a young man, who entered soon afterwards and knelt on the floor among the others. A tedious interval followed, when at length the last response was chanted, and the whole assembly rose to their feet and dispersed.

We had scarcely exchanged greetings when supper was announced. The head of the long narrow table was occupied by Don Ramon, the chaplain, and myself; the remaining space was filled by a crowd of servants of both sexes, who, with patriarchal simplicity, ate at the same table with their masters. I was astonished and disgusted at the profusion of dishes: excepting a fine piece of venison, the others consisted of fowls dressed in an ocean of pimento sauce, or buried under a mountain of rice, from which exhaled an insufferable odour of saffron. Besides these, there were enormous masses of half-cold beef, surrounded by rancid olives, dried raisins, and indescribable vegetables: all rapidly disappeared, however, before the appetites of the hungry household. The absence of liquid was remarkable; but in Mexico no one drinks during dinner.

The capacious flagons were brought in, and each person drank in turn, when Don Ramon informed me that I had arrived at a fortunate juncture, for that the next day would be the *herradero*, or annual counting and marking of the horses and cattle. The supper was eaten to celebrate the occasion: the meal generally consists of a cup of chocolate only; and to this cause was owing the absence of the ladies from the table.

It was scarcely daylight the next morning when I rose, and made my way to the apartment in which prayers had been chanted the previous evening. Don Ramon, his daughter Maria-Antonia, and the chaplain, were already assembled; the horses were waiting saddled at the door, and we immediately mounted. We rode to the edge of the wood, and waited the arrival of the herd which the vaqueros were driving in. A confused noise was heard; the ground trembled; and suddenly, from every avenue of the wood rushed a serried column of cattle and horses, bellowing, neighing, and throwing their heels into the air, as the daring vaqueros hurled their lassos from the rear. Our horses began to chafe, excited by the tumult; all at once the chaplain, letting his hood fall on his shoulders, galloped off at full speed after the torrent. His example was instantly followed by Maria-Antonia, who, with streaming hair as her horse flew over the ground, resembled a beautiful Amazon rushing to the charge. Don Ramon in turn spurred his horse to the rush, and whether or no, I was forced to join the tumultuous cavalcade. In a few minutes we reached the *torils*, or enclosures, into which the animals were driven; at first, all was an indescribable confusion of kicking, leaping, roaring, and neighing. By and by, however, the impotent struggles ceased, and the herradero commenced. Large fires of wood had been kindled on iron tripods placed at the entrance of the toril: the irons placed in the glowing coals had become red-hot; and the vaqueros, after a few minutes of repose, proceeded to their rude and dangerous task.

Looking over the throng with an experienced eye, no sooner did they see a horse, bull, or heifer without their master's mark on the skin, than with a cast of the lasso they invariably secured the beast they wanted, amidst the confused multitude of horns and heads, which opened as the animal was drawn out of the en-

closure. A second vaquero then approached, and throwing his noose carelessly on the ground, made his horse leap, and in an instant the lassoed animal was stretched on the earth. Before he had time to recover from his surprise, the red-hot iron was hissing upon his flank, from which arose a little cloud of smoke; the thongs were then loosened, and the trembling beast galloped off to the woods. Very soon the dust and vapour arising from the *mêlée* formed so thick a cloud, that we could scarcely distinguish what was going on within; sometimes a colt, mounted for the first time, leaped madly from the throng, with a vaquero on his back, striving in vain to escape from his rider and the pain of his wound.

The breaking in of a horse is the most dangerous part of the vaquero's business. Their manner of proceeding is, after the animal has been branded, to let it rise to its feet, if not too restive, when a leathern band is placed before its eyes; and, deprived of light, it generally stands quiet while the heavy saddle is strapped on. A horse-hair rope (*bozal*) is then passed over the nostrils, performing the double office of snaffle-bit and bridle. The vaquero, having assured himself of the security of the saddle, buckles on his enormous spurs, leaps on the creature's back, and removes the band from before its eyes. For an instant, the horse hesitates, but soon the sight of the plains, in which he has been accustomed to roam at liberty, makes him burst into a furious neigh, and try every means to shake off his burden. The saddle is too tightly strapped to give way; he then tries to bite the rider's legs; but a pull at the bozal, which presses over his nostrils, makes him desist. He then describes immense curves, throwing out prodigious kicks, and standing almost upright on his hind-legs, endeavours to dislodge the horseman by a sudden spring forwards. The rider, however, remains immovable in his seat, and in turn becomes the assailant. Two strokes of the spurs produce a cry of surprise and pain, followed by a succession of prodigious bounds; but the rider still maintains his position. The spurs are now worked without a pause; the terrified animal, as a last resource, tries to dash himself with his tormentor headlong against a tree; and failing this, finds it impossible to disobey the rider's will: in a word, he is broken—tamed. The vaquero takes breath, lights a cigar, and straps his still humid saddle on the back of another horse, and is ready to go through a similar trial.

We were seated on a temporary stage, erected under the shade of a group of sumachs; Don Ramon asked me if we had such horsemen in Europe. Instead of replying, I inquired whether accidents did not sometimes happen in these equestrian struggles.

'Now and then,' he answered. 'Two of my fellows were lately killed by the *Endemoniado*, and they have taken care not to bring him to the herradero.'

'And who is this Endemoniado?' I asked.

'A horse which has been mounted only twice: the first rider was trampled to pieces; the skull of the other was split against the branchless tree that you see yonder. These, however, are family affairs; the vaqueros and horses are both mine, and both have a perfect right to kill themselves if they please.'

The vaqueros began to utter excuses, when a man arrived unexpectedly, dragging an unwilling horse: it was the Endemoniado. The pain caused by a hair rope, which the new-comer had succeeded in passing round his upper lip, extorted a sullen obedience. The appearance of the animal justified its name—*Demoniac*, or *Possessed;* its colour was dark sorrel, with white legs, signs of a vicious temper. Its ears were pointed forwards, its long mane hung down in disorder, and every time it stamped, the hoof rung with a metallic sound against the pebbles. A look of alarm went through the attendants as Don Ramon asked, 'Now, my braves, which of you is going to mount the Endemoniado for the honour of the establishment? It will not do to let a horse boast of having frightened us all.'

Not a voice was raised in reply: presently some one called out the name of Benito Goya.

The individual signalised, whom I recognised as the young man who had fixed his regards so attentively on Don Ramon's daughter during the devotions of the previous evening, stepped before his chief, and replied—'If you think, senor, that I ought to get myself killed for the honour of the place, I am quite ready to do whatever you may order.'

A supplicating look from his daughter made Don Ramon hesitate; at last he rejoined, 'I have no right to order you to kill yourself; but if you will risk the adventure, I give you full and entire liberty.'

'It is well,' answered Benito, and turned away to make preparations for saddling the Endemoniado—no easy task; for, as if anticipating the intentions of the vaqueros, the horse began to kick furiously. A lasso was passed round the pastern of the left hind-leg, and passed tightly round the animal's breast, by which means the leg was drawn up close to the belly. The right fore-leg was bent upon itself by a similar process; and in this state of equilibrium the horse remained motionless. Benito threw the heavy saddle on the animal's back, drew the girth tight, and then sat down upon the sand to fix on his spurs. I looked at Maria-Antonia: she sat motionless, but her large dark eyes, widely opened, glittered strangely in her pallid features, and her laboured breathing betrayed her emotion. Don Ramon himself seemed frightened, and for a moment I hoped he would withdraw the permission which exposed an intrepid young man to almost certain death; but he said nothing. When Benito had fastened his spurs, the horse's legs were released, and the band of leather placed before his eyes. Yet although held by the rope which wrung his lip, the tremendous plunging of the Endemoniado prevented all attempts to mount. He was made to kneel down; and two vaqueros, biting each one an ear of the animal, held him for a moment in this position. Benito leaped on his back, and in a firm voice desired the others to 'let go.'

The attendants rushed out of the way to the rear, while the Endemoniado leaped upwards, as though lifted by the release of a hidden spring. Thanks to the leathern band which blinded him, he stood at first trembling upon his legs, with distended nostrils and quivering body. Benito profited by this brief respite to secure himself in the saddle; then leaning forwards, he removed the covering from before the animal's eyes. A contest truly wonderful then commenced between the man and the horse. Startled by the sudden light dazzling his bloodshot eyes, his tangled mane bristling with rage, the impetuous beast uttered a terrible neigh, and, recoiling upon himself, bounded towards every quarter of the compass. Benito, without appearing disturbed by these efforts, held himself upon the defensive, defeating the horse's attempts to bite by severe kicks upon the mouth. Disappointed in his object, the Endemoniado went suddenly down upon his haunches. The spurs were now plied; but instead of rising to his feet, the horse fell violently over upon his back. A cry of alarm broke from the spectators; it was, however, only the pommel of the saddle that struck the ground: Benito, foreseeing the shock, had leaped rapidly off. An instant afterwards, enveloped in a cloud of dust, the daring horse-tamer was seen to remount on the contrary side to that fixed by the laws of equitation, at the same moment that the bewildered animal rose again to his feet with renewed neighings. The vaquero, in turn, appeared beside himself with rage. For the first time in his life he had been thrown off. Burning to wipe off the disgrace, he ploughed the creature's flanks incessantly with his formidable spurs, while, with a tight hand upon the hair snaffle, he rained a shower of blows upon the bruised hide of the Endemoniado. Neither side as yet could be said to have the advantage; and after a few minutes more of this desperate struggle, the two antagonists remained for an instant motionless. A burst of applause rang from every quarter; and whether

the vaquero was flattered by the movement, or wished to excite still further admiration, he profited by the brief interval to draw a long narrow knife from its place in the lacing of his boot.

'Holla!' exclaimed Don Ramon, whose feelings were excited when the life of a horse appeared to be at stake; 'is the fellow going to murder the Endemoniado?'

A flash of indignation glowed in the dark eyes of Maria-Antonia at the supposition that the man whom she had distinguished with her favour should prove a coward, followed by a proud smile at the sight of Benito, who, with reckless temerity, leant forward and cut the bozal in two, leaving himself thus, without any check or hold, at the mercy of an untameable beast. Finding his nostrils relieved from the pressure of the snaffle, the Endemoniado gave a loud snort, shook his long mane, and rushed madly towards the branchless tree before spoken of. Such was the impetuosity of his start, that no one doubted of his destruction against the obstacle standing in his way; nor did there appear any chance of the rider avoiding the same fate. Another stride, and the contest would be terminated; when, just as the Endemoniado was about to make the final spring, Benito, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, stretched out his arm and covered the animal's eyes. The horse recoiled in alarm; and we had then the extraordinary spectacle of a horseman guiding an unbroken steed without a bridle: the latter started in terror from side to side, according as the hat covered one eye or the other. In this way the animal passed before our seat, and a look from the maiden repaid the vaquero for his successful hardihood; his handsome features, animated by the consciousness of triumph, justified the maiden's choice. The Endemoniado was breathless and disconcerted at the unexpected resistance offered to him; but, roused anew by Benito, scampered off in the direction of the forest. We followed him with our eyes for some minutes as he swayed about like a reed under the prodigious strides of the animal, which seemed to devour the distance, and soon lost sight of him. A few cavaliers started after him; but such was his speed, that they soon gave up the useless pursuit.

It is unnecessary to repeat all the commentaries that attended the vaquero's disappearance. By some he was regarded as lost, notwithstanding his first triumph; for one of the Endemoniado's former victims had also escaped the fatal tree, and was afterwards found, far from the farm, trampled to death: others, however, were inclined to augur more favourably of the horse-tamer's skill. But after some time spent in idle speculation as to the fate of their comrade, they began in turn to display their powers and agility by a thousand feats of horsemanship: the thought of the absent vaquero, however, prevented my feeling interested in the exercises. An expression of the deepest anguish was imprinted on the beautiful features of Don Ramon's daughter. In vain her father besought her to retire: her looks remained fixed upon the place where Benito had disappeared, while her hands crushed convulsively the sumach flowers that hung around. More than an hour passed in this way; the sun rose higher and higher, and the landscape began to droop under the scorching heat. At length a long-drawn sigh escaped from the young girl's lips, which again resumed their rosy tint; an inexpressible joy beamed from her face, for a light cloud of dust seemed to be approaching far in the distance, and her heart told her who it was yet hidden behind the cloud. Benito, in fact, was coming, swift as the wind; the vaqueros suspended their exercises, and had scarcely time to form a double line to receive their victorious comrade. One glance was sufficient to show that the Endemoniado was at last broken; with panting sides, dimmed eyes, his hind quarters stained with a coating of dusty sweat, it was easy to see that the redoubtable animal was now obedient to the vivid terror inspired by his rider. The latter, with a countenance inflamed, and furrowed here and there by long scratches, his hair in disorder, his clothes in tatters, showed all the signs of a dearly-bought victory. At the moment that the Endemoniado arrived opposite to our stage, Benito leaned suddenly backwards, uttered a cry, and the horse stopped short; his conqueror's voice now sufficed for his guidance. A general hurra then arose from all the vaqueros; while Benito, with the grace of a finished courtier, bent respectfully from his saddle, as though to lay the homage of his victory at Maria-Antonia's feet. New acclamations followed; and while a mixture of embarrassment, pride, and joy tinged the maiden's beautiful features, a bunch of sumach flowers fell into the vaquero's hands. The young man could scarcely contain his emotion; he turned pale, stammered, and, as if powerless against a flower thrown by the hand of a woman, the resolute cavalier trembled in his saddle.

Some hours afterwards, when the work of the herradero was completed, I was returning alone to the house, where I met one of the vaqueros. 'Agree, Senor Cavalier,' he said, addressing me, 'that Benito Goya is a happy mortal, for, unless I deceive myself, we shall have him for a new master before long.'

'It appears to me,' I replied, 'that he will only receive his deserts.'

MUSIC FOR ALL.

It has been justly said that music had no mortal artist for its inventor; it was implanted in man's nature, as a pure and heavenly gift, by the great Creator himself. Of all the fine arts, it alone comes home to every heart. The uncultivated rustic, who would feel less pleasure in contemplating the Apollo of Belvidere, than in gazing at one of the coarse-painted plaster-of-Paris figures hawked through the streets, and would turn from one of the finest of Titian's paintings to admire some flaring sign over a country inn, is alive to the tones of music, and can feel all his sympathies awakened by a tender or a lively air. Music is so much a part of our nature, surrounds us so completely in this vocal world of ours, that its influence begins at the cradle, and only ends at the grave; it has even been conceived to make part of the enjoyment in a happier state of existence. There is a sweet harmony even in inanimate nature—the measured flow of the waters, the regular rushing of the tide, the wintry gust sighing through the woods, or the summer breeze rustling the leaves, and the sweet echoes returned from rock to glen, or breathing in melting cadence along the waters—which gives the listener a feeling as if he were admitted to a communion with the unseen world.

When we consider the music of the animated world, the singing of birds, the hum of insects, the lowing of cattle, it seems reasonable to ask whether this melody is meant for the delight of man alone? Though his organs may be more delicately adapted for musical sounds, and his feelings more exquisitely alive to them, yet we may still believe that the lower creatures participate in some degree in the enjoyment—a belief that may be the more readily granted, from the innumerable instances on record of the pleasure which music has appeared to give them. We are told that musical sounds have wonderful power over the stag, exciting complacency, if not rapture; and that his enemies frequently employ the shepherd's pipe to lure him to destruction. Mr Playford mentions that he met a herd of stags, consisting of about twenty, on the road following a bagpipe and a violin. So long as the instruments were played, the stags went forward; when the music ceased, they stopped. In this way they travelled from Yorkshire to Hampton Court. The excitement of horses and of hounds, when they hear the hunter's horn, is well known. Stephanus states that he saw a lion leave its prey to listen to music. There is a remarkable instance of the delight which a flock of sheep and some goats took in listening to the flute, mentioned in the life of Haydn. A party of young people were enjoying themselves one summer's day on the side of a mountain

near Lake Maggiore. One of the party took out his flute and began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following each other towards the mountain, with their heads bent downwards, raised them at the first sound of the flute, and all advanced in haste to the spot from which the music proceeded. By degrees, they flocked round the musician, and listened in motionless delight. He ceased playing, but the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those that were nearest to him to go on; but when the flute-player began to perform again, the flock returned to him. The shepherd became impatient, and began to pelt them with clods, to force them to move, but not one of them would stir. The shepherd, enraged with them, whistled, scolded, and finally pelted them with stones. Such as were struck passed on, but those who were not refused to stir. The shepherd had at length to intreat the musician to cease before he could get his flock to move; but whenever he resumed the instrument, they would stop at a distance to listen.

It is said by Goldsmith and others that the elephant appears delighted with music, and very readily learns to beat time, to move in measure, and even to join his voice to the sound of the drum and trumpet. Not long since, an officer mentioned that, at Gibraltar, the monkeys used to come forward to listen to the military bands, and during the time of their performance, would seat themselves on a wall to listen, retiring as soon as the music was over. It is well known that there have been dogs which evinced the greatest pleasure when they have heard music. The story of the dog at Rome, which went by the name of the Opera Dog, from his regular attendance at the opera, is well authenticated; many witnessed his raptures, and have seen him, when he could not gain admittance to the theatre, stand, with his ear close to the wall, to catch the sounds. Some have evidently distinguished airs, testifying more delight at some than others. My father had a cat, unlike many of her kind—which seem heedless of all music but their own purring—for she evinced the most extraordinary feeling whenever she heard the song of 'Mary's Dream.' It was frequently and most sweetly sung by a gentleman, who was sometimes a guest in the house. Poor puss would listen with wrapt attention till she heard 'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!' when she became excited to an extraordinary degree, mewing most piteously. Had we believed in the transmigration of souls, we should most assuredly have thought that 'sweet Mary' was again an inhabitant of this world, in the shape of a sleek tabby cat. It has been said that even the wild antelope has been known to come out of the woods to listen to music. I have met with an account of the surprise which a party of choristers experienced one evening, when they were enjoying themselves on the banks of the Mersey. As they sat upon the grass, they joined in an anthem; and after a while, as they sang, they perceived a hare come from an adjoining wood, and stop within about twenty yards of them, turning her head with evident pleasure to catch the sound of the music. When the singing ceased, the hare went back towards the wood. When she had nearly reached it, the singing was resumed. She stopped, turned round, and hurried back to the spot where she had before remained to listen: here she stayed, in evident delight, as long as the music continued. When it was over, she walked slowly across the field, and disappeared in the wood. In Mexico, it is absolutely required that the swineherd should have a musical voice, that he may sing when the pigs quarrel, which has the effect of soothing them, and lulling them to sleep at the proper time, which greatly promotes their fattening. The gushing of the wind, and all sounds, it is well known, have a great effect upon these creatures. Snakes can be tamed by music: it is said that even when irritated by pain or hunger, they can be soothed by a plaintive air. Sir William Jones heard from a person on whose veracity he could rely, that he had often seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes upon the flute. It is thus the Indians free the houses which are infested by snakes; the sound of the flute entices them out from the hiding-places where they lurk. It is said that when the negroes search for lizards, which they make use of for food, they attract them by whistling an air. We may almost credit the powers of the lyre of Orpheus, when we read of a gentleman confined in the Bastille, 'who begged the governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, he was greatly astonished, while playing on his lute, to see peeping out of their holes great numbers of mice; and descending from their woven habitations crowds of spiders, which formed a circle about him while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. When he ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured to touch his instrument again. At length having, for the novelty of his company, overcome his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first. Thus is this anecdote given in 'The Curiosities of Literature,' and has often been reprinted. It may fairly be credited, when we recollect that bees, when flying away, will lag behind if they hear any tingling sound, and their flight, when about to swarm, can be effectually arrested by the sound of a bell, near which they will settle themselves. Bullfinches can be taught to warble an air with the most astonishing precision. Sir William Jones states, on good authority, that when a celebrated lutanist was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, the nightingales were distinctly seen trying to vie with the musician: sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument; and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised by a change in the measure. If music has such charms for the lower creatures, well may its influence be great over the human race, whose sensibilities, fond associations, and tender recollections can be wakened by its witching spell? It indeed mingles itself with all our pursuits; it quiets the child in its cradle, as the nurse sings her soothing lullaby; it rouses the patriot's zeal; it stirs up the spirit to revelry, or raises it to devotion; it exhilarates intercourse, and lightens labour; sweet is the milkmaid's song as she plies her task; its cadence falls alike soothingly upon her own ear, and upon that of the cow who supplies her pail. There is in the chorus of the 'yo-ho' of the sailor, as he labours in his vocation, that which makes it lighter.

The very itinerant venders of goods have set their proffered sale to regular notes, so that the different articles which they carry are known long before the words which accompany the cadence are heard. I was much amused lately, when reading 'Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London,' written before the year 1730, with an account of the manner in which music accelerated the harvest work. He says, 'When there are any number of women employed, they all keep time together, by several tones of the voice, and stoop and rise together, as regularly as a rank of soldiers when they ground their arms. Sometimes they are incited to their work by the sound of a bagpipe; and by either of these things proceed with great alacrity, it being disgraceful for any one to be out of time with the sickle.' They use the same means when thickening the new-woven plaiding, which is done by six or eight women, sitting upon the ground near some river or rivulet, in two opposite ranks, with the wet cloth between them: 'their petticoats are tucked up, and with their naked feet they strike one against another's, keeping exact time, as above-mentioned; and among numbers of men employed in any work that requires strength and joint labour, as the launching of a boat or the like, they must have the

piper to regulate their time.' To keep time seems a natural propensity: why it should be so, may yet be determined by philosophers. It would indeed be far beyond our limits to point out one instance in a hundred that we could enumerate; but in everything we hear (though it may pass without our observing it), there is a kind of measure, and this often suggests subjects to musical composers. A favourite air imitated the yelping of dogs so exactly, that it could not be heard without the resemblance being perceived. One of the most delightful compositions was suggested by the regular strokes of the blacksmith's hammer against the anvil. Sir Charles Bell, in his admirable treatise on the hand, observes—'The divisions of the time in music in some degree depend on the muscular sense.* A man will put down his staff in regulated time; and in his common walk, the sound of his steps will fall into measure. A boy striking the railing in mere wantonness, will do it with a regular succession of blows. This disposition in the muscular frame to put itself into motion with an accordance to time, is the source of much that is pleasing in music, and assists the effect of melody. The closest connection is thus established between the employments of the sense of hearing and the exercise of the muscular sense; the effect of disorders of the nervous system is sometimes to show how natural certain combinations of actions are in the exercise of the muscular frame.' Sir Charles illustrates this observation by a curious case of a young woman who had never been able to learn a common country dance, yet, when under the influence of a morbid mental excitement, in association with the organs of voluntary motion, began to exercise involuntary movements not unbecoming an opera-dancer. 'At one time she would pace slowly round the room, as in a minuet, with a measured step, the arms carried with elegance; at another time she would stand on the toes of one foot, and beat time with the other; on some occasions she would strike the table, or whatever she could reach, with her hand many times, softly, and then with force. At length it was found that she did everything in rhythms. A friend thought that in her regular beating he could recognise a tune, and he began singing it. The moment this struck her ears, she turned suddenly to the man, danced directly up to him, and continued to dance until she was quite out of breath. The cure of this young woman was of a very unusual kind. A drum and fife were procured, and when a tune corresponding to the rhythms of her movements was played, in whatever part of the room she was, she would dance close up to the drum, and continue dancing until she missed the step, when these involuntary motions instantly ceased, and the paroxysm ended. The physician, profiting by this, and observing a motion in her lips, put his ear close to her mouth. He thought he could hear her sing, and questioning her, she said there was always a tune dwelling upon her mind, which at times had an irresistible influence upon her, and impelled her to begin her involuntary motions. In the end, she was cured by altering the time in the beating of the drum; for whenever she missed the time, the motions stopped.'

The nicety of perception for fine sounds in some minds is as remarkable as the extreme enjoyment they derive from them. A musical friend of ours lately mentioned in our company, that amidst all the noise of a large party, he could distinguish the faintest tinkle on a wine glass, because it was a musical sound. Some years ago, an eminent violinist arrived in Edinburgh, and took up his lodgings in a street where all the houses were externally alike. Returning home late one evening, and having forgot the number of the house, he was at a loss to find his home, till a musical expedient occurred to him. Conceiving that he should be able to distinguish the street-door bell of his landlady's house, he deliberately went along a small portion of the street, ringing each bell, till he arrived at one of a peculiar tone, which he at once recognised as the right one, and on hearing which, he waited till he was admitted. I do not know if the hero of the subsequent anecdote was in any degree gifted as a musician; but his perception of nicety in tone seems to have been as great as that of Signor E——. It was in April 1836 that Lieutenant Layer, on leave of absence from his regiment, spent a night in the Bush Inn in Manchester. In the morning, as he was sitting at breakfast, a band of street musicians came past, and in one of the instruments (the serpent) he thought he recognised the peculiar style of playing of a man who had once performed on that instrument in the band of his regiment, but who had deserted. The lieutenant immediately ran down stairs, found his surmise correct, and had the man apprehended. To those entirely ungifted with music, such delicacies in this particular intellectual sense seem miraculous.

Mr Burette, and other physicians, have believed that music affected the whole nervous system, so as not only to give temporary relief in some diseases, but to achieve radical cures in many cases. He thought that music could palliate the pains of the sciatica. He conceived that certain vibrations of the nerves, along with other effects produced, to be the cause of this; and that its power of fixing attention, and withdrawing the mind from the feelings which occupied it to different channels of thought and sensibility, awakening dormant sensations, might produce a powerful effect, that might operate on the entire frame, causing changes almost miraculous. Theophrastus asserted that diseases have either been cured by music or mitigated. We find this illustrated in Mrs Grant's 'Letters from the Mountains,' when she mentions the effect which the singing of his attendants had on her little boy, in soothing his last sufferings; but, like everything she wrote, it is so interestingly given in her own words, that it is best to transcribe the passage. 'I, for my part, though a stranger to the art of music, am well acquainted with its power, and subject to its influence in its rudest forms, particularly when it breathes the spirit of that sentiment which for the time predominates in my mind, or wakes some tender remembrance with which accident has connected it. When my dearest little boy was in the last stage of that illness which proved fatal to him, we had three maids who had all good voices. One was afraid to sit up alone to attend my calls, on which the nursemaid agreed to sit with her, and lull the infant beside her. The solitary maid was then afraid to stay alone in her attic abode. The result was, that the three syrens sung in concert a great part of the night, which seemed to soothe the dear sufferer so much, that when they ceased, he often desired that they would begin again. He listened to it three hours before he expired. I never hear the most imperfect note of *Cro Challin* since without feeling my heart-strings accord with it.'

Sir Henry Halford, in his essays and orations, mentions the case of a gentleman who became insane on the loss of his property, and for months was in such a state of stupefaction, that he remained perfectly motionless, not moving unless when pushed; nor would he speak to or notice any person. Music in the street at length produced its effect. He was observed to listen, and to be still more awakened to its power the second time he heard it. The person under whose care he was, availed himself of this happy omen, and offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and constantly amused himself with it. The result was most fortunate: in two months he was dismissed cured. Sir Henry alludes distantly, but affectingly, to the case of George III., who had been his patient, and bears testimony to the power which music had over his mind, mitigating the sadness of seclusion. I have elsewhere met, though I cannot exactly recollect where—it may have been in some of the journals of the day—a most touching account of the venerable king: sightless and secluded,

* Sir Charles was not without prejudices, and the exact thing on which *time* in music depends may well be considered as still in doubt.—*Ed.*

a prey to visionary delusions, yet finding a sweet solace for his troubled mind in 'the touches of sweet harmony.' There, at his instrument, he might often be seen, wrapt in thought, as the strings responded to his touch in the sacred strains of Handel.

One of the most remarkable instances of the efficacy of music occurred during the celebrated Farinelli's visit to Spain. The queen determined to try the effect of his astonishing powers on the king, who had had a passion for music. He was then labouring under such a dejection of spirits, as baffled all medical treatment, and disappointed every effort made to divert his thoughts. Neither pleasure nor business could rouse him from the hopeless melancholy under which he laboured. Utterly incapable of managing public affairs, or of enjoying domestic intercourse, he remained in a state of the most deplorable sadness and apathy. Farinelli was placed in a room adjoining that where the king sat; he sang some of his pathetic songs with all the captivating expression for which he was so remarkable. The queen anxiously watched the effect; nor was she disappointed. The king seemed surprised; and as he listened, he became affected, and tears forced their way, and the pent-up feelings gushed forth once more. Another song, and he ordered the attendance of the singer. Farinelli appeared; the king gave utterance to his delight and admiration, and desired him to say how he should reward him for the gratification which his wonderful talents had given. Farinelli, who had been directed how to act, only intreated that his majesty would permit his attendants to dress him, and that he would appear in council as usual. The king complied; his spirits returned; and thus Farinelli effected a cure in some moments which the ablest medical men in Spain, all the devoted courtiers, and the anxious family, had in vain endeavoured to bring about. This affecting anecdote naturally reminds us of the playing of David before Saul, when the evil spirit departed from the king, and he was well. To this very remarkable case the beautiful lines of Cumberland, now almost forgotten, but worthy of being remembered, are appropriate. The last stanza runs thus :—

> 'The turbid passions shall retire
> Before the minstrel's art,
> And the same hand that sweeps the lyre
> Shall heal the stricken heart.'

As to Farinelli, he rose to the highest favour at court; and, to his great credit, instead of being elated by an elevation so exciting to one of humble birth, he preserved a humility and simplicity which endeared him to the Spanish nobility, and won from them their esteem and confidence. The various anecdotes recounted of this gifted man, reflect as much honour on his disposition and character as they do on the genius that so eminently distinguished him. There was such enchantment in his singing, that it completely overcame Senesino, who was himself one of the finest singers. He and Farinelli had long wished to hear each other sing; the opportunity was at length afforded, and they were engaged to perform at the same theatre. Senesino played the part of an inexorable tyrant, and Farinelli of his unhappy captive. When he appeared in chains, he sang with such exquisite pathos, that Senesino forgot the cruel part he had to sustain; he forgot everything; and, throwing himself into Farinelli's arms, he burst into tears. But this need not surprise us, when we recollect that two hired assassins, who, it may be presumed, were not possessed of very tender feelings, when they waited to fulfil their engagement to murder Stradella, near the door of a church in Rome, where he was taking part in an oratorio, were so completely overcome by his pathetic music, that they not only abandoned their purpose, but confessed it to him, and warned him of his danger. The complete mastery which music often exerts over the mind may be considered its greatest triumph. I need only allude to the *Ranz des Vaches* of the Swiss, and the *Lochaber no more* of the Scotch regiments. Its influence over the affections may be illustrated by an anecdote connected with a custom which is observed among the Greeks. The young Greek often leaves his home for a foreign land, but never without grief. Fondly attached to the place of his birth, and to his domestic ties, he feels himself an exile wherever he goes, and endures the greatest anxiety on account of those near and dear to him that he has left, and is often haunted with a sad foreboding that he is to meet them no more. When he is about to take his leave, there is a farewell repast, to which the relations and the friends are invited; when it is over, all the guests accompany the traveller some miles on his journey. During this, and at the repast, it is the custom to sing farewell songs; many of these have been long in use, but some are composed specially for the occasion; and it not unfrequently happens that they are composed extempore by some one dearest to him, or by himself. There was such a meeting held one day near Pindus, on the occasion of the youngest of three sons of respectable parents devoting himself to voluntary exile. The deepest regret which he felt in leaving the home of his childhood, was the consciousness that he carried with him no share of the affections of a mother on whom he doted. She, unlike the generality of Greek mothers, had never marked him as an object of her love, but had treated him with a coldness painfully contrasted with her conduct towards her other children; this he had borne without a murmur, but now that he was about to leave her, perhaps for ever, his heart was breaking. The spot chosen for the parting was a wild and desolate scene, among high and rugged rocks. Several of the mournful songs had already been sung, when the young traveller, separating from his company, ascended a rock which overhung the path; here he sang his last sad farewell in tones that sank into every heart, and drew tears from every eye. He expressed, with the deepest pathos, the passionate grief which he felt in quitting his home and those he loved; but his greatest anguish was in thinking he was going without his mother's affection. The heart of the mother was touched; her emotion increased with every word and every note of the pathetic air to which he sang; the warm current of affection gushed from its hidden springs; she clasped him in her arms, and weeping and kissing him over and over again, she intreated forgiveness, and promised to love and cherish him as long as she lived. The promise was inviolably and tenderly kept.

The most simple music, or that which is hardly music at all, often finds its way to the very heart. It is said that Curran attributed his first impressions of eloquence and poetry to the wild chant of the Irish cry, or funeral dirge. The memory of some of those strains, which have been often described as something unearthly, and resembling the melody of an Æolian harp, no doubt flitted across his mind, as he has sat preparing himself for the defence of some client's life, as was his wont, with his violin in his hand, from which ever and anon he drew forth wild and plaintive sounds. It is customary with the improvisatori to sweep the chords of an instrument as they compose their verses, to aid their conceptions. Even the music of bells produces a powerful effect. Who does not feel his spirit lighten as he hears the merry chime of festive bells? Who does not feel a touch of awe as the death-bell tolls? The inhabitants of Limerick are proud of their cathedral bells; and well they may, for they are passing sweet. They boast that they were brought from Italy, and tell of their having occupied the skill of a clever young artist for some years. By the time he had manufactured them, their chime had taken such possession of his heart, that he resolved never to leave them; so that when he sold them to the prior of a convent, he removed to their neighbourhood, that he might still hear their music: he hoped that they would toll his requiem. Troubles came —he lost his property—the convent was laid waste—the bells were taken away—and this grieved the artist more than any of his losses; he wandered over many of

the countries of Europe, hoping to reach the spot where his bells might be. Years after they had been manufactured, it happened that, towards the close of spring, on a lovely evening, a vessel had anchored at some distance from Limerick, and a boat was seen to glide from its side along the Shannon. It had been hired by one of the passengers—the Italian artist—now grown old and gray. He was impatient to reach the city, to which he had traced his much-loved bells. As they rowed along the smooth waters, the steeple of the cathedral appeared in the distance above the surrounding buildings; the boatmen pointed it out to the stranger, as he sat in the stern; he fixed his eyes earnestly and fondly upon it. The boat glided on; but all at once, through the stillness of the hour, the peal from the sweet cathedral bells burst upon the air; the stranger crossed his arms upon his breast and leant back. The shore was reached; the face of the Italian was still turned towards the cathedral, but the spirit had fled, and the bells had tolled his requiem!

MEASURING AN ARC.

The accurate measurement of a portion of the earth's surface involves so many points of high scientific and commercial interest, that the labours undertaken to effect the object may be regarded as among the greatest triumphs of philosophy. Such measurements were made at an early period by the Greeks, and have been repeated subsequently, as the necessity for greater accuracy became apparent. An almost incredible amount of labour and difficulty has been encountered in performing the operations, arising from various causes. From the confines of the polar circle to the equator, nearly every nation has contributed its share to this important work, of which the ordnance survey now carried on in England may be looked upon as a necessary consequence; there are few governments which have not had a desire to know the precise position and configuration of the country over which they ruled.

It will be seen that the ignorance and jealousies of mankind often cause as much annoyance to peaceful philosophers as to real enemies. On the cessation of hostilities between France and England, in 1783, a proposition was made, through the French ambassador, to the government of the latter country, for a joint survey to determine the exact distance between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris; the proposition was favourably received, and the measurement of the portion of the line between Greenwich and Dover intrusted to General Roy, who had already been employed in similar labours. In a survey of this nature, the distance is measured by a continuous series of triangles, commencing from one base line, which must be determined with the greatest possible precision. General Roy's base line, more than 27,000 feet in length, was measured on Hounslow Heath, near London; its correctness was insured by the employment of three several kinds of measures—a steel chain, and wooden and glass rods, all constructed by the celebrated Ramsden: this preliminary operation occupied from April to August of the year 1784; and from the line thus laid down, the measurement was carried on to Dover, when three members of the French Academy were sent over to confer with the English *savants*, and to decide on the points of land on which the signal-lights should be fixed, by which the measurement was continued across the Channel. The large folio in which all these proceedings are detailed, attests the diligence and zeal with which they were conducted.

In 1790, the French Academy, in consequence of a request from the National Assembly, appointed a commission to report on a new standard of weights and measures. On referring to the standards already in existence, they were found to be so imperfect, that it was recommended to measure anew an arc of the meridian, as the only means of obtaining a true standard. The extreme points chosen on this occasion were Dunkirk and Barcelona, both on the sea level; the necessary operations were commenced in 1792, but with great impediments in the turbulence of the Revolution. Mechain, to whom the southern end of the line had been assigned, was arrested while making his observations at the base of the Pyrenees, as a traitor conveying signals to the enemy; and was afterwards imprisoned for nearly a year in Spain, as it was feared that the local knowledge he had obtained might be employed in favour of the French arms. Delambert, his coadjutor, who surveyed in the interior of France, was exposed to still greater risks; he was beset by mobs, his observatories and signal-posts were thrown down and destroyed, and, together with his assistants, he was frequently imprisoned. On one occasion, at St Denis, they were only saved from the popular fury by the presence of mind of the mayor. Sometimes passports were refused them, and at others they were compelled to leave their observations, and give an account of themselves at one of the numerous clubs which then existed in every part of France. The depreciation in value of the assignats with which they had been supplied to pay for what they wanted, was also a cause of great inconvenience. Besides these, there were natural obstacles to be encountered and overcome: in placing the signals, it was often necessary to climb to the top of precipitous and almost inaccessible heights, and to sleep there without any protection from the weather. Such, however, is the energy inspired by a genuine love of science, that the work was at last successfully completed by the eminent individuals engaged.

Some time afterwards, on extending this line from Spain to the Balearic Islands, the persons employed underwent severer privations. Biot and a brother philosopher were shut up for two or three months in a temporary cabin on the top of a rock in the little island of Formentera, while waiting for an opportunity to observe the signals on the heights of Ivica. Arago, who watched during a similar period from a dreary spot called the desert of Las Palmas, was afterwards taken for a spy at Majorca, and on attempting to escape disguised as a peasant, was captured, and imprisoned several months in the citadel. On regaining his liberty, the ship in which he embarked was wrecked on the coast of Africa; he then sailed for Marseilles in an Algerine vessel, which was made prize of by a Spanish corsair at the entrance of the port. The Algerine was, however, reclaimed; and sailing a second time for France, narrowly escaped destruction on the shores of Sardinia, and was ultimately driven back, with several feet of water in her hold, to Algiers. In this city M. Arago lived for six months, in the garb of a Mussulman, until an opportunity offered of sailing once more for France. The convoy was met and captured by an English squadron; but in this instance fortune favoured the astronomer; the vessel in which he had embarked was the only one that escaped and arrived safely at Marseilles. When to this account we add the labours of the Swedish philosophers while measuring an arc in the dreary and frozen regions of the north, we have striking examples of what may be accomplished by perseverance; to this apparently humble virtue the greatest philosopher, as well as the humblest artisan, is indebted for success.

The history of one of the most recent surveys has just been published by the direction of the East India Company,* over whose territories arcs have been measured extending from Cape Comorin to the Himaleh Mountains. The directors have had in view the publication of an atlas of that important country; and to insure correctness, by actual observation, the labours recorded in the volume now under notice, extending over a period of fifteen years, were undertaken. On measuring a base line near Calcutta, so many obstructions to the view were opposed by trees, that two towers, each

* An Account of the Measurement of Two Sections of the Meridional Arc of India. By Lieutenant-Colonel Everest. London: Allen and Co. 1847.

seventy-five feet high, were built at the extremities. From this the line was extended northwards to the district known as the Doab, where the impediments to observation seem to have been increased. 'The inhabitants,' according to Lieutenant-Colonel Everest, 'in common with those of other parts of India, are congregated in villages and towns which vary in extent and character according to the wealth and traffic of the owners, from the veriest hovel composed of straw, to the costly four-storeyed edifice of masonry; but instances of isolated dwellings are rare, and hardly ever met with, except in the case of indigo planters, or now and then a temple or mosque, the bare walls of which offer no temptation to the plunderer. The villages, however, lie so thickly scattered over the surface, that it is difficult to trace a line in any direction so as to pass free of all habitations, and quite impossible to calculate on seeing between the breaks which occasionally appear in the dense belt of foliage; for, in the very few instances where such do exist, they stand altogether at random. In fact, generally speaking, the trees form to all appearance a continuous dense belt of foliage, at the distance of four or five miles from the eye of the observer; and if an interstitial space is anywhere found, it as often as not leads to low marshy or other land totally ineligible as a principal station.

'The smoke from the daily and nightly fires which, particularly in the cold season, envelopes the villages, and clings to the groves surrounding them; that arising from brick and lime-kilns, and conflagration of weeds; the clouds of dust raised by herdsmen and their cattle in going out to graze in the morning, and returning in the evening; by travellers and processions of men, carriages, and cattle, proceeding along the divers roads for business or pleasure; and by the force of the wind, the slightest action of which suffices in this arid, parched-up soil to obscure the view—form an assemblage of obstacles which it is only possible in very favourable contingencies to surmount.'

Northwards from the Doab lie the Sewalik Hills, and the beautiful valley of the Dehra Dun; in the hilly country higher observing stations became necessary, and as these were to be permanent structures of solid masonry, the determination of the best locality for them was of much importance. This was accomplished by means of tall bamboo masts, sufficiently strong to bear a scaffolding, with a tent, signal-lights, and observers; at the top of this a smaller bamboo was attached, which afforded the means of exhibiting a blue light at a height of ninety feet above the surface of the ground. Thirteen such stations were required; and as large bamboos are not to be found in Upper India, orders were sent to all the commissariat officers in the neighbourhood to procure supplies from the country boats on the rivers, and forward them to Agra as a temporary depôt; at the same time the other materials required were accumulated. The blue lights were burned at intervals of ten minutes; and as they were seldom visible to the naked eye, an observer was constantly on the watch with the telescope to mark the first moment of ignition—a work of no small labour, when it is considered that from each station six others were observed. The towers which replaced the temporary erections are massive structures of solid masonry, fifty feet high, with a railed platform at the top, from which observations are taken.

Of Betal, a civil and military station in the Mahadeo mountain range, we read that, in 1824, it was 'so notoriously unhealthy, as to have appropriated to itself *par excellence* the appalling title of the Valley of Death. That valley has since become highly cultivated and flourishing, and is considered one of the healthiest places in the tropical parts of India. This is not, however, the case with the mountain range in general, which continues to be about as deadly a tract in 1840 as it was in 1824. It is a long and weary journey through this unhealthy range; the inhabitants are scanty, the water and provisions are scarce, and it is only at certain seasons of the year that travelling through them can be attempted with any reasonable prospect of impunity.' Notwithstanding all precautions, the party suffered severely from sickness while traversing the region of the Mahadeo mountains.

Recent improvements have tended greatly to diminish the chances of sickness in out-of-door operations in tropical countries. The atmosphere being best for the perception of distant objects when it is charged with humidity, there was a standing order for the surveying party to wait till the first heavy fall of rain, and then take the field. 'It is easy to conceive,' writes Colonel Everest, 'what a reckless waste of life and health was caused by this exposure to the pitiless pelting of the tropical rains, in forest tracts teeming with miasma: no constitution, European or Asiatic, could bear up for any length of time against such a complication of hardships as thence arose—eternal watchings by day, to the prevention of all regular exercise; tents decomposing into their original elements; servants, cattle, baggage, clothes, bedding, *la cuisine*, all daily dripping with rain; every comfort which the indwellers of cities and leaders of regular lives deem essential to happiness, and even to existence, remorselessly sacrificed; and yet, strange to say, except when under the actual influence of a jungle fever, which sometimes swept like a destroying angel over us, and prostrated the whole camp in one night, we hardly ever knew what it was to have a sorry hour. Surely the great trigonometrical survey of India in those days was the proper school to teach men how to laugh at the calamities and nothingness of life. The introduction of lamps and heliotropes has totally changed the face of things; and by rendering the rainy season the least fitting period for observing luminous objects, especially those dependent on cloudless skies, has afforded an opportunity, of which I eagerly availed myself, to spare the health of my valuable subordinates, by ordering them to desist from field operations at the very period which, in the early part of my career, and my four years' heavy apprenticeship, used to be chosen *par excellence* for their commencement.'

Lieutenant-Colonel Everest looks forward to the period when the meridian arc, commencing at Cape Comorin, will be extended northwards to the extremity of the Russian dominions, near Nova Zembla. 'The trace contemplated,' he observes, 'would extend our geographical knowledge over a part of the globe highly interesting and but little known; and though, in truth, there is a belt to be passed through of several hundred miles in extent, over which the Chinese government have a control nominal or real, yet as that belt is bounded by the territory of Russia on the north, and the British possessions on the south, the jealousy to be apprehended from that source would no doubt be mainly counteracted by the influence of two such potent neighbours, could they be persuaded to act combinedly.'

THE LATE PROPRIETOR OF THE 'TIMES.'

A REMARKABLY interesting memoir of Mr Walter appeared in the 'Times' of September 16th, from which it appears that he was the son of a bookseller and publisher of London, was taught printing as a trade in early life, afterwards spent some time in study at Oxford—being then designed for the church—but ultimately devoted himself, in the year 1803, to the management of the 'Times,' then a languishing paper in the hands of his father. His career during the forty-four subsequent years appears to have been a remarkable example of unobtrusive diligence and skill directed to a specific end. It also forms a valuable illustration of the rise and progress of the newspaper power in England—to which no man contributed more than he.

On obtaining the sole charge and property of the 'Times,' 'he instantly remodelled its establishment, and worked the scanty supplies of capital at his command with what

other nations call the felicitous temerity of English enterprise. His genius was essentially creative; and while his extraordinary foresight enabled him to anticipate the demands of the public, his untiring energy pointed out to him the way to execute them. Like some great military commanders, Mr Walter seems to have been gifted with an intuitive perception of character, and he soon organised a corps of agents whose zeal and intelligence were almost equal to his own. The difficulties which he encountered at the very outset of his career, would have daunted any ordinary mind; to say nothing of the opposition he met with out of doors, the paternal auspices were anything but encouraging. His persevering, and, for a long time, fruitless efforts to introduce greater expedition in printing, were treated as a piece of juvenile folly and extravagance, and excited his father's serious displeasure. Indeed it is not a little remarkable that the two earliest acts of Mr Walter's life which bespoke the enterprise and high-mindedness of his character—namely, his efforts just referred to, and his abolition of the system of theatrical puffs, which, up to his time, were a source of considerable revenue to the daily press—became the subjects of painful comment in his father's will.

'The attributes of a newspaper forty years ago bore that general resemblance to those of the present day that the child does to the man. There were leading articles, criticisms, foreign intelligence, reporting, and miscellaneous news. The first difficulties of reporting had been surmounted; its second epoch had not yet arrived. When Mr Walter entered the world of journalism, he found a very small but well-organised corps of reporters connected with each of the morning papers; in that department, therefore, he had too much prudence to attempt originality of design, but he wisely aimed at its extension and practical improvement. In criticism he pursued a course somewhat similar, but differing in this respect—that he sought to elevate its moral character, and to render it dignified by insisting that it should be impartial. His honourable labours for the purification of diurnal criticism were commenced early, and continued late. With unceasing vigilance he endeavoured to protect the drama, the fine arts, and the literature of the age from the evil influence of venal panegyric on the one hand, or unscrupulous malignity on the other. Few amongst the labours of his long life have been crowned with more real and less apparent success; for not many undertakings are more difficult than any attempt to disabuse the public mind of a persuasion that a friendly or a hostile bias must necessarily govern the tone of every critical lucubration; but as Mr Walter despised temporary advantages, and considered not the probable condition of affairs to-morrow or next day, but how they would work in "the long-run," so he relied upon ultimately securing the grand desideratum of impartial and independent criticism, by following out in that department pretty nearly the same rules that he applied to all other concerns. He began by setting an example of independence in the more important affair of the political department of his journal. He was too proud for a partisan, and the force of sympathy attracted to his side men of his own stamp in moral feeling, though with mental accomplishments of a character wholly dissimilar. From amongst these his profound knowledge of human nature enabled him to select a succession of writers as incapable of yielding to personal pique or private favour as any class of men that have ever yet contributed to a public journal; but in this important branch of journalism the reputation of Mr Walter was of slow growth, and some twelve or fifteen years elapsed before the world fully acknowledged his inaccessible independence.

'The progress that he made in the department of foreign intelligence was, however, more rapid. Forty years ago, all Europe was one vast theatre of war; and it was no light achievement for the voice of the press to make itself heard amidst the roar of Napoleon's artillery. But in mercantile affairs apparent difficulties become instruments of victory when courage and conduct happen to be united with wisdom and capital. All Mr Walter's rivals supported or opposed the ministers of that day. In supporting a vigorous prosecution of the war, without supporting either the party of the minister or that of the opposition, he lost the political assistance of the one, and the foreign information of the other; but he won the hearts of the people of England. The monied and the commercial class supplied the sinews of war. Early intelligence has long been the vital principle of British commerce. Mr Walter's mind became fired with the noble ambition of being its first and greatest purveyor. Those very difficulties which inferior spirits viewed with dismay, protected him from rivalry, and so became ancillary to conquest. Wherever important events were in progress—no matter on what part of the continent—some emissary of his was in the midst; not perhaps such a complete and varied agency as is now established, but one sufficient for the exigency; and before the close of the war, Mr Walter's broad-sheet had become to the British merchant a necessity of his existence. Under various disguises, and by means of sundry pretexts, his *employés* on the continent ascertained facts, and conveyed them to London—often at imminent risk, always at prodigious expense. But he was amply rewarded; for he outstripped the government couriers, and half the trade of London proceeded on the faith of the intelligence that he published.'

Allusion is next made to the intensely *English* character of Mr Walter, and his remarkable Napoleonic power of surrounding himself with energetic coadjutors. 'His great discrimination and munificence collected around him the ablest writers of the age, and that formed the second source of early success. A third was that extreme self-reliance which unfitted him for party purposes, and protected him from the necessity of labouring for party interests. A fourth was his extraordinary boldness and resolution. That spirit, though it often brought him into difficulties, operated most favourably in its ultimate results. Of this truth a striking exemplification occurred in 1810. Towards the latter end of May in that year, the pressmen—not those who arrange the types, but those who impress their forms on the paper—insisted upon increased wages. The men then employed in working the *day* newspaper came to the "Times" office in Printing-House Square, and called upon their brethren to join them in a combination which was illegal under the circumstances, and must at any time have been regarded as unjustifiable. They insisted upon uniform rates of wages throughout all the printing-offices, overlooking the fact, that the men of the "Times" enjoyed indulgences, as well as opportunities of extra labour and reward, which in other quarters were denied. At first Mr Walter was disposed to make concessions; but a boy employed at the "Times" office informed him that a conspiracy had been organised not only amongst the pressmen, but amongst the compositors also, to abandon his employment under circumstances that would stop the publication of the paper, and therefore destroy the most valuable property that he then possessed. The complaints of the compositors not only had reference to wages, but to a particular description of type then getting into use—the effect of which type, it was alleged, would materially diminish the remuneration for piece-work. These unfortunate men bound themselves by a solemn oath, that unless the proprietors of the "Times" acceded to the previously unheard-of terms which the general body of the London compositors and pressmen then thought proper to dictate, the combination into which they had entered should be carried out into its fullest effect.

'The "strike" took place on a Saturday morning. Mr Walter had only a few hours' notice of this formidable design, and, beset as he was, most men would have submitted to any conditions; but as he despised mediocrity, so he hated compromise. Having collected a few apprentices from half-a-dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen anxious to obtain employment on any terms, he determined to set a memorable example of what one man's energy can accomplish. For six-and-thirty hours he himself worked incessantly at case and at press; and on Monday morning, the conspirators, who had assembled to triumph over his defeat, saw, to their inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the "Times" issue from the hands of the publisher with the same regularity as ever. A few months passed on, and Mr Walter brought out his journal every day without the aid of his *quondam* workmen; but the printers whom he did employ lived in a state of the utmost peril. Two of them were accused by the conspirators of being deserters from the royal navy, and this charge was supported by the testimony of perjured witnesses, but eventually fell to the ground. Those, however, who thus conspired against his men, were not permitted to go unscathed. He had been for some time cautiously but unceasingly engaged in the discovery of evidence sufficient in a court of law to bring home the charge not only of illegal combination, but of the still higher offence that had been

committed—the crime of conspiracy. His legal advisers at length informed him that he might prefer a bill of indictment against twenty-one of the men who attacked workmen whom he had recently employed. On the 8th of November 1810, the persons thus accused were placed at the bar of the Old Bailey. The trial lasted eight hours. Mr Walter, with several other witnesses, underwent long examinations, and the offence charged in the indictment was brought home to nineteen of the prisoners. The chiefs of the conspiracy, two in number, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment; three others to imprisonment for eighteen months; three for twelve months; and eleven for nine months. Thenceforward everything like combination ceased in Printing-House Square. It is believed that by that operation Mr Walter never expected to effect any diminution of wages; on the contrary, the incomes of the men were gradually improved; they were relieved from the expenses of combination societies, and the intemperance which their meetings—always held in public-houses—frequently occasioned; a fund was created to provide for sickness as well as old age; and from the year 1810 to the present hour, the "Times" office has been by far the most advantageous place in which a competent printer can obtain employment. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, that a very considerable number of the younger compositors of the "Times" are men whose fathers have been in Mr Walter's employment. Although the conviction of the conspirators had led to no direct pecuniary saving, nor had ever been intended to produce that effect, yet Mr Walter had secured future protection for his men, protection for his property, peace in his office, and the full command of his establishment; he could now do as he pleased with his own, and an admirable use he made in after-years of the resources which his perseverance, talent, and courage had enabled him to command.

'We cannot quit this part of our history without recording another highly characteristic anecdote which a friend and eye-witness has kindly communicated to us. We give it in the words of our informant:—

"In the spring of the year 1833, an express arrived from Paris, bringing the speech of the king of the French on opening the French chambers. The express reached the 'Times' office at ten A. M. There was no editor on the spot—no printers; but Mr Walter was in Printing-House Square. He sent for ****, ****, ****, ****. Not one of them was to be found. I, too, was sent for, but was out. It was a 'Mail' day. I came to the office about twelve o'clock, and *found Mr Walter, then M. P. for Berks, working in his shirt sleeves at case.* He had himself translated the principal parts of the speech, and was setting up his own translation with his own hand, assisted, I think, by one compositor. He gave me a proof of what he had set up, and desired me to read over the speech, and see whether he had omitted anything material. I found only two very short sentences of any importance omitted. I translated them, and Mr Walter set them up. The second edition, with the speech, was in the city by one o'clock.

"Had not Mr Walter turned to in the way he did, the whole expense of the express must have been lost; for I am sure that there was not one man in the whole establishment who could have performed the double part which he executed that day with his own hands."'

It is not surprising of one so self-devoted as Mr Walter, to learn that he took little ease, and scarcely ever entered society. One of his greatest feats was his introduction of steam printing—for he it practically was who gave the world this invention. The first printing machine employed in England was erected in his office in 1814. It was an invention absolutely essential to a large newspaper circulation, seeing that, by common presses, only a comparatively small number of copies can be thrown off within that space of time which makes all news lose its savour. By and by the circulation of his journal became so extensive, 'that even at the rate of 1100 per hour, it took six or seven hours each day, with the machinery and the steam-engine at full speed, to satisfy the public demand. Once more he exercised his own ingenuity, while summoning to its aid the ablest men of the period, and by means of further improvements, increased speed was attained; but the additional supply seemed to inflame instead of satiating the public appetite, and 5000 copies per hour do not now suffice to meet the still growing and apparently indefinite demand. From Mr Walter's mind the improvement of printing machinery seemed scarcely ever to have been absent; and in the latest year of his invaluable life, his attention was given to a new engine of power tenfold greater than that which Köenig originally suggested. To describe the machinery now in work at Printing-House Square would require a goodly volume, and no small amount of complex diagrams and elaborate drawings; but the material fact in Mr Walter's biography is this, that whereas before his time 5000 copies of important intelligence could be circulated in the course of a day, ten times that number can now be issued without any duplicate composition of the types. As many as 54,000 copies of one number of the "Times" have been worked off by the present machinery fully in time for the despatch of the mails.'

Some personal traits of the 'potentate of Printing-House Square,' as he has often been called, are curious. It is asserted that he combined, what are so rarely seen together, 'the wisdom and circumspection which accompanies age, with the strong passions, vivacity, and cheeriness of early youth. No one moved about more than he did, but he was not impelled to the indulgence of locomotive habits by any childish impatience of restraint. His intense activity did not result from any series of temporary impulses, but from a sense of duty which his position and his previous life had imposed. Within certain limitations, it might be said that he preferred an interview to a letter. In his intercourse with total, or even comparative strangers, he—being a cautious man of the world—liked to communicate through third parties—through the agency of the half-dozen professional gentlemen who were respectively at the heads of the several departments which he himself governed in chief. But with those whom he admitted to his acquaintance, he generally conversed rather than corresponded; he therefore largely patronised every mode of conveyance that served to bring him into contact with those whom he desired to see, or to escape from the bores who desired to see him. Men incapable of understanding his character would exclaim, "Strange man that he is! no sooner settled steadily at his business in the City, than he is off to the West End, no one knows about what; then back in the middle of the night for an hour or two, and the next morning at sunrise away to Bearwood!" At one moment tempted from home by the stirring calls of business, the next invited to return by the recollection of past happiness, and the hope of future enjoyment. An almost consuming zeal for the improvement of the "Times" newspaper alternated with his passion for planting and pruning, creating artificial lakes and undulating lawns. At night, seated in the editorial chair, directing the pens that made the popular voice of England heard in every court of the continent, spending his strength in the foul atmosphere of the City, and the exhausting labours of a newspaper office; in a few hours afterwards, however, the carol of the lark and "incense-breathing morn" restored his jaded faculties, and the same hand now wielded a woodman's axe which, a short time previously, had been guiding the greatest political engine in Europe.'

The memoir makes strong claims for Mr Walter, on the score of his political sagacity and liberality, and for the vast power which he exercised in public affairs. We dispute not the power, but we fear that the whole political life will not bear strict scrutiny with advantage. The changes of tone and sentiment in the 'Times' throughout the last fourteen years alone have been so marked, as to impress indelibly on the general mind its want of any fixed principle. This cannot be altogether a popular delusion. We were once much struck by hearing a remark on that journal from one of the most philosophical writers of our age—one unconnected with journals—'So great and powerful, without a high and unimpeachable morality, what would this paper be if it were otherwise!' We are reluctant, however, to do more than indicate the one subtraction which most persons will make when they read the history of this extraordinary, and in many respects admirable man. Let the unequivocal good that was in him have the last word. 'It was,' says the memoir, 'by a rare combination of qualities that Mr Walter was enabled to achieve the great work which has immortalised his name. From the first dawn of life, he had set his mind on purifying and strengthening public opinion, by the creation of an organ which, as a necessary means to its end, should beat in perfect unison with the heart of his country. No one can suppose for a moment that this was an easy task, yet none but Mr Walter's most intimate friends can have any conception of the difficulties and trials he encountered in the progress of his work. The mere physical labour which it imposed upon him required a constitution of uncommon

vigour and buoyancy. For many years, he never enjoyed a single unbroken night's rest, while his days were consumed with restless anxiety, either in counteracting the increasing attempts that were made to thwart his undertaking, or in devising new means to promote it. The success that crowned his exertions brought perils in its turn of a still more subtle and deadly character. The opposition of enemies might be overcome by energy and perseverance: the treacherous favours of the great might insinuate themselves when open hostility had failed. Against both, however, Mr Walter was proof. No dangers or difficulties could daunt him; no proffered advantages conciliate him. So careful was he to avoid even the very appearance of evil, where his honour and independence were concerned, that he shrank from accepting the slightest compliment that could be construed by the bitterest enemy into an attempt to bias his judgment or flatter his self-esteem. Bearing always in mind the saying of the wise man, that "a gift perverteth the understanding of the wise," he steadily refused even those apparently harmless acknowledgments which undoubtedly sprang from the purest gratitude, and which were offered to him in common with some of the most illustrious men of his day. Among other instances, it may not be generally known that at the close of the war he received through the Spanish ambassador a splendid tea-service of gold plate, as a memorial of the vigour and constancy with which he had kept up the spirit of this country during the manifold vicissitudes of the Peninsular war. Mr Walter instinctively shrank from a supposed interchange of personal favours with a Ferdinand, or any set of advisers who might happen to be ascendant in Spain. No sooner had the glittering bauble tantalised the eyes of the feminine spectators, than it was returned to its case, and sent back as it came.' This noble self-denial—a proof of watchful integrity—alone covers the name of Mr Walter with undying honours.

THE COUNT DE DIJON.

Of this eccentric but benevolent French nobleman the following anecdote is related:—

One morning during the last winter, being at his country residence, he recollected that the lease of an inn called the Red Cross, about three leagues distant, had expired. The landlord was soliciting a renewal; but wishing to judge of the state of the premises, he set out on foot, although the weather was intensely cold, and the snow falling.

At some distance from his château he overtook a wagoner walking along by the side of his cart. Between pedestrians acquaintance is soon made; and it was not long before the count discovered that the man's name was Penot, his wife's name Marianne; that he had five children, and as many horses; and that all he had to depend on for the support of his family and cattle was his errand-cart.

But all at once, while they were walking on in earnest conversation, the leading horse made a false step, fell down, and broke his leg. At this sight the wagoner cried out in despair, and began to use epithets which are not to be found in any vocabulary of polite conversation.

'You do wrong to utter such language, my friend,' said his companion; 'your conduct in this small misfortune is really sinful. How can you tell what may be the intentions of Providence towards you?'

'Will you hold your peace?' replied the wagoner. 'I wish you were in my place, and that you were losing that fine horse instead of me. Do you know that he cost me twenty-five louis? Do you know how much twenty-five louis are? I am afraid not. What will my poor Marianne say? No, if God were just, He would never have permitted the horse of a poor man like me, with a large family, to have broken his leg.'

'And I tell you again, my friend, that it is wrong to doubt the goodness of God, and for twenty-five miserable louis.'

'You talk very much at your ease about twenty-five louis, as if you knew anything at all about them. Did such a sum ever find its way into your pocket, I wonder? Oh my poor horse! Twenty-five louis are not to be found upon the highways.'

'Well, I will give you the twenty-five louis; so compose yourself,' said the count.

'Oh, you are making game of me into the bargain!' exclaimed the wagoner, throwing a contemptuous look at the well-worn brown surtout of his companion. 'You will give them to me—you will steal them then, I suppose? Come, say no more about it, but lend a hand at unharnessing the poor beast. Marianne, poor Marianne! what will she say!'

The count readily did as he was desired, and gave all the assistance in his power; but this accident having caused considerable delay, they did not arrive until late at the Red Cross Inn.

'Can you give me a room and a bed?' said the count to the landlord.

The latter seeing a foot traveller, covered with snow, and without either a cloak or an umbrella, haughtily replied, 'There is no room for you here; you must go elsewhere.'

'But I should have to go a league further, which would not be very pleasant in frost and snow: let me have any place; I am not particular.'

'I should think not, indeed,' replied the hostess; 'but our inn is not for every one that comes the way. I admit none but respectable people—all wagoners; I will admit your companion, but not you.'

'Allow me at least, madame, to share the supper and room of my companion.'

'As to that, it is no concern of mine; you must settle it with him.'

The count then turning to the wagoner, repeated his request.

'Well, be it so. Come then, good woman, supper for two, and a comfortable room.'

When supper was over, they paid their reckoning, and retired to their apartment; the count then made some inquiries respecting the people of the house.

'I know,' replied Penot, 'that they have well feathered their nest; this is the only inn in the district, and during the nine years they have kept it, they must have laid by a pretty good sum. Oh if my poor Marianne and I had such an inn, I should not grieve so much for the loss of my horse!'

'Well, if this house suits you, you shall have it.'

'Why, how bravely you talk! First you say you will give me twenty-five louis, and then you say you will give me an inn. I cannot help laughing at the idea. However, take care; I tell you I wont be played upon.'

'No play in the case. I tell you that if you like this house, I will give it to you,' replied his companion.

'And I tell you again, that if you say another word, I will turn you out of the room,' said the wagoner.

He seemed a likely person to do so, therefore the count said no more.

The next morning the count rose early, and repaired to his solicitor in the next town. After some conversation between him and the solicitor, the latter set off for the Red Cross.

On reaching the inn, he told the landlord that the count had arrived.

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed the landlady, 'where is he? Why would he not honour us by putting up here?'

'He came here, but you refused to admit him,' replied the attorney.

'That is not true; he never came here.'

'Yes,' said the attorney, 'he came here last night in company with a wagoner. Where is this wagoner?'

'There he is,' replied the landlady, pointing to a stout-looking man, who was eating his breakfast near the fire.

'My friend,' said the attorney, addressing himself to the wagoner, 'the person with whom you shared your room last night is the Count de Dijon. In the first place, here are the twenty-five louis he promised to give you for the loss of your horse that broke his leg; and in the next, here is a lease, which puts you in possession of this inn for nine years, on the same terms as your predecessor: but in order to repay you for your hospitality last night to a poor pedestrian, the count gives it to you rent free for the first three years. Will that suit you?'

'Oh my poor Marianne—my five children! Oh my good sir!' exclaimed the wagoner, letting the knife drop from his hands; 'and I who said such rude things to that kind gentleman! Where is he, that I may go and throw myself at his feet?'

'He has returned to his château,' replied the attorney.

THE JEWS AT ROME.

The Jews first settled in Rome at a period not now to be exactly determined, and under the emperors inhabited the region of Trastevere, where they had a synagogue; they continued in the same location under the popes, though at liberty to reside in other parts till the time of Paul IV., who, by a bull issued in 1555, obliged them to settle on this side the Tiber, within a given circuit, thus originating the enclosure called the Ghetto. Their numbers were allowed to increase under Leo XII., and their quarter was enlarged.

The question of the era of their first establishment in Rome has been discussed at a reunion of the Roman Academy of Archæology.

The professor of Hebrew in the Roman university opposed, on that occasion, the opinion that the Jews had been first located in Trastevere by Augustus, or that Pompey had conducted them in slavery to Rome after his capture of Jerusalem. He maintained the probability that at least a portion of the colony in Rome had been conducted hither from Asia Minor in the time of the republic; finding support for this opinion from the use of the Greek language in some ancient sepulchral inscriptions belonging to this nation in Rome. He observed that the number settled here at the time of Caligula amounted to about 25,000. So numerous were they at the time of Augustus, that, according to Josephus, 8000 residents accompanied the ambassadors arrived from Jerusalem to the imperial palace. Their burial-place was discovered by Bosio, outside the Porta Aortese, in 1602, with several tombs, on one of which was the seven-branching candlestick, on another the Greek inscription, ΣΥΝΑΓΩΓ, proving that their synagogue had existed in that quarter.

The present population of the Ghetto was computed at 3800 five years ago, the number of families 800; but the contemporary press now raises the number of inhabitants to 5000. Amongst these, 2000 are paupers; 1000 support themselves by various trades, chiefly that in articles of dress; and the rest, in easy circumstances, have made their fortunes by merchandise. It is much to their honour that the poor, to whom the rich are so disproportionate in number, are entirely supported by the alms of their co-religionists; and the sick, though admission is open to them alike with Christians into any hospital of Rome, are provided with every attainable comfort, medicine, and advice, from Jewish doctors, without leaving the Ghetto. The chief practitioner of the medical profession (which they are only allowed to exercise among themselves, nor can it consequently be any road to distinction or affluence) is the high priest, who every morning goes his rounds to the houses of the sick, after attending the daily devotions in the synagogue. We have met this functionary, attended by a servant in a Turkish dress, and received with marks of profound reverence as he passes on his medical progress; his imposing and majestic appearance, with a turban, a flowing beard, and long vestment, added much to the Oriental character the scene already possessed, from the *al fresco* habits of living, and peculiar physiognomies of the inhabitants. The high priest (or more properly *capo-rabbino*) has lately arrived here to fill the place of his deceased predecessor from Jerusalem, where, we have been informed, seven dignitaries of this rank preside over a college supported by the subsidies of the Hebrew communities scattered over the world for the education of rabbis; and with this central synod, the community of Rome is in regular correspondence. Subordinate to him are six or seven pro-rabbis, to perform the usual service in the synagogue, here called the *scuola*.

It is another circumstance much to the honour of the Roman Israelites, that their children of both sexes are almost all educated at the expense of the community; the wealthier parents contribute to the support of the teachers, but the children of others are received at the schools without any exaction of payment, and thus all among the inhabitants receive the same degree of instruction. There are five spacious class-rooms, in a rambling and outwardly dismal-looking mansion; the expenses, over and above what the slight assistance received from the wealthier covers, are defrayed by a contribution made on the simple method of carrying a money-box every day through the streets. At about five years of age, the children begin their studies with the Hebrew language, which precedes the Italian, and they are to a degree masters of this before even learning the letters of the latter. The religious studies, taken entirely from the Old Testament, occupy the early part of the day; then follow the profane, consisting of writing, accounts, ancient history (Greek and Roman), the Italian language, and, for the higher classes, a course of logic, the author used for which is Soave, a writer once in more general repute than at present.

We regret that there is still so much in the condition of this people at Rome imperatively calling for amelioration, before it can be said that they have been dealt with in the spirit of Christian justice. The confinement within a given space (directly tending to confirm national failings, to keep alive whatever prejudices, whatever narrowness of ideas may possibly exist, and to widen the alienation from those whose intercourse might be of healthful consequence) has hitherto prevented them from leaving their quarters after sunset, when the gates are shut, or from settling in any part of the city, however unexceptionable be their character or station—leaving only the privilege of depositing wares for merchandise in buildings without the enclosure. This evil has been, in its principle at least, abolished by the beneficent sovereign; but others, which a deputation of Israelites has submitted to his clemency and judgment—such as the prohibition against the exercise of liberal professions, of all occupations coming within the category of *arts*, thus confining industrial energies to a narrow, unintellectual, and profitless circle—these are grievances which, we trust, cannot long continue to be felt by any of whatever persuasion among the subjects of Pius IX.—*Roman Advertiser, as quoted in the Voice of Jacob.*

MEMORY.

I am an old man—very old;
My hair is thin and gray;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That wild winds toss all day.
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.

All the dull years of middle age
Have faded from my thought;
While the long-vanished days of youth
Seem ever nearer brought.
Thus, often at the sunset time
The vales in shadow rest,
While evermore a purple glow
Gilds the far mountain's crest.

O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendships, and youth's love,
I ofttimes brood in memory,
As o'er its nest the dove.
In fancy through the fields I stray,
And by the river wide;
And see a once beloved face
Still smiling at my side.

I sit in the old parlour nook,
And *she* sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my cheek
Touching her chestnut hair.
I have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young,
As when through moonlit alleys green
We walked, and talked, and sung.

She is unchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling short adieu.
Oh Death, thou hast a charmèd touch,
Though cruel 'tis and cold;
Embalmed by thee in memory,
Love never can grow old.

D. M. M.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 201. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847. Price 1½d.

MADAME LOUISE.

BY MRS CROWE.

Louis XV. of France had, by his marriage with Maria Leczinska, daughter of Stanislaus, king of Poland, two sons and several daughters. These ladies were the aunts of Louis XVI., of whom we frequently find mention made in the history of that unfortunate monarch.

Madame Louise, the heroine of our story, was one of the youngest, and was also the one that took most after her mother in character. Maria Leczinska was a pious, amiable, tender-hearted woman, and Louise resembled her in these characteristics; whilst the sort of education she received, being brought up in the Abbey of Fontrevault, tended very much to increase the seriousness of her natural disposition; so that, after she lost her mother, though she continued to reside with her father at Versailles, or Paris, or wherever he might be, and so lived *in* the court, she was not *of* it, nor ever imbibed a taste for its splendours or amusements, and still less for its dissipations and vices. Notwithstanding all her virtue and piety, however, Louise was a woman still, and a woman with a tender, loving heart; and in a court where there were so many gay and accomplished cavaliers, it must have been next to impossible for that loving heart to remain untouched. But poor Louise had one safeguard against love, which, pure and pious as she was, she would willingly have dispensed with—she was deformed. With a lovely and bewitching face, and eyes of inconceivable beauty, her figure was quite distorted, from the consequences of an unfortunate fall in her infancy. Without meaning to derogate from her merit, it is extremely possible that this misfortune may have considerably influenced her character, and led her to seek in Heaven those consolations of the heart that she despaired of enjoying on earth.

Of course each of the princesses had a regular suite of servants, and of ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and amongst these, each had also an écuyer and a lady of honour, who were in immediate and constant attendance on their persons. The office of the écuyer was one which placed him in a peculiar situation as regarded his mistress: he placed her chair, opened the door for her, handed her up and down stairs, and accompanied her in her drives and walks, and, in short, wherever she went; so that, were it not for the respect due to royalty, it must have been difficult for a susceptible young man, or a susceptible man of any age, to be in this hourly attendance on a charming princess and retain his heart entire. The deformity of poor Madame Louise, as well as her piety, however, were perhaps thought sufficient defences against any dangers of this description, as regarded either party; for without some such confidence, it would seem a great oversight on the part of the king to have placed in this necessarily intimate relation with her one of the most fascinating men about the court; for such, by universal admission, was the young Vicomte Anatole de Saint-Phale, who was appointed écuyer to the princess upon the marriage, and consequent resignation, of the Baron de Brignolles.

At the time of his appointment, Saint-Phale was not much more than twenty years of age, the son of a duke, handsome, accomplished, eminently agreeable, and with a name already distinguished in arms. He had himself solicited the appointment, and it had been granted to his own wishes, and the influence of his father, without demur; Madame Louise, when the thing was mentioned to her, making no objection. Indeed she had none. The vicomte was but little known to her; for, avoiding the court festivities as much as her father would permit, and when she did attend them, appearing there rather as a spectator than a partaker—beyond the general characters and the personal appearance of the gay cavaliers of the court, she knew nothing of them. She had always heard Saint-Phale's name coupled with the most flattering epithets; she had also heard that he was brave, generous, honourable, and extravagantly beloved by his father and mother; and her own eyes had informed her that he was extremely handsome. To the latter quality she was indifferent; and the others well fitting him for his office about her person, she signed his appointment without hesitation, little dreaming at the moment that she was also signing the flat of her own destiny. In due time the Baron de Brignolles took his leave, and the vicomte entered on his duties; and it soon appeared evident to everybody that he had not sued for the situation without a motive. The princess's lady of honour was the Comtesse de Châteaugrand, Anatole's cousin; and with her he was, to all appearance, desperately smitten. He wore her colours, as was the fashion of the gallant world at that period, paid her the most public attentions, and seemed determined not only to be violently in love, but that all the world should know it.

There was, however, nothing very surprising in this. The Comtesse de Châteaugrand was a widow with a considerable fortune, and though nearly ten years older than Anatole, she was still extremely handsome; added to which, she was very amiable, much esteemed by her mistress, and she and the young vicomte had always been on the most friendly terms. His passion, therefore, as we have said, excited no surprise in anybody; but whether the lady returned it, was altogether another affair, and was indeed a question that created considerable discussion amongst the curious in these matters.

'But she looks so happy—so calm!' said the young Duchesse de Lange.

'And why not, when she has every reason to be so?' answered the Comtesse de Guiche. 'Are not his attentions unremitting? What can she desire more?'

'Ah, true,' replied the other; 'happy if you will, but calm!'

'Well, and why not calm?' repeated Madame de Guiche.

'Ah, one is never calm when one loves!' returned the duchesse, with a little air of affectation.

'That is so like you!' returned the comtesse laughing. 'You are so sentimental, my dear—a real heroine of romance. I maintain that Madame de Châteaugrand is perfectly content, and that she intends in due time to reward his devotion with her hand. I am sure he deserves it. Except waiting on the princess, he never does anything in the world but attend to her caprices; and I do believe she often affects to be whimsical, for the sake of giving him occupation.'

'He certainly does not seem to recollect that there is another woman in the world besides the princess and his cousin,' said the duchesse with some little spite.

Many a conversation of this nature was held almost within hearing of one of the parties concerned—namely, the vicomte—and many a jest, besides, amongst his own companions, rendered it quite impossible that he should be ignorant of the observations made upon him and Madame de Châteaugrand; but he never showed himself disposed to resent this sort of interference, nor did it cause him to make the slightest attempt at concealing his attachment: whilst the comtesse herself, though she could not be more ignorant than he of the court gossip, appeared equally indifferent to it. The consequence was, as is usual in similar cases, that the gossip nobody seemed to care for, and which annoyed nobody, became less interesting; and gradually the *grande passion* of the Vicomte Anatole for his cousin being admitted as an established fact, whilst it was concluded, from the calmness of the lady's demeanour, that she had accepted his proposals, and that they were to be married some day, people began to think little about them; and except a hint now and then, that in all probability the true interpretation of the mystery was, that they were privately married already, very little was said.

But now there arose another bit of court gossip. 'Observe, my dear,' said the Duchesse de Lange to her friend the comtesse, 'how fast Madame de Châteaugrand is declining in the princess's favour!'

'I am perfectly confounded at it,' returned Madame de Guiche; 'for certainly her attachment to Madame Louise is very great; in short, it is devotion; and the princess herself has always, till lately, appeared to set the greatest value on it. How is it that she, who never in her life showed the slightest tendency to caprice, should begin with such an injustice towards her most faithful friend?'

'It is inconceivable!' replied the duchesse. 'But what do you think the Duc d'Artois says about it?'

'Oh, the wicked man!' returned the Comtesse de Guiche laughing; 'but what does he say?'

'He says it is the attachment between her and Saint-Phale that offends the princess: that she is so rigid, that she can neither be in love herself, nor allow anybody else to be so; and that he has seen her turn quite pale with horror at the sight of the vicomte's attentions.'

'Be in love herself—certainly not,' said Madame de Guiche; 'besides, to what purpose, poor thing, with her unfortunate figure? But I think she is much too kind-hearted to endeavour to cross the loves of other people. However, certain it is, that she is not so fond of Madame de Châteaugrand as she was.'

And so, to her great grief, thought Madame de Châteaugrand herself. Louise, the gentle, the kind, the considerate, was now often peevish, impatient, and irritable; and what rendered the change infinitely more afflicting to the comtesse was, that all these ill-humours seemed to be reserved solely for her—to every one else the princess was as gentle and forbearing as before. So she was even to her at times still; for there were moments when she appeared to be seized with remorse for her injustice, and on these occasions she would do everything in her power to make amends for it; but as these intervals did not prevent an immediate recurrence of the evil, poor Madame de Châteaugrand began to think very seriously of resigning her situation, and so she told the vicomte.

'If you do, my dear Hortense,' answered he, turning as pale as if she had pronounced his sentence of death—'if you do, I am undone!'

'Why?' said the comtesse. 'You need not resign because I do.'

'I should not dare to remain,' answered he. 'Besides, it would be impossible—I know it would! I have always told you so. But for you I never could have undertaken the situation, as you well know: I should have been discovered.'

'But my dear Anatole, you can hardly expect me to remain here to be miserable; and I really am so,' returned Madame de Châteaugrand. 'It is not that I would not bear with her humours and caprices; I love her well enough to bear with a great deal more; but to lose her friendship, her affection, her confidence, breaks my heart.'

'She must be ill,' said the vicomte. 'Some secret malady is preying on her, I am certain. Do you observe how her cheek flushes at times, and how her hand trembles? To-day, when I handed her a glass of water, I thought she would have let it fall.'

'It may be so,' returned Madame de Châteaugrand. 'Certain it is, that she does not sleep as she used to do—in short, I believe she is often up half the night walking about her room.'

'I think his majesty should be informed of it,' said the vicomte, 'that he might send her his physician.'

'I think so too,' answered the lady; 'but when I named it to her the other day, she was very angry, and forbade me to make any remarks on her; and, above all, enjoined me not to trouble her father with such nonsense.'

'I am afraid her religious austerities injure her health,' said Anatole.

'Apropos,' returned the comtesse; 'she desired me to tell you that she goes to St Denis to-morrow immediately after breakfast, and that no one is to accompany her but you and me.'

St Denis, as is well known, is the burying-place of the royal family of France, and there, consequently, reposed the remains of Maria Leczinska, the princess's mother; and it was to her tomb that Madame Louise first proceeded alone, whilst her two attendants remained without. A long hour they waited for her; and Saint-Phale was beginning to get so alarmed at her absence, that he was just about to violate her commands by opening the gate of the sanctuary, when she came out pale and exhausted, and with evident traces of tears on her cheeks. She then entered the precincts of the convent, requesting to be conducted to the parlour. Even in a convent of holy nuns, who have abjured the world and its temptations, the *prestige* of royalty is not without its effect; and on this occasion the prioress came forth to meet the princess, whilst the sisters rushed to the corridors to get a peep at her, with as mundane a curiosity as the mob runs after a royal carriage in the streets of Paris or London. Louise looked at them benevolently; and with tears in her eyes, and a sad smile, told them how much happier they were than those who lived amongst the intrigues and turmoils of a court. 'Ah, my sisters,' she said, 'how happy you should be! What repose of spirit you may attain to in this holy asylum!'

Alas! could she have looked into some of those hearts, what a different tale they would have told her! But when we are very miserable ourselves, that situation which presents the greatest contrast to our own is apt to appear the one most desirable.

'There is amongst you, my sisters—that is, if she be still alive—a princess, at whose profession I was present when a child, with my mother,' said Madame Louise. 'Is the friend of Maria Leczinska here?'

'I am here,' answered a sweet low voice.

'Clotilde de Mortemart?' said the princess inquiringly, looking in the direction of the voice.

'Formerly,' answered the nun; 'now Sœur Marie du Sacré Cœur.'

'I would speak with you,' said Madame Louise, taking her by the hand; 'lead me to your cell.'

Accordingly, whilst all the others retired, Sister Marie conducted her royal visitor to her little apartment.

'That stool is too inconvenient for your highness,' said she, as the princess seated herself. 'I will ask the prioress for a chair.'

'By no means; it is what I wish,' said Madame Louise. 'Sit down opposite me—I want to talk to you. Nay, nay, sit!' she added, observing the hesitation of the nun. 'Sit, in the name of Heaven! What am I, that you should stand before me? Would to God I was as you are!'

'How, madame!' said the sister, looking surprised. 'Are you not happy?'

'Friend of my mother, pity me!' exclaimed the princess, as she threw herself into the nun's arms with a burst of passionate tears—for they were the first open demonstration of a long-suppressed grief. 'Tell me,' she continued after an interval as she raised her tearful face—'tell me, are you really happy?'

'Yes,' replied Sister Marie, 'very happy now.'

'Would you go back again to the world; would you change, if you could?'

'No, never!' answered the nun.

'I remember your taking the veil,' said Madame Louise, after an interval of silence; 'and you will remember me, probably, as a child at that time?'

'Oh yes; well, quite well, I remember you,' replied the nun. 'Who could forget you that had once seen you?'

'I was pretty, I believe, as a child,' said Louise.

'Beautiful! angelic! as you are now my princess!' exclaimed Sister Marie, surprised for a moment, by her enthusiasm and admiration, out of her nunlike demeanour.

'As I am now?' said Louise, fixing her eyes on the other's face.

'Pardon me!' said the nun, falling at her feet, fearing that the familiarity had offended; 'it was my heart that spoke!'

'Rise, my sister,' said Louise; 'I am not offended; rise, and look at me!' and she threw aside the cloak which, with its ample hood, had concealed her deformity.

'Jesu Maria!' exclaimed the sister, clasping her hands.

'You are a woman—you were once young yourself, and, as I have heard, beautiful also. Judge, now, if I am happy!'

'But, my princess,' answered the nun, 'why not? Is there no happiness on earth, nay, even in a court, but with beauty? Besides, are you not beautiful? Ay, and a thousand times more so than hundreds that are not'——

'Deformed,' rejoined Louise: 'do not fear to utter the word; I repeat it to myself a hundred times a-day.'

'This amazes me,' said Sister Marie, after a pause, whilst her countenance expressed her surprise as eloquently as words could have done. 'Madame Louise, the fame of whose devotions and self-imposed austerities has reached even our secluded ears, are they but the refuge of a mortified'——

'Vanity,' added the princess, as respect again caused the nun to hesitate. 'Not exactly: I cannot do myself the injustice to admit that altogether, for I was pious before I knew I was deformed. It was my natural disposition to be so; and my mother, foreseeing how much I should need the consolations of religion, cultivated the feeling as long as she lived; and when I was old enough to be aware of my misfortune, I felt what a blessing it was that I had not placed my happiness in what seemed to make the happiness of the women that surrounded me. But it was not to speak of myself that I came here,' continued Madame Louise, 'but to ask a favour of you. Young as I was when you took the veil, the scene made a great impression upon me; and I well remember my mother's tears as we drove back to Paris after she had bade you farewell. I remember also, when I was older, hearing a motive alleged for your resolution to retire from the world, which, if it would not give you too much pain, I should be glad to learn from your own lips.'

The pale cheek of the nun flushed with a faint red, as she said, 'What would my princess wish to hear?'

'Is it true,' said Madame Louise, 'that it was an unrequited love that brought you to this place?'

'It was,' answered the sister, placing her hand before her eyes.

'Excuse me,' said Madame Louise; 'you will think me cruel to awaken these recollections; but it must have been a bitter sorrow that could have induced you, so young, so beautiful, so highly-born, to forsake the world and become a Carmelite?'

'It was,' returned the nun, 'so bitter, that I felt it was turning my blood to gall; and it was not so much to flee from the misery I suffered, as from the corruption of my mind and character, that I fled from the sight of that which I could not see without evil thoughts.'

'Ah, there it is! I understand that too well!' said the princess; 'you were jealous!'

'I was,' answered the nun; 'and what made it so bitter was, that the person of whom I was jealous was the woman I loved best in the world.'

'You loved Henri de Beaulieu, and he loved your cousin?' said Madame Louise. The nun covered her face with her hands and was silent. 'How cruel you must think me, to rend your heart by recalling these recollections!' continued the princess.

'It is so long since I heard that name,' said Marie, 'I did not think I was still so weak.'

'But tell me,' said Louise, seizing her hand, 'did your anguish endure long after you had entered these gates? Did repose come quickly?'

'Slowly, slowly, but surely,' returned the nun with a sigh. 'Till I had taken the irrevocable vow, I had a severe struggle; but I never wavered in the conviction that I had done wisely; for it was only by this living death I could have ever conquered myself. Dreadful temptations had sometimes assailed me whilst I saw them together. Here I saw nothing—heard nothing; and my better nature revived and conquered at last.'

'I see,' said the princess, rising: 'I comprehend it all!' and then embracing her, she added, 'Pardon me the pain I have given you: it has not been without a motive. We shall meet again ere long.'

On the following day, Madame Louise requested a private interview with the king, for the purpose of obtaining his permission to join the Carmelites of St Denis. Louis was at first extremely unwilling to hear of the proposal. Louise was his favourite daughter; and he not only did not like to part with her, but he feared that her delicate health would soon sink under the austerities of so rigid an order. But her determination was taken; and at length, by her perseverance, and the repeated assurance that she was not, nor ever could be, happy in the world, she extracted his unwilling consent. She even avowed to him that, besides her own private griefs, the being obliged to witness his irregularities afflicted her severely; and as she believed that to immure herself in a convent, where she could devote her life to prayer, was a sacrifice pleasing to the Almighty, she hoped by these means to expiate her father's errors, as well as attain peace for herself. Fearing the opposition she might meet with from the rest of her family, however, she intreated the king's silence, whilst she herself communicated her resolution to nobody except the Archbishop of Paris; and he having obtained his majesty's consent in form, Madame Louise at length, on the 11th of April 1770, at eight o'clock in the morning, bade adieu to Versailles for ever.

Accompanied by the vicomte and Madame de Châteaugrand, to whom, since her former visit to the convent, she had been all kindness, she stept into her carriage, and drove to St Denis. As by taking the veil she renounced all earthly distinctions, and amongst the rest that of being buried with the royal family of France, she now visited those vaults for the last time; and having knelt for some minutes at the tomb of her mother, she repaired to the convent, leaving her two attendants in the carriage. The abbot, who, having been apprised by the archbishop, was in waiting to conduct her to the parlour, now addressed several questions to her with respect to her vocation, representing to her the extreme austerity of the order, which was indeed a sort of female La Trappe. She answered him with unshaken firmness; and then, without once looking behind her, she passed into the cloister, where the prioress and the sisterhood were informed of the honour that awaited them. She next proceeded to the chapel, where a mass was performed; and having thus, as it were, sealed her determination, she requested that her two attendants might be conducted to the parlour, whilst she, through the grate which now separated her from the world, told them that they were to return to Paris without her.

The effect of this unexpected intelligence on Madame de Châteaugrand was no more than the princess had anticipated. She wept, intreated, and expostulated; but the Vicomte de Saint-Phale, after standing for a moment as if transfixed, fell flat upon his face to the ground. Amazed and agitated at so unexpected a result, the princess was only restrained by the grating which separated them from flying to his assistance; but before she could sufficiently recollect herself to resolve what to do, the prioress, fearing the effect of so distressing a scene at such a moment, came and led her away to her own apartments.

It would be difficult to describe the state of the princess's mind at that moment. The anguish expressed by Saint-Phale's countenance could not be mistaken. He that she had supposed would be utterly indifferent to her loss! Why should it affect him thus, when he had still with him his love, the chosen of his heart—Hortense de Châteaugrand? She did not know what to think; but certain it is, that the resolution which had been so unflinching an hour before, might perhaps, but for *pride*, have been now broken. With a bewildered mind and a heavy heart she retired to her cell, and there kneeling, she prayed to God to help her through this last struggle.

From that time nothing more was known with respect to Madame Louise till six months afterwards, when, her novitiate being completed, she made her profession. On that morning the humble cell inhabited by the princess exhibited a very unusual appearance: robes of gold and silver brocade, pearls and diamonds, and a splendid lace veil, were spread upon the narrow couch. In this magnificent attire she was for the last time to appear before the world, and for the last time her own women were in attendance to superintend her toilet. When she was dressed, everybody was struck with her beauty; and as she wore a superb cloak, the only defect of her person was concealed.

Of course the profession of a 'daughter of France' was an event to create a great sensation. All Paris turned out to see the show, and the road from thence to St Denis was one unbroken line of carriages. Mounted officers were to be seen in all directions, the Royal Guard surrounded the abbey, and the pope's nuncio came from Rome to perform the ceremony.

On this solemn occasion, of course the attendance of the princess's écuyer and lady of honour was considered indispensable, and Louise had prepared herself to see them both; but instead of Saint-Phale, to her surprise she beheld advancing to offer his arm her former attendant, the Baron de Brignolles. A pang of disappointment shot through her heart: *he* had not cared, then, to see her for this last time, and she should behold him no more! She felt that she turned pale and trembled, and she could not trust her voice to inquire the cause of his absence; but De Brignolles took an opportunity of saying, that hearing the vicomte was too ill to attend, he had requested permission to resume his service for this occasion. Louise bowed her head in silence—she durst not speak.

At that solemn ceremony were present Louis XVI., then dauphin of France; Marie-Antoinette, the queen of beauty, and the idol of the French nation; the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.; and the Comte d'Artois, who subsequently, as Charles X., likewise lost the throne.

After an eloquent discourse by the Bishop of Troyes, which drew tears from every eye, the princess retired for a few moments, and presently reappeared stript of her splendour, shorn of her beautiful hair, and clothed in the habit of the order. She was then stretched on the earth, covered with a pall, and the prayers for the dead pronounced over her. When she arose, the curtain which closed the entrance to the interior of the convent was lifted, and every eye was fixed on it as she passed through the opening, to return to the world no more. As that curtain fell behind her, a fearful cry echoed through the vaulted roof of the abbey, and a gentleman was observed to be carried out of the church by several persons who immediately surrounded him. Every one, however, was too much occupied with his own feelings at the moment to inquire who it was. On the ear of the new-made nun alone the voice struck familiarly; or perhaps it was not her ear, but her heart that told her it was the voice of Saint-Phale.

Louise was a Carmelite; the profligacies of the king and the court proceeded as before; Madame de Châteaugrand, instead of marrying her cousin Saint-Phale, married M. de Rivrement, to whom it appeared she had been long engaged; and Saint-Phale himself, after a long and severe illness, which endangered his life, quitted France for Italy, whither he was sent for the sake of the climate. At length, in 1777, when Lafayette astonished the world by his expedition to America, the vicomte astonished his friends no less by returning suddenly from the south, in order to join it; and in spite of the intreaties of his relations, he executed his design, and there he fell at the battle of Monmouth, in the year 1778.

He did not, however, die in the field, but lingered some days before he expired; during which interval he wrote farewell letters to his father and mother; and one also, which he intreated the latter to deliver according to its address, which was to 'The Sister Therèse de Saint Augustin, formerly Madame Louise de France.'

As soon as the poor bereaved mother had sufficiently recovered the shock of this sad news, she hastened to St Denis to fulfil her son's injunction; and the Sister Therèse, having obtained permission of the superior, received and opened the letter. The first words were an intreaty that she would listen to the prayer of a dying man, who could never offend her again, and read the lines that followed. He then went on to say that from his earliest youth he had loved her; and that it was to be near her, without exciting observation, that he had solicited the situation of écuyer; but knowing that, from the inequality of their conditions, his love must be for ever hopeless, he had studiously concealed it from its object. No one had ever penetrated his secret but Madame de Châteaugrand. He concluded by saying, that when that curtain hid her from his view on the day of her profession, he had felt the world contained nothing more for him, and that he had ever since earnestly desired that death which he had at length found on the field of battle, and which he had gone to America on purpose to seek; and asking her blessing and her prayers, he bade her farewell for ever.

Poor Louise! poor Therèse! poor nun! poor Carmelite! For a moment she forgot that she was the three last, to remember only that she had been the first; and falling on her knees, and clasping those thin

transparent hands, wasted by wo and vigils, she exclaimed with a piercing cry, 'Then he loved me after all!'

Rigid as were the poor nun's notions of the duty of self-abnegation, such a feeling as this was one to be expiated by confession and penance; but as nuns are still women, it was not in the nature of things that she should not be the happier for the conviction that her love had been returned—nay, more than returned, for Saint-Phale had loved her first; and if she had forsaken the world for his sake, he had requited the sacrifice by dying for her. It was a balm even to that pious spirit to know that she, the deformed, the *bossue*, as she called herself, who had thought it impossible she could inspire affection, had been the chosen object of this devoted passion.

Madame Louise survived her lover nine years; and they were much calmer and happier years than those that preceded his death. She could now direct her thoughts wholly to the skies, for there she hoped and believed he was: and since human nature, as we have hinted before, *will* be human nature within the walls of a convent as well as outside of them, she had infinitely more comfort and consolation in praying for the repose of his soul in heaven, than she could have had in praying for his happiness on earth—provided he had sought that happiness in the arms of Madame de Châteaugrand, or any other fair lady.

LIEBIG'S RESEARCHES ON FOOD.

Nothing but accurate scientific investigation can ever teach the proper treatment of the human system either in health or in disease. No length of experience of vague sensations, following up the taking of certain kinds of food, exercise, or drugs, is enough to determine the precise virtues of these appliances. There is only one sure way of finding out the exact uses and functions of what we eat, or what acts on our bodies; and that is, to determine precisely on the one hand the substances used by nature in the vital processes, and on the other, the composition of the materials that we supply to the system. If we determine first the wants of the body, and next the resources of the world, and select the latter exactly to meet the former, we will learn on truly rational grounds the way of keeping up the vigour of our physical framework.

Baron Liebig is at present conducting a series of researches on the nutrition of animals, on exactly the same principle that he and others have proceeded with respect to the nourishment of plants.* A plant is analysed, and found to contain certain constant elements; some of these derived from air and water, others of an earthy kind derived from the solid soil. The requirements of the plant being thus laid open, it can be seen by a similar investigation if a soil contains in proper form these precise elements. If it contain some of them, and not others, then what is wanting is communicated, and no more. This is true insight and rational practice. All other schemes, founded on what is called 'farming experience,' can be at best mere probabilities.

The present work of Liebig is a contribution to the accurate knowledge of the action of food on the system. It is wholly devoted to the constitution of the flesh or muscles of the body, which form one of the largest and most important constituents of the system. The fleshy masses, which make the soft parts between the skin and the deep-lying bones of the skeleton, are the prime forces of the moving organs—the source of strength, energy, and every form of bodily activity. The first consequence of derangement in the constitution of the flesh is a loss of working vigour; and this is apt to be followed up with disorders in the other parts of the system—the stomach, lungs, brain, &c. It is of prime importance, therefore, that we should know in a rigorous scientific way (which means in the *one perfect* way) what is necessary for preserving or restoring the elements which enter into healthy flesh.

Liebig, accordingly, has set to work, by chemical analysis, to find what are the substances that are combined together in animal muscle; and in the present work he has described them, so far as his examination has gone. Some of the substances that he has found are entirely new; and he confesses that there yet remain one or two constituents which he has not sufficiently investigated, so as to be able to say what they are.

Flesh is made up of solid fibres, cells, membranes—all of an organised structure—with fat; it also contains a very large quantity of liquid matter, called the juice of the flesh. This juice is a solution of a great many elements or substances in water; the weight of the water itself being many times that of all the dissolved substances put together. Liebig's investigations have been directed to the analysis of these substances. He takes a mass of ten pounds of newly-killed flesh, reduces it to a fine mince, mixes it with water, and squeezes the whole mass through a linen bag, until he has extracted as much of the liquid contents as possible, and left only the solid portions behind. When the fluid thus obtained is heated up to a certain temperature, the *albumen*, which is one constituent, coagulates, and can be separated. At a still higher temperature, the *colouring matter*, which makes the redness of raw flesh, also coagulates, and is removed. The separation of these simplifies the compound. The remaining fluid is always of an acid character, showing that it contains, with its other ingredients, one or more acid substances, in a free or unneutralised state. A part of the inquiry is to find what these acids are: accordingly, an alkali (baryta) is poured in to combine with and precipitate them. The precipitate is withdrawn and examined, and found to consist of *phosphates*, which phosphates have the double base of baryta and magnesia, which last, therefore, must have been present in the juice. It is thus shown that *phosphoric acid* is an essential constituent of the juice of muscle.

The liquid that is freed by filtration from these precipitated phosphates is slowly evaporated, until at last crystals, in the form of colourless needles, appear at the bottom. These crystals, when examined by chemical tests, are found to be an entirely new substance, with distinct and specific properties, which Liebig has fully investigated; and it has received the name of *kreatine*, from the Greek word for flesh. This kreatine, therefore, is an invariable constituent of the muscular fluid. Its amount in any animal is greatest when there is least fat; as fat accumulates, it diminishes.

The physical properties of a substance are its specific gravity, texture, colour, and appearance. The chemical properties are its composition, or the proportions of its elementary constituents, and its chemical action upon other bodies, such as acids, alkalies, and tests of all sorts. These properties Liebig has detailed in reference to the new substance, and by them a key will be found to its uses in the living body.

The action of a strong acid on kreatine creates a second substance hitherto unknown to chemists, which is alkaline in its nature, called by Liebig *kreatinine*. This substance, however, may not only be produced from kreatine, but it is found in the system as another permanent constituent, and as such its properties deserve and have received a distinct investigation.

The original kreatine, resolved by an acid into kreatinine, is next resolved by baryta into two other elements, one of them *urea*, already well known; but the other is a completely new substance of the alkaline character, named *sarcosine*, and apparently worthy of being studied. Here, therefore, from one crystalline deposit there arises three *organic compounds*, that have all something to do with human vitality.

* Researches on the Chemistry of Food, by Justus Liebig, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author, by William Gregory, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: Taylor and Walton. 1847.

We are not yet done with the original liquid. After the crystals of kreatine are deposited, there is a liquor still remaining. By adding alcohol to it, it is made to give a new deposit in white foliated crystals. These are separated by filtration, and examined, and yield a fourth new substance of an *acid* character, called by Liebig *inosinic acid*. This is a very remarkable element. The flavour of the meat seems to reside in it: when it is acted on by a high heat, it gives off the very smell of roasting meat. Its properties are also given.

Recurring again to the unexhausted mother liquid, and adding more alcohol, a new separation takes place; a thick sirupy substance falls to the bottom, and a lighter liquid floats above. The separate examination of these brings out additional elements. Here is found the kreatinine natural to the muscle. There is also now found *lactate of potash*; and it turns out that *lactic acid*, or the acid of sour milk, is a constant element of muscular juice, as well as the phosphoric acid that came out at an earlier stage. The lactates of flesh receive from Liebig a separate investigation.

After settling the characters of these great organic constituents—kreatine, kreatinine, sarcosine, inosinic acid—and the compounds of lactic acid, he now turns to what are called the inorganic elements, such as phosphoric acid, potash, and other alkalies, and founds a curious speculation upon the presence and mutual actions of the lactic and phosphoric acids. The great idea of the speculation is, that lactic acid is the substance that directly supports respiration, or whose consumption gives the animal heat; and that the sugar and starch taken in our food are changed into lactic acid, in order to become respiratory elements. In fact, the use of sugar is to supply the lactic acid constituent, which has to serve this and other purposes in the body. Another very refined speculation is offered by the author, founded on the fact, that the alkali contained in the flesh is potash, and the alkali contained in the blood is soda. He shows how the chemical properties of phosphoric acid and soda, which go together in the blood, would explain the process whereby nature makes the exchange of carbonic acid for pure oxygen, in the final act of the respiratory process. But this we have not space to dwell upon.

These elements do not exhaust the constituents of muscle, and it will take much additional study to follow out all their functions in the human body. Moreover, muscle, although a very important tissue, is only one out of many; and it will be necessary to go through a similar examination of nerve and other tissues before the chemical actions involved in the animal system are fully known. But in the meantime, Liebig draws some very important practical inferences from the discoveries already made.

In the first place, he shows how the boiling of meat acts upon the various constituents of the juice. We require, for the support of our muscle, not merely the fibrous matter of animal flesh, but all the array of the albumen, lactates, phosphates, kreatine, &c. already mentioned: if any of these are allowed to escape, we are deprived of some needful element, and our system suffers. Now, cold water can dissolve the great mass of these important ingredients, so that if meat is put into cold water, and slowly boiled up, the water will have carried off all the albumen and several other substances, and the remaining beef will be a kind of husk, insufficient to nourish the system, unless the water it has been boiled in is taken at the same time in the form of soup. To boil beef without losing the nutritious and savoury elements, Liebig gives the following directions:—The water is, in the first place, to be put into a brisk boiling state; into this boiling water the meat should be plunged, and allowed to lie for a few minutes; it is then taken out, and cold water is to be poured into the boiler till the heat be reduced far below boiling, or to about 160 degrees; the meat is then put in again, and kept in the water at this temperature for two or three hours. Everything is in this way effected that can render the flesh pleasant and wholesome as food. The contact with the boiling water at the outset coagulates the albumen of the flesh all round the surface of the meat, and closes up its pores with a solid wall, that none of the internal juices can pass through, and the meat is preserved in all its integrity while undergoing the action of the heat.

On the other hand, when we wish to have a *rich soup*, we must take means for thoroughly extracting the various elements of the fleshy juice, for these elements are the essential portion of a soup. A perfect soup would be a mixture of all the soluble constituents of the muscle—in fact, Liebig's original mother liquor, which he wrought upon to bring out all the various substances already enumerated. Accordingly, the plan of making soup is as follows:—

'When one pound of lean beef, free of fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely-chopped state in which it is used for beef-sausages or mince-meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a cloth from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as can be obtained even by boiling for hours from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt, and the other usual additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup that can be prepared from one pound of flesh.'

An extract of meat thus prepared is found to be an invaluable provision for an army in active service. Administered along with a little wine to wounded soldiers, it immediately restores their strength, exhausted by loss of blood, and enables them to sustain the fatigue of removal to the nearest hospital. Of course what is so useful in this extreme case must be useful in thousands of minor occasions of bodily prostration. The loss of strength means the loss of the substances that support vitality, such as these very ingredients of fleshy juice. The fleshy fibre itself is wasted more slowly than the substances that float in the liquid that invests it; so that, in fact, a supply of these matters has a more instantaneous action than any other refreshment. We can thus explain the effect of soups upon convalescent patients. No doubt the perfect soup of Liebig's description would be found to have a far greater strengthening power than the generality of those in common use.

There is one other principle of very great consequence stated in the volume before us. It is, that the gastric juice of the stomach, which dissolves the solid food into a liquid pulp, has nearly the same ingredients as the juice of flesh; so that the power of digestion will be very much affected by the supply of the constituents of juice to the system. Hence a good flesh-extract soup, besides giving materials to the muscle, provides the solvent liquid of the stomach, and facilitates digestion. To people suffering from indigestion in the sense of deficiency in the gastric juice, the supply of this material is the natural remedy. Another useful hint is also suggested by this connection of stomach and muscle. The digestion of the food, and the exertion of the muscles, consume the same ingredients, so that both operations cannot well be sustained together beyond a certain limit. Moreover, it naturally follows that rest during one operation will cause increase of energy in the other. During the height of the digestive action, muscular exertion cannot well be afforded, unless there is a great overplus of the common aliment. It is well known that when digestion is weak, rest after meals is necessary, and that excessive exercise unfits the stomach for its work. The explanation now afforded may supply practical wisdom on this head to all men.

Liebig has also pointed out the effect that the salting of meat has on the precious constituents of its juice. The salt withdraws a great portion of these dissolved matters, which are thrown away with the brine. The

injuriousness of a long course of salt provisions is thus distinctly accounted for. He also gives some suggestions as to the mode of salting meat without abstracting the ingredients of the juice.

In these investigations, Liebig has made use of flesh derived from a great range of animals, and has determined the comparative richness of each in the various substances in question. He has tried the flesh of ox, roedeer, horse, hare, fox, fowls, fishes, &c. In this way he is likely to furnish, what has been sought for in vain by other methods, a comparison of the nutritive qualities of the different kinds of food. No man that understands the real difficulty of settling such a point, can put the slightest faith in any of the tables of the comparative digestibility or nutritiveness of substances that have hitherto been put forth in books of medicine or dietetics.

JOSEPH TRAIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF MAN.*

The name of Mr Train has become widely known, in consequence of the acknowledgment of Sir Walter Scott of the obligations he lay under to him for hints towards sundry of the Waverley Novels. Now passing into the vale of years, after a creditable fulfilment of all the common duties of life, he appears to us as an admirable specimen of the genius of self-taught and self-raised men. While possessed of strong poetical tastes, he has gone beyond the ordinary range of his class in a zealous cultivation of historical antiquities, of which we have here goodly proof in two volumes, embracing all that can be desired of the past and present of the Isle of Man. We delight to see the worthy veteran successfully bringing so laborious a task to a close.

The very peculiar history of this little outlying portion of the empire; its long possession of an independent race of princes; its retaining even till now institutions proper to itself—render it an object of curiosity beyond any similar space of British ground. Mr Train has done all that we should think possible in recovering its early annals, and throwing them into an intelligible narrative: a sad view they give of bloody wars and popular sufferings. A portion of his work, devoted to the superstitions, the manners and customs of the people, is more attractive to the general reader. Statistics, however, and even the natural history of the island, are not overlooked. The author seems to have aimed at exhausting the subject in all respects, and he has pretty well succeeded in his purpose.

Man comprises two hundred square miles, much of it hilly and waste, and about fifty thousand inhabitants. With lighter taxation than England, it returns about L.70,000 of revenue. The people are Celtic, and speak a language resembling the Gaelic of our Scottish Highlanders. They have retained old customs and superstitions longer than any other people under the British crown. Will it be believed that the kindling of Baal fires—that is, celebrating the anniversary of the pagan god Baal or Bel—was observed on the 1st of May 1837? Or that a trial, equivalent to a trial for witchcraft, went on before a jury of Manxmen in December 1843? On this occasion, while a poor woman was in the course of being asked if she ever came *in any shape or form* to do John Quine an injury, a wag let loose a rabbit in the court, when all became extreme confusion, and the jury, with eyes staring, hair on end, and mouths distorted, exclaimed, 'The witch! the witch!' nor was the uproar quieted till one of the crowd seized and killed the animal. There still survives in this island, in the same latitude with the county of Cumberland, a fairy doctor of the name of Teare, who is resorted to when all other aid fails. 'The messenger that is despatched to him on such occasions is neither to eat nor drink by the way, nor even to tell any person his mission: the recovery is said to be perceptible from the time the case is stated to him.' Farmers delay their sowing till Teare can come to bless the seed. Mr Train has seen and conversed with this strange pretender.

'The first time I saw him he was mounted on a little Manx pony, that seemed aware of its master having neither whip nor spur to quicken its pace, as it moved very tardily along the wayside. The seer is a little man, far advanced into the vale of life; in appearance he was healthy and active; he wore a low-crown slouched hat, evidently too large for his head, with a broad brim; his coat, of an old-fashioned make, with his vest and breeches, were all of loaghtyn wool, which had never undergone any process of dyeing; his shoes, also, were of a colour not to be distinguished from his stockings, which were likewise of loaghtyn wool.

'Mr Kelly, chief magistrate of Castletown, was kindly driving me in his gig to Port St Mary, whither also Mr Teare was proceeding; and where, he informed us, he was to remain for the night. Aware that it was not agreeable to many, even of the most intelligent Manxmen, to hear direct allusions made by a stranger to any of the superstitious observances of the lower orders of the people, I avoided as much as possible making any inquiries that might give offence. Mr Kelly seeing, however, from the nature of my questions, and from my travelling in the mountains, and associating with the peasantry, that my chief object was to become acquainted with all the existing peculiarities of the people, on our arrival at the inn generously introduced me to the great fairy doctor, as a person eminently qualified to give me all the statistical information which the island could afford. After communicating to the seer my object in visiting the island, Mr Kelly remarked with a magisterial air, "I know, Mr Teare, that by probing the secret springs of nature, you can either accelerate, retard, or turn aside at pleasure the natural course of events, but you must make oath before me, in presence of this stranger, that you never call evil spirits to your assistance." The seer assented, and the oath was administered with due solemnity by the magistrate, who, after listening to some singular stories from the doctor, departed for Castletown, leaving us to spend the evening together. There was a pithy quaintness in the doctor's conversation, and his answers were generally couched in idiomatic proverbialisms. He said he was required by his professional business to travel more than any person in the island, and when I expressed my surprise at a person of his advanced years enduring such fatigue, he replied, "The crab that lies always in its hole is never fat."'

The promptings of superstition are often cruel; there is a notable instance in the Manx custom of hunting the wren on St Stephen's Day, when the populace go about with a captive bird of that species, distributing its feathers as charms against witchcraft, after which they inter it on the sea-shore. Often, again, there is a strange wild beauty in superstitious ideas, as in the following case:—'On New-Year's eve, in many of the upland cottages, it is yet customary for the housewife, after raking the fire for the night, and just before stepping into bed, to spread the ashes smooth over the floor with the tongs, in the hope of finding in it next morning the track of a foot: should the toes of this ominous print point towards the door, then it is believed a member of the family will die in the course of that year; but should the heel of the fairy foot point in that direction, then it is as firmly believed that the family will be augmented within the same period.' There was once a mighty enchantress in the island. 'By her alluring arts, she ensnared the hearts of so many men around where she resided, causing them to neglect their usual occupations, that the country presented a scene of utter desolation. They neither ploughed nor sowed, their gardens were all overgrown

* Two volumes, 8vo. Douglas, Isle of Man. Published by Mary A. Quiggin, North Quay. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1845.

with weeds, their once fertile fields were covered with stones, their cattle died for want of pasture, and their turf lay undug in the commons. This universal charmer having brought things to such a deplorable crisis, under pretence of making a journey to a distant part of the island, set out on a milk-white palfrey, accompanied by her admirers on foot, till, having led them into a deep river, she drowned six hundred of the best men the island had ever seen, and then flew away in the shape of a bat. To prevent the recurrence of a like disaster, these wise people ordained that their women should henceforth *go on foot* and *follow the men*, which custom is so religiously observed, that if by chance a woman is observed walking before a man, whoever sees her cries out immediately, "*Tehi! Tehi!*" which, it seems, was the name of the enchantress who occasioned this law.'

The supposition that fairies sometimes took away mortal babes, and left their own wretched offspring in their place, is perhaps now declined in Man, as in other places; but it was rife a century ago. Waldron, who wrote a book on Man, published in 1732, gives the following account:—'I was prevailed on,' says he, 'to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings; and indeed must own, was not a little surprised as well as shocked at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint. His limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried, ate scarce anything, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a *fairy elf*, he would frown and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a charing, and left him a whole day together. The neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone, which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.'

In accounts of customs from different districts, one is perpetually called on to wonder at the parities observable in many small matters. We are told by Mr Train, that 'formerly weddings were generally preceded by musicians playing the *Black and the Gray*, the only tune struck up on such occasions.' What this tune may be we cannot tell—probably it is not now recoverable; but what is very curious, it was the tune which was played at weddings by the last piper of Peebles, who died upwards of forty years ago.

Peel Castle, on the west side of the island, is the locality of a strange tradition, which Mr Train quotes from his predecessor Waldron. 'There was formerly a passage to the apartment belonging to the captain of the guard; but it is now closed up: the reason they give you for it is a pretty odd one. They say that an apparition, called in the Manx language the *Moddey Doo*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as the candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and for that reason forbore swearing and profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to danger; for I forgot to mention, that the Moddey Doo was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and although it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the Moddey Doo would follow him as it had done the others, for he would try whether it were dog or devil.

'After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was intreated by all who came near him to speak, or if he could not do that, to make some signs by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortions of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The Moddey Doo was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since.'

In zoology, the island has, or had, some peculiar features. The native sheep, called the Loaghtyn, of mean appearance, with high back, narrow ribs, and tail like that of a goat, finds a fit associate in the poor little stunted pony. There was once a peculiar variety of the wild boar in Man—called the *purr*—of a gray sandy colour, spotted with black. It ran wild in the mountains, and was a destructive creature. 'The last purr had a den in the mountain of South Barrule, whence he sallied forth almost daily into some of the surrounding valleys in search of prey. In summer, a fold was no barrier to his killing and carrying off both sheep and lambs. In winter, impelled perhaps by hunger, he became so daring, that every adjoining farmyard was the scene of his depredations. At last the people rose to drive the enemy from his stronghold, and besetting him with the fiercest dogs that could be procured, they succeeded in hunting him over the high cliffs of Brada Head, where he was killed by falling amongst the rocks, ere he reached the sea below.' It is a little known, but curious fact, that the cats of the Isle of Man have no tail, and at most a mere rudiment of caudal vertebrae. They are called rumpies, and are excellent mousers. Mr Train, after keeping one for four years, expresses his belief that it is a hybrid animal, between the cat and rabbit; but, from the decided diversity of these species, we feel inclined to pronounce very confidently that no such union could take place.

In agriculture, the Manxmen are, or at a very recent period were, much behind their fellow-countrymen of Britain. Their field implements were extremely rude, and they carried manure to the field and brought home their crops in creels on the backs of horses. Mr Train, however, alleges that they were willing to do better;

and he relates the following curious anecdote, with which we conclude:—'That the Manx were acquainted with the process of preparing shell lime for building, may be inferred from its being used in the walls of the old fortifications; stone lime, on the contrary, was wholly unknown to them. In the year 1642, Governor Greenhalgh made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the practice of using lime as manure; but he had no sooner built a kiln, than it was circulated as an article of news that the deputy-governor was actually engaged in a project to burn stones for the improvement of the land. The people hastened in crowds to witness the result of this wonderful process, and probably not without some doubts of the governor's sanity. When, however, they beheld large masses reduced to powder by the action of fire, they eagerly resolved to profit by an example from which they expected the most beneficial results. *Earth pots*, as they were termed, were raised in all parts of the island, in which every kind of stone, flint, slate, or pebble, were indiscriminately subjected to the process of burning. As might have been expected, their efforts were fruitless; but for the ill success which attended their exertions, they were at no loss to find an infallible cause—that the governor had intercourse with the fairies, by whose agency his minerals were converted into powder, whilst those of the more upright native islanders were only condensed to a greater degree of hardness. Of this curious fact many evidences still remain. Large quantities of calcined stones are frequently found in different parts of the island.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

Some late circumstances transpiring through the newspapers, or through judicial investigation, are calculated to give rise to very serious reflections. First, we have an ultra cheap system of transit on the river Thames, producing an explosion by which many lives are sacrificed. Then, we find the linen-drapers meeting to denounce a system long carried on by the makers of thread and tape, whereby it happens that a reel of one of these articles labelled as containing a hundred yards —'warranted' to do so—yields only ninety, or eighty-eight yards, or perhaps is deficient as much as 25 per cent. Think of a poor woman who makes a meagre livelihood by dealing in tape and thread, who unwittingly retails these reels in yards to different customers, on an understanding that they each contain a hundred, while they are short of that amount by more than the value of her supposed profit! Oh, shame of shames! Next, a member of a 'respectable' grain firm at Glasgow is sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine, for selling a large quantity of oatmeal to the Highland Destitution Committee, adulterated with an inferior stuff called *thirds*, which is not oatmeal at all; this being described in the defence as a practice of the trade! Taking these as but chance liftings of a veil which conceals much more to the like purport, it must be owned that they create a very painful feeling regarding the state of commercial conscientiousness amongst us. It would appear as if men were driven by competition to adopt dishonest expedients for the purpose of obtaining business and making that business profitable. The days of *reality* seem to be past, and those of delusion and imposture come in. It requires, however, only exposure and punishment to check this system, for it is only when one is found to gain an advantage by cheating, that the others are tempted to it; and there must still be a sufficiently full consciousness that just trade is the more pleasant in carrying on, where it can be done without loss. We therefore hope that every effort will be made by those in authority to detect such practices, and visit them, where proved, with sharp punishment. A few trials of 'respectable' delinquents would go a great way as a warrant that one-hundred-yard bobbins really contain a hundred yards, and that oatmeal is actually oatmeal.

THE 'HAERLEMMER MEER.'

In the lately published number of the Edinburgh Review will be found an instructive article on that social and physical phenomenon—Holland. We refer to it more particularly for the account which it presents of the plans now in course of operation for draining the Lake of Haerlem, as it is called in our English maps, but which is known among the Dutch as the Haerlemmer Meer, or Haerlem Sea. We well remember the sight of this vast sheet of water, when, going along the road from Haerlem to Amsterdam, we found it stretching far away to the right, and covering, as we were told, an area of seventy square miles. A broad mound or dike, on which the highway was extended, may be said to have been the boundary which prevented still further encroachments of the ocean. It is, however, on all sides carefully banked; and the annual expense incurred for these defences amounts to from L.4000 to L.5000.

The meer of Haerlem originated in a series of inundations of the sea about three hundred years ago. Numerous schemes were subsequently devised to expel the ocean, but they were either not attended to, or failed in execution. The boldest of these projects was devised by a most ingenious mechanician, Jan Leeghwater; but we believe it only went the length of employing a vast army of windmills, each working a pump; and at anyrate it was never properly entertained. The serious difficulty in the way of expelling and permanently keeping out the meer was the expense; latterly, however, since the discovery of steam power, it has been made apparent to the minds of the Hollanders, 'that to keep dry, and to maintain the dikes around this large area, when brought into the state of a polder (dry patch of land), would not exceed in yearly expense the cost of maintaining the existing barrier dikes.' As soon as this fact was satisfactorily established, the expulsion of the meer was determined on by the Dutch government.

'A navigable ring canal was begun,' proceeds the reviewer, 'in 1840. At three distant points on the borders of the lake as many monster engines are to be erected. These, it is calculated, will exhaust the waters, and lay the bed of the lake dry, by fourteen months of incessant pumping; at a total cost, for machines and labour, of L.140,000. The expense of maintaining the dikes and engines afterwards will be nearly L.5000 a-year. The cost of maintaining the old barrier dikes amounted, as we have already stated, to about the same sum. The land to be laid dry is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand acres. Taking the lowest of these estimates, the cost of reclaiming amounts to L.3 sterling per imperial acre, and that of subsequently maintaining to two shillings per acre.* Independently, therefore, of the other advantages which will attend it, there will be an actual money profit from the undertaking. The quantity of water to be lifted is calculated at about a thousand millions of tons. This would have required a hundred and fourteen windmills of the largest size stationed at intervals round the lake, and working for four years, at a total cost of upwards of L.300,000; while at the same time, after the first exhaustion of the waters was completed, the greater number of these mills would have been perfectly useless. How wonderful appears the progress of mechanical art! Three steam-engines to do the work of one hundred and fourteen huge mills, in one-third of the time, and at less than one-half the cost! One of these monster engines —of English manufacture — working, polypus-like, eleven huge suckers at the extremity of as many formidable arms, has been already erected, and tried at

* If the area of the lake be, as before mentioned, about seventy square miles, it contains only 45,000 acres, and the cost of reclaiming is still about L.3 an acre.

the southern extremity of the lake in the neighbourhood of Leyden. The annual drainage of the lake is calculated at fifty-four millions of tons, of which twenty millions will require in some seasons to be lifted in the course of one or two months. Had our railway undertakings not sprung up to rival or excel it, we should have unhesitatingly claimed for this work the praise of being the boldest effort of civil engineering in modern times.'

We learn for the first time, from the Review, that as Holland produces no coal, the natives have finally resorted to steam-power with some degree of fear as to the consequences. Should they go to war with England and other coal-producing countries, how is fuel to be procured? It is to be trusted that our good friends the Dutch will keep themselves quite easy on this score; and we wish them cordially to unite with us in the following sentiments:—'Let Holland depend upon England and Belgium for the coal which is to dry her polders. Let Norway, and Russia, and Belgium, and the United States of America, depend upon the English market for the sale of their timber, their hemp, and flax, and cotton. Let England depend upon Russia, and Germany, and America for her deficient corn, and upon the world at large for outlets to her manufactures. Let railways annihilate international barriers, making the broad land as free to pass over as the sea; and let the post-office and the electric telegraph mingle by millions the kind thoughts, and the more serious reflections, and the tidings of mental and physical progress, from all the corners of the earth; and then neither the whims of autocrats, nor the squabbles of royal houses, nor disputed marriages, nor dyspeptic ministers, nor polemical differences, nor desert corners of land, will long be permitted to endanger the lives and comfort of millions of human beings.'

A CELEBRATED SIMILE.

Byron appears to have felt a little awkwardness after committing himself to admiration of Henry Kirke White, by his magnificent allusion to the young poet's fate in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' In his letter on the subject to Mr Dallas, he still insists, though faintly, that Kirke White had in him 'poesy and genius;' but immediately qualifies this by saying that he was at anyrate 'beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade.'

Whatever may be thought, however, of Byron's criticism, or of his ingenuousness in its defence, the verses will retain their place among the most elegant in the language, even after they have been deprived of the faint claims to originality they have hitherto possessed—

> 'Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
> And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
> The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
> Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
> Oh, what a noble heart was here undone,
> When Science' self destroyed her favourite son!
> Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
> She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
> 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
> And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
> So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
> He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
> While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'

This fine simile we traced on a former occasion to Waller; but a correspondent goes two thousand years farther back, and finds it in Æschylus, repeated by him from still more ancient authorities—

> ——'Thus of old,
> In Lybian fables is the story told,
> That when the eagle, stricken at the heart,
> Saw his own feather on the fatal dart,
> The royal bird upraised with haughty pride,
> "Unconquered yet we die," exulting cried—
> "Ours was the deed! ourselves impelled the blow!
> We fall no triumph to presumptuous foe!"'

The difference in the turn given by the ancient and modern poets to the reflections of the wounded bird would form a fine subject for the critic. The eagle of the ancient Greek exhibits the proud and masculine spirit of his age: he congratulates himself on having received the mortal blow from no meaner implement than that furnished by his own wing, and dies exulting and unconquered. In the modern version, on the other hand, produced when poetry had lost in fire what it had gained in refinement, this heroical burst is transformed into sentiment, and the dying bird laments his fate the more from having been accessory to it himself.

ORIGIN OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

It is now about twenty-eight years since a thoughtful man, travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal-wagons impelled by steam along a tramroad which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped. 'Why,' he asked of the engineer, 'are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam-engines employed to convey goods and passengers along them, so as to supersede horse-power?' The engineer looked at the questioner with the corner of his eye. 'Just propose you that to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it! Why, sir, you will be worried to death for your pains.' Nothing more was said; but the intelligent traveller did not take the engineer's warning. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—the idea he had conceived continued to infest his brain, and would not be driven out. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he would talk of nothing else with his friends. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he at length broached the scheme openly; first to public men by means of letters and circulars, and afterwards to the public itself by means of a printed book. Hardly anybody would listen to him; the engineer's words seemed likely to prove true. Still he persevered, holding the public by the button, as it were, and dinning into its ears the same wearisome words. From public political men, including the cabinet ministers of the day, he received little encouragement; a few influential commercial men, however, began at length to be interested in his plan. Persons of eminence took it up, and advocated it almost as enthusiastically as the original proprietor. It having thus been *proved*, according to Dogberry's immortal phrase, that the scheme was a good scheme, it soon went near to be *thought* so. Capital came to its aid. The consequence was, that in 1826 parliament passed an act authorising the construction of the first British railway, properly so called—that between Liverpool and Manchester. Four years afterwards, in September 1830, the railway was opened. What advances the system has made since, every one knows. Railways have been constructed, or are in progress, in all parts of the civilised world; philosophers have already begun to speculate on the astonishing effects which such a means of rapid locomotion must have on the character and prospects of the whole human race; by means of railways, Europe is becoming a familiar country to us all, and the planet itself an imaginable round thing; and the only question is, where will this railway-impulse end?—into what strange condition of humanity is it leading us? And the beginning of all this was the dream of a thought-

ful man, looking, about twenty-eight years ago, at some coal-wagons running along a tramroad to a wharf.

The name of this projector of a general railway system of transit is Thomas Gray, and he is still alive. We have now before us a copy of the work in which he first explained his scheme to the public. The first edition of it was published in 1820, and the title under which it made its appearance was as follows:—'Observations on a General Iron Railway, or Land Steam Conveyance, to supersede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles; showing its vast superiority in every respect over all the present pitiful methods of conveyance by Turnpike-roads, Canals, and Coasting Traders: containing every species of information relative to Railroads and Locomotive Engines.' There is now a sort of quaint historic interest in turning to this book, to see the manner in which objects familiar to us were first represented to the incredulous imagination of the public. Prefixed to it there is a plate, exhibiting carriages of different constructions, drawn along on railways by locomotives. The carriages of one of the sets strike the eye curiously, as being made on the model of a common stage-coach, with inside and outside passengers, luggage on the top, a guard behind with his horn, and actually, in one instance (though this seems done in irony), a person occupying the driver's box with a little whip in his hand. On this plate are engraved the following couplets—

> 'No speed with this can fleetest horse compare;
> No weight like this canal or vessel bear.
> As this will commerce every way promote,
> To this let sons of commerce grant their vote.'

These verses at least show the enthusiasm of the projector; but one must be acquainted with the contents of the book throughout fully to appreciate Mr Gray's merits. Suffice it to say that, except in the matter of the speed attainable on the proposed roads, which experience has proved to be much greater than Mr Gray dared to hope, the case for a general railway system of transit, as here stated, is as complete as, with all our acquired knowledge of the reality, we could now make it. It may be even doubted whether we have yet completely realised the suggestions of this volume; and the system of main trunk lines laid down in it for Great Britain and Ireland, and illustrated by an engraved chart, is probably superior in some respects to that which has been actually adopted.

Railways, it is almost unnecessary to inform our readers, were in use long before the general system of transit by their means as proposed by Mr Gray. They were first used, about a hundred and eighty years ago, to facilitate the transport of coals from the north of England collieries to the shipping places on the Tyne. The first railways were merely wooden wheelways, laid in the ordinary roads to lessen the friction and render the work easier for the horse. The advantage was so great, that various improvements were gradually introduced with a view to increase it to the utmost. About the middle of last century, the following was the mode of preparing a tramroad or railway:—The road having been rendered as nearly level throughout as possible, rough wooden logs, called *sleepers*, each about six feet long, were imbedded in it transversely, at distances of about three feet. Along these were laid the wooden rails, pegged down to the sleepers, so as to form a wheel-way about four feet wide. The wheels of the wagons were provided with a flange, so as to keep them from slipping off the rails. Each wagon was pulled by a single horse; and as the inclination of the road was usually from the pit mouth to the wharf, the loaded wagons had the advantage of the descent, while in ascending, the horse had to pull only empty wagons. When the difference of level between the pit mouth and the wharf was very great, it was usual to manage the transport, not by making the road of the necessary uniform inclination throughout, but by inserting here and there a steep inclined plane, which the wagons descended by their own weight, the rest of the way being tolerably level. By a contrivance introduced towards the end of the century, many of these inclined planes were made *self-acting*—that is, were so constructed, that the loaded wagons descending pulled up the returning empty wagons. At others, the return-wagons were pulled up by a stationary steam-engine. Sometimes there was an inclined plane, terminating in a spout at the shipping place, along which the coals were shot straight into the hold of the vessel lying under the river bank.

In 1767, the experiment was tried at the Colebrook iron-works of covering the wooden rails of a tramroad with a plating of iron. The experiment was so successful, that some years afterwards rails wholly of cast-iron began to be constructed. About the year 1793, also, wooden sleepers began to be superseded by stone ones—blocks of stone laid down underneath the joinings of the rails. Till 1801, the rails were all of the kind called the *flat-rail*, or tram-plate, consisting of plates of cast-iron about three feet long, from three to five inches broad, and from half an inch to an inch thick, with a flange or turn-up on the inside. About that year, however, *edge-rails* began to be used—these edge-rails being bars of cast-iron about three feet long each, laid on their edges, the flange in this case being on the wheel.

The value of the improvements which had thus been gradually introduced during the course of a century and a half may be judged of from the fact, that on a good edge railway, such as was to be found in the beginning of the present century, *ten* horses could do an amount of work which, on a common road, would require the strength of *four hundred*. 'Iron railways were, in consequence, quickly introduced into all the coal and mining districts of the kingdom. They were employed on canals in place of locks, to raise the barges on an inclined plane from a lower to a higher level; in some cases they were adopted in preference to the canal itself; and, on the whole, they began to form an important auxiliary to inland navigation, pushing the channels of trade and intercourse into districts otherwise inaccessible, and even into the interior of the mines.' Scarcely any two of these railways were alike in all particulars.

All this while horse-power continued to be the only motive force employed, except at those inclined planes already mentioned. Thus horses and steam-engines shared the work between them. The idea of uniting the two into one, so as to produce a locomotive steam-engine, or a steam-horse, was a more recent one. Watt had, indeed, in one of his patents, dated 1784, suggested a plan for imparting to the steam-engine the animal's faculty of locomotion; but it was not till 1802 that experiments with a view to the construction of an efficient locomotive engine were commenced. The first locomotives put upon trial were those of the engineers Messrs Trevithick and Vivian. The objection to them was, that there was not sufficient adhesion between the wheels and the rails, so that, if the velocity were at all great, the former would revolve without advancing the vehicle. To remedy this inconvenience, various plans were devised, among which that of Mr Blenkinsop obtained the greatest celebrity. His plan consisted in making the rails notched, and the wheels with teeth, so that they continued to work in a rack all along the road. One of Mr Blenkinsop's engines of four-horses' power impelled a carriage lightly loaded at the rate of ten miles an hour; attached to thirty coal wagons, it went at one-third of that pace. Fortunately, however, it was soon discovered that the conclusion on which Mr Blenkinsop and others had been proceeding—namely, that the amount of adhesion was insufficient between a smooth wheel and a smooth rail—was a hasty one; and that, provided the road were tolerably level, the amount of adhesion between such a wheel and such a rail was quite sufficient to insure propulsion. Satisfied on this point, engineers devoted their attention more especially to the improvement of the locomotive itself. The difficulties of various kinds, however, which presented themselves were great; and the horses of England con-

tinued to flatter themselves that they would be able to retain the monopoly of locomotion; and that, although steam-engines might work well enough in chains at inclined planes, *they* should still have the run of the country.

Such was the state of matters about the year 1819–20, when Mr Gray appeared in the field: a great number of tramroads had been laid down in particular districts of the island, along which horses and stationary steam-engines were pulling wagons, while here and there a solitary locomotive snorted along, trying its powers. Locomotives *versus* horses, and railways *versus* turnpikes and canals—such was the question at issue. Mr Gray's merit consisted not in effecting actual improvements of construction in either locomotives or railways — that was the work of Stephenson, and other eminent engineers—but in stating the question to the country, in foreseeing the issue, and in boldly imagining the time when the whole island should be covered with a network of these tramroads, when locomotives should scamper through the country as plentiful as horses, and when canals, stage-coaches, and turnpike trusts, should be all swamped in a general iron railway. Glimmerings of this idea may have appeared before in other minds. 'You must be making handsomely out with your canals,' said some one to the celebrated canal-making Duke of Bridgewater. 'Oh yes,' grumbled he in reply, 'they will last my time; but I don't like the look of these tramroads; there's mischief in them.' What the shrewd duke foresaw, others also may have casually anticipated; but Mr Gray was the first man to realise the whole extent of the change, and to advocate it; and although this change would doubtless have effected itself in any case, yet the first man who conceived it, and called the attention of the nation to the subject, deserves distinction. To say that the change would have *effected itself*, is merely to say that if Mr Gray's mind had not conceived it so fast, five or six other minds would have conceived it more slowly.

A circumstance which favoured Mr Gray's proposal was, that about the time it was first made, or a little later, rails began to be formed of malleable instead of cast iron; the malleable possessing two decided advantages for the purpose over the cast—first, in being less apt to break; and second, in being capable of being made in greater lengths of bar.

Mr Gray, in his volume, dashes at once into the midst of his subject; and his readers twenty-six years ago must have been much surprised by such passages as the following:—'The plan,' he says, 'might be commenced between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool, where a trial could soon be made, as the distance is not very great; and the commercial part of England would thereby be better able to appreciate its many excellent properties, and prove its efficacy. All the great trading towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire would then eagerly embrace the opportunity to secure so commodious and easy a conveyance, and cause branch railways to be laid down in every possible direction. The convenience and economy in the carriage of the raw material to the numerous manufactories established in these counties, the expeditious and cheap delivery of piece goods bought by the merchants every week at the various markets, and the despatch in forwarding bales and packages to the outposts, cannot fail to strike the merchant and manufacturer as points of the first importance. Nothing, for example, would be so likely to raise the ports of Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol to an unprecedented pitch of prosperity, as the establishment of railways to these ports, thereby rendering the communication from the east to the west seas, and all intermediate places, rapid, cheap, and effectual. Any one at all conversant with commerce must feel the vast importance of such an undertaking in forwarding the produce of America, Brazils, the East and West Indies, &c. from Liverpool and Bristol *viâ* Hull, to the opposite shores of Germany and Holland; and, *vice versâ*, the produce of the Baltic *viâ* Hull, to Liverpool and Bristol.'

Again—'By the establishment of morning and evening mail steam-carriages, the commercial interest would derive considerable advantage; the inland mails might be forwarded with greater despatch, and the letters delivered much earlier than by the extra post; the opportunities of correspondence between London and all mercantile places would be much improved, and the rate of postage might be generally diminished without injuring the receipts of the post-office, because any deficiency occasioned by a reduction in the postage would be made good by the increased number of journeys which mail steam-carriages might make. The London and Edinburgh mail steam-carriages might take all the mails and parcels on the line of road between these two cities, which would exceedingly reduce the expense occasioned by mail-coaches on the present footing. The ordinary stage-coaches, caravans, or wagons, running any considerable distance along the main railway, might also be conducted on peculiarly favourable terms to the public; for instance, one steam-engine of superior power would enable its proprietors to convey several coaches, caravans, or wagons, linked together, until they arrive at their respective branches, where other engines might proceed on with them to their destination. By a due regulation of the departure and arrival of coaches, caravans, and wagons, along these branches, the whole communication throughout the country would be so simple and so complete, as to enable every individual to partake of the various productions of particular situations, and to enjoy, at a moderate expense, every improvement introduced into society. Steam-engines would answer all the purposes required by the general intercourse and commerce of this country, and clearly prove that the expenses caused by the continual relays of horses are totally unnecessary. The great economy of such a measure must be obvious to every one, seeing that, instead of each coach changing horses between London and Edinburgh, say twenty-five times, requiring a hundred horses, besides the supernumerary ones kept at every stage in case of accidents, the whole journey of several coaches would be performed with the simple expense of one steam-engine. No animal strength will be able to give that uniform and regular acceleration to our commercial intercourse which may be accomplished by railways; however great the animal speed, there cannot be a doubt that it would be considerably surpassed by mail steam-carriages, and that the expense would be infinitely less. The exorbitant charge now made for small parcels prevents that natural intercourse of friendship between families residing in different parts of the kingdom, in the same manner as the heavy postage of letters prevents free communication, and consequently diminishes very considerably the consumption of paper which would take place under a less burdensome taxation.'

Such passages as the foregoing must have surprised the public very much twenty-six years ago; the following, if we are not mistaken, will have sufficient novelty even for readers of the present time:—'The present system of conveyance,' says Mr Gray, 'affords but tolerable accommodation to farmers, and the common way in which they attend markets must always confine them within very limited distances. It is, however, expected that the railway will present a suitable conveyance for attending market-towns thirty or forty miles off, as also for forwarding considerable supplies of grain, hay, straw, vegetables, and every description of live-stock to the metropolis at a very easy expense, and with the greatest celerity, from all parts of the kingdom.'

It was not until after four or five years of agitation, and several editions of Mr Gray's work had been published and successively commented upon by many newspapers, that commercial men were roused to give the proposed scheme its first great trial on the road between Liverpool and Manchester. The success of that experiment, insured by the engineering skill of Stephenson, was the signal for all that has since been

done both in this island and in other parts of the world. Unfortunately, the public has been too busy these many years in making railways to inquire to whom it owes its gratitude for having first expounded and advocated their claims; and probably there are few men now living who have served the public as effectually, with so little return in the way of thanks or applause, as Mr Thomas Gray, the proposer in 1820 of a general system of transit by railways.

THE OLD BABOO.

The change which is now taking place in native Indian society, is one of the most remarkable circumstances of this remarkable age. The 'permanent' form of civilisation has ceased, the stereotype is broken, and the Hindoo mind is being cast anew in a form which, if not yet European, is far from being Asiatic. Under such circumstances, a portrait of 'the fine old Hindoo gentleman, all of the olden time,' is a relic worth preserving; and the following we have rescued from a Calcutta paper ('The Hurkaru'), where it was buried some years ago in the mass of daily incidents.

The Hindoos of Calcutta are in a transition state. The dark ages are represented by sundry old men, deeply imbued with the obstinacy and credulity which have hitherto so remarkably characterised the race. They are of the *ancien régime*, and cling to old customs and superstitions with a tenacity which only death can loosen. But in the course of nature, death is daily thinning their ranks. In a few years the class will be extinct; and they will be succeeded by a body of men among whom the knowledge, the refinement, the virtues, and, alas! the vices of the Christian will flourish and abound. It may not be amiss, then, ere the last of the Old Baboos has been laid upon his pile of sandal-wood at Neemtollah Ghaut, to strike off a sketch of what at no distant period must be an extinct class.

Nilcomul Bysack, a fair average specimen of the class of men under notice, is one on whom sixty years or thereabout have done their best and their worst. He is of a middle stature, and displays a due degree of that rotundity which men of his race covet as the surest evidence of wealth and consequent respectability. In complexion he is of a hue which may be best represented by our admixture of yellow ochre and burnt senna.

The expression of his countenance is altogether that of a steady, stolid, easy-going old man; free from all passions or feelings that might interfere with the unswerving and untiring pursuit of wealth. His eyes, though dim and watery, have a look both inquisitive and acquisitive, which is increased in intensity by the use of a pair of the commonest iron-mounted spectacles.

The costume of Nilcomul Bysack, the man of many lacs, is identical in fashion and quality with that of the humblest running sircar in Calcutta. It is, in truth, a fac-simile (save only in size) of that in which he appeared when he was himself a poor running sircar, in which capacity he commenced his prosperous career. He wears a large white muslin turban, the folding and arrangement of which evince little of that fastidious care which younger Hindoos usually bestow upon this most distinctive and characteristic portion of their attire. His arms, and all the upper portion of his frame, are enclosed in an ill-fitting white muslin jacket with wide sleeves, and tied with tape points on the right breast. This is met at the waist by that seemingly very inconvenient, and certainly not very decorous, garment the *dhootee*, with its cataract of plaits falling in front down to the common yellow slippers into which he thrusts his otherwise bare feet. A *chudder*, used sometimes as a cummerbund, or girdle, sometimes as a scarf, completes his attire. He is too strict an adherent to the fashions of his ancestors to assume the white muslin surcoat, now so common among the higher classes of his countrymen; and which, when worn over the costume just described, renders it one of the most graceful, as well as most decent, that could be contrived.

Such is Baboo Nilcomul Bysack, as he may be seen any day sliding along street or office, with an old cotton umbrella under his arm; or squatted cross-legged in his little Bengalee palkee, with the hookah and lotah hanging behind it, and borne along the road by four Bengalee bearers. His dress and equipage certainly do not betray the man of wealth and substance. But as all is not gold that glitters, so, on the other hand, there may be gold without the glitter, and thus it is in the case before us.

Our Old Baboo, as has been already intimated, began his career in the capacity of a running sircar. He was one of the many sons of a poor man; and consequently had to create his own capital, or go without it. His first experiment for that purpose was as follows:—One lucky day, as he was plodding along the Strand, he saw some boatmen engaged in hauling from the water some fathoms of a coir cable, which they had found floating down the river. Nilcomul discovered that a ready-money purchaser of their prize would be likely to make a good bargain with the fortunate finders; and as he happened just to have received his monthly talaub of ten sicca rupees, he felt an irrepressible desire to invest a portion of it as a speculation in the article before him. The boatmen asked eight rupees, Nilcomul offered four; and after less than the usual quantity of chaffering, in which the Bengalee so much delights, the rope became his for five. Another rupee judiciously applied, induced the police authorities on the spot to waive their claims of jetsam and flotsam; and a few annas more secured its conveyance to the quadrangle of Nilcomul's or rather his father's house. There, at the expense of a few more annas, it was reduced to the state of oakum, and afterwards sold so as to yield its proprietor a clear net profit of five rupees on the adventure.

The success of this, his first commercial transaction, inspired Nilcomul with a desire to engage in more extended operations, and at the same time supplied him with the means of indulging his longing. So, as money, when properly cultivated, produces money, Nilcomul went on sowing his small capital, and reaping his small profits, until both capital and profits became large. And thus, within four years from the buying of the coir cable, he was able to lend a trifle of five thousand rupees or so, at an aggregate interest of about twenty per cent. per annum. Since then, he has gone on quietly increasing his wealth; chiefly by what strait-laced moralists call usury, and for which they are disposed to condemn him accordingly. But Nilcomul easily reconciles his conscience to the receipt of the most exorbitant interest to which want can make a borrower submit, by the irrefutable argument, 'Suppose master willing for to give—what for I shall not take?'

Nilcomul has been a money-lender ever since he had capital to lend. He has been no wild speculator, risking his idolised rupees on the state of foreign markets and the faith of foreign merchants. He once, and once only, made a shipment on his own account. But from the moment he invested a portion of his funds in saltpetre, till that in which he received his 'account sales,' he lived in tortures of suspense, for which the clear profit of one hundred and seven rupees, five annas, and nine pie, on the five thousand invested, scarcely compensated. Since that time, he has kept steadily to the safe and profitable occupation of lending money on the best of securities. Mortgages of houses and land, with unexceptionable guarantees, Company's paper, jewels, or even the note-of-hand of a responsible man, are things which may console even a miser for a temporary separation from a portion of his money, especially when well assured that it will in due time return to him with increase. By such safe and profitable dealings, and by rigid economy in the management of his funds, Nilcomul Bysack has become a rich man. The exact amount of his wealth it is of course impossible to state, but as it is generally said to be ten lacs, we may, according to the rule in such cases, safely suppose it about five, or L.50,000.

Deep in those recesses of the Black Town, where a white face is a thing to scare children with, stands the mansion of that branch of the Bysack family of which Nilcomul is the head. It is of the kind of which there are so many specimens in those regions. Outwardly, a square donjon-keep-like erection of dark-red brick, with a turret at one corner; inwardly, it exhibits two or three tiers of wooden galleries surrounding an open triangular court. It is like most Hindoo family mansions—populous as a rabbit warren. As but a portion of its inhabitants, we may reckon up the Baboo and his wife, his five sons and their five wives, his three daughters and their three husbands; with a matter of about twenty grandchildren. Over this community Nilcomul reigns with patriarchal sway. At his expense all its members live. Other and larger communities have to support their rulers, but here the case is reversed.

Nilcomul generally begins the day by acting as caterer for the household which subsists at his cost. With the co-adjutancy of the old lady his wife, he forms a Commit-

tee of Supply, in which it is determined what provisions are required for the consumption of the day. He then summons Buloram his servant to attend him with basket and bag, and attired in soiled dhootee and chudder, and thrusting his toes into his oldest slippers, he sallies forth. On his way to the bazaar, he makes a point of inquiring at the shops he passes the current prices of oil, ghee, spices, &c. This is not from idle curiosity. He thereby secures himself against the possibility of being cheated by his servant, to whom he is obliged to intrust the purchase of such articles.

Fish, the only kind of animal food which the laws of caste allow to the Bysacks, is that to the purchase of which he first devotes his energies. Those gigantic shrimps called chingree, being at once palatable, satisfying, and cheap, find great favour in the eyes of the economical Baboo, and of them he lays in a plentiful supply. But this is not done without much of that bargaining, the excitement of which is so pleasant to purchaser and seller. Fishwomen are fishwomen all the world over, and the piscatory ladies of Lalla Baboo's Bazaar are not a whit inferior to their sisters of Billingsgate in any of those oratorical excellences for which the latter are so famous. The language of the muchlee bazaar is only that of Billingsgate translated into Bengalee. Nilcomul is well known to the nereids of the fishmarket, and on his approach, is greeted with some playful badinage, which he takes in very good part, knowing that he will have none the worse bargain for keeping them in good-humour.

Having satisfactorily invested part of his funds in fish, Nilcomul seeks the dealer in fruit and vegetables—articles which figure largely in a Hindoo bill of fare. Here he lays in a stock of pulwul, of potatoes (which, though of foreign introduction, have found great favour in the mouths of the Hindoos), of brinjals, and of green plantains, both of which are temptingly cheap. Then he lays out two or three pice on such greens as help to fill up his basket most effectually. His last visit is to the confectioner, for there would be sour looks at home should he return without a sufficient supply of sweetmeats. His marketing being now finished, he returns quietly triumphing in his success in what is to him a pleasant occupation. Of course on the way he forgets not to keep an eye on Buloram, who might otherwise be tempted to peck at the jelabees which lie so invitingly on the top of the basket.

Having seen his purchases safe under charge of his thrifty helpmate, Nilcomul sets forth on his pilgrimage to the river side. There having duly bathed, he employs himself for an hour or so in the repetition of munters, and the performance of the various motions and gesticulations which constitute so large a part of Hindoo devotion. Then having duly striped the bridge of his nose with the yellow pigment proper for the purpose, he returns home, diligently counting hurrinams on his beads to the extent of some thousands. His devotions do not conclude immediately on his arrival at home, but he continues to perform the various poojahs which are enjoined to Hindoo piety with the most scrupulous care. He fears that, were he to omit one, the dereliction would probably be punished by want of success in his affairs during the day.

Meantime the Brahmin cook has been preparing breakfast. This is not a social meal: Nilcomul takes his alone; his wife reverently sitting opposite him while he breakfasts, and entertaining him with reports and remarks on household affairs, and the discussion of plans and projects for the current day.

Breakfast being disposed of, the Old Baboo masticates a beetul; indulges in a nap, for which his early labours have well qualified him; and rising about eleven o'clock, gets into his old palkee, and is borne into the commercial regions of the city.

On returning home in the evening, as he does between four and five o'clock, Nilcomul's first care is to wash off the pollution which he has suffered by contact with the Feringhees and their money. After this, instead of going, as many of his newfangled compatriots do, to display himself and a smart equipage on the Strand, he piously resorts to the neighbouring Thakoorbarree, of which he is a liberal patron, and spends an hour or more in devotion.

Now comes the period of enjoyment for the Old Baboo. His religious exercises being disposed of, he establishes himself in his *boitakhauah*, or sitting-room, and prepares to receive company. The apartment is a somewhat confined one on the ground-floor. It is furnished with a *tukht posh* (a platform something like the *dais* of old), over which is spread a *sutringee*, and about which are scattered eight or ten large pillows. The room is lit by two or three dim lamps in old-fashioned wall shades; and is adorned with pictorial representation of the incarnations of Vishnu. Seating himself, in an easy dishabille, on the platform, Nilcomul, in the full enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*, welcomes his favoured guests as they drop in one after another 'quite promiscuously.' There is Gosainjee the spiritual adviser; and Buttacharjee the family priest, and others, Brahmins and Bustoms, steady old-fashioned people like himself. Their conversation partakes in a great measure of a religious character. They bewail the heresy and corruption of the rising generation, and comfort and encourage each other in their adherence to the doctrines and customs of their ancestors, which must be good because they are so old. Amongst other things, Nilcomul expresses his regret that he had been so far left to himself as to allow some of his boys to attend the Hindoo college. He had, indeed, withdrawn them when he found they were acquiring infidel notions; but it was too late, the poison had begun to operate! His friends shut their eyes and shake their heads and condole with him; and he finds consolation in their pity. Meantime the hookah, their sole refreshment, has been rapidly circulating, and aiding by its gentle inspiration their sober converse. At an early hour the friends retire, and then, and not till then, Nilcomul takes his solitary supper. As at breakfast, so now, the old woman attends him to see his wants supplied, and to furnish him with a report of all that has passed during the day, the quarrels of the young women, the combats and insolence of the children.

Such is the dull routine of the private life of the Old Baboo, varied only by an occasional visit to some favourite suburban temple, and the one never-to-be-forgotten pilgrimage to Juggernaut, in which he was accompanied by his whole family.

SWIFT'S ILLNESS AND HIS REMAINS.

Dublin possesses a most respectable medical periodical of the first class, conducted by a clever young native surgeon, Mr Wilde. The numbers for May and August contain an elaborate paper by the editor, in which the ailments of Swift are for the first time (as appears) distinctly ascertained. There has been much mystery on this subject among the biographers of the famous Dean of St Patrick's; his character even has suffered a little from the obscurity. Having with great pains traced the symptoms and treatment through fifty-five years of correspondence, and drawn important illustrations from the appearances presented by the cranium when exhumed in 1835, Mr Wilde finally brings his professional knowledge to bear on the subject, which he seems to have thoroughly exhausted. Swift had no hereditary tendency to nervous disease, as has been surmised, and almost alleged. He contracted a giddiness in his twenty-seventh year, in consequence of eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond. Not long after, he contracted a deafness, from sitting on a damp seat. These were ailments, says Mr Wilde, not likely, when once established, to be easily removed from a system so nervous and irritable as Swift's. 'From this period a disease which in all its symptoms, and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodical attacks, which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration.' The brain which produced Lilliput, and bothered the Whigs, under *congestion* all the time!

'In early life,' says our author, 'he was of remarkably active habits, and always exceedingly sober and temperate, if we except the instance of gluttony already related. From the date of his first attack, he seems to have had a presentiment of its fatal termination; and the dread of some head affection (as may be gleaned from innumerable passages in his writings) seems to have haunted him ever afterwards, producing those fits of melancholy and despondency to which it is well known he was subject; while the many disappointments and vexations, both of a domestic and public nature, which he subsequently suffered, no doubt tended

to hasten the very end he feared.' Swift, however, according to Mr Wilde, never was at any time of his life, not even at its close, 'what is usually termed and understood as *mad*;' a point in our literary biography which will be acknowledged to be of no small importance.

The unfortunate wit was of course never out of the hands of the doctors. At all times, some particular portion or peculiarity of the human frame is in vogue amongst the faculty as the seat of disease. In Swift's days it was the stomach. He was therefore treated for the stomach for some half century, while all the time disease was going on in his brain. One of their medicines will excite a smile now-a-days—brandy. He was enjoined to drink this liquor in considerable quantities, till experience showed that it only made his case worse, and he resumed his usual habits of temperance. He wrote thus of physicians in 1737:—'I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men, but *I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions.* Poor Dr Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it.'

In latter life, the sufferings from his disease were dreadful. He speaks of having felt as in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. Mr Wilde says—'That Swift was not, however, at any time, even during the most violent attacks, at all insensible, or in anyway deprived of his reasoning faculties, may be learned from the fact, that when Sergeant Bettesworth threatened his life, and thirty of the nobility and gentry of the Liberty of St Patrick's waited upon him, and presented him with an address, engaging to defend his person and fortune, &c. it is related by the most veritable of his biographers, that "when this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer in which there is all the dignity of habitual pre-eminence, and all the resignation of humble piety."'

'So desponding was the dean at times, and so great was his fear of the loss either of his memory or his reason, that he used to say, on parting with an intimate friend in the evening—"Well, God bless you! Good night to you; but I hope I shall never see you again." "In this manner," says Mr Deane Swift, "he would frequently express the desire he had to get rid of the world, after a day spent in cheerfulness, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or disappointment." Upon the occasion of a large pier-glass falling accidentally on the very part of the room in which he had been standing a moment before, and being congratulated by a bystander on his providential escape—"I am sorry for it," answered the dean: I wish the glass had fallen upon me!" Lord Orrery mentions that he had "often heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Somers; and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that showed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died."'

Mr Wilde adduces many passages from the writings of the friends immediately around Swift, to show that he only manifested loss of memory, and other symptoms of decay of mind, but nothing like fatuity or furiosity. One friend says of him the year before his death, that he had never yet talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing. Guardians seem to have been appointed for him, merely because of the infirmities above-mentioned. He at length died in his own house, October 19, 1745, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His head was dissected; but all we know of the results is confined to the fact, that water was found on the brain.

Ninety years after the death of this bright genius, some repairs being then in course of being made in St Patrick's Cathedral, the remains of Swift and his wife Stella were exhumed, and subjected to examination. The bones of Swift lay in the position into which they had fallen, when deprived of the flesh which enveloped and held them together. The skull, cut as it had been left by his own surgeons, was found entire. It was eagerly taken possession of, with a view to its being examined phrenologically, and for some days it circulated through the coteries of Dublin. 'The university,' says Mr Wilde, 'where he had so often toiled, again beheld him, but in another phase; the cathedral which heard his preaching—the chapter-house which echoed his sarcasm—the deanery which resounded with his sparkling wit, and where he gossiped with Sheridan and Delany—the lanes and alleys which knew his charity—the squares and streets where the people shouted his name in the days of his unexampled popularity—the mansions where he was the honoured and much-sought guest—perhaps the very rooms he often visited—were again occupied by the dust of Swift!'

The interior of the skull threw some light upon the mental condition of the great dean in his latter days. According to Dr Houston, 'the cerebral [inner] surface of the whole of the frontal region is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the subjacent membranes of the brain. The skull in this region is thickened, flattened, and unusually smooth and hard in some places, whilst it is thinned and roughened in others. The marks of the vessels on the bone exhibit, moreover, a very unusual appearance; they look more like the imprints of vessels which had been generated *de novo*, in connection with some diseased action, than as the original arborescent trunks.' Mr Wilde expresses his opinion that the appearances showed 'a long-continued excess of vascular action, such as would attend cerebral congestion.'

Much detail of an interesting kind is given in the paper of Mr Wilde; but for this we must refer to the journal in which it appears. The whole is eminently curious, as tracing material conditions which must have entered largely into the character of one of the most remarkable men of his century. Who can say how much of the politics of Swift—how much of his satiric and indignant writings—took their first rise in a surfeit of pippins?

SUPPRESSION OF CANTEENS.

In the following observations from the 'Times,' on the suppression of canteens (barrack taverns), our readers, we feel assured, will cordially join:—

'We have seen with great satisfaction an announcement of the intention of government to prohibit for the future the sale of intoxicating liquors in the canteen. If this regulation should be carried out, it will be found one of the best that ever was adopted for preserving the character and contributing to the happiness of the British soldier. Hitherto, the canteen has offered him ready opportunities for contracting habits of dissipation and idleness, which, indeed, he must have found it very difficult to avoid; for, being isolated from worthier means of occupying his leisure, drinking became almost of necessity his only resource. It argues a long and culpable indifference to the respectability and comfort of the lower ranks of the army, that they should have been until now abandoned to such a debasing employment of their time, when off duty, as a tap-room could afford. No care was taken to supply them with any better indulgence than that of ministering to a ruinous propensity, which proverbially brings every description of vice, as well as the utmost misery, in its train. By the regulations heretofore existing, the privilege of tempting the soldier to turn drunkard is a matter of contract between the government and the keeper of the canteen, who, having purchased his right, felt himself at full liberty to make the most he could of it. The sale of intoxicating liquors was of course the most profitable part of the trade, for a habit of drinking is rapidly acquired, and when once it seizes its victim, it speedily absorbs all his means. Thus the soldier was encouraged in a vice which was sure to transfer every farthing he possessed to the pockets of those by whom the materials for gratifying his degrading propensity were sup-

plied. We think the government will have acted most properly in prohibiting altogether the sale of intoxicating liquors; for any regulations that might be prescribed, in order to allow it under certain conditions, would almost certainly be abused.'

We hope that, in the place of canteens, government will furnish soldiers in barracks with general meeting-rooms, where they could pass their leisure hours in reading or harmless recreation. Those who entertain the most sincere horror of war, will not be opposed to anything likely to improve the habits of soldiers.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco plays a more important part in this country as to the habits of the people. However used—whether smoked, chewed, or used as snuff—its action on the system is but little different. It is essentially a narcotic; and as such, it is detrimental to the power and healthiness of the nervous system—as such, it stimulates at the expense of subsequent depression and eventual loss of tone—as such, it interferes with the functions of assimilation and expenditure—and as such, is injurious to the health of the system. Tobacco exerts more marked and injurious effects when chewed, less of these when smoked, and is least deleterious when used in the form of snuff. This is only, however, a question of degree; and in the temperate climates, the use of tobacco in any way can only be justifiable when, from poverty of diet, and consequent vital depression, the effects of a habitually-used narcotic may not be undesirable.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendour, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who, having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.—*Jones of Nayland.*

OBEYING THE GREAT CHRISTIAN PRECEPT.

The golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by, would never have led us into such wastefulness and extravagance as what you have seen. If we in the town and country, landlords and tenants, employers and employed, had endeavoured to make the material, moral, and spiritual condition of our neighbours as healthy as we would wish our own to be, we should have found our reward literally here upon earth. I have shown you the costliness of neglect; but in this, as in all other cases, we shall be deceived and led astray if we begin in a wrong spirit. If we seek merely that which is expedient, no foresight and calculation will be sufficient to guard us against error. Shrewd calculators enough there have been at Liverpool, but all their shrewdness and calculation has not prevented the waste of hundreds of thousands on ill health. Had one half of that energy and thought been devoted to their duty to their neighbour by that wealthy community, how much richer would they have been! 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'—*A Lecture on the Unhealthiness of Towns, &c. by Viscount Ebrington, M.P.*

RESTORATION OF SOUR MILK OR CREAM.

We are informed by a correspondent that milk or cream, when it has turned sour, may be restored to its original sweetness by means of a small quantity of carbonate of magnesia. When the acidity is slight, half a teaspoonful of the powder to a pint of milk will be sufficient.

VALUE OF HUMILITY.

When the two goats, on a narrow bridge, met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that would rather hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good.—*Feltham.*

TO MY DAUGHTER LILY.

BY G. COOKE, AN AMERICAN POET.

Six changeful years are gone, Lily,
Since you were born to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me.
A little, shivering, feeble thing
You were, to touch and view,
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.

You fastened on our hearts, Lily,
As day by day wore by,
And beauty grew upon your cheeks,
And deepened in your eye;
A year made dimples in your cheeks,
And plumped your little feet;
And you had learned some merry ways,
Which we thought very sweet.

And when the first sweet word, Lily,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times,
And marked the famous day.
I know not, even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word,
But your proud mother surely knew,
For she the sound had heard.

When you were four years old, Lily,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled;
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

When care pressed on our house, Lily—
Pressed with an iron hand—
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land;
But when I read your young, frank face,
Its meaning sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again—
I felt my brotherhood.

And sometimes it would be, Lily,
My faith in God grew cold—
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold:
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learnt those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

At last our cares are gone, Lily,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain;
In the good land where we were born
We may be happy still;
A life of love will bless our home—
The house upon the hill.

Thanks to your gentle face, Lily!
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to him
Who died upon the Rood—
I asked his gentle care for you,
And for your mother good.

THE FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 202. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1847. Price 1½d.

BRETT AND LITTLE'S ELECTRIC INVENTIONS.

We have been favoured with a private view of some of the most beautiful electric applications for the communication of intelligence by telegraph that we believe have yet appeared before the scientific world. The offices of the inventors are in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where, in several apartments, the improvements they have patented are displayed for the inspection of all interested in this wonderful application of science to the business of life. Messrs Brett and Little indeed court, rather than avoid, the investigation of the learned, and willingly afford every explanation requisite to the perfect comprehension of their whole system of electro-telegraphic communication. The principle upon which their most important invention proceeds is so simple, and promises to effect so remarkable a revolution in the electric intercourse of this and other countries, that we entertain no doubt that an account of our visit will prove acceptable, and readily intelligible to every reader.

The improvements commence at the battery. Contrary to the usual form, this instrument consists of three troughs — an upper, middle, and inferior; the upper trough contains the acid, the middle the plates, and the inferior the waste fluid from the latter. These troughs are secured in a frame one over the other: the upper one is a long box, at the bottom of which are a number of short funnels of wood filled with sponge, or some other porous material. Into this box the dilute acid is poured, and issues in continuous drops into the middle trough. The middle trough is a box similar in form to the first, also having a series of funnels at the bottom; but it is filled with sand, and contains the zinc and copper plates which form the battery, the electricity generated being carried off by a wire at each end or pole of the battery. The inferior trough is merely the reservoir for the fluid which has discharged its duties, and become saturated with zinc. In action it will be readily perceived that this instrument is at once simple and effective: the dilute acid drips gradually upon the sand in the middle trough, exerts its energies upon the metals there, and then percolates through, and makes its escape from, the battery—its place being constantly supplied by more acid from above. Thus the battery both supplies and purifies itself. It will be in the knowledge of many of our readers that the common batteries have no such arrangement either for supply or for discharge of their fluid contents. The consequence is, that a rapid and energetic electro-chemical action is generated when the instrument receives a fresh supply of acid; but as this becomes saturated with the metal upon which it exerts its influence, this action becomes enfeebled, and will finally cease altogether. There are certainly some forms of battery in which a greater uniformity of action is secured, but the commoner ones are, without exception, subject to this serious inconvenience. The instrument before us preserves a constant and uniform action, and affords at all times a flow of electricity of equal and unchanging intensity. Securing also the perfect saturation of the acid, it is, besides being a more effective, a far more economical form than any other with which we are acquainted. Possibly it may be found on the extensive scale that the residual sulphate of zinc can be collected and sold, so as to lessen materially the current expenses of the machine.

We next visited the 'Electro-Telegraphic Converser.' This is exhibited in a small separate apartment: it has an elegant appearance—a fitting ornament even for a lady's boudoir—being somewhat in the form of a handsome jewel cabinet, made of beautiful rosewood; while its dial-plate reminded us of some of the mysterious magical instruments which tell one's fate by figures or symbols. By its side is the 'Attention Bell,' to whose imperious summons we will first direct our attention. It is enclosed in a little mahogany chest with perforated sides, covered with silk, for the passage of the sound. At each station there will be a bell, and a bell-pull. The bell-pull is a simple handle of ivory, which moves a little mechanism inside a small box, making or breaking contact between the electric wires at the telegraphist's pleasure. On moving this handle to one side, contact is made, and a current of electricity is instantly directed to the mechanism of the bell, however distant the latter may be: the telegraphist, in less than a second, could set his bell a-ringing at the North Pole, or at any other spot on the circle of the earth where his wires were conveyed. A careful attention to the contrivance by means of which this is effected will pave the way in some measure for the comprehension of the larger instrument. The stream of electricity proceeds immediately, on the handle being touched, to a coil of fine wire, in the centre of which a short piece of soft iron is placed; induced magnetism takes place in this iron, and acts upon a peculiar magnet suspended close to it, causing it to deflect or turn aside. The deflected magnet then touches a little piece of steel acting as a detent, and liberates some clock-work, which immediately strikes the bell. All this is done more rapidly than this description of it can be read. The bell is only struck once, because a spiral spring connected with the handle, as soon as the hand is removed, breaks the circuit, the magnet returns to its position, the detent falls into its place, and the clock-work stops. But if it is necessary to keep the bell ringing, it is only requisite to keep the hand upon the handle, and the clock-work continues ringing it for any desirable length of time. The advantage of this single-stroke mechanism will be

best appreciated by those who have travelled on railways—on which the other plan of call-bells is adopted—at periods when the atmosphere has been intensely charged with electricity; the current of atmospheric electricity setting loose the clock-work, and the bell continuing incessantly to give its alarm until the works had run down. The peculiarity to which we desire to call special attention is the permanent magnet, which is deflected at will by the electric current. Contrary to the general form, it is a circular ring, incomplete at the lower end, at which its north and south poles are situated; it is thus rendered astatic: its poles being equidistant from the earth, the effects of terrestrial magnetism are neutralised. A delicate spindle pierces the upper border of this magnetic ring, through which the motion of the magnet is communicated—in the present instance, to the clock-work of the bell; in the conversing instrument, to the indices of the dial-plate. Before returning to the telegraph, we may notice the 'Accident Bell.' The movements are precisely similar in this case, the only difference being in the size and tone of the bell, which is struck by a ball of hard wood. The sound of this bell is loud and far-penetrating, and strongly resembles the deep-mouthed tone of a church bell. It is proposed to supply each station with such an instrument; and it could, when properly adjusted, be tolled simultaneously at every station on the line, so as to cause an entire suspension of the traffic, until the nature and situation of the disaster were known. The train also to which the misfortune occurred would be supplied with a small portable battery and bell-handle, so that the guard might make connection with the wires, and thus call for assistance with the rapidity of lightning. The value of this application is in the ratio of its extreme simplicity and unvarying certainty. Such a means of communicating intelligence of an accident has long been wanting; and we entertain the hope that the time is near when, by the aid of such or similar means, railway disasters will be as rare as they are now frequent.

It is time we examined the 'Electro-Telegraphic Converser.' At each side of the dial-plate is a small indicator, like the finger of a clock, each of which, on touching the ivory handle beneath, may be made to move either to the right or left hand. On opening the cabinet, the secret of the apparatus is discovered. There is a similar magnetic ring suspended close to the face of a bar of soft iron, surrounded by the coil of wire through which the electric current passes. When the charge passes through this wire, it deflects the magnet either to the right or left at the operator's pleasure. The magnet, in moving, thus communicates its motion to a piece of metal shaped like a T; either end of the T-piece touches then the indicators, and so causes them to move upon the dial-plate. A good idea of this delicate, yet simple contrivance, may be gained by comparing it to the letters T and O placed in superposition. Thus $\frac{T}{O}$, the O being the magnetic ring. It will thus be seen, if the character is moved either to the right or left, the ends of the T might be made to give motion to an indicator swinging in its centre, and so placed that the ends could touch it when moved, and leave it at liberty when the $\frac{T}{O}$ was in a perpendicular position. The telegraph is thus worked. The operator at one station moves his ivory handle to the right, instantly the magnet at the other station deflects, the T-piece presses up the right indicator, and the communication is complete. All that we have now seen is a dial-plate, on which are two moving indicators; it remains to see what language they can be made to discourse. The dial-plate is the key to the electric tongue. The following diagram will convey a better idea of it than could be derived from a verbal description:—

Stations.							Stations.
1	Understand.	A	1		N	Repeat.	14
2	Go on.	B	2		O	Wait.	15
3	Letters.	C	3		P	Figures.	16
4		D	4		Q		17
5	Ready.	E	1	1	R	Code.	18
6		F	1	2	S		19
7	Yes.	G	1	3	T	No.	20
8		H	2	1	U		21
9		I	2	2	V		22
10		J	2	3	W		23
11		K	3	1	X		24
12		L	3	2	Y		25
13		M	4	1	Z		0

Let us suppose a conversation about to be commenced. The call-bell rings: the attendant directs his eye to the dial-plate; his distant correspondent wishes to say 'Train up.' The right indicator moves three times, the left once, there is T; the right moves once, the left once, that is R; the left once again, that is A; the left twice, the right twice, that is I; the right once is N. Then, to make sure that the word has been comprehended, the left indicator goes up once for 'Understand?' The right once, the left twice, gives U; the right three times, gives P. 'Understand?' again; and the words 'Train up,' are registered any number of miles off. To judge of the rapidity with which these words are telegraphed, they may be conceived as very slowly and deliberately spoken. If the communication is not understood, the right indicator flies up and signals 'Repeat.' When it is necessary to indicate figures, the right indicator flies up three times and informs the operator at the distant station that 'figures' are now to be telegraphed. Thus the dial-plate is actually a key to the language indicated upon it. A very little practice is requisite to arrive at dexterity in the use of this telegraph, and ten minutes suffices to learn its indications. Doubtless, after the experience of a few weeks, the telegraphist will cease to refer to the dial at all as a key; but in the event of an accident happening to him, any person could take his place, and with his steel lesson page before him do the part of a tolerable substitute. The terms have this advantage, that they are not arbitrary, and that several of the continental languages can readily be spoken by their means, without alteration of the present plan. This may be thought a trifling advantage; but in the extended operation of this system of communication, it will not be without its utility. On the other hand, we are free to confess that the language talked by this instrument is more cumbrous than could be wished. We should like to see what phonography would do for it. Rapid as may be the operator's fingers, he has a language containing many untractable words to deal with, and it will probably become necessary to make such alterations in the system of terms as will obviate these difficulties; and it would be easy to effect this modification. The indicators have nothing to be desired; they are beautifully sensitive, simple, and instantaneous in action; and they have this great superiority over the needles of Wheatstone and Cooke's telegraph and others, that they are not magnets themselves, but may be made of bone or wood, or any other appropriate material: the derangements attendant on magnetic needles are thus obviated. On the whole, we believe the instrument to be in advance of those at present in use, and we think we are safe in promising for it a very

wide, and a very lasting reputation and adoption. We have repeatedly used the term 'simple' in describing it, but we should be conveying a wrong impression if it were understood that there is an absence of nice workmanship about the apparatus. On the contrary, the motive powers are adapted with exquisite delicacy to each other, and display that beauty of execution which, so far as our experience has gone, is the peculiar attribute of our British mechanics.

We were then shown into a large apartment, around the sides of which are ranged, all in communication with each other, seventeen telegraphs similar to that we have described. In our imagination we beheld a whole line of electric telegraph with its seventeen stations compressed into one room. Ten coils, equal to a *thousand* miles, of uninterrupted wire communicated between these telegraphs, yet the distance was as nothing to the electric current; and the instant the handle at one extremity was touched, up flew the indicator virtually distant ten hundred miles! Here is the revolutionising element of the present age, long elaborated in the cell of the philosopher, now given forth to alter the very aspect of human affairs! In this apartment was noticeable also a remarkably useful little invention attached to the telegraph, called the 'Deflector.' It consists simply of a little handle, which either insulates or connects the telegraph with the common wire of communication. Thus, if an instrument is deranged at one station, this will not interfere in the least with the others; the 'deflector' is pulled down, and London can still talk with Birmingham, although Wolverton, Tring, and all the rest are disordered. Two or three instruments were thus purposely put out of order; the 'deflector' was turned, and all went on just as before. Two batteries, each containing thirty-six pairs of plates, generated the power which moved the whole seventeen telegraphs through the distance equivalent to a thousand miles!

The inventors have also turned their attention to securing a more perfect method of insulation of the wires at their supports. This is thus effected:—A stout curved iron bracket is secured to the post, and carries on its upper end a glass or porcelain cap, through a knob on the top of which the wire is drawn. The cap is secured by lead to the iron bracket. The sides of the cap project about an inch all round beyond the iron, so that however wet they may become, the water will drip from them without establishing a connection between the wire above and the post below. In connection with this plan is another for tightening the wires when requisite, without at the same time interrupting the course of the electric current along the line. A steel band is fastened around the porcelain cap, which serves to hold firm the pulley with its toothed wheel and catch, by means of which the wire is drawn tight. As the porcelain cap is perfectly insulated, it follows that any mechanism fastened to it must preserve the same character. Atmospheric electricity has always had an inclination to dispute possession of the wires with its relative of chemical origin, and very frequently interrupts for a considerable time the working of the ordinary electric telegraphs when the charge is very strong. Messrs Brett and Little have contrived a conductor which is intended to divert the atmospheric current, and carry it peaceably away into the earth, thus allowing the galvanic current to fulfil its duties uninterrupted. As if to leave nothing incomplete, they have finally invented a beautiful electric clock. The permanent magnets in this instrument are placed at the end of a pendulum; and by their continuous deflection and reflection give motion to it, which is regulated by a train of fine wheels in the upper part of the clock. It is said to keep time admirably.

The number of wires requisite for the telegraph and bell is two only—one for each. The system is therefore one of vast economy when contrasted with those which require a wire for each station; and this is a feature of it which, above all others, appears likely to render its adoption universal. We have been minute in our description of these improvements, principally with the desire to render our notice of a most important instrument—the electric telegraph—clearly understood by all who have a desire to learn the mode of operation of this mighty modern civiliser; and from the feeling that a general account of such a subject, however interesting, is uninstructive and unsatisfactory. At the same time, we would have it understood that no *ex cathedrâ* opinion is here intended to be pronounced upon the merits of other systems of electro-telegraphic intercourse;* the comparisons instituted being merely such as would suggest themselves to the most ordinary observation. Yet simplicity and utility are such close relations, and in these improvements they appear to have met together in so many directions, that we cannot help expressing our favourable inclination to their side.

THE FALL OF THE JANISSARIES.

'Who is this that cheapens pistols, when he rather needs a coat of mail?'

On hearing these words, pronounced in a low significant tone, the handsome young soldier turned quickly, and beheld near him two female figures shrouded in dark-blue mantles, and long yashmaks, or veils of white muslin. One of them, however, chanced to be in the very act of adjusting her veil, and thus allowed the yuzbashi, or captain—for such his scarlet pelisse, and the golden star embroidered on his jacket, bespoke him—to catch a glimpse of a youthful face of ravishing beauty. The eyes were fixed on the ground, and a deep blush suffused the rounded cheeks. In another instant the veil was replaced, and the two muffled figures moved on and mingled with the throng, leaving the soldier in a state of extreme astonishment and perplexity.

The principal bazaar of Constantinople presented that day, as usual, a scene of great brilliancy and animation. The numerous arcades, with rows of shops on either hand, were crowded by people of all classes and every race of the East. Grave Turks, in flowing robes and turbans of various hues, shuffled slowly along, followed by slaves who carried their masters' purchases; Persian and Arab traders, Bedouin chiefs, Armenian merchants, Greek islanders, Arnauts from Albania, Mangrebins from Northern Africa, Toorkomans, Khoords, Tartars, and now and then a Frank of some western nation, all added, by their varied costumes, to the picturesque liveliness of the shifting panorama. Women, whose large languishing eyes were alone visible from within the muffled folds of their vestments, flitted incessantly from shop to shop, displaying quite as much fondness as their western sisters for the delightful trouble of bargaining. Rich young Osmanlis, mounted on handsome steeds, with splendid housings of velvet and gold, rode slowly along in the central avenues; and an araba, or carriage, like a huge cage, all lattice-work and gilding, occasionally stopped to allow one or two shrouded figures to issue forth and join the moving throng.

One customary element of variety, however, was wanting, the absence of which excited no little remark. Very few of the Janissaries—whose crimson pelisses, white turbans, red shawl-girdles, and silver-mounted weapons, usually made a conspicuous appearance, as they swaggered through the crowd—were now to be seen. The cause of their absence was no secret. This was the 14th of June 1825, a year and a day memorable in the annals of the Ottoman empire. On the previous day the Grand Vizier Selim Mehmed Pasha, and the celebrated Aga Pasha Hussein, commander of the forces, had assembled the Janissaries in their great square—called the Etmeidan, or 'Place of Meat,' because they there received their daily rations of soup—and had announced to them the new regulations to which they would be required thenceforth to submit.

* See a description of Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph in No. 75, new series.

These regulations, which affected not merely their organisation, but also their pay and perquisites, their dress and their weapons, were all of a nature to be highly distasteful to the members of that lawless and intractable corps. The precautions of the sultan and his ministers, who had previously gained over or put out of the way many of the leading and most dangerous characters, prevented any open expression of feeling. The Janissaries listened in sullen silence, and retired quietly to their kislas, or barracks, when the ceremony was over. The grand vizier beheld this apparent submission with great satisfaction, and congratulated his fellow-minister on the easy success of their master's favourite project. But the aga pasha, better acquainted with the character of his old comrades, shook his head and said, 'It will not be done without much blood.'

This day, the 14th, was appointed for the first drilling of the new companies which were to be drawn from each orta, or regiment, of Janissaries, and placed under Egyptian officers of the army of Mehemet Ali. Those of the corps who were not in the companies were collected either in the Etmeidan, or in their barracks, anxiously discussing the nature and probable effect of the new regulations, and the course to be pursued by the body at the present crisis. Thus it was that very few of them made their appearance that day in the bazaar; and their place was but poorly supplied by the soldiers of the regular troops—the seymens (infantry), topjees (artillery), bostanjees (seraglio-guard), and galionjees (marines), who were present in considerable numbers, and in their ungraceful summer uniforms of white cotton jacket and trousers, with the red cloth fess, or scull-cap, and leathern belt, made anything but a pleasing appearance in the eyes of the Mussulmen beholders. Their officers, however, in their embroidered jackets, and the scarlet mantles which they were allowed to retain, were seen to more advantage. Of this number was the young soldier who has been already mentioned, and who was at once known by his uniform to be a captain of the corps of gunners. Nor did those who were familiar with the various races of the East fail to perceive in the tall and well-set figure, the bold military bearing, the keen blue eye, chestnut locks, and classically-moulded head and features, the marks which denoted his Circassian or Georgian blood.

'Who is this that buys a bridle when he more requires a spur?'

The voice was the same that had before struck his ear; and on turning, he again beheld the lovely face, over which the yashmak was just falling. This time the large dark eyes were fixed on him for a moment, with an expression of timid anxiety. The soldier stood and gazed at the retreating forms with still greater astonishment than before. The women were evidently of the higher class; and the words which had been uttered seemed to imply some knowledge of and interest in him. Yet he had been but four months in Constantinople, and of that time the greater part had been spent in his barracks at Tophana, out of which he had hardly an acquaintance. If it were a mere frolic of two laughter-loving damsels, making their sport of the foreign soldier, why did she who partially unveiled her face assume an expression so little akin to mirthfulness? And why did her companion, who, he felt assured, was the one that had spoken, keep her countenance carefully concealed?

While pondering upon this mystery, and pretending to be absorbed in the examination of some Farangee shawls, which were displayed upon the stall of an Armenian merchant, he caught sight of two muffled figures, whose approach caused his heart to beat with a kind of instinctive presentiment. This time his hand was slightly touched, and a soft voice murmured beside his ear, 'To-night, before the mosque of Raghil Pasha.' The figures passed slowly on, and the soldier followed at a little distance, until he saw them enter a carriage, which immediately drove away. The young man, however, easily kept it in sight, until it passed out of the gate of the bazaar. Here a number of Jew porters were seated, waiting to offer their services to any one who might seem to require them. Dropping a coin into the hand of one of them, he said, 'Tell me, Jew, know you whose carriage it was that just now passed the gate?'

'Truly, effendi,' replied the Jew, 'I know it well, for it is one often seen in the bazaar. It is the araba of the Chorbajee Osman, of the seventeenth orta.'

'Osman, a chorbajee* of Janissaries,' said the soldier to himself, as he drew his mantle about him, and moved slowly away. 'I have heard of him as a favourite leader among his comrades, and a violent partisan of the old institutions. But how can I have become known to any in his harem? There is some mystery, and I will not renounce the adventure until I know more. At all events, there can be no harm in spending an hour or two before the mosque of Raghil Pasha.'

Thus meditating, the young man was proceeding in the direction of the Etmeidan, when he encountered a brother officer, who was hastening rapidly towards the port. 'How, Soujouk Saduk,' said the latter, 'are you not for Tophana? Have you not heard the news?'

'What! Have the Janissaries risen?'

'Not yet,' replied the other; 'but the Etmeidan is all in commotion. An Egyptian officer has struck one of the men in his company, and all the rest have thrown down their arms and torn off their new uniforms. The ortas are assembling; and there will be burning and bloodshed, if something is not quickly done to appease them. I am going to inform the topjee bashee.'†

'I will wait and learn more,' returned Saduk, 'and will follow you in a few hours.'

With these words he took leave of his companion, and directed his course through the most unfrequented streets leading towards the mosque of Raghil Pasha, which was beyond the barracks of the Janissaries. It was now sunset, and he made a wide circuit, in order to allow the night to close in before he reached the place of rendezvous. The few persons whom he met on his way hurried by with looks expressive of fear and agitation. He could not doubt that some calamitous event was apprehended; and knowing that an outbreak of the Janissaries was almost always preceded or accompanied by extensive conflagrations, he easily understood the anxiety of the citizens.

On reaching the mosque, he took post in an obscure angle within its shadow, and remained there motionless for two or three hours. At length, just as he was about to quit the spot, with the conviction that he had been the subject of a very annoying practical jest, a veiled female figure hastily approached the mosque, and, after a moment's hesitation, came towards him. Uncovering her face sufficiently to let him perceive that she was an Abyssinian slave, the woman inquired, 'Are you the yuzbashi who buys pistols and bridles, as though he were still a rider on the hills of Atteghai?'

'I am he whom you seek,' replied the young man, much surprised at the latter part of the question.

'Then,' continued the negress, 'I am sent to bid you follow me to the presence of a daughter of Atteghai.'

Atteghai is the name which the natives of Circassia give to their country. Saduk at once concluded that some female of his nation, the slave, or perhaps the wife of the Chorbajee Osman, desired to speak with him, for the purpose of making inquiries respecting the friends whom she had left in her native land. With this idea, and excited by the hope of once more seeing the face of the beautiful young houri whom he had met that morning, he bade the messenger lead on without delay. The negress obeyed, and after a walk of some length, through several narrow by-streets, she stopped before a small postern door. Opening this with a key, she introduced him into a low, dark passage, and pro-

* An officer answering nearly to our colonel; the word, however, means literally, 'master of rations,' or soup distributor.

† Chief or general of the artillery.

ducing a small lantern from beneath her mantle, directed him to move forward as noiselessly as possible. In this way they passed through several rooms, and at length the slave, drawing aside a curtain, said, 'Enter, effendi, for the mistress awaits you.'

Saduk advanced, and found himself in a small apartment, furnished in a costly and luxurious style. A divan of crimson-velvet encircled three sides of it; on this, and on the Persian carpet, were heaped numerous cushions, covered with red cloth and morocco. The ceiling was painted in fresco; and from the centre hung a lustre of four lights, which illumined the apartment. A veiled figure was seated at the upper end of the room, and a voice—the same that he had heard in the bazaar—said in Turkish, '*Khosh geldin, Cherkess*'—('You are welcome, Circassian.')

Before he could reply, the veil was drawn aside, and the soldier beheld, to his astonishment, what he would have said was the same face that he had seen in the bazaar, but with the addition of some fifteen or sixteen years to its age. The features and expression were the same. The eye was as large, dark, and languishing; but the sparkle of youth was gone. The cheek was as beautiful in its outline, but without the glow and smoothness of early years. Was it possible that his momentary glimpse could have so much deceived him?

As he stood thus embarrassed, the lady, who seemed rather to enjoy his perplexity, said with a smile, in the Circassian tongue, 'Sit, my friend, while I speak a few words on a subject near to my heart. You are a son of Atteghai, of the family of Soujouk, and the tribe of Natukaitsa. This I have heard from those who have made inquiries respecting you.'

'It is true, lady,' replied the young man, 'however you have learned it.'

'I, too, am a child of Atteghai,' continued his hostess, 'of the tribe of Shegakeh. Yours is a great tribe, and a noble family, but mine is obscure and poor. Yet perchance you may have known the Dar Khaldeer of Malskoy?'

'Unhappily,' replied the young man, 'I know too little of my native land. When I was a boy of fifteen, the Muscov* and Cossacks crossed the Kouban, and ravaged all the neighbouring valleys. The Natukaitsa assembled, and drove them back over the river; but my father and my elder brother were killed in the battle, and I was wounded, and taken prisoner. They carried me with them to Tscherkask, where my wound was healed, and afterwards I was sent to the military college to receive the education of a Russian officer, in the expectation that I would do them good service in the war against my own country. Seven years I remained at the college and in the Russian army, and at length I was sent to fight against my brethren of Atteghai. But I laughed at the beards of the Muscov, and escaped, and fled to the army of my own people, and fought among them until our enemies were driven once more from the land. But when I returned home, my heart was heavy, for there were none to welcome me. My mother and my brothers were dead, and our uncles had taken or sold our property; so, rather than make ill blood and dissension in the family, I said to myself—"I understand the science and the discipline of the Franks: I will go to Stamboul, and offer myself to the sultan, to serve in his new army. Perhaps I may find favour, and rise to honour, as many others of my countrymen have done." So I came hither four months ago, and presented myself before the padishah; and when he heard my story, and especially that I knew the art of founding cannon, he was greatly pleased, and made me a yuzbashi at once. This is my history, hanoum;† and thus it is that I know so little of my country, and cannot inform you respecting your friends, for which misfortune I am greatly grieved.'

'So be it,' said the fair Circassian with a sigh; 'they are under the protection of Allah. If it be their fate to be well and prosperous, they will be so; and if not, who can alter it?' With this philosophical reflection her disappointment seemed to be assuaged, for she proceeded in a different tone: 'Tell me, my young friend, did you see my daughter's face in the bazaar when I bade her put aside her yashmak? And did she please you?'

'Was she your daughter?' asked the young man. 'Truly she is a houri—the loveliest of maidens. I have never seen her equal. Happy will be the man who shall possess such a light of his harem!'

'Can you not guess, my friend,' asked the lady with a smile, 'what a mother means when she allows her daughter to uncover her face before a man?'

'Is it for me that you intend this happiness?' asked the youth, at once astonished and delighted. Then, as the thought of his situation occurred to him, he continued in a despondent tone, 'But, alas! what can I say to the chorbajee? What shall I offer as the dowry of his daughter?—I, a poor yuzbashi, with nothing but my mantle and my sabre?'

'You are rich in the favour of the sultan,' replied the lady. 'Think you not that all these matters are known in the harems of Stamboul as well as in your barracks at Tophana? You have the knowledge of Frank arts of war, which the sultan prizes above everything else. In a year you will be a bin-bashi (a colonel of artillery); in five years you will be a bey; in ten years, inshallah—please God—a pasha. I will answer for it, that when your messenger comes to the chorbajee, he will send back words pleasant to your heart. Even now, you can do more to win his friendship than if you could offer him the dowry of a pasha's daughter. You know that the evil advisers who surround the sultan, and pervert his mind, have persuaded him to take away the ancient privileges of the Janissaries, and alter their laws and customs, which were established by the great and wise Sultan Urkhan, and the holy dervish Hadji Bectash. But the Janissaries are strong, and will maintain their rights in spite of traitors and evil counsellors; and when they meet in all their ortas, with their camp-kettles borne before them, and require the restitution of their old laws and privileges, and demand the heads of their enemies, be assured that they will obtain both the one and the other. But whether they will prevail without much fighting and bloodshed, is another matter. Allah only knows. But this, dear Saduk, is what I would teach you, that you may know how to win the favour of the chorbajee. Of all the troops of the nizam djedid, there are none which are not as dust, as bosh (nothing) in the eyes of the Janissaries, save only the artillery. Most of these, as you know, were formerly Janissaries, or friends of the Janissaries, and will be loath to fight against them. It is their officers alone who are strangers and enemies to the Janissaries. If now there could be found one officer of the topjees—one yuzbashi—who, in the hour of conflict, would say to his men, "Do not fire upon your brethren, the children of Hadjee Bectash," they would all obey at the word, and the victory would be secure to the good cause without more blood. Surely, Saduk, dear friend, child of Atteghai,' she said, bending forward, and looking imploringly into his darkening face, 'you would not fire upon my husband—upon the father of my daughter Shereen?'

'This is a snare!' exclaimed the soldier, rising hastily from his seat, and gathering his mantle about him. 'What dust is this that you would have me eat? Shall I dishonour my father's grave? Shall I break my oath to the sultan for a handsome face? Is this becoming a daughter of Atteghai, to mislead her countryman to disgrace and ruin? Know that for seven years I have carried my life in the hollow of my hand, ready to throw it away at the first warning; but my faith I have kept secure, holding it a thousand times dearer to me than life. This is the law of Atteghai. Have you never heard the history of Mehemet Gherrai, my ancestor, how he gave himself up to death to redeem his word? Farewell, hanoum; I truly believe that your

* Muscovites, or Russians proper. † Lady.

daughter knows nothing of this deception, else she would have been with you. For her sake, and the sake of our common blood, I pardon you this evil design, and may hereafter do you good.'

So saying, before the dame could recover from her confusion, he hastily thrust aside the curtain which concealed the entrance to the room, and seizing the slave by the arm, drew his poniard, and bade her show him the way to the door. The terrified negress obeyed without hesitation, and Saduk presently found himself in the street. Taking, as near as he could judge, the direction of the port, he hurried forward until he reached the aqueduct of Valens. Here, while he stood concealed in the shadow of an arch, he heard the tramp of a body of men approaching, and presently about a hundred soldiers, in the Janissary uniform, completely armed, passed at a rapid pace within a few feet of him. From the course which they pursued, he had no doubt that their object was to surprise their aga, who was especially obnoxious to them, from the part which he had taken in favour of the new regulations. This, then, was the commencement of the insurrection. As soon as they were out of hearing, he turned and hurried in another direction towards the Ayazmah landing. On arriving, he roused a boatman from his slumbers, and bade him row as rapidly as possible to Tophana. Twenty minutes brought them thither; and the young man hastened directly to the quarters of his commander, the topjee-bashi. The latter had directed his slaves to awaken him on the arrival of any important intelligence, and Saduk was quickly ordered before him. When the commander heard his statement, he said, 'You bring great news, yuzbashi. This must go directly to the padishah. We will proceed to Beshiktash together in the caïque which brought you hither. Beybars,' he continued, turning to his orderly in waiting, 'tell Kara Jehennem to make sure that his gun-carriages are in good order, and that his men are stanch. I foresee,' he added, 'a day of bloody work, in which we topjees shall have to bear the heaviest share.'

So saying, he proceeded with Saduk to the landing, and put off in the caïque for Beshiktash. They were half an hour in reaching the palace, where they found that the sultan, as became a sovereign whose empire was trembling in the balance, had been up all night, engaged in close consultation with his ministers. The grand vizier, the mufti, the aga pasha, the Janissary aga, the capudan pasha, and other great officers of state, were present in the council. The topjee-bashi was admitted at once, and Saduk was presently summoned to the council-chamber. He found the sultan sitting on a pile of cushions at the upper end of the apartment, while his ministers stood near him on either hand. Mahmoud's dark-blue eyes glittered with vindictive pleasure, and his naturally sallow cheek was flushed with joyful excitement. 'Ha!' he exclaimed, as Saduk approached, and made his military obeisance, 'it is the Cherkess who has brought the good news. You have done well, yuzbashi: it shall not be forgotten. At what hour did you see these dogs of Sheitan, and how many were there of them?'

'Asylum of the world!' replied the Circassian, 'it was shortly after midnight, when your servant saw about a hundred of the rebels, on their way seemingly to the dwelling of his lordship the aga.'

'The curs! the miscreants!' exclaimed Mahmoud. 'You did well, aga, to remove your harem in time, for nothing will be sacred to these wretches. You are all witnesses, pashas, that it is they who have begun the conflict, and not I. This day shall decide who is to govern henceforth in Stamboul—the sultan or the Janissaries. If it be these dogs, I will retire to Asia, and leave the city and the western empire to them. But wherever I am, there I will be king. Come, pashas, now that the work is commenced, our place is in the city. Let every one perform his part, according to the plan which we have sanctioned.'

With these words the council broke up. The sultan and his principal ministers proceeded immediately to the seraglio, and walked from thence in solemn procession to the imperial mosque of Sultan Ahmed, near the ancient Hippodrome. Here a ceremony of great importance took place. The Sandjak Shereef, or sacred standard of Islam—made, it is said, of the apparel of the Prophet, and only produced on the most momentous occasions—was brought out from the treasury, in which it had lain for fifty years, and set up on the pulpit. Standing beneath it, the sultan, the mufti, and the ulemas—the three heads of the Mohammedan faith—pronounced a solemn anathema upon the rebels, and devoted the whole body of the Janissaries to destruction. The news of this proceeding quickly spread through the city, and produced a decisive effect. The mass of the population had previously been wavering between their devotion to their sovereign and their ancient sympathies for the rebellious troops. But when the influences of religion were enlisted in favour of the former, there was no longer any hesitation: the great majority of the citizens came forth in a tumultuous throng, and swelled the number of the forces which were advancing from all sides against the insurgents.

The latter, after sacking the palaces of the Janissary aga and the grand vizier, and making an ineffectual assault upon the seraglio, had retired to their square, the Etmeidan; and there having inverted their camp-kettles, according to their usual custom when in a state of revolt, they appointed a deputation to lay before the sultan their final demands—namely, the restoration of all their ancient privileges, and the death of the four ministers whom they considered their chief enemies. But while thus engaged, they neglected, with unaccountable infatuation, to take any precautions against the approach of the various corps of regular troops which were gradually occupying every avenue leading to the Etmeidan. Thus, when the Janissaries received the positive refusal of their demands, together with the alternative of submission or instant destruction, they found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the hated forces of the nizam djedid. A sense of their dangerous position then first seized them, and they made a furious and simultaneous effort to break down the living barriers which enclosed them, with the intention of spreading themselves over the city, and setting fire to it in every quarter.

The principal rush was directed towards a narrow street, occupied by a body of flying artillery, with two guns loaded with grape. The leader of this body was an officer noted for his great size and strength, his swarthy and forbidding countenance, and his relentless determination, all of which traits had procured him the appellation, by which he was usually known, of Kara Jehennem, or the 'Black Infernal.' It was supposed that the dread and respect which the topjees entertained for him would serve to counteract their well-known sympathies for their former comrades. Thus far the expectation had been fulfilled, for the men had fought with vigour in repelling the attack of the Janissaries upon the seraglio. But now, when the mighty mass came rolling towards them, calling on the sacred names of the Prophet and Hadjee Bectash, and shouting to the gunners the watchwords of their ancient fellowship, the hearts of the latter failed them, and they drew suddenly back from their guns, carrying their officers with them. In another moment the pieces would have been in the possession of the insurgents. It was the crisis, if not of the Ottoman empire, at least of the reign of Mahmoud. Kara Jehennem, who stood in front of his troops, with his yataghan in one hand and a pistol in the other, when he found himself thus left alone by their retreat, took his resolution with the unhesitating boldness of his character. He shook his sabre, with a terrible imprecation, at his recreant soldiers, and then, springing to one of the guns, fired his pistol over the priming. The Janissaries were close upon the piece when it was discharged, and the effect of the grape upon their dense column was tremendous. The whole

mass recoiled in confusion, which the discharge of the second gun, by another hand, turned to a headlong flight.

'*Aferin, Cherkess!*'—('Well done, Circassian!')—exclaimed Kara Jehennem; 'that shot has made you a colonel. Come on, dogs, cowards, sons of burnt fathers!' he shouted to the topjees. 'Your guns to-day, or the bowstring to-morrow.'

The gunners needed no further menace to make them return to their duty, and the guns were quickly manned and brought forward to take part in the deadly shower of grape and musketry which was now pouring, with fearful effect, upon the rebels in the Etmeidan. Presently a cry was raised among the latter, 'To the kislas—to the barracks!' The barracks of the Janissaries adjoined the Etmeidan, and the revolted troops, now taking refuge in them, defended themselves there with desperate resolution. The aga pasha sent to inquire of the sultan if he should endeavour once more to make terms with the insurgents before proceeding to the last extremity. The answer was brief and decisive —'Set fire to the kislas!'

The stern command was unhesitatingly obeyed. In a few moments the barracks were enveloped in flames; but not even the prospect of the dreadful and inevitable death which awaited them could induce the Janissaries to sue for the mercy which they had before rejected, and which they probably felt would now be refused them. They fought on, with the fury of despair, until the greater number were buried in the burning ruins. A portion of them sallied forth, and attempted to cut their way through the line of their enemies. In the conflict which ensued, Kara Jehennem fell with a bullet through his hip. 'Die, dog!' shouted an old chorbajee, rushing towards him with uplifted yataghan; 'down to jehennem, where you belong!'

'Not yet, Uncle Osman,' replied the 'Black Infernal;' and raising himself on his left elbow, he fired his pistol at the Janissary, saying, 'Take that, old friend, for your good wishes.'

The chorbajee stopped suddenly, and struck his hand to his side; then springing like a tiger upon the ranks of the topjees, he cut down two men by successive blows of his yataghan, and fled swiftly up the street, towards the mosque of Raghil Pasha, closely pursued by a party of the soldiers. All resistance was now at an end, but the work of destruction did not cease. Every Janissary who was found within the walls of Stamboul, whether concerned in the late revolt or not, was put to death without mercy. The bowstring and the Bosphorus completed what the cannon and the sabre had begun; and within twenty-four hours, that formidable body, which for four centuries and a half had been by turns the bulwark and the scourge of the Ottoman empire, was utterly annihilated. Its very name was made accursed, and a heavy penalty denounced upon any one who should utter it. Twenty thousand men are supposed to have perished in consummating this brief but sanguinary revolution, for such its objects and its consequences entitle it to be called.

During the conflict, Saduk had distinguished himself both by his courage and presence of mind. But he felt no disposition to take part in the massacre which followed; and was about to withdraw from the scene, when a sudden recollection flashed upon him, and caused an immediate change of purpose. Collecting a few of his men, he hastened towards the dwelling of the Chorbajee Osman, which he had no difficulty in discovering. He arrived just in time. The old Janissary, mortally wounded by the pistol-shot of Kara Jehennem, had fled to the privacy of his harem to die. In ordinary times, even the executioners of the law do not venture to violate this sacred refuge; but the solemn anathema pronounced upon the rebels removed all scruples of this nature, and Osman's pursuers had just broken into the apartment, where the affrighted women were clustered in speechless horror about the dying man. Saduk's appearance saved him from the last indignity of the bowstring, and preserved the females from insult. In gratitude for this service, the old chorbajee, by a will pronounced on the spot, as the Moslem law allows, bequeathed to the young man all his wealth, on condition that he continued to extend his protection to Shereen and her mother. This condition being anything but an onerous one, the trust was promptly accepted by the youthful soldier. The will, it is true, as made by a rebel who had forfeited his property by his guilt, would have been of no avail but for the favour of the sultan, who not only confirmed it, but also bestowed upon the Circassian the rank which Kara Jehennem had promised him. Shereen, it is hardly necessary to add, became the wife of the fortunate adventurer; and her mother, with the third of her late husband's ample fortune, was able to fulfil a long-cherished vision, of returning in splendid state to the land of her nativity.

To revert for a moment to the more important subject of our narrative. It has been remarked by many writers, that after the destruction of the Janissaries, the character of Sultan Mahmoud seemed to undergo a decided change for the better. His previous reign had been marked by numerous instances of the treachery, cruelty, and rapacity which we have learned to consider inseparable from the nature of Oriental despotism. In his after-life he showed himself not only a liberal legislator—which might proceed from mere selfish policy—but also, on many occasions, a really benevolent, well-meaning ruler; and in spite of the political misfortunes which clouded his later years, he succeeded in securing the affection of the mass of his people, and particularly of the Greek rajahs, and other subject races, to a degree in which no other Turkish sovereign ever possessed it. If, therefore, in the destruction of the Janissaries, Mahmoud showed himself sanguinary, treacherous, and unrelenting, it is but fair to remember that they themselves, by the character which their fierce, lawless, and bigoted disposition imposed upon his government, had fostered in his mind the very vices from which they afterwards suffered. Viewed in this light, the catastrophe assumes the aspect of a simple moral retribution, and we lose our commiseration for the sufferers in our sense of the justice of the punishment.

THE EXEMPLARY IMMIGRANT.

We suppose few of our readers have ever seen or heard of the 'Sydney Tracts,' nor were we aware of their existence till one was lately brought under our notice by a person from New South Wales. They are small brochures, written and issued at Sydney, partly with the view of improving the tone of mind of the immigrant classes of Australia, and inducing them to addict themselves to habits of steady industry, and partly to afford correct information to intending emigrants at home. The number before us consists of short narratives, likely to be beneficial among the parties for whom they are designed; and to aid in the professed object of the undertaking, which is worthy of all praise, we beg to offer the following account of a humble but exemplary immigrant, who some time ago arrived in Sydney:—

'Scarcely had the ship Brilliant arrived in the Sydney harbour, when Mr and Mrs Damper went on board, accompanied by their cousins the Croakers. They found three hundred persons in high spirits; their long voyage was over, they could see the Land of Promise, "the Poor Man's Paradise;" but in less than half an hour these poor creatures had lost their spirits; for they listened to Mr Damper, and believed his statement. "The country was overstocked, wages were falling, provisions were dear, rent ruinous, employment difficult to be found; the more money you got, the poorer you'd be; in fact, it would have been better for them to have remained at home to starve than have come here to do so." Man after man left the deck, and went below to give way to their feelings of disappointment and despair. John Lord remained, and listened; he heard all the Croakers had to say of this land of starvation. Now

John Lord was a shrewd and observing man, and he remarked to his wife that the Dampers and Croakers looked in good condition, far removed from any symptoms of starvation, and that they were all well dressed. "You know, Janet, I never would allow myself to believe all that was said at home in favour of the colony, nor will I now believe all that is said against it." He tried to raise the broken spirits of his wife; failing in this, he endeavoured to raise his own. "I'll e'en see in the morning, and judge for myself," said John; and early in the morning he was shaved and dressed, ready for the first opportunity to get on shore. John did not put on his Sunday coat, but his working-jacket; for he was wise enough to know that if you want work, you must be ready to do it. He had been what is called a handy man at sea, and the steward was glad to oblige him—he left the ship in the first boat. It was six o'clock when he landed, and he had in his pocket twopence-halfpenny. He gathered comfort from observing that the men he met, who were on their way to work, had every appearance of being a well-fed set. When near eight o'clock, he observed women make their way to the butcher's shop: he saw them hand their plates, and ask for, and pay for, their two pounds of chops, their shilling fry, their beefsteak. He was astonished. Beef for breakfast!—he would not believe it. He followed one woman home; on the table was a loaf, tea, sugar, and butter. He saw her reach the frying-pan, and he went to a distant spot to watch her movements. He saw her husband, a labouring man, enter and partake of his meal; the children too. "Well, well," said John, "if the people of this country are starved to death on such fare, 'tis a queer country I am come to, for I have passed twenty-six houses, and heard the hissing of the frying-pan at seventeen." He thought of his wife and children; he longed to give them a feast; and quickening his pace, vowed if there were work in Sydney he would find it. He was now near the Commercial Wharf; the Paramatta steamer was just in; there was a gentleman at the gate of the yard with a hat-box and carpet-bag, and he offered a man a shilling to take them to the Royal Hotel. "A shilling!—before he would take a shilling for what was worth two, he"—— John Lord was looking on. He saw the gentleman start to carry his own bag; he followed quickly, offered his services, and was accepted. He reached the Royal Hotel; he received his shilling; and with a fresh supply of spirits he started. He had not gone far, when at a grocer's store he perceived a dray loaded with sugar; the master stood at the door with an impatient look. "Can I help the man in with the bags, sir?" "Yes, and look sharp about it." With good-will John went to work, and received another shilling. "Can you give me another job, sir? Shall I scrape the floor for you, sweep your yard?" "Have you anything you want done?" asked the master at his foreman. "The potatoes, sir, would be the better for looking to." This was the third job. Off went John's jacket; he tucked up his sleeves, and went to work with spirit; picked out the potatoes quickly, stowed away the bags neatly, swept the place, and received for his work two shillings and sixpence. With four shillings and eightpence-halfpenny in his pocket, he ventured to have his hair cut, "for I should like to look decent." He had scarcely left the shop, when he saw the gentleman from whom he had received his first shilling: he made up to him in a respectful manner, and inquired if he had any occasion for his services? "Not now; but if you are at the Royal at four o'clock, you can take my bag to the steamer." John was punctual; but besides the bag were several parcels to carry, and the gentleman paid him one-and-sixpence. He now thought of returning to the ship, but he went first to the market: he bought for his children one dozen of peaches, for which he paid twopence. "I'll give them one treat anyhow." He purchased for Janet a quarter of a pound of tea, one pound of sugar, and two loaves of bread, and then went merrily on. He went into a butcher's shop and purchased four pounds of beefsteak, and to this he added six pounds of potatoes. He had expended for his family's comfort three shillings and elevenpence. He left the ship in the morning with twopence-halfpenny, and he returned with two shillings and threepence-halfpenny. Janet was delighted with his account of Sydney, and soon prepared the feast. John Lord saw all prepared, his wife's lightened look, his children's joyful faces. For eight years Janet had been the faithful partner of his cares; and for the first time he felt that, blessed with health, want would not enter his dwelling. Feelings, thoughts of comfort, a certainty of being able to provide his Janet with more than the bare necessaries of life—comforts were within his power, luxuries within his reach. He tried to eat, but he could not. He had been proof against sorrow; but the near view of domestic comfort, the certainty of being able to provide for his family, made his heart swell with grateful feelings, and for the first time in his life he felt *too happy*.

'The following morning he was up at daybreak, and was off with the first boat. His industrious efforts were successful; and by seven o'clock he had earned two shillings. He went to the Royal Hotel—no job. He then went to the grocer's, and was employed for three hours. From place to place he persevered; and this day he made five-and-sixpence. In a few days he was well known to twenty respectable persons as a man who came to this colony to *work*. In a week he felt justified in taking a small furnished kitchen, for which he was to pay six shillings per week. The day he was able to take his family from the ship was one of proud satisfaction to him. His heart rejoiced; he had been fortunate. All his children—three—were with him; his Janet, too, was overcome with feelings of grateful recollections on entering his tiny home. He knelt; his prayer was a silent one, but it was registered by Him who reads the heart. For three weeks he did well at job work; when his second friend, the grocer, engaged him as a working man about the stores for twenty-five shillings per week. A settled place, sure pay, John knew how to appreciate. He was not a man that required another to look after him, and his master soon perceived it: he was thoughtful and careful too; in fact he performed the duty of a servant faithfully. He had a keen eye to his master's interest. He was soon remarked as being the first man on the premises in the morning. When evening came, if there was still work to do, he did it. You could not tell by his countenance that it was six o'clock. One week he had had more than usual to do, and rarely left the stores before nine. On Saturday night, when the men were paid their "extra," he was called in; he was the last man paid; he and the foreman were alone; he handed John the "extras." "Do you take me for a sharper, sir? I am not the man to count minutes *with a good master*." And pocketing his twenty-five shillings, he left the office with a consciousness of having acted rightly. The following week he was told, that as he made himself so useful, the master would rather he should go into the kitchen and take his meals with the servants than go home. This was a saving to John, and an accommodation to his master. To the servants in the house he was civil and obliging. If a large pot required to be lifted off the fire, he was ready to do it. A bucket of water he always carried in with him; in fact, he had so much method and good temper, that all acknowledged he did the work of two. A few weeks after this, the woman who washed for the family complained that two shillings per dozen did not pay her. The kitchen-maid spoke to the mistress about John's wife. She was sent for; the offer was made, and gratefully accepted. Janet went home, making happy calculations. Twelve dozen a week—oh, she could manage. If her three children went to school, she had only them to cook for. She set about her work cheerfully: she found it pay her well; for she could now put into the savings' bank one pound from the washing-money a week. For many weeks she had de-

posited seven shillings regularly. About ten weeks after this, John was made storekeeper, and his wages were raised to thirty shillings per week. In the store he gave great satisfaction. He allowed no sugar to run to waste. When he saw a hole in a bag, he mended it. He was a favourite with the foreman, for he gave him no trouble; and about this time he told his master of the extra money. This circumstance raised John in the estimation of his master; and on going through the stores, he expressed himself as being pleased with the order that was observed, in a way that was gratifying to John. He ordered him to put a bag of rice in the hand-cart, a bag of sugar, and a quarter chest of tea. "Take them to your own home, John, for I am very much pleased with your good conduct." This gift John gave to Janet with great satisfaction; for the praise of a master sounds grateful to a servant's ear. He remained in the same service sixteen months from this; when his master, having made a fortune in this country, went, like many others, home to spend it. When the men were paid their last week's wages, Mr Wilkie said to John, "You have behaved yourself so well, that if I can do anything to serve you, I will. What do you think of doing?" "Why, sir, as I was for some time a gardener, and I know now something of the climate of this country, I think I shall lease some land at Botany, and have a pony and cart, and take my vegetables into Sydney for sale." "I have some land at Newtown; and if you like it, you shall have it. You can go and see it, and my agent will tell you the terms: but stay, I will give you a note to him; for I know you will improve the property, and you shall have it on easier terms than any one else. We will now settle accounts. I find you have never been paid for extra hours; and the foreman tells me, for the last eighteen months, you have made seven days and a half every week, so that I owe you for one and a half day's labour for every week during that time: this will be enough to buy you a pony and a cow." "Sir," said John Lord, "you have been a good master to me; you have never given me a cross word; it did my heart good to see you thrive; you must not now, sir, at the last moment, vex my heart; I have saved money enough to buy me all I want." "How much have you?" John pulled out his pocket-book, and handed the savings' bank paper to him, and the entries ran thus:—

Nine weeks, at 7s. per week,	L.3	3	0
Sixty-eight weeks, at L.1, 10s. per week,	102	0	0
Interest, at 10 per cent.,	6	6	0
	L.111	9	0

The master looked thoughtful; it seemed strange to him that a man who had been so careful of every sixpence should refuse extra money. He could not understand a peasant's pride, a labouring man's idea of honour. It was gratifying to Mr Wilkie to find that *one* servant had saved money—that he would leave in this colony one whose first step in life was owing to him; and he rejoiced at his industry and economy. In a few days John Lord was settled at Newtown, on terms that were favourable and just. The lease was for seven years; and if during that time, or at the expiration of that time, he could pay a fixed price, the house and property were to be his own.

'When John Lord first saw Janet take tea in her new habitation, he thus expressed himself:—"Now, Janet, you must not say another word about washing. Your work is now confined to your own family; and the day *will* come, Janet, when you need not do that: I'll work hard for it anyhow. See these arms, Janet!" And as he raised himself up, with feelings of gratitude to the Giver of all good, and with so many proofs before him of the benefits attending on honesty and industry, the group formed a subject for a painter. His Janet, his affectionate Janet, had thrown her arms around his neck, and her head rested, weeping, on his shoulder. Her tears were kissed away by one who thanked God he had emigrated to Australia. But the day for Mr Wilkie's departure had arrived, and this respected servant went to say farewell. They respected each other. Their hands met. When worth joins the compact, what matters the skin? When John Lord returned home, after seeing his master on board ship, at his door he saw a horse and cart, in his paddock a cow—his master's farewell gift.

'In this tale, which is founded on fact, I deal not in impossibilities; I speak not of midnight visions—of dreams of domestic comfort; but I speak of what is *within the reach* of every man who will tuck up his sleeves, go to work, and *try* for it.

'That John Lord's house and land will soon be his own, there can be no doubt; for a man who gets up at five o'clock, and goes to work—a man who allows his arms to swing easy in their sockets—is certain of getting a place of his own; but those men who come here, intending to *talk* of work, and saunter about with their hands in their side-pockets (holes made to hide idle hands), will never attain this—in fact, to speak in plain English, *they* are better at home.'

THE LOST VELASQUEZ.

ADVENTURES OF A CONNOISSEUR.

Mr Snare's pursuit of proofs in favour of the authenticity of a portrait of Charles I., purchased by him at Radley Hall, which he alleges to be the original sketch painted by Velasquez at Madrid in 1623, affords so many curious illustrations of unexpected coincidences and cumulative evidence, that a brief notice of his exertions may not be without interest. We shall chiefly follow Mr Snare's own account in the order of his discoveries.

It is well known that in 1623, Charles, then Prince of Wales, accompanied by his father's favourite, George Villiers, the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, visited Madrid with the avowed object of wooing and winning the Infanta. We are informed by Pacheco that his son-in-law, Velasquez, the great Spanish painter, had the honour of receiving a hundred crowns for taking the portrait of the royal suitor. It is probable that this likeness was designed as an acceptable offering by the bold knight-errant to his lady-love; but what really became of it, and whither it strayed, when he returned wearied and disgusted to his native land, history has not recorded even incidentally. It is not at all likely that so bitter a memento was retained in his own possession, and far less likely that an object so unpalatable to the excited feelings of the nation was located in any public gallery. Mr Snare adduces very probable grounds for supposing that it was committed to the custody of Villiers—grounds fully corroborated by his future tracing of the pedigree. This haughty nobleman had imbibed a taste for pictures in Spain, and left at York House a splendid collection as a memorial of his taste and perseverance. In a work written by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and published in 1693, we are expressly told that Charles, on his return from Spain, came to York House after leaving Portsmouth past midnight on the 6th October. Probably the picture was then left there in some private apartment, and afterwards gradually fell out of mind. How long it remained in the duke's splendid gallery, it is impossible to say. There was a sale of pictures on the assassination of the first duke. Again, when the second duke fled to the continent, to escape the vengeance of the Parliament, he sold part of his paintings to raise money for his personal support. A catalogue of these is still extant, compiled by Vertue, the eminent engraver, and prefaced by Horace Walpole; but it does not include the Velasquez portrait, and indeed contains few portraits of any sort, probably from a wish to retain family remembrances. Subsequently, the Parliament sold a part of the remaining pieces, the number of which may be conjectured from the Scriptural subjects being so numerous as to call for the particular notice of the Parliament:—

'Ordered, That all such pictures and statues there (York House), as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold for the benefit of Ireland and the north.

'Ordered, That all such pictures there as have the representation of the second person in the Trinity on them, shall be forthwith burned.

'Ordered, That all such pictures there as have the representation of the Virgin Mary on them, shall be forthwith burned.'

Either at, or before the death of the second duke, a fourth sale took place. In 1697, York House was burned down, and several streets were subsequently laid out on the grounds, the name and title being preserved, as Pennant tells us, 'in *George*, *Villiers*, *Duke*, and *Buckingham* streets.' It is possible the portrait may have been in the house even at the date of the conflagration.

Having premised this, we shall now follow Mr Snare's personal exertions. Mr Snare is a bookseller in Reading, who has long indulged, privately, in pictorial speculations, partly for profit, partly for pleasure. In the course of his dealings, he had obtained great practical acquaintance with the best portraits of our monarchs, and amongst them of Charles I.; and had been particularly struck with the notice in Murray's 'Handbook of Spain' of the lost portrait of that prince by Velasquez. Subsequently, he paid a visit to Radley Hall, then occupied as an academy by Mr Kent, and adorned with a large collection of paintings. Amongst them was a portrait, in which Mr Snare recognised the features of Charles. Mr Kent attributed the figure to Vandyke, and the background to his cleverest pupils; but the picture-dealer was strangely struck with the aspect of it. Hanging high on the wall, covered with dirt, and dimly visible, it had all the charm of mystery for him. He had never seen it before, and a dreamy feeling came over him that this was the lost painting by Velasquez. He went home, and pored over all the books and authorities likely to enlighten him. On the 25th of October 1845, the pictures in Radley Hall were advertised for sale, and Mr Snare attended the auction. The sight of the connoisseurs assembled in the room struck terror into him; he resolved to give L.200 rather than lose the coveted treasure; but experienced a species of disgust and disappointment in finding it knocked down to him at the paltry sum of L.8. He returned on the Saturday after to remove it, but too late in the evening: the door was locked. This obstacle recalled all his former eagerness. Impatient he waited for the day; but the delay was 'more than he could endure,' and he made an attempt to enter by the window, which ended, as might have been expected, in his being taken before a justice under suspicion of felonious designs. At length the treasure was safely lodged on Mr Snare's premises; and surely never Corydon so courted Phillis, even in the days of 'sighs,' and 'flames,' and 'darts,' as the Reading bookseller did the supposed Velasquez. There were all the signs of the tender passion. He put it in all lights—he moistened it with turpentine—he ran for his wife to admire it with him—then he became alarmed lest the turpentine should injure the paint. 'I was quite beside myself,' says he, 'with enthusiasm. I could not eat, and had no inclination to sleep. I sat up till three o'clock looking at the picture; and early in the morning I rose to place myself once more before it. I only took my eyes from the painting to read some book that made reference to the Spaniard whom I believed its author, or to the Flemish artist to whom, by vague report, it was attributed.'

Mr Snare now set out on his journey to establish its reputation: his practical experience, however, taught him that portraits seldom travel far from their original locality, and on this account he resolved to commence his search for traces of the Velasquez on the site of York House. On this several streets had been built, consisting of private mansions. At their erection, the middle class possessed no taste for pictures; the proper places to look to, therefore, were either the alleys tenanted by the brokers, or the mansions of the nobles. The former had long departed; the loftier tenements alone remained. Mr Snare searched the works which treat of London—as Stowe, Maitland, and Pennant; and in the last writer he found mention made of the house of the Earl of Fife, as standing on the site of the palace of Whitehall, of which York House formed a part. In recording the works of art which adorned Fife House, Pennant mentions—

'A head of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, done in Spain when he was there in 1623 on his romantic expedition to court the Infanta. It is supposed to have been the work of Velasco.'

Here was the beginning of a clue. To trace his picture to Fife House was now the object of Mr Snare's exertions. On application to Mr Kent (Radley Hall), he found that he had received the picture from his wife's father, a Mr Archer. It came into Mr Archer's possession between 1806 and 1812, and was purchased by his partner, a Mr Charles Spachman, who was an excellent connoisseur in paintings, and resided for many years in 34 and 39 Gerard Street, Soho. Mr Kent referred for further information to Mr Anthony of Lisle Street, Mr T. Parker, an artist, an intimate friend of Mr Spachman, and Mr Foote, a picture-cleaner employed by him. Mr Spachman and Mr Foote were dead; Mr Anthony and Mr Parker remembered nothing which bore immediately on the subject. The undaunted Snare, however, was not to be baffled. He sought the undertaker who had conducted the Earl of Fife's funeral; but to no purpose. He then inquired after the upholsterer who had removed the furniture from Fife House, and found that the Fife family had employed for years a Mr Marshall of Soho Square, who formerly lived in Gerard Street, only a few doors from Mr Charles Spachman. Here was a glimpse of light! But, alas! Mr Marshall was dead: his workmen, when hunted out, remembered nothing: Mr Brown, cabinetmaker, of Dean Street, Soho (formerly Mr Marshall's foreman), could only refer to an old woman, who had lived many years with Mr Marshall, and knew more about his affairs than anybody living. This aged dame affixed her signature to a paper, declaring that she remembered the removal of the pictures from Fife House to Mr Marshall's, at 29 Gerard Street, in the year 1809; and that she also remembered Mr Charles Spachman, who lived at 39 Gerard Street in that year—that he was a picture-dealer, and had dealings with Mr Marshall. Mr Snare, in pleasureable excitement, hurried to search Mr Marshall's books: they had been sold as waste paper! Our hero, however, was worthy of his illustrious prototype Curle, who hunted poetic manuscripts in unmentionable localities. He was informed by Mr Crisp, print-seller, of Newman Street, who the parties were who had bought the books; and on recovering the precious fragments from Mr Porch, the cheesemonger of Goodge Street, and Mr Painter, the tobacconist of Edward Street, he found entries proving that pictures belonging to the Fife family passed in numbers through Mr Marshall's hands, and that Mr Charles Spachman had dealings in pictures with Mr Marshall even prior to the death of the Earl of Fife. The next object was to confirm the possession of this particular picture by the earl. The servants of Mr Burr of Mapledurham House appearing to look upon the picture with peculiar interest, Mr Snare discovered that this was owing to one of them being the son of a Mr Grant, who had lived for many years in the service of the earl. Mr Grant, on being appealed to whether Mr Snare's painting had ever been in Fife House, wrote in reply a letter, in which he mentions as many as four persons, independently of himself, who remembered having seen it there, though none of them could tell how it came into the family. The testimony of the earl was alone wanting, and even that, by and by, was forthcoming. In the course of his inquiries, Mr Snare found, in Lowndes's 'Bibliographer's Manual,' the following notice:—

'FIFE, LORD. A catalogue of Lord Fife's coins and medals. 1796. 4to. Privately printed.'

He was immediately led to believe that a catalogue of the paintings would also be in existence; and on further investigation, he at length discovered a quarto pamphlet, entitled,

'Catalogue of the Portraits and Pictures in the different Houses belonging to the Earl of Fife. 1798.'

The document bore no printer's or publisher's name, being evidently intended for private circulation; but any suspicion that might thence arise, was afterwards completely set at rest by the discovery of a reprint of the same catalogue, in the possession of Colonel Tynte of Halsewell, dated 1807—the only alteration being a slight addition to the preface. Colonel Tynte remembers having been shown his splendid galleries by the earl himself, who, then almost blind, appeared to know the histories of his paintings in the minutest parts. Indeed the preface to the catalogue evidences the care which the venerable nobleman must have taken to ascertain their authors, their dates, and their pedigrees. On the thirty-eighth page, under the head, 'First Drawing-room,' the following entry occurs:—

'Charles I. when Prince of Wales. Three-quarters. Painted at Madrid 1625, when his marriage with the Infanta was proposed.
——Velasquez.
This picture belonged to the Duke of Buckingham.'

Pennant, indeed, speaks of the portrait as a head; but this may be owing to confused recollection, especially as there appears to have been in the 'Little Drawing-room of the hall' a head of Charles I. by old Stone. As if to make everything complete, Mr T. F. Masnard writes, in a letter to Mr Snare—

'I have great pleasure in informing you that Mr Wilson of Welbech Street, Cavendish Square, has been to see the portrait, and recognised it as having seen it at Mr Marshall's in Gerard Street, hanging up in the front parlour with two others, one on each side. I have seen Mr Yates, senior, of 13 Old Bond Street, who perfectly recollects seeing the portrait of Charles at Mr Spachman's in Gerard Street, both gentlemen speaking positively.'

Mr Snare has adduced very sufficient reasons against the impression that Vandyke was the painter of the portrait; for although that great artist was in England for a few weeks in 1620, there is no proof that he exercised his art in the service of royalty till 1632, when Charles was too old for the portrait in question, and when any allusion to the Spanish match would have been an insult to the nation. With respect to the work of Velasquez, it is casually mentioned by the person who accompanied Amelot, the ambassador-extraordinary into Spain, in his 'Lives of the Most Famous Painters,' and by the poet Hayley, who was, in Miss Mitford's opinion, a very great Spanish scholar, in a note to Epistle i. of his 'Essay on Painting.' It is, however, merely mentioned. Cumberland, in his 'Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain,' alludes to it less vaguely. He states that Prince Charles 'did not sit to him (Velasquez), but Velasquez took a sketch of him as he was accompanying King Philip in the chase.' Pilkington reproduces this statement in words almost similar. As this description did not tally with the appearance of Mr Snare's portrait, he immediately surmised that Cumberland must have in some way fallen into error, and that most probably he did so in his rendering of his Spanish authority into English. He supports this view by very ingenious reasonings. Pacheco seems to have been Cumberland's authority; and on turning to his rare work, 'Arte de la Pintura,' a copy of which is in the British Museum, the following is found to be the allusion to the portrait of Prince Charles:—

'Hizo tabiè de camino un bosquexo del Principe de Galles, que le dio cien escudos.'

An imperfect Spanish scholar might conclude that Velasquez had taken a sketch of Prince Charles on the road or on the way; but the proper rendering stands—

'In the meantime he also took a sketch of the Prince of Wales, who presented him with one hundred crowns.'

There is, however, still another difficulty that arises out of the notice by Pacheco. He denominates Velasquez's portrait of Prince Charles 'a sketch,' while the one in question is a fine painting upon canvas. The term 'sketch' is very vaguely applied by artists; but, speaking generally, it may be used in reference to any picture to which the artist had not put the finishing touch. The question then comes to be—Did Velasquez make his sketches? Mr Ford, in his 'Handbook of Spain,' answers this very demand:

'He seems to have *drawn* on the canvas, for any sketches or previous studies on paper are never to be met with.'

These words characterise, Mr Snare tells us, the painting in its every lineament—its colour, its handling, its rapidity of execution. True, it is something better than the trifling sketch of a commonplace artist; but the price paid Velasquez—one hundred crowns—shows that it must have been excellent. The following extract from the office-book of the Lord Chamberlain the Earl of Pembroke, is proof that the prices paid by Charles for paintings were not very extravagant:—

'July 15, 1632.—A warrant for a privy seal of L.280, to be paid unto Sir Anthony Van Dyck for divers pictures made for his majesty—viz. for the picture of his majesty; another of Monsieur, the French king's brother; and another of the ambassadress, at length, L.25 a piece. One of the queen's majesty, another of the Prince of Orange, and another of their son, at half-length, at L.20 a piece.'

It is necessary to inquire whether the characteristics of the picture denote the author, the date, and the country ascribed to it. In Buchanan's 'Memoirs of Painting' we find the following remarks by M. Hacquin of Paris, an artist of vast experience in this particular topic:—

'M. Hacquin observed that Velasquez and Murillo have painted their pictures upon red earthy preparations, with which the Spanish canvas has almost uniformly been charged, and which hides their first process. Velasquez, who was aware of these red grounds rendering the shadows too opaque, has often introduced a light colour over them before he began to paint,' &c.

This ground can still be seen to have covered the canvas on which the portrait was originally painted, and the coarse texture of the cloth can still be detected. The pigments give decisive evidence of their belonging to the Spanish school, and are exactly similar to the pigments used in the authenticated works of Velasquez—'the Water Seller,' in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; the portrait of Philip II., in the Dulwich Gallery; and a whole-length portrait, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere. Mr Snare thus describes the painting itself:—

'Prince Charles is depicted in armour, decorated with the order of St George; the right arm rests upon a globe, and in the hand is held a baton; the left arm is leaning upon the hip, being partly supported by the hilt of the sword; a drapery of a yellow ground, crossed by stripes of red, is behind the figure, but the curtain is made to cover one half of the globe on which the right arm is poised; the expression is tranquil, but in the distance is depicted a siege, numerous figures being there engaged in storming a town or fortress.'

The warlike costume may at first appear objectionable, but there still remain scraps of proof of the very costume in the picture being that worn by the prince at Madrid. Nicholl's 'Progresses, &c. of James I.' contains a letter by the king to his son, when at Madrid. It says—

'My babie shall ressave his tilting stuffe now bravely set forth, and fit for a wooer; but, in goode faith, the weather will be so hoatte thaire before ye can use it, that I wolde wish ye rather to forbeare it, for I feare my babie may catch a fever by it.'

Aikin's 'Court of James I.,' vol. ii., contains another letter to the Prince and Buckingham, in which he says—

'Kirke and Gabriel will carry Georges and garters to you both with speed; but I dare send no jewels of any value to either of you by land for fear of robbers.'

The jewels, however, were afterwards sent by Sir Francis Steward, and amongst them—

'A fair sworde, which was Prince Henry's, fully garnished with a dyamondes of several bignes.'

It is worthy of note that the hilt of the sword in the picture sparkles as if jewelled. The drapery, which covers half of the globe, is a rich yellow damask, with streaks of red; these are the national colours of Spain. What can this symbol signify? It is quite evident that it was intended to mean something, for it may be discovered that the globe and drapery were after-thoughts, the clouds having in the first design been continuous behind the head. In the 'Memoirs of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham,' p. 17, we are told that on the arrival of the Prince and marquis—

'He (Olivarez) then complimented the marquis, and told him, "Now the Prince of England was in Spain, their masters would divide the world between them."'

In the first volume of the 'Journals of the House of Commons,' we find the following, at p. 270:—

'When arrived at Madrid, discovered first to Bristol, Duke went with Olivarez in a garden, where Olivarez much magnified the journey of Prince. Must be a match, and divide the world between them.'

In Rushworth's 'Historical Collections,' vol. i. p. 120, we find it stated, in 'Buckingham's Narrative,' 'that the Conde (Olivarez)

'Said, that now, without all peradventure, it must be a match, and we must part and divide the whole world between us.'

Here, then, is the riddle read: the prince leans on the globe, while the national drapery of Spain covers the half of it in its brilliant folds.

We do not enter on the artistic merits and characteristics of the painting, as clearly displaying the peculiar style and genius of the Homer of Spanish art. We have confined ourselves altogether to those minute and curious confirmations of Mr Snare's original impression, which perhaps together compose one of the most striking and interesting cases of circumstantial evidence that could be found in regard to the pedigree of any other portrait whatever.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE FRENCH PLAINS.

From the days of Theocritus down to those of Berquin, the perpetrators of eclogues, idyls, and pastorals have taken incredible pains to denaturalise the character of the shepherd. They have represented a race of individual coxcombs, redolent of musk and quintessences, who, with pastoral pipe, contend for musical prizes, talk familiarly with their fawns, languish in despair for unregarding beauties, carve their tormentors' names upon the barks of beeches, and with flower-wreathed crooks keep guard over flocks whiter than snow, and ornamented with favours and ribbons. They have placed, one and all, their fantastic creations in the midst of such exquisite and fairy scenery, that it was asked, with some show of reason, of the Chevalier Florian, a pastoral writer of no mean celebrity—who was, moreover, a lieutenant-colonel of dragoons, and gentleman's gentleman to the Duke de Penthièvre—why he did not quit the sword for the crook, and the court of Louis XVI. for the enchanting theatre of his heroes and heroines.

What a pity it is that the reality does not respond to the reveries of the bucolic poets! What gallant knights are Sylvander, Hylas, Menalcas, Celadon, Thyrsis, and Myrtillus! What charming and fascinating creatures are Lydamis, Chloe, Delphira, Daphne, Sylvia, and Amaryllis! How delightful it would be to live in the bosom of this elegant society of shepherds and shepherdesses, who would be the most seductive of mortals, were they not unfortunately the most unreasonable of reasonable beings!

Such as we see him, however, at the present day, in all his native simplicity, the shepherd is not less poetical than the delicate heroes of Fontenelle and D'Urfé. Behold him in the centre of the plain, wrapt in his long blue mantle, his crook in his hand, his figure tall, tawny, and sunburnt; the head overshadowed by a huge leathern hat, beneath which his long plaited hair hangs negligently down. With what royal gravity he advances at the head of his flock! What activity in his quiet calmness—what attention in his apparent indifference—the alertness of intelligence combined with an almost absolute immobility of form! What authority has he acquired over the entire troop, each one of which obeys the least sound of his voice! With what precision, perceiving a straggling sheep, does he launch the admonitory lump of earth which drives the wanderer back! With what dexterity he employs the hook which adorns the extremity of his long houlette, to separate from the flock a sheep whose soundness he has reason to suspect! Then his dogs, as they go and come, how cheerily they reply to the sonorous names which he has given them—Champagne, Corporal, General, Major! How carefully they restrain the flock within the limits assigned! So active and vigilant are they, that it is no uncommon thing to see a flock of three or four hundred sheep, under their superintendence, defile by a path scarcely four feet in width, through a field of young corn, without injuring a single blade. It has been the custom, from time immemorial, for the shepherds in France to date their contracts with the farmer from St John the Baptist's Day. Their wages are rather high, for upon them depends the ruin or the prosperity of their employers. They are privileged servants, and treated with respect by the whole household, including the master. The shepherd never takes his meals at the common table, but has separate rations, among which must not be forgotten the field-cake—a sort of dumpling-shaped loaf, called in Normandy a *brichet*. He performs his function in his own way, and is exempt from all other farm labour, with the exception of some occasional co-operation in the fabrication of bread for the daily consumption of the family. It is not unusual to find him on Sunday transformed into a precentor or sacristan, and in the house of prayer consecrating to the praise of his Maker a voice rendered hoarse and sonorous by long exercise against the wind and the tempest.

In the temperate parts of France, the shepherd leads his flocks to pasture about an hour or so before noon, when the dew has dried up. If the heat is very oppressive, he seeks the shadow of some hospitable foliage, stretches himself upon the green sward, and trusting in the vigilance of his dogs, indulges in slumber, soothed by the murmurs of a brook, the warbling of the birds, and the far-distant voices of the village chimes. When the welcome coolness of evening has refreshed the scorched herbage, the sheep are allowed to disperse and feed at liberty. The clattering of their horny feet is heard mingled with the tinkling of their little bells; and their guide, alone in the face of tranquil nature, arouses the echoes with songs bearing the impress of that melancholy which is the source and seal of popular melody.

After sheep-shearing, which takes place in the month of June, the shepherd quits the farm for the fields, where he establishes his domicile during the summer and the autumn. An enclosure of hurdles is the asylum of the flock during the night; and at no great distance arises the refuge of their guardian. This is a species of habitation nowhere mentioned in Theocritus, and as dissimilar to the garlanded grottos of the dealers in pastoral as anything that can well be imagined. The residence of the actual French shepherd is simply a wooden cabin mounted on wheels, sometimes three, sometimes four, and possesses undoubted advantages over both shed and sheiling, and all stationary abodes,

whatever it may be supposed to lose in regard to the picturesque. In the interior are a bed, an old carbine, a brace of pistols, and the necessary ammunition. On a shelf are a number of pots and bottles, containing the drugs and medicaments which go to make up his curative appliances. Suspended on tenter-hooks around the cabin are the bleached skulls of animals, which, being placed on the ground during the dark and moonless nights, serve him as guide-posts through the gloom. Upon the walls are pasted his favourite ballads, a picture of Our Lady of Liesse, the pictorial history of Pyramus and Thisbe, and some coarse-coloured engravings from the pedlar's stock. In one corner a mass of dogs'-eared relics of old books are fast going to decay: these are all of the marvellous and mysterious school of literature—dream-books, prophecying almanacks, astrological predictors, and the like. The possession of these strange documents has given him a reputation among the ignorant and superstitious for supernatural power, which he is at no pains to contradict, as it probably secures him from the annoyances of a too familiar companionship with his admirers. The simple fact, and it is one that will not admit of denial, is, that the shepherds as a body exhibit a marked superiority to the rest of the peasants. They are more gentle, more affable, more polite—merely because they are better informed. The opportunities of solitude and reflection must occasionally result in the improvement of the thinking faculties; and when a man is secluded in some mountainous and romantic retreat for weeks together, without seeing a human countenance, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should discover resources in himself which society might never have drawn forth. There can be no doubt that the world is largely indebted to the labours of this class in departments foreign to their profession. Warriors and conquerors, astronomers and poets, artists and mathematicians, have left the flock and the fold to delight and instruct, or to subdue and destroy their fellowmen. Without going back to remote antiquity, when a kingdom was a pasture-ground, and its shepherds were princes—without mentioning King David or the older worthies, whose history is a part of our faith—the annals of all times will supply us with numberless instances of genius, intelligence, and enterprise originating in the exercise of this peaceful and contemplative calling. Pope Sixtus V., Saint Turiof, Bishop of Dol, the celebrated Yakousky, the Parthian leader, and a great number of other illustrious men, commenced their career as keepers of flocks. It was in the fields, under the shade of the secular tree of the fairies, that Joan of Arc, musing o'er the woes of France, first resolved on the deliverance of her country. If Jaimerai Duval, professor of history at Luneville, and Peter Anich, the astronomer of Innspruck, had never kept watch over their flocks under the starry vault of heaven, it is certain they would never have acquired fame by the solution of celestial problems. It was in playing the *galoubet* (French flute), while his flocks were pasturing, that the musician Carbonel acquired the germ of that marvellous superiority upon this instrument, the theory of which he has consigned to the Encyclopædic Dictionary. Giotto, the Florentine artist, Elias Mathieu, the Flemish landscape painter, imbibed their love of nature from the study of her majestic beauties in the capacity of shepherds; and in our own day, Henri Mondeux, a young herdsman, native of a village in Touraine, has astonished the learned world by his wonderful attainments in mathematical science.

The shepherds themselves entertain a high opinion of their profession. On inquiring of one of them what had become of his coadjutor, who had disappeared from the farm, 'Ah,' replied he with a sigh, 'he has sadly disgraced himself; he has turned carrier.' Another being asked what he would do if he were rich, 'If I were rich,' said he, after considerable reflection, 'I would ride in a coach to the pastures.'

The functions of a shepherd require not only a sound bodily constitution, proof against all temperatures, but also an amount of practical knowledge not readily attained. An expert botanist, he seeks for his charge the chalky hill-sides where grow the trefoil and wild thyme, and carefully shuns the deadly poppy and other unwholesome plants. He knows that a pasture too uniform and abundant inflames the blood; that herbage too moist and rank entails abdominal disease. An able veterinary, he readily cures accidental wounds; he anoints the sheep after shearing with a mixture of butter, sulphur, and hogs'-lard; he scarifies tumours, and prevents the scab by inoculation. Nay, sometimes, proud of his success in the cure of animals, he applies his experience to human patients; and in the character of village quack, performs his lucrative but forbidden office so long as he can escape the intervention of the procureur du roi.

The dark nights of autumn, when winter is approaching, are the seasons of trial and peril to the shepherd. At this period the wolves, driven by hunger and care for their young, make no scruple of attacking the fold, in defiance of their guardian and his watchful dogs. No sooner do these, by their bayings, apprise him that a wolf is approaching, than he seizes his firearms, and advances against the marauder. The ravager, goaded by famine, in spite of the light which hangs at the cabin door, makes straight for his prey. *General* and *Major* fly at his throat with a valour that does credit to their names. A terrible combat ensues, which generally terminates by a brace of slugs from the shepherd's carbine through the brain of the uninvited guest. During the autumn of 1837, a shepherd of Livoncourt, in the department of the Vosges, named Moissonnier, had lost many of his sheep. One evening as he was leading his flock to water, he saw a gigantic wolf come out of a thicket, ascend the course of the stream for a short distance, and then plunge into the water and swim towards his charge. Moissonnier waits for him on the bank, prevents him by heavy blows of his crook from ascending the slope, and pierces him with many wounds. Unfortunately, the hook of his weapon becomes entangled in the flesh of the animal, and Moissonnier is drawn into the Saone. The combat continues in the midst of the water, and the courageous shepherd finishes by drowning his formidable antagonist.

About the time of All Saints' Day, the shepherd returns to the farm, but the winter does not interrupt his labours: he prepares the litters, attends to the wants of the breeding ewes, and leads his flock to the fields whenever the welcome sunshine softens the rigour of the season. Towards Christmas he passes whole nights with the suffering mothers, and receives the lambs in the folds of his mantle. According to an old usage, he places the first-born in a little crib bedecked with ribbons, carries it to the midnight mass, and with crook in hand, and wearing his tempest-torn mantle, returns thanks to Him whom shepherds were the first to worship in the stable of Bethlehem. This reverend custom is, however, fast going to decay, with many others we would fain see preserved. The profession of shepherd was a long time hereditary. His crook, his carbine (rusty, but sure), even the sheep-bells, were transmitted from sire to son, and preserved as sacred relics. But the chain which bound the present to the past is breaking link by link. The shepherds are losing their old tradition, fraternising more and more with the rustics of the village, and participating in the progress of modern society. Yet a few years, and we shall see their cabins fitted up with patent iron bedsteads (warranted), a percussion gun, the works of Voltaire, and books of the fashions. We have already seen one with spectacles and an umbrella! Shade of Theocritus! what say you to this?

Two varieties, sufficiently distinct from the shepherd, are the swineherd and the goatherd. The first follows, rather than directs, to the dense recesses of the forest, his undisciplined bands, always discontented, always grumbling, and sometimes rebellious to the extent of

trampling under foot and devouring their guardian. The goatherd accompanies his mountain troop through the showery morn, or beneath the burning sun—the capricious herd following their natural instincts, and susceptible of little discipline, choose their own path, and leap from crag to crag, and roll in the dewy grass, or bask in the sun, according to their 'own sweet will.' Their guide, if such he can be called, is as active, as fantastic, as independent as themselves. In the Pyrenees he has often secret connection with the contrabandists, or engages as a guide to travellers through the defiles and over the summits of the misty mountains.

At the close of 1823 there lived in the valley of Luchon a poor goatherd named Juan, the son of a soldier of the Empire, a lad of quick eye, supple limbs, and fearless heart. One evening while tending his goats, he heard the distant report of musket-shots proceeding from the Spanish territory. He ran to a rising ground, and perceived a guerilla party who had surprised a French detachment, and were mercilessly pursuing the scattered fugitives. The captain, closely pressed by two Spanish peasants, painfully climbed the rugged declivity. Juan drew his weapon, and barred the passage.

'Are you not a Frenchman?' said the captain, amazed.

'That is not the question just now,' said Juan. 'Surrender, or you are a dead man.'

The captain was soon overtaken, and disarmed by the two Spaniards, who recognised Juan, having seen him often at the village of Venta, near the French frontier.

'Well done, my lad!' cried one. 'But for you this scoundrel would have escaped; you shall share the booty.'

They immediately began plundering the prisoner, whose sword and portfolio were transferred to the goatherd. They prepared to kill their victim, when Juan interfered. 'Dead men are good for nothing,' said he. 'It strikes me that if we took this fellow to the alcalde at Venta, we should get a good reward.'

'He is right,' replied one of the peasants. 'What think you, Perez?'

Perez approved the proposition, and they commenced their march. At the end of a few minutes the little troop was enclosed in a long defile on the edge of a profound abyss. Juan, who knew every path on the mountain, advanced first, followed closely by the captain, the two Spaniards forming the rearguard.

At the narrowest part of the route, the young goatherd, turning suddenly, repassed the prisoner, and pushed one of the Spaniards over the precipice. The second cocked his blunderbuss, but Juan seized him by the legs, and they both rolled together from rock to rock. In the fall, Juan seized the projecting limb of a tree, plunged his knife in the bosom of his adversary, and returned an instant after to complete the safety of the captain, whose deliverance he had accomplished with such unparalleled audacity.

A LATE MEETING OF AGRICULTURISTS.

We gather some interesting indications of the progress of agricultural improvement in England, from the account given of a meeting which lately took place at Drayton Manor. Among other speakers on the occasion, we observe that Mr Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, in Essex, took part in the proceedings. We remember visiting Tiptree Hall a few years ago, shortly after it had come into the possession of its new proprietor, and while everything was in a raw untried condition. The thick clumsy fences had just been removed; a marsh had been only in part dried up; and the drains could scarcely be said to be in full operation; all, in short, was 'in expectation.' On this account we have read Mr Mechi's account of his experiences with more than ordinary interest, and are glad to find that in amateur farming—his main business being in London—he has fully realised expectations.

'The result of his improvements at Tiptree,' he went on to say, 'had been to double the produce of his farm and of his labour. A portion of it was formerly a swamp, not producing 5s. per acre. He had been intreated this year, by a gardener in the neighbourhood, to let those four acres to him at an annual rental of L.5 per acre. He had removed three and a half miles of unnecessary banks and fences. Taking the arable acreage of the United Kingdom, he thought they might safely dispense with 500,000 miles of unnecessary fencing, which, with its timber, displaced much food and labour. He considered the agriculture of this country in a very backward and unsatisfactory state compared with its manufactures. The agricultural mechanical appliances were rude, costly, and unprofitable. The farm buildings generally were bad, and uncentrically placed, causing a national loss of some millions; each ton of produce or manure costing an average carriage of 6d. per mile, renders the position of the buildings an important national consideration. Wagons were a most unphilosophical contrivance. It was quite clear that a long, light, low cart, on two wheels, having an area of capacity equal to a wagon, and only costing half as much, was a much more sensible and profitable mode of conveyance. The question was not now an open one, having been thoroughly discussed and decided upon at the London Farmers' Club; therefore the sooner the wagons were got rid of the better.' After alluding to various points of farm management, he came to that on which it would almost be impossible to speak too strongly—the universal waste of manures. 'He considered the waste of the liquid portions of the manure in most farmyards a great national calamity. It was a great mistake ever to allow water to fall on manure. Water was a very heavy article. A thousand gallons weighed 10,000 lbs., and were expensive to cart. He had heard farmers say when rain was falling that they should then litter their yards, and make manure! Straw and water, in fact. He found in practice that animals did well on their own excrements and straw under cover; that they consolidated the mass until it was four feet thick, when it would cut out like a good dungheap, and be fit to carry on the land. But if rain water were allowed to wash this mass, an injurious effect resulted both to the animal and to the manure. He could not afford to allow his manure to be well washed in the yards by drainage from the buildings, and afterwards to be washed, dried, and mangled by putting it out in heaps and turning over. It was a waste of time and of money. He found that his crops grew better with unwashed manure. A farmyard should be like a railway terminus—covered in, but amply ventilated. There was comfort and profit in keeping everything dry. It did away with the necessity for water-carts and tanks: the liquid portions of the excrements being just sufficient to moisten the straw and burnt earth, or other absorbent material. He admired, and practised to a certain extent, the Rev. Mr Huxtable's system of placing animals on boards, and concluded with the observation that good high farming was by far the most profitable; and that the starvation principle was a losing game. If we borrowed from the earth, we must repay, or we should soon find an empty exchequer.'

The plan of keeping animals on boards above alluded to is next described by the Rev. Mr Huxtable. 'From a want of a sufficient supply of straw from my farm,' said he, 'I determined to place my milch and store cattle on boards, as wood is an excellent non-conductor; and after a series of devices, I have succeeded in making them tolerably comfortable, so that I am now no longer dependent on my straw for the quantity of cattle which I keep. I am only limited in the number of animals which I keep by the amount of green food grown. In like manner, but with a variation of arrangement, the sheep were placed on small boards about three and a half inches wide, with an interval of about seven-eighths of an inch between each, to permit the manure to fall freely into properly-prepared tanks below. This is by far the most successful provision which I have made. Of 1000 sheep so placed, I have never had one lame. The pigs, in like manner, when fattened, sleep on a boarded stage above their feeding place, and except in very cold weather, require no straw for litter. Thus I have dispensed with a large expenditure of straw, which my cereals (half the farm) could not sufficiently provide. But I hear

some one exclaim, "What do you make of your straw?" First of all, a good deal is still required for bedding the horses, and the young stock which are in loose boxes; and as they never tread the green fields, they require a great quantity of white bedding. Secondly, a great deal is wanted for food, being mixed with the green leaves of the root crop and the mashed turnips. Thirdly, a ton per acre is used in making clover and vetches into imperfectly dried hay, with a due admixture of salt to arrest fermentation. These uses fully take up all the straw which I grow. I think the methods employed in preparing the manure from the "boarded" cattle deserve mention. First the liquid manure flows into large tanks; below them is another, which I call the mixing tank, for in it the manure is diluted with water to any degree which the state of the weather may require—the rule being that, in proportion to the increase of temperature, must be the increase of dilution; that is, the hotter the weather, the weaker should be the manure applied. In order to avoid the expensive and often injurious water-cart, I have laid down over the highest part of my farm a main of green elm pipe, of two inches diameter, bored in the solid wood; at every hundred yards' distance is an upright post, bored in the same manner, with a nozle. A forcing-pump, fixed at the mixing tank, discharges along these pipes, buried two feet in the ground, the fluid with a pressure of forty feet; of course it rushes up these pierced columns, and will discharge itself with great velocity through the nozle; to this I attach first of all forty yards of hose, and therewith water all the grass which it can reach. To the end of this hose another forty yards of hose is attached, and a still larger portion of the surface is irrigated, and so on for as many forty yards as are required. When enough has been irrigated at the first upright, the nozle is plugged, and the fluid is discharged at the next hundred yards' distanced column, and so on. For this application of the hose, I am entirely indebted to that most able man, Mr Edwin Chadwick: the green elm pipe is my own contrivance. The cost of the prepared canvas hose, which was obtained from Mr Holland of Manchester, was 1s. a yard; the wooden pipes cost me only 1s., and being underground, they will be most enduring. By an outlay of L.30, I can thus irrigate forty acres of land; and see how inexpensive, compared with the use of the water-cart and horse, is the application! A lad of fifteen works the forcing-pump; the attaching the hose and its management require a man and a boy. With these, then, equivalent to two men, I can easily water two acres a day, at the rate of forty hogsheads per acre of the best manure in the world; I say *best*, because all chemists will assure you that the liquid contains the principal nitrogenous and soluble salts, and therefore is far more valuable than the dung; and it is plain enough to every man, though he be no chemist, that plants can only take up the manure in a liquid form. The principal use which I make of the hose is to water the clover, and, above all, the noble, but much-decried Italian ryegrass, which comes the earliest, and grows the longest, of all the grasses; and I feel confident that, with such appliances as I have mentioned, you may secure fifty tons per annum of this milk-giving, fat-producing, muscle-making grass.'

The narration of these experiments demonstrates, we hope, a growing intelligence in England on the subject of agriculture; and it will be read everywhere with satisfaction.

THE PRINCE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

[We extract the following from a little volume called 'Popular Tumults,' which appears to be a reprint, although not acknowledged as such, of a work with the same title published by Mr Knight in 1838.]

A SINGULAR adventure, which exhibits the character of the people in the remote parts of the kingdom in a strong light, occurred in another district of Puglia. A few Corsican emigrants, who had left their island when the French occupied it, and had taken refuge in the kingdom of Naples, happened to be, in the early part of February 1799, in the town of Taranto, whence they intended to sail for Sicily. But the wind being contrary, they found themselves detained until messengers from the republican government established at Naples reached the place. The town acknowledged the new authorities. The Corsicans then thought it prudent to quit Taranto quietly, and, crossing the Iapygian peninsula, try their chance at Brindisi on the Adriatic coast, where they might meet with a passage for Trieste. After walking on foot through part of the country, they stopped for the night at the village of Monteasi, where they asked for lodging at the house of an old woman. There was a rumour afloat at the time that the king's eldest son, the hereditary prince, was concealed somewhere in the country. One of the Corsicans, it appears, either as a joke, or in order to insure better treatment, hinted to their hostess that the prince was one of their party. The appearance of the strangers, and their language, were different from what those villagers had been in the habit of seeing and hearing. The old woman ran to one of her relations, a substantial farmer in the place, named Girunda, and told him the news. The latter came immediately to pay his homage to his royal highness, and was directed to one of the youngest of the party, who was thought to bear some resemblance to the royal family. Girunda knelt before him, and offered all he had, and all he could dispose of. He then withdrew for the night. Being left to themselves, the Corsicans, and especially he who had been thus, without his consent, proclaimed a prince, began to reflect seriously on the probable consequences of this freak. French detachments were known to be approaching in that direction. Our party, therefore, thought prudent to make their escape in the night, and pursue their way towards Brindisi. The old woman, as soon as she missed them in the morning, went to inform Girunda, who, mounting his horse, followed by some of his men, went to seek after the fugitive prince, giving at the same time the alarm to the country around. The news spread like wildfire; the population ran to arms—the village bells were ringing. 'The king for ever! Down with the republic!' was shouted from a thousand mouths. At last the Corsicans were overtaken at the village of Mesagna, not far from Brindisi; they would fain have undeceived the people, but they perceived it was now too late. The pseudo-prince was obliged to assume his new honours with the best face he could. He praised the loyalty of the people, gave directions to the local authorities to introduce some regularity into their tumultuary movements, especially if they intended to oppose a successful resistance to the French; and then, as a measure of security, he removed his head-quarters to the castle of Brindisi, where, reflecting on the dangerous predicament on which he stood, having against his will usurped a title for which he would be called to account, yet judging that the insurrection thus raised might be of service to the king, he bethought himself of the expedient of proceeding himself to Sicily to give the first information of the event. He told the people that he had positive orders from his royal father to repair to him; that he would soon return with reinforcements; and meantime he would leave them two of his companions as his lieutenants, to organise the defence of the province. He did so, and was reluctantly allowed by the natives to sail. Having proceeded to Palermo, he stated candidly to the king and queen all that had happened, and he had the satisfaction of having his conduct approved of, and a pension allotted to him, which he continued ever after to enjoy. He afterwards held a commission in a foreign corps in the British service. I met him many years after at Naples, where he had taken up his residence since the peace, and he confirmed all the circumstances of this singular story. He must have been a very young man at the time he extricated himself with so much judgment from the difficult position in which he was placed. The two lieutenants he left behind with Girunda proceeded to arm the peasantry; they roused the whole province of Otranto and that of Bari, and thus established the insurrection in Puglia. They were, however, defeated by the French at Casamassima, when one of the leaders was taken prisoner; but the other, named De Cesare, escaped into Basilicata, where he joined the Calabrian insurrection, led by Cardinal Ruffo.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The suspension-bridge over the Danube at Pesth, designed by Mr Tierney Clark, and now nearly completed, is 1200 feet long, in three spans; the centre span being 600 feet, the side spans 300 feet each. The chains were made in England; the granite for the piers was brought in immense blocks, some of them from twelve to sixteen tons weight each, from Linz, in Upper Austria. The contractor for the cofferdams, &c. was an Englishman, as were the principal workmen, and all the machinery has been supplied from this country. The total cost of the erection, according to the 'Builder' newspaper, will be about L.600,000 sterling.

Paris newspapers announce the discovery of a vein of platinum in the metamorphic district of the valley of the Drac, department of Isère, which is expected to be worked with advantage. Hitherto this precious metal, which combines with incomparable hardness the lustre of gold and silver, has only been met with in the Ural Mountains, and its scarcity has always rendered the price very exorbitant.

In August of the present year, the south-east coast of England, from Margate to Brighton, was visited by one of the most numerous flights of insects on record. 'They consisted,' says one observer, 'of at least five species of lady-bird (*coccinella*), and they came in such dense numbers, as for miles along the coast to resemble a swarm of bees during hiving. The sea destroyed countless myriads of them; the grass and hedgerows, and every crevice that afforded shelter from the wind, were coloured with their numbers; and for many miles it was impossible to walk without crushing hundreds beneath the tread. The insects evidently came from the east, from the direction of Calais and Ostend.' Another observer, in order to give some idea of the extent and quantity of these little visitors, mentions that five bushels were swept from the Margate pier, and nearly the same from that of Ramsgate harbour.

M. Fleurian de Bellvue states, as the results of his observations and inquiries on the effects arising from stagnant water, that in marsh lands which are covered with water to a considerable depth during the great heats of summer, the inhabitants of the localities in which they exist are not more unhealthy than in other localities; but that where the stagnant water is of slight depth, the decomposition is attended with frightful consequences, and the mortality is great. Drainage either to dry the lands effectually, or to concentrate the surface water into one common reservoir of considerable depth, are the preventive means recommended.

In his 'Voyage to the Southern Seas,' Sir James Ross states that while in latitude 15° 3′ S. and longitude 23° 14′ W., he tried for, but did not obtain, soundings with a line of 4600 fathoms, or 27,600 feet. This is the greatest depth of the ocean that has yet been satisfactorily ascertained, but there is reason to believe that in many parts it is still deeper. The depth of the ocean, as contrasted with the height of mountains—the highest of which do not exceed 28,000 feet—is a desideratum in terrestrial physics of great interest and importance.

'There is no reason,' says a writer in the Athenæum, 'for our eating one or two of the numberless edible funguses—mushrooms, truffles, &c.—which our island produces, and condemning all the rest as worse than useless, under the name of "toad-stools." It is not so on the continent of Europe, where very generally the various species of fungi are esteemed agreeable and important articles of diet. The great drawback on the use of these esculents in this country is, that some are poisonous, and few persons possess the skill to distinguish them—with the exception of one or two species—from those which are edible. In the markets at Rome there is an "inspector of funguses" versed in botany, and whose duty it is to examine and report on all such plants exposed for sale. The safety with which these vegetables may be eaten has led to a very large consumption in that city, where not less than 140,000 lbs., worth L.4000 sterling, are annually made use of. This in a population of 156,000! We cannot estimate the value of funguses in our own country for an article of diet as less than in Italy, nor believe that the supply would be in a less ratio. If this be correct, the value of the funguses which are allowed to spring up and die, wasted in Great Britain, would be about half a million sterling in each year.' Admitting our culpable neglect of the mushroom family, we cannot find data for the above estimate, unless the writer means to furnish us at once with the climate and pasture wastes of Italy—a gift, part of which, even with all its mushrooms and truffles, we are not gourmands enough to envy.

THE DREDGING SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

[Nothing in the romance of music can be finer than to listen from the beach, on those fine autumnal mornings, to the song of the Newhaven fisherman plying the oar and hauling the oyster-dredge.—Sept. 30, 1847.]

Hurrah! for the oyster-dredging song,
Ye pilgrims of the deep;
The autumn winds are fresh and strong,
Why, then, your moorings keep?
The morning's mists fast clear away—
Night's reign of darkness o'er—
Up sail!—up sail! 'twill soon be day,
Then leave the slumbering shore!

The ocean wanderers court the gale
Which roars from sea to sky;
But we who raise the tiny sail,
The active oar must ply!
With early breeze we sweep the seas,
With steady stroke and slow;
The sea-birds high above us fly,
And the oyster sleeps below!

There's glory in the golden field,
When the sickle glances bright;
But not like the joys the waters yield,
When their treasures come to light!
Our hands were made for the bulky wave,
Our hearts are firm and strong;
And we launch our bark—be it light or dark—
Hurrah for the dredging song!

—*Scotsman.*

GOVERNING PRINCIPLES OF RELIGION.

Those who cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion—my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozen and cheat as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change, as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a dram better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be. He is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.—*John Selden.*

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 203. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847. Price 1½d.

A DAY IN YARROW.

'I HOPE the weather will hold up—it looks a little gloomy; and if the rain should come down on the open calash'——

'Don't speak of it. The glass is rising in a very determined-looking way. As for these clouds—pooh! we have always plenty of them sailing about the sky; they are as good as a parasol, and we should feel uncomfortably hot in Scotland without them. Ah, there they go, floating along the heavens, breaking into fantastic groups, and thinning off beautifully to the east. Keep your mind easy: there will be no rain—not a drop.'

It is not difficult to persuade a party going on a pleasure trip that they are to have surprisingly fine weather. My complimentary observations on Scotch clouds were therefore considered quite satisfactory by the English members of the expedition: and so off we set from Edinburgh, a happy little band of tourists. The horses bounded on their way, as if anxious, like everybody else, to get out of town. We soon left Braid Hills and the Pentlands behind; and the blue mountains of the south rose in tumultuary masses on the horizon.

Proud as a Scotsman is of his clouds, with their occasionally glowing and varied tints, he could at times be persuaded to give away a few of them, or to take blue sky in exchange; but nothing could induce him to part with a single hill, glen, loch, river, or burnie. Nature has given him all these to keep and love, and he has loved them so strongly, that for generations without number he has fought for them, and sung songs about them, and they have been to him things which he is never tired of visiting and expatiating upon. Some districts of Scotland, however, are more beloved than others. Hills, and valleys, and streams are not in themselves objects of veneration: that which imparts to them unspeakable charms, is an association with the moving events of history, with the lives of distinguished men, with circumstances over which poetry has bewitchingly thrown her mantle. The district which commands a large share of this enshrined reverence is a tract comprehending the vales of Tweed and Yarrow—the classic ground of Scotland, as one may call it—a scene of natural beauties—a spot where much of the simplicity of ancient manners still exists, along with the thriving industry of modern innovation—the country of

> 'Green hills and waters blue,
> Gray plaids and tarry woo.'

Tourists and travellers, ye are not wise to rush past this pleasing bit of auld Caledonia! Edinburgh for fine houses, the Hielands for grand scenery, but if you have a soul for the poetic and classic, take a range through the land of Scott and Hogg—loiter among the hills, and vales, and by the water sides of Peebles, Selkirk, and Roxburgh shires. Thither we are now bound. We are going to my own dear river the Tweed.

At the very starting from Edinburgh—face straight south—we traverse scenes rich in historical association—the heights of Braid, on which James IV. marshalled his forces, the flower of Scotland, before setting out for Flodden—the plains of Roslin, where the heroes in 'ye times of old' rolled back the tide of English invasion. Now clothed in the rich abundance of autumn, these plains are succeeded by the high grounds which bound the vale of the Lothians; and then do we enter on the pastoral region, which spreads away in successive ranges of round swelling hills to the Borders. Leaving the land of coal-pits, limekilns, and highly-cultured fields, we drop down upon a scene of Arcadian sweetness, in the midst of which we come to the pretty little town of Peebles, embowered among wood-clad heights; and there, flowing by its side, we catch the first glance of the pure and sparkling Tweed. It may be partiality; but somehow we have never seen any stream at home or abroad half so 'bonny' as this river. For one thing, the Tweed is left what nature made it. Its waters are 'never drumly.' From top to bottom it runs over its original and appropriate bed of rounded pebbles—some of them white 'candies,' which you can see as clearly at a depth of a dozen feet as if they lay scattered around you. Then the banks are all grassy. Green herbage, and wee white gowans, and heather-bells, and 'siller saughs wi' downy buds' adorn its margin. At one place we have a haugh, on which cattle are seen luxuriantly ruminating; next we have clumps of trees—a policy—amidst which stands a modern mansion; and last of all, at a great many turnings, we come upon the spectral gray ruin of an old Border keep, whose walls, harder than the rock on which they are perched, bid defiance alike to time and tempest. What volumes of stories could be told about these curious old castles!

One of them, Neidpath Castle, is associated with my remembrance from the days of infancy. There, just a mile above Peebles, on a precipitous knoll overhanging the river, it stands as I used to see it forty years ago—mirrored, with its bartizan and wallflowers, on the surface of the waters—unchangeable. Generation after generation for ages has looked on that gaunt apparition: all are gone, and yet it remains; and who can doubt that it will remain when we and many generations after us are swept into eternity? Flesh and blood, what poor weak things ye are! With all your craft and pretensions, stone and lime keep the stage long after you have disappeared! And no wonder. The walls of Neidpath are twelve feet thick; and one shudders as he is conducted through the dungeons, impenetrable to the light of day, albeit the keeper, in her

good-humoured Doric, reminds you that there is now nothing in the world to fear. By way, however, of letting her visitors know what sort of social economy used to prevail langsyne—expecting of course that we should all be very thankful that we did not live five hundred years ago—she relates the tragedy of a poor man having been confined in one of the cells till he died of hunger: 'and there,' she adds, pointing to a stone, 'was the puir gangrel body found wi' his fingers half eaten off—aih, it was an awfu' like thing!' Quite true, my good woman—a very 'awfu' like thing:' we are well rid of 'auld langsyne.'

Below Peebles, the valley of the Tweed is adorned with many thriving plantations, and assumes the softness of an Italian landscape. Here also the mansions of the 'lairds' improve in general character, giving token of a substantial resident proprietary. While driving on our way through this sylvan district, let us recall an anecdote of a family whose residence is in the neighbourhood.

One fine summer day—two hundred years ago—as Murray, the laird of Blackbarony, was strolling down the brae from his house, he saw the laird of Hayston, mounted on a white pony, approaching as if with the intention of visiting his mansion. After the usual greetings, Murray asked Hayston if that was his intention. 'Deed it's just that,' quoth Hayston; 'and I'll tell you my errand. I am gaun to court your daughter Jean.' At any other time Murray would have had no objection to the visit; but at present, he had his own reasons for declining the honour—the truth being, that Jean's only pair of shoes were at the mending. He accordingly gave the thing the go-by, by saying that his daughter was too young for the laird. 'E'en's you like,' said Hayston, who was somewhat dorty, and thereupon took an unceremonious leave of Blackbarony, hinting that his visit perhaps would be more acceptable somewhere else. Blackbarony went home, and immediately told his wife what had passed. Her ladyship, on a moment's reflection, seeing the advantage that was thus likely to be lost in the establishment of her daughter, and to whom the disparity of years was no objection, immediately exclaimed, 'Are ye daft, laird? Gang awa' immediately, and call Hayston back again.' On this the laird observed, 'Ye ken, my dear, Jean's shoon are at the mending.' 'Hoot awa, sic nonsense,' says her ladyship; 'I'll lend her mine.' 'And what'll ye do yoursel'?' 'Do,' says the considerate dame; 'I'll put on your boots. I've lang petticoats, and they'll never be noticed. Rin and cry back the laird.' Blackbarony was at once convinced by the reasoning and ingenuity of his wife; and as Hayston's pony was none of the fleetest, Blackbarony had little difficulty in overtaking him, and persuading him to turn again, the laird having really conceived an affection for his neighbour's daughter. The visit was paid; Jean was introduced in her mother's shoes; the boots were never noticed; and the wedding took place in due time, and was celebrated with all the mirth and jollity usually displayed on such occasions. The union turned out happily, and from it are sprung and lineally descended the family of Hayston. Such is an old-world story of Tweedside.

At six miles below Peebles we arrive at Innerleithen—the St Ronan's, as it is alleged, of Scott; here the soft and more charming scenery ceases, and then comes a tract, all about Elibank, brown and pastoral: sheep dotting the hills—little tributary glens, solitary and seemingly out of the world, yet not disconnected altogether with human weal and wo; for in a bend of the hill stands a lowly thatched 'bigging,' exactly the sort of cot that turned out a Buchanan and a Burns, and, we will be bound to say, inhabited by a decent, God-fearing family.

Crossing the Tweed by a bridge at Innerleithen, we are close upon Traquair, but turning to the left, we in the meanwhile pursue our way down the right bank of the river to Elibank—an old castle and a modern mansion. Traditional legends, the subjects of ballads, here also. But these were not our aim. We came by invitation to have a ramble down to Ashiestiel and all 'thereaway,' with the promise to boot, if we had a mind, of peeping into a grouse pie. Such a day! Scene—the sun shining gaily overhead—brown heathy hills all around—a party from whom bursts of merriment go sounding down the valley—and at intervals, if you chose to listen, the gush of the Tweed heard from amongst the greenwood. A mile or two below Elibank, we arrive at the mansion of Ashiestiel, where Scott spent some of the happiest years of his life, and wrote some of his most pleasing poems. Situated in what was formerly a part of Ettrick Forest, and still popularly known by that name, though scarcely a vestige of the old timber remains, the poet's descriptions convey a vivid picture of the spot:—

> 'The scenes are desert now, and bare,
> Where flourished once a forest fair,
> When these waste glens with copse were lined,
> And peopled with the hart and hind.
> Yon thorn, perchance, whose prickly spears
> Have fenced him for three hundred years,
> While fell around his green compeers—
> Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
> The changes of his parent dell,
> Since he, so gray and stubborn now,
> Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
> Would he could tell how deep the shade
> A thousand mingled branches made;
> How broad the shadows of the oak,
> How clung the rowan to the rock,
> And through the foliage showed his head,
> With narrow leaves and berries red;
> What pines on every mountain sprung,
> O'er every dell what birches hung,
> In every breeze what aspens shook,
> What alders shaded every brook!
> "Here in the shade," methinks he'd say,
> "The mighty stag at noontide lay;
> The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game
> (The neighbouring dingle bears his name),
> With lurching step around me prowl,
> And stop, against the moon to howl;
> The mountain boar, on battle set,
> His tusks upon my stem would whet;
> While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
> Have bounded by, through gay greenwood."'

Following the course of the river downwards, the banks close in at Yair, where

> 'Scarce can the Tweed his passage find;'

and returning from this spot, we arrived at Elibank, where we spent a most agreeable afternoon. But it was necessary we should be on our way; and where should we all pass the night? How nicely some things in this queer world come about! Our calash is bowling along. A field with reapers is in sight.

'Capital stooks these—what a harvest there will be this year! Let us have a look at what is going on.'

And just as the carriage stops, the master of the reapers heaves in sight.

'As I'm a living man that's my old friend, the farmer of ———. Here he comes.'

'No possible!' cries the farmer, as he approaches, surprised with the spectacle of a parcel of Edinburgh acquaintances in the Forest.

'Quite possible; here we are on our way to Tibby Shiels's for the night. How far, ken ye, is it to Tibby's?'

'Tibby Shiels's! Ye's no gang a fit to Tibby's the nicht. I'll warrant it's sixteen miles to Tibby's; and it'll be dark afore ye get frae amang the hills. Na, na; ye maun a' tak a bed at Juniper Bank. What wad the guidwife say if she kenned ye gaed past the door?'

'But look at all these ladies!'

'Houts, never mind; we've plenty up-pittin' for the hale o' ye. And the leddies, I'm thinkin', will be the maist welcome. Weel, what a strange thing to meet *yqu* here!'

Who could resist such persuasives? The preliminaries were speedily settled. We sorned during the night at our friend's house. I think we got to bed somewhere about twelve o'clock, after a tremendous amount of talking—the ladies entertaining the guidwife with town news, and the guidman, whose farm was half pastoral, giving me such an insight into the subject of sheep, lambs, dinmonts, wethers, hirsels, wool, shepherds, and collies, that I almost felt inclined to pitch pen and paper to the dogs, and take up the trade of store farmer.

The sheep-farming of the south of Scotland—to give form to our gossip on the subject—is a peculiar sort of thing, and is carried on over an extensive region, by rather a peculiar sort of people. If anybody has a notion of buying land, I should by all means recommend him to get hold of a cluster of Scotch hills. There they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; needing no enclosing, fencing, building, draining, or any other processes which pick the pockets of ordinary landed proprietors. Snow, rain, and sunshine are their sole appliances, and these nature bounteously imparts. Nor have the tenant farmers any heavy responsibilities. A considerable number of the farms are conducted entirely by resident shepherds, the master possibly living fifty miles off, and only requiring to visit his flocks at distant periods. But whether near or far away, the farmer resigns pretty nearly the whole management to his shepherds. Theoretically, these auxiliaries are in the capacity of hired servants; but practically, they are a species of subordinate partners in the concern; and left so much to themselves, this becomes an indispensable arrangement. The Scotch shepherd is an educated, religious, and highly trustworthy being. Living with his wife in a small thatched house in a remote glen, and his occupation being more of the character of watching than working, he has a large share of time on his hands, becomes a diligent reader, and as for power of argument on kittle points of theology, is a fair match for a bishop. The disposition to argle-bargle on religious topics is no doubt an unpleasant feature in the Scotch character; yet, after all, as everybody must have his weaknesses, I should incline to prefer a peasant metaphysician to a peasant nothing-at-all—a shepherd whose mind keeps criticising all the week long on last Sunday's sermon, to a labourer in a smock who keeps thinking only of bacon or beer. Talking of this, I am reminded of an anecdote of a Scotch shepherd, which gives one an idea of the character. A minister engaged in making a periodical visitation to the houses of his parishioners, was addressed by a venerable worthy—'Noo, sir, since ye've speered sae mony questions at me, will ye allow me to speer ane at you?' 'By all means, John; go on.' 'Weel, then, will ye tell me whether it's a greater sin to steal at mid-day or at midnight?' 'How can you ask so silly a question, John?' replied the minister. 'I shall give you no answer to it.' In the course of years, the minister was summoned to attend John on his deathbed. The veteran of the hills was at the last gasp; but something seemed to lie on his mind. 'If there be anything troubling your conscience, John, I hope you'll tell me what it is,' said the minister. 'I have naething particular, sir, except yon question you never answered.' 'What question?' 'The question as to whether it's a greater sin to steal at noonday than in the dead o' night.' 'I cannot imagine,' answered the clergyman, 'why you should consider there is any difference in the sin, at whatever hour it be committed.' 'Ah, sir, I have ye noo,' replied the dying rustic with a gleam of satisfaction. 'Ye're clearly in the wrang; for he that steals at mid-day has only ae sin to answer for; but he that steals when it's dark thinks to cheat God, and that makes the theft a double sin!' With this delightful victory over the minister, John died in peace.

Besides their love of polemics, the southland shepherds are great politicians, and take a considerable interest in the moving events of the day. The expedient by which they carry on their literary correspondence is curious. There being few houses in the compass of their extensive walks, they have certain well-known appointed places among the hills where newspapers and letters may be deposited. By this means a newspaper or magazine will be handed on from hand to hand, and read over a district of fifty miles. These post-offices, as they may be called, are usually the dry cleft of a rock, or a recess within a particular whin bush, not likely to be stumbled on by strangers.

Hogg, who spent his early years as a shepherd, has pictured many traits of this class of men—their meetings at night to discuss social and ethical questions, their endurance of fatigue during snow-storms, and their generally primitive way of living. I think, however, that he has not recorded the manner in which they frequently rise in their profession. What a shepherd realises, put it altogether, may not be worth more than fifty pounds a year; yet look how he manages. A free cot-house; three loads of meal per annum; the grass of a cow; peat fuel free, if there be any, and the driving of coal, if there be none; and the keep of ordinarily forty-five sheep—a pig also, kept by the guidwife—are about the whole of it. In the country, however, there seems to be a blessing in the manner of living. Wants are limited, luxuries are scarcely thought of, and therefore little money is required to be given out. Nine sheep are sold every year, as they come to perfection; and as many lambs are left to make up the deficiency. The sale of these sheep, also of a certain number of lambs, and likewise of a quantity of wool, forms the cash-bringing-in principle. What is there to pay for but 'schooling to the bairns?'—a thing never omitted—and occasionally a new gown or coat; the bulk of the garments being of homespun material. Economy!—how badly the world would get on without thee! What a useless animal the man who habitually spends all he makes, in comparison with him who keeps adding to the capital of society! Shepherds occasionally rise to be farmers; and when such is the case, they usually help each other. Half-a-dozen acquaintances will lend their whole savings to a neighbour, on the occasion of his taking a small farm; and how creditable to have to tell that these loans are usually given without any kind of written acknowledgment.

The possession of a stock of sheep is indispensable to a shepherd seeking employment; and whatever be the number he possesses, it is a necessary arrangement that a portion of them shall mingle with each flock under his charge, by which means he is furnished with the strongest inducement to take care of the whole of the sheep on the farm. Sheep are sold in detachments at fairs and trysts, and always according to quality. A good is not mixed with a bad lot. As the shepherd's sheep are sold along with those of the farmer, and are afterwards accounted for, the shepherd has here another strong inducement to be careful; because the more sheep of his own which can be draughted into the good lots, the more money he receives. On this account he is as anxious as his master to improve the general breed on the farm, and to secure the flocks against injury or deterioration. I was curious to know how a shepherd is able to realise a stock at his outset in life. He commences while a boy. Employed first as a humble

assistant on a farm, his master, by way of rewarding his diligence, will probably give him a ewe lamb; and failing this present, he receives a lamb from his father. This lamb is his first venture. It feeds with his master's flocks, and its increase in due season is his property. In a few years, by means of this increase, and also by a rigid economy in wages, which enables him to buy a few sheep, he gradually attains a full stock, and then payment to him in money ceases. Now the owner of forty-five sheep, each with a distinctive mark as his property, he feels all the satisfaction and importance of having an investment liable to increase, and which care and perseverance may improve. When he leaves his place, he does not take his sheep with him. His master or his successor must buy his stock of animals, and let them remain, because sheep have curious ways about them, and don't like removals. Day by day, for a series of years, flocks range in the same unvarying circle; always coming round by the sweet low-lying pastures at noon, and nibbling their way to the higher grounds at night. With respect to the social character of sheep, a stranger looking at a hill-side might suppose that, dotted like white specks over it, the sheep had no connection with each other. Quite a mistake. They form distinct societies among themselves; and those which constitute one group of acquaintances never willingly mingle with another.

Within the last forty years a great change has taken place in the breeds of sheep pasturing in these regions. Formerly, the small or black-faced animal was universal; but now, for the sake of finer and longer wool, the Cheviot, Leicester, and other white-faced varieties are more common. The old Scotch sheep may be said to have been better adapted for a hilly country than the heavy and refined creatures of modern days. He was a capital climber, could 'loup a dike' like a hunter at a steeple-chase, and, according to my friend's account, he possessed a particularly happy knack of eating whins —prickly furze—'without jagging his mouth.' This latter point of character, from long habit, was apparently engrafted on the instincts of the animal; for a young black-faced lamb, without instruction, would take quite naturally to the nibbling of whins, and do the thing so discreetly, that it escaped any sort of injury.

With such chat the night was pleasantly spent; and even in the morning before starting I was able to squeeze out an additional budget of pastoral statistics. However, the time approaches for parting; and with many kindly adieus, we are on our way for Yarrow.

The road we took was by Traquair, the ancient seat of an earl of that title, with a scattered village adjoining. Up the valley of the Quair, a small tributary of the Tweed, our calash proceeded at a fair pace, passing on our right the scene of the old lyric, 'the Bush aboon Traquair,' till we got immersed among the hills, and nothing met the eye but bare round-topped mountains, wild and solitary. Up and up we went, till, reaching the height of the country, we descended by a southern slope to the vale of the Yarrow.

Suddenly the Yarrow, a silvery streamlet, is seen winding down the hollow. We can at first scarcely understand how a thing so small, and with so little of the garniture of nature around, can have excited such a variety of poetical emotions. Yet no river in Scotland, not even the Tweed, has been the theme of so many successive poems—generally, however, of a doleful or pensive kind, referring to acts of strife, or appropriate to

> 'The grace of forest charms decayed,
> And pastoral melancholy.'

First we have the old ballad describing an unfortunate brawl on the banks of the Yarrow between Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law one of the Scotts of Thirlstane, in which the latter is slain.

> 'Oh stay at hame, my noble lord!
> Oh stay at hame my marrow!
> My cruel brother will you betray,
> On the dowie howms o' Yarrow.'

How far the rhyme of 'marrow and Yarrow' may have induced poets to make the vale of Yarrow the scene of their ballads may be left to conjecture. 'Marrow' is a good Scotch word, signifying a match—any two things not properly paired being said to be 'not marrows;' and it would seem that this was too excellent an idea in connection with Yarrow to escape poetic seizure. Thanks to this, perhaps, and also to the old ballad, Hamilton of Bangour has bequeathed the fine effusion beginning,

> 'Busk ye,* busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
> Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
> Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
> And think nae mair o' the braes o' Yarrow.'

Other ballads involve in their respective imagery the howms or holms of Yarrow, with the adjoining scenery, in which some of the old Border castles still figure. Finally, in consequence of these poems, old and new, Mr Wordsworth contracted a veneration for the vale—a feeling so high, that he refused in 1803, during a tour in Scotland, to enter Yarrow, lest the sight of it should dispel the agreeable vision cherished by fancy. He consequently wrote his fine poem of 'Yarrow Unvisited.' In 1814, making another tour in Scotland, he ventured into this fairyland of poetic fiction, and commemorated the result of the experiment in the kindred poem of 'Yarrow Visited,' commencing with the well-known lines—

> 'And is this—Yarrow? *This* the stream
> Of which my fancy cherished
> So faithfully a waking dream?
> An image that hath perished!
>
> Oh that some minstrel's harp were near
> To utter notes of gladness,
> And chase this silence from the air,
> That fills my heart with sadness!'

Entering Yarrow by the route from Traquair, we have immediately before us the farm of Mount Benger, of which Hogg was some time tenant; and beyond, on the opposite side of the vale, Altrive Lake, a house of respectable appearance, in which the poor shepherd terminated his earthly career. By an opening among the hills in this direction, a road proceeds to Ettrick, a kindred valley on the south. In turning to the right up the Yarrow, we have an almost immediate view of the chief beauty of the district—St Mary's Loch, a fine sheet of water several miles in length, fringed with a white pebbly beach. Passing the old tower of Dryhope, once the residence of the beautiful Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, and the poetically as well as religiously-consecrated burying-ground of St Mary's Kirk, the drive is delightful, particularly if the day be warm and sunny, as it was on the present occasion. We are now in the bosom of the Vale of Yarrow; and bound for the general centre of attraction at Tibby Shiels's, we pass the opening into Meggetdale, also possessing scenes celebrated in tradition and Border minstrelsy.

Pity we have no time to go up the Megget; but it is approaching noon, and Tibby's cozy hostelry is now in sight, nestling among a few trees at the head of the lake. We must get on our way, for we have much work before us; and that vulgar affair, dinner, even in a land of poetry, must be thought of. Behold us, then, driving up to Tibby's. Erected on a slip of meadow land, with a small garden around, her little domicile may be considered quite an oasis in the desert; nor could it have been placed with better effect. To the east stretches St Mary's Loch, while a similar sheet of water, the Loch of the Lowes, bounds it on the west. Not properly speaking 'a public,' for Tibby would not expose herself to promiscuous intrusion 'by taking out the license,' the establishment—a neat slated house, with a surprising amount of stowage—answers all the purposes of a wayside inn; and nowhere will the angler or knapsacked tourist find such a place of comfortable repose.

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* Busk ye—dress or adorn yourself.

'Well, Tibby, ye'll not recollect me?'

'Aih, I do that,' replied the worthy dame, in the mellifluous dialect of the Forest, as she bustles forward. 'I mind o' you real weel; and I am sae glad to see you. Will ye a' come in by?'

'Not at present, Tibby; we are going to the Gray-Mare's Tail; and you will be so kind as prepare dinner for us before we come back.'

'I'll do that.'

And so, with this arrangement, off we went on a walking excursion to see one of the greatest natural curiosities of the south of Scotland. The Gray-Mare's Tail, be it known to those who never heard of the thing before, is a streamlet from Loch Skene, a solitary sheet of water, among the higher mountains, which dashes down a rocky and precipitous ravine, and forms a waterfall of some two hundred feet. Pursuing the Vale of Yarrow to its extremity on the west, we descend into the Vale of Moffat Water, down which, at the distance of a mile, we come upon the cataract. Rain had fortunately been falling among the hills, and the Tail was in prime order—a grand stream of foam and spray leaping from point to point in snowy masses, till it was lost in the gurgling abyss beneath. Loch Skene, whence the rivulet proceeds, is reckoned to be one of the gloomiest mountain tarns in Scotland. I had visited it the previous summer, and will ever retain a forcible recollection of its appearance — silent, dark, and desolate. Difficult of access, and surrounded by savage mosses and hills, it was in its lonely sublimity a thing to be associated in the imagination with the fabled and inapproachable 'Waters of Oblivion.'

Back to Tibby's at four. The fowls and gigot excellent; but a greater treat was a renewed chat with the good-natured hostess.

'Tibby, ye'll often be rather lonely here, I suppose?'

'Ay, we are that. Sometimes in winter we dinna see a livin' cratur for three months. But we maunna compleen. There's generally plenty visitors at this time o' the year.'

'I've heard that you have sometimes as many as five-and-thirty in a night.'

'That's only about the twalt o' August, when the shooters come up amang the hills.'

'But you have not beds for so large a number?'

'That's true; but after a' the beds are filled, they just lie on the floor, or onygate. We do what we can to mak' them comfortable.'

'And you have been here many years? It will now be a considerable time since your husband died?'

'Ay, it's a lang time; but Providence has aye been kind to the widow and the fatherless. I'm thankfu' I've been spared to bring up my family, as it was my duty to do.'

'And you always prefer keeping your own name?'

'Ou ay; folk a' ken me best as Tibby Shiels; and I daresay, when I'm dead and gane, this place here will still be ca'ed Tibby Shiels's.'

'I understand there's been a grand wedding over at Lord Napier's.'

'A grand waddin', indeed; there hasna been the like o't in Ettrick for a hunder years I daresay.'

And so we had Tibby's account of this great local event, with a lot of gossip besides, until it was time to depart. We did not bid good-by without regret at the necessary shortness of our visit; and I feel bound to add, for the general enlightenment of mankind, that if anybody does not know what to do with himself, and can put up with the fare of the hills, and wishes to get out of the reach of post-offices and other sources of harassment, he should go and rusticate at Tibby Shiels's.

Our drive down Yarrow was accelerated by the approach of nightfall; but a sufficiency of light remained, as we issued from the hills at Selkirk, to show that the scenery had changed its character, and that we were again entering on the soft landscapes of the Tweed. Next day was devoted to a series of visits to places abounding in interest and beauty: Abbotsford—the ruined abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, in the last of which lie the remains of Scott—and finally Kelso; the whole a chain of spots over a tract of twenty miles, in one of the loveliest districts in Scotland. But all this has been again and again described, and from me requires no repetition; so—to draw a long story to a close—here ends A Day in Yarrow. W. C.

THE JAGUAR HUNTER.

The pioneer settlers in the southern states of America are often exposed to danger from the attacks of wild animals. This is more particularly the case in approaching the tropical regions. The squatters of Texas relate many fearful tales of conflicts with panthers and wolves. In the states of the Mexican union, however, the ferocious jaguar, or South American tiger, is met with, which commits fearful ravages among the numerous herds of cattle and horses, from the breeding and sale of which many large proprietors derive a princely income. I was once staying for a few weeks at one of these estates, where a jaguar had for some time kept the whole establishment in alarm, and escaped all attempts made for its destruction. At last, on the return of a hunter, who had been absent on a distant expedition, all apprehension as to further annoyance ceased; for such were the courage and skill of the new-comer in attacking these animals, as to have gained for him the name of Bermudes *el Matasiete*, or 'Killer-of-Seven.' On the night following his arrival, he invited me to join him in watching for the intruder, and appointed the rendezvous at the *Ojo de Agua*, a fountain at the foot of a slope stretching gradually away till it met the forest.

Soon after sunset I strolled towards the place agreed on. A tall cedar stood near the fountain, its lower branches dipping into the water as it bubbled away to the bottom of the valley. Behind the cedar rose the knotty trunks of a group of mahogany-trees, interspersed with flowery sumachs. On the opposite side, a little glade was formed by a cluster of ash-trees, at the entrance of which I found the hunter lying at his ease upon the grass, enjoying the coolness after the extreme heat of the day, with his blue-barrelled rifle at his side. I congratulated him on the choice of so picturesque a site for the rendezvous. 'I am delighted,' he replied with a smile, the whole meaning of which I did not at first comprehend, 'that the place is to your taste, but you will see before long that it is better chosen than you think.'

We had not long been seated when a second hunter appeared, a tall Canadian, his rifle in one hand, and leading a lame colt by the other. After exchanging a few words with Bermudes, he tied the limping animal to the stem of the cedar by a long and strong cord, and then came to sit down by our side on the moss. I was at a loss to understand the object of these preparations, and of the fires which had been kindled in various directions. On questioning the Mexican, he rose, and conducting me to the edge of the fountain, showed me several formidable footprints in the damp soil. 'Those marks,' he continued, 'were made yesterday—of that I am certain. The jaguar, therefore, has not drunk for twenty-four hours, and for twenty leagues round there is not a drop of water but what is here on the estate. The fires yonder will scare the animal in that quarter; while thirst and the scent of the colt will certainly bring him here in the course of this night.'

The logic of this reasoning appeared to me irresistible; and I found myself, quite unarmed, suddenly transformed into a tiger hunter. At first I thought my best course would be to make a quiet retreat; a mixture of curiosity and self-esteem, however, induced me to stay. The Canadian was stretched at full length on the bank, snoring loudly. Bermudes beckoned me to sit down by his side, and to pass away the time, gave me an account of his numerous adventures. As we had yet four hours to wait before the animal could be expected to make his appearance, I sat patiently listen-

ing, while the hunter went on with his tale. For an hour no other sound save that of his voice and the loud breathing of the sleeper disturbed the silence. All at once the colt started and reared in alarm, and the dry bushes crackled with so dismal a sound, that I could not repress a shudder. 'Did you not hear a howl?' I inquired of Bermudes, who shook his head and laughed as he answered, 'When you have once, only once, heard a tiger's roar, you will never again be likely to mistake for it the humming of mosquitos. In a few hours you will be as well instructed on this point as I am.'

It was a false alarm: all became quiet as before, while the hunter continued the history of his exploits. But a second interruption followed; the colt began to utter a cry between a shriek and a moan. 'Is it mosquitos this time,' I asked, 'that so terrifies the poor animal?'

'Probably not,' rejoined Bermudes. 'Listen!'

'Hold—look yonder!' I said, pointing to a young poplar that rose above the surrounding trees; 'it is not the wind which shakes that tree while all the others are motionless.'

'It is the jaguar,' said the hunter after a pause. 'At present he is playing the brave, but his hour is not yet come; and for the moment he is more afraid than you are. Do not think, however,' he pursued, 'that tiger-shooting has no dangers. You will be able to judge how much another hour without drinking will have exasperated the animal. I have seen many a brave man turn pale at their frightful roar.'

Having expressed my uneasiness at being unarmed, my companion promised to furnish me with a weapon when the fitting moment should arrive, and resumed his recital where he had left off. But as the night grew darker, the interruptions became more frequent, and by and by a distant growl was heard, followed by a plaintive and menacing howl. 'I was mistaken,' said the hunter, coming to a pause; 'instead of one tiger there are two. Males never attack in company; and should it be male and female, we shall have a double warning, for Providence, which has given a rattle to the most dangerous of serpents to announce its approach, has also given to wild animals eyes that glisten in the night, and roaring voices to proclaim their attack.'

This assertion was far from agreeable, but the danger was still distant; the moment had not yet come when thirst makes these animals forget the involuntary dread which they have of the presence of man. All was again quiet in the woods, whose gloomy depths were thrown into shadow by the moonlight. The Canadian had risen from the grass, and leaned drowsily against the tree, smoking a short pipe, with his rifle between his knees. I had learned enough of the course of the stars to know that the hour was at hand for which we had so long been watching. Bermudes again spoke:—'It is time now to think of you,' he said. 'Do you not perceive that the silence becomes more and more profound around us, and that the odour of the plants has almost changed? Under the influence of the night they exhale a new perfume. When you have lived longer in the desert, you will learn that each hour of the day, as well as of the night, has its peculiar signification. At each hour, as one voice becomes silent, another makes itself heard. At present ferocious beasts salute the darkness, as to-morrow the birds will salute the dawn. We are near the hour when man loses the imposing influence of his look—at night his eye becomes dim, while that of wild animals brightens and pierces the deepest gloom: man is the king of day, but the jaguar is king of darkness.'

After uttering these words with a grave emphasis, the hunter rose, and fetching a bundle from the place where it had been deposited, unrolled two sheepskins covered with their wool, and, drawing his knife from its sheath, observed, 'You see your arms!'

'And what, in the name of wonder, do you expect me to do with that?' I inquired. 'I hoped at least for a rifle.'

Bermudes proceeded to explain that, on such an occasion, a rifle could be intrusted to those only who were sure of their aim. 'You will roll these skins round your left arm,' he continued, 'and take the knife in your right hand; then you put your right knee to the ground, and rest your protected arm upon the left knee. In this manner the arm defends your head and body, while your stomach will be shielded by the knee; for tigers have an ugly habit of trying to disembowel their enemy with a stroke of their paw. If you are attacked, you present your arm, and while the animal's tusks are buried in the wool, you rip him up from flank to shoulder with one plunge of the knife.'

'All that appears to me incontestable,' was my answer; 'but I would rather hope that two hunters such as you will not miss your tiger. For my part, I shall hunt, as you call it, with my hands in my pockets; that will be more original.'

Failing the armour of sheepskins, the hunter urged me to take the knife, which I accepted. The two associates then primed their rifles, and we waited without exchanging a word. The lower part of the forest was now in profound darkness, while the little space around the fountain was brilliantly illuminated. We were sheltered by the drooping branches of a large mangrove, forming a kind of natural arch. Twenty paces in front reclined the colt, whose instinct was to be the hunters' guide. Presently I saw the animal raise its head with evident signs of uneasiness, which were soon after succeeded by broken cries of terror, and efforts to escape from its fastenings. These attempts being useless, it remained trembling in every limb: a breath of terror seemed to pervade the atmosphere. All at once a cavernous roar from the neighbouring heights pealed in echoes through the woods; the colt hid its head in the grass. A deep silence followed: the two hunters crept from the shelter, and I heard the double click as they cocked their rifles.

An instant after, a terrible roar again burst upon our ears: a form of light colour darted through the air upon the colt, which had crouched down in terror: there was a noise of crashing bones, followed instantaneously by the report of Bermudes's rifle.

'Your knife!' he cried to his companion, who was preparing to fire. 'Look up; that is for you!'

I turned my eyes in the direction indicated by Matasiete, as he took the Canadian's knife. High up among the branches of the cedar I saw two large eyeballs shining like burning coals, watching all our movements: it was the second jaguar, whose tail was lashing the foliage, and beating off the dried moss from the branches in showers. The Canadian stood motionless, with his eye fixed upon the two fierce-gleaming lights in the tree. Meantime the wounded jaguar sprang at one leap close to Bermudes, where the moonlight showed the furious animal. The blood was streaming from one of his legs, shattered by the ball. Collecting himself for a last rush, the animal lowered his head, beat the air, and howled in fury; his blazing eyes seemed to expand to twice their ordinary size. Bermudes stood, self-possessed, on the defensive, holding his knife forwards. At length the tiger leaped; but his muscles were weakened by the wound, and the hunter, stepping aside, buried his knife in the monster's heart as he fell: there was a terrible yell—a struggle of agony—and then all was over.

'Whether or no,' exclaimed the brave Matasiete, 'there is a skin badly torn, to say nothing of my own,' at the same time showing his arm lacerated by a long gash. He had scarcely finished, when a second roar was heard in the direction of the cedar: it was answered by the report of a rifle: a noise of rending branches, followed by a heavy fall, announced the skill of a practised marksman. The Canadian had aimed between the glowing eyes. When the two hunters, going round to the other side of the spring, had found the body, their shouts of triumph gave me to understand that the Canadian's accurate eye had not been deceived.

It was not without a feeling of compassion that I approached another victim of the slayers and slain—the dead colt. The poor animal lay stretched upon the grass; a bleeding wound at the back of the head, and another on its nose, showed where the tiger's claws had fallen; the complete fracture of the vertebræ of the neck proved death to have been instantaneous. Already cold and rigid, the first jaguar lay near: I measured it with my eye, but at a distance, when the two others arrived dragging the female, whose skull had been shattered by the ball: this time, at least, the skin was unbroken.

Bermudes complimented me on my courage, in what he persisted in calling tiger-hunting. I, however, disclaimed anything like bravery. The hunters seemed disposed to pass the night near the booty which they had so well earned; and preferring the open air to my close chamber, I agreed to keep them company if they would light a fire. My wish was soon gratified; we stretched ourselves on the moss near the blazing wood, and before many minutes had elapsed, were sound asleep.

On awaking the next morning, I found the two companions with their shirt sleeves tucked up to the elbow, and stained arms, busily engaged in flaying the two jaguars. When they had completed their task, which was performed with the dexterity acquired by long practice in similar operations, they threw the skins over their shoulders, and we all took the way to our original quarters, where our arrival was hailed with prolonged congratulations. Bermudes and his comrade received the usual reward of ten dollars for each skin; and the 'Killer-of-Seven' would now have to add another number to his surname.

COMMODORE THUROT.

In the year 1727, at Christmas, a man named Thurot came to one of the churches in Boulogne with an infant to be baptised. It was then customary for ladies of rank to attend churches at Christmas time, in order to stand as sponsors for infants belonging to the humbler classes. One named Madame Tallard came forward to offer herself as sponsor for Thurot's child. The ceremony was proceeding, when Madame Tallard was surprised to observe tears streaming from the eyes of the father. She inquired the reason, and learned that his wife, the mother of the infant, was just then receiving the last rites of sepulture in the churchyard. Touched by the incident, the kind-hearted lady did not leave the church without making the poor man a present, and requesting that, if the child should live till she returned to Boulogne, he might be sent to see her.

Thurot, though now in comparatively humble life, was the son of parents who had moved in a superior rank. His father was a gentleman named Farrell, who had been a captain in the army of James II. in Ireland, and following the fortunes of that monarch, had become a member of his household at St Germains. There a gentlewoman of good connexions condescended, poor as he was, to marry him. The displeasure of relations, the loss of employment and means of subsistence, followed. The husband came to an early grave, and the lady survived him but a few months, having first, however, given birth to an infant, who was taken charge of by her relations, and brought up under his maternal name. This was the father of the infant of whose history we are now to give some particulars.

Young Thurot grew up under the care of his father at Boulogne. Madame Tallard continued to have a regard for the child, and permitted him to be the occasional playfellow of her own son. When he was fifteen years of age, one Farrell, the captain of a smuggling vessel, became acquainted with his father, and claimed relationship with him. This man told Monsieur Thurot that the O'Farrells were a flourishing family in Connaught: he himself was a prosperous gentleman, and he offered to take charge of the boy, and make his fortune. Thurot having agreed to this proposal, the youth was fitted out at the expense of his Irish cousin, and sailed with him for Limerick.

Touching at the Isle of Man, then the grand entrepôt of the contraband trade, young Thurot became disgusted with the conduct of his relative, and declined to proceed further in his company. While waiting for a vessel in which he might return to Boulogne, his handsome and sprightly appearance attracted the attention of a gentleman of the island of Anglesey, who had come to Man upon some smuggling business, being extensively engaged in that traffic. With little persuasion, the young man entered his service. He was soon initiated into the mysteries of the smuggling trade, and repeatedly visited Ireland on business intrusted to him by his master. One whole year of this early period of his life was spent on smuggling duty at Carlingford, where he acquired a knowledge of the English language. At length, tiring of this way of life, and anxious to learn something of his Irish relations, he set off for Dublin with only a few shillings in his pocket. The adventure ended in his being glad to engage himself as a nobleman's valet, in which capacity he served for nearly two years, when some irregularities in his own conduct led to his being discharged. He then went to the north of Ireland, and re-engaged in the contraband trade, for which his active enterprising genius was peculiarly fitted. It must be said in his favour, that, while his irregular education had furnished him with no protection against this demoralising career, which was then followed by thousands of apparently respectable persons, he conducted himself throughout all its rough scenes with a degree of both honour and generosity hardly to have been expected, and which could only be owing to his own natural good qualities.

War breaking out between Britain and France, it would appear that Thurot engaged in a privateer of his own country, and in this capacity became a prisoner of war in England. It was in the year 1745, when Marshal Belleisle was about to be discharged from captivity in our country, that Thurot effected his escape under extraordinary circumstances. Having left his prison, he concealed himself in the country by day, and came to a port on the southern coast at night. Here his object was to lay hold of some little unoccupied vessel in which to sail for France. Swimming about the harbour with great precautions against being observed, he came at length to a small smuggling bark, which he thought well fitted for his purpose. It lay, however, beside a larger vessel, to which it was attached, and it had no sails. The danger was, of course, that some person in the larger vessel would detect him before he could get it set adrift. Nevertheless this bold adventurer actually climbed the shrouds of the larger vessel to possess himself of a sail; returned with his prize, set free the little bark, and got clear off without detection. In two days, half famished, yet in the highest spirits, he entered the port of Calais. This strange adventure made him an object of public curiosity; nevertheless, the bark which he thought he had made his own was appropriated for the government. Thurot was reduced to despair. It chanced, however, that the lady of the Marshal Belleisle had come to Calais to meet her husband, then about to be set at liberty in England. Thurot was introduced to her to tell his own tale. At her intercession the marshal took up his case, and in the long-run Thurot obtained possession of the vessel, together with the friendship of that eminent commander. It is alleged that this was the first step of advancement made in the world by one who was subsequently to become a figure in history.*

In the course of his subsequent smuggling career Thurot visited Scotland. He sailed as master of the *Annie* of Leith, in one voyage from Leith to London.

* This anecdote appears in a rare book, entitled 'A Series of Letters, Discovering the Scheme Projected by France in 1759, &c. By Oliver Macallester, Esq.' 2 vols. 4to. 1767. We cannot say much for the authority, but the story may nevertheless be true.

He also spent a few years in the Metropolis. A gentleman some years afterwards recollected meeting him occasionally at this time at a club which was principally frequented by Frenchmen. One night a few of these persons launched forth into abuse of the English and Irish, to which Thurot listened patiently for some time without remark. At length, finding them become more scurrilous, he very calmly got up, and led two of them by the nose out of the room, after which he coolly returned, resumed his chair, and entered upon a new and more agreeable subject. Such was Thurot. It is not surprising that, when he returned to Boulogne, and resumed the contraband trade, he rose to be, as it were, its king; for even among the rudest people the superior morale always tells. Wrong on the general point as to the rectitude of smuggling, Thurot was right at least in all the included particulars. It is said that at one time his transactions as a smuggler reached a sum equal to twenty thousand pounds annually. At length, the government paying a vigorous attention to these malpractices, Thurot fell under heavy penalties, and was taken into custody. For some time he was confined in the common prison at Dunkirk; afterwards he was taken to Paris, and required to make discoveries for the future prevention of smuggling. He was now indebted to the good offices of M. Tallard, son of his godmother, also to Marshal Belleisle, who had a special love of men of ardent and enterprising character. It could, however, be no common smuggler whose prosecution ended in his being appointed to the command of one of the king's ships; for such was the case. Thurot, after all, preferred the command of a privateer, in which he did good service at the beginning of the seven years' war. During the year 1758, the doings of the Marshal Belleisle privateer in the seas between England and Norway were the subject of general remark. This was M. Thurot's vessel. In it alone he repulsed a couple of English war vessels off the Red Head, leaving them in such a state as to be unable to follow him.

Much excitement was produced in England in 1759, by intelligence of a large naval armament, including flat-bottomed boats, which was preparing in the French harbours. The design of the armament was kept a profound secret; but no doubt was entertained that it was intended to invade the British shores. It is now known that Prince Charles Stuart was to have accompanied it, on an arrangement favourable to France, in the event of his recovering the throne of his ancestors. For a part in the enterprise, Thurot was recommended to the French cabinet by that reputation for boldness, skill, and prudence which he had acquired in inferior capacities. He was accordingly appointed to command a squadron of five frigates, with which he was to sail to the Irish coast, and thus make a diversion, while the main fleet, under Admiral Conflans, should make directly for the southern shores of England. While this commission was actually in his pocket—without, however, his knowing his special destination—he appeared to be fruitlessly waiting for court favour. The ministers even affected to discourage his applications for employment, though secretly, perhaps, spending hours with him in their closets, taking advantage of his knowledge of the British coasts, and scheming out the particulars of his enterprise.

It is remarkable that no part of the plan met with any success, excepting what was under the care of this offshoot of the house of O'Farrell. Detachments of the English fleet blocked up the French ships in their harbours for months. When at length Conflans took to sea with a large fleet, he had scarcely left Brest when he was attacked by Sir Edward Hawke, and completely overpowered. Before this event, Thurot had broken through all obstacles at Dunkirk (October 17), and with his five ships sailed for Norway, a point from which he was afterwards to move as further instructions might direct. He had with him, besides the usual crews, upwards of 1200 land forces.

Though pursued by Commodore Boyes, Thurot got safe to Gottenburg in nine days; after staying there a short time, he proceeded to Bergen, on which voyage he lost company of one of his vessels in a storm. Sickness, a consequence of imperfect victualling and other bad arrangements, beset the expedition. They nevertheless set sail towards the end of January for Ireland. For weeks they beat about in the North Sea, suffering much from the weather, and greatly disheartened by want of provisions and sickness. Another of the vessels now parted company, and was no more heard of. With the remainder of his squadron, Thurot appeared off the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland (February 16, 1760), being resolved to make an attempt to obtain some supplies of provisions. Mr Archibald Macdonald and Mr Godfrey Macneil, two gentlemen of the island, went out to them in a small boat, thinking they were British vessels in distress. They soon found them to be foreign ships, but for some time did not discover them to be the squadron which had held the British coasts in such anxiety during the winter. The commander, a young man of small stature, but elegant form, with dark intelligent eyes, and apparently of frank and affable character, came up and addressed them in English. He wished them to take his vessels to a safe harbour, which they consented to do, and conducted them accordingly to Aros Bay, near the south entry to the Sound of Islay. The visitors were treated with the greatest civility in the commander's own cabin. Then a council was held, at which it was determined to make a landing on the island in order to obtain provisions. Two hundred men accordingly went ashore, accompanied by Messrs Macneil and Macdonald, who interceded to induce the country people to bring cattle, poultry, and meal, to be disposed of to the strangers. So extreme was the condition of these poor men, that they dug up potatoes and cabbage, and ate them raw with the greatest avidity. From Mr Campbell of Ardmore they obtained forty-eight bullocks, seventeen bags of oatmeal, and other articles; as to payment, the French officers generally seemed willing to make little or none, but Thurot obliged them to render full compensation, bringing out the royal commission to show that they were to commit no unprovoked hostilities in Scotland. Of the whole sum due, a part was paid in coin; for the rest, bills were granted on the French king's banker at Paris, and these were afterwards duly honoured. The whole conduct of Thurot showed a humane, liberal spirit, far removed from that of his associates, and such as could not but inspire a deep regret that he should have come to Britain as an enemy. It was only now that he and his fellow-officers heard of the downfall of the hopes of France in the utter defeat of Admiral Conflans' fleet. When this was mentioned by the Islay gentlemen, the Frenchmen dropped their knives and forks from their hands, and sat mute for some time.

Thurot nevertheless determined to strike a stroke in Ireland, both because such had been his instructions, and because they could not now get directly back to France for want of provisions, all they had obtained in Islay being only sufficient for six days. On the third day from his arrival in Islay Sound he set sail, and on Thursday the 23d reached Carrickfergus. This town, and its ruinous castle or port, were now garrisoned by one hundred and eighty raw troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jennings. These men were exercising near the town, without any apprehension of approaching danger, when the strange vessels appeared, and immediately landed about a thousand men. The British soldiers withdrew to the town, closely followed by the French. Some gallant efforts were made to defend the gates, and keep out the enemy; but in vain. The French quickly obtained possession of all but the castle, where the forces were now concentrated. Here some smart skirmishing took place; but it was quickly found that the British were unprepared for such a determined resistance as their officers were willing to have made. They were deficient in the main element—ammuni-

tion; and the fort had a breach in it of fifty feet long. Jennings therefore capitulated, on the proviso that the town should not be plundered, and that the English soldiers should be exchanged as prisoners for so many of the French. A considerable number of the French fell in the action, and the general was wounded in the leg.

On the 22d, the invading party sent a flag of truce to Belfast, demanding certain provisions, and threatening to burn both that town and Carrickfergus in case of a refusal. The demands were complied with. Some severe measures were actually taken with Carrickfergus, on the plea that provisions were concealed and refused. Meanwhile the Lord Lieutenant at Dublin (Duke of Bedford) was taking measures effectually to repulse the French; and Thurot found it advisable, on the third day of his possession of the town, to take once more to his frigates. The very day of his departure, Captain Elliott of the Eolus, with the Pallas and Brilliant in his company, entered Carrickfergus harbour in quest of the French squadron, having been ordered on this duty by the Lord Lieutenant.

Thurot had sailed for the coast of Scotland, and he was lying between the Isle of Man and the Mull of Galloway, when, on the second morning—only a week from his so far successful descent on Ireland—the English squadron bore down upon him. Instantly weighing anchor, he stood out from the Scotch coast, to save himself from being embayed; but he was quickly overtaken, and brought to an engagement. It was a short, but fierce and bloody fight, ending in the complete triumph of the English, who took all the three French vessels. In the Marshal Belleisle a hundred and eighty men were killed and wounded; in the other two vessels a hundred and sixteen. Their decks were described as a frightful scene of slaughter. Amongst the slain was poor Thurot himself, much to the regret of enemies as well as friends; for it was generally known that, though a dangerous, he was a generous foe, and many anecdotes redounding to his honour were in circulation. So perished, at three-and-thirty, a man who, in happier circumstances, might have been a benefactor to more nations than his own, but whom the base conditions of his time and place enabled only to be known to us as a bugbear in a less uncompromising shape than usual.

Elliott's victory created general satisfaction, for it put an end to a sense of personal danger, which had been almost universally felt. It almost appeared, however, as if Thurot were the hero of the day. A hundred stories were told of him. It was asserted that he was not a Frenchman. He was English—Irish—Scotch; his fighting for France was but the mistake of fortune. A poet involved these ideas in a Latin epitaph, the turn of which rested on a misinformation as to his place of sepulture. It was said that he had derived bravery from England, vigour from Ireland, powers of endurance from Scotland—from Louis nothing but weapons. These nations contended for his remains; so that it was determined that he should have a grave in Mona, at an equal distance from each. The fact is, that the body of Thurot had been consigned to the sea after the action. It came ashore on the lands of Mochrum, in Galloway, fully clothed, with his insignia as a commander, and sewed up in the silk-velvet carpet of his cabin. Under the care, and at the expense of Sir William Maxwell of Monreath (father, we presume, of the beautiful Jane, Duchess of Gordon), it received honourable burial in the churchyard of Kirkmaiden, the most southerly parish in Scotland (alluded to by Burns in a well-known verse—

'Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's').

It is a pity that Sir William did not complete a line of conduct essentially generous, by raising a stone to distinguish the grave of Thurot. Mr Train says—'On visiting the old kirkyard of Kirkmaiden lately, I could not find any person who could point out Thurot's grave, except one old man, and I thought even he acted with uncertainty. It moved me much when I thought that he whose name had filled with terror many of the inhabitants of some of the seaports of Great Britain and Ireland, whose defeat was celebrated with all the rejoicing that could be manifested for the most important victory, and whose name will go down to posterity with the reputation of an intrepid warrior, should thus be laid in a remote corner of the island which he threatened to conquer, without the spot being exactly known where his remains had crumbled to dust.'

FOSSIL FOOTMARKS.

Among the interesting and instructive facts which geologists have derived from fossil remains, there are none more extraordinary than those presented by footmarks of extinct animals. Geology gives us, as must now be generally known, a faint outline of the history of creation—showing one period when no animals higher than fishes existed, another when the only addition to this state of things consisted of reptiles, and finally, a time when mammalian animals were ushered into the world, man being, to all appearance, a crowning addition after the component materials of the earth had come into their present arrangement.

In the earlier stages of the animal creation, the most numerous fossils, after shells, are those of fishes. Wherever fossils have been searched for in the strata which bear them, they have always been found in greater or less abundance; some strata, as the old red sandstone and magnesian limestone, being remarkably rich in organic remains; while the new red, and others of the secondary period, are comparatively barren. It appears as if, by the elevation of the land in this latter period, a great breadth of low sea beaches was thrown up, which would be alternately covered and laid bare by the diurnal tides; and in some instances shallow lakes, estuaries, and lagoons were formed. The shores of these would naturally be the resort of such animals as were then in existence in search of food; their tracks would remain, together with ripple marks and the impressions of rain drops, and afford to the existing generation invaluable evidence respecting the earth's inhabitants and certain natural phenomena in ages so remote.

Nevertheless, when it was first announced that the footmarks of quadrupeds and bipeds had been found on the relics of these ancient beaches in the new red sandstone, the observers were looked upon as dreaming enthusiasts. 'Every one,' writes Professor Ansted, 'will remember the astonishment which Robinson Crusoe is represented to have felt at the sight of a human footprint on the island which he thought deserted; and scarcely less surprising or interesting was the first discovery of these indications of animal existence in a rock so barren of fossils as the new red sandstone, and in a formation in which, till then, there had been no suspicion of the existence of any animals more highly-organised than fishes.' About the year 1830, Dr Deane of Massachusets observed several extraordinary footprints in a sandstone quarry on the borders of the Connecticut river. He directed the attention of Professor Hitchcock to the appearances, who drew up an interesting memoir upon the subject. The first specimens were in square slabs, taken from a quarry of flagstones, presenting four distinct and perfect tracks of a large bird; the lower stone bearing the depression, and the upper stone the impression, precisely as they would appear if formed in soft mud, and suddenly hardened. Other specimens were soon discovered; similar footmarks were noticed on the stones of the side walks in several of the towns

and villages of Massachusets; and the quarries visited from which they were taken. Some were found in red shale, in gray micaceous sandstone; and others in a hard sandstone composed of clay and sand. The strata lie at various degrees of inclination, and the footmarks vary in size from very small to incredibly large.

The impressions first examined by Professor Hitchcock were those of an animal with two feet, each provided with three toes; in some instances a fourth toe projected behind in the manner of a spur; and in others all the toes were in front. It was remarked that some of the larger impressions showed traces of a hairy or feathery appendage extending several inches to the rear. The shape of the toes varied: some were straight and tapering, some crooked, and others round and blunt. The bird to which the largest foot belonged had evidently been of great size and weight; for on cleaving some specimens of the tracks crosswise, the clay was found depressed to a depth of three or four inches. By careful separation of the slabs, other specimens were obtained in relief, from which the structure of the foot could be better determined than by the cavities.

Much pains was taken to determine whether the impressions were isolated, or had been produced by an animal walking. In one instance ten tracks were found following each other in regular succession, leaving no doubt of their being continuous steps. They might have been traced farther, had a greater space of the rock been quarried. It was clear, as the row was single, that the marks had been made by a biped, and at a time when the strata were in a horizontal position. 'Sometimes,' in the words of the observer, 'different species of animals, and different individuals, have crossed one another's tracks so often, that all is confusion, and the whole surface appears to have been trodden over; as we often see to be the case where quadrupeds or ducks and geese resort, upon the muddy shores of a stream or pond.' In a small slab recently described to the Geological Society by Dr Mantell, there are rows of consecutive symmetrical marks made by two different birds. 'There is a rare peculiarity displayed in these larger impressions, that adds greatly to their interest: it is the markings of the papillæ, and folds of the cutaneous integument, which are very distinct. The three rows of footprints embrace fifteen impressions, and exhibit the articulations of the toes perfectly. The surface of the stone is pitted by rain drops, from a shower which must have fallen before the birds walked over the soft mud and made the footprints. There are also indistinct traces of the trails of worms, and of an annelide.' Another slab taken from the same locality as that just described, showed among the bird tracks and rain drops the marks of a leaping animal, supposed to have been a species of kangaroo.

When these phenomena were first discovered, so much incredulity was manifested, that the greatest care was required in investigating them, and many elaborate arguments were expended before scientific men would be convinced of their genuineness. After satisfactorily ascertaining that the tracks were those of a biped, an eminent zoologist demonstrated that they could only have been made by a bird. The bird, it was then said, must have been one of the *Grallæ*, or Waders; and during a dry summer, Professor Hitchcock saw similar marks on the muddy bed of the river, where it flows by the side of the quarries, made by snipes; these had been baked hard by the sun, and perfectly resembled those on the sandstone slabs.

The earliest specimens were classed as thick-toed and slender-toed; of which eleven varieties were described, under the general denomination of *Ornithichnites*, or Stony-Bird Tracks. The largest of these (*Ornithichnites giganteus*) must have belonged to a stupendous bird. It has no hinder toe, and measures fifteen inches in length, with an addition of two inches for a claw. Some idea of the prodigious size of the bird may be inferred from the length of its steps; the ordinary walking stride was four feet, which might be increased on occasion to six. A gregarious habit is supposed to be indicated by the existence of parallel tracks of four of these giants walking side by side. Another species, the *Ornithichnites ingens*, like the former, was three-toed, with a foot from fifteen to sixteen inches long, having the tarsal appendage before noticed reaching eight or nine inches backwards from the bird's heel, and which may have been similar to that now seen on bantam fowl and some species of game. The ordinary step was six feet, and the bird was so heavy, as to sink deeply into the mud at every stride. 'Indeed,' writes Professor Hitchcock, 'I hesitate not to say that the impression made on the mud appears to have been almost as deep, indicating a pressure almost as great, as if an elephant had passed over it. I could not persuade myself, until the evidence became perfectly irresistible, that I was examining merely the track of a bird.' What a variety must there have been in the gradations from this monster down to the little bird which left the smallest tracks; a foot one inch in length, and a stride of three inches!

The valley of the Connecticut appears to have been in remote times a large estuary, and it has been shown that these footmarks were made on the borders of a shallow expanse of water. The larger birds would sometimes wade into the water in search of food; and supposing the surface to remain placid, layer after layer of soft mud would be quietly deposited in the deep-sunk tracks which they left, until the whole was filled up, yet without obliterating the impression of the birds' feet. In some instances a concreting process has taken place, so that, on separating the layers of stone, a perfect *fac simile* of the foot is obtained. The very perfection of the specimens shows that they cannot have been exposed to atmospheric influences, such as would have been the case had they been formed on mud left dry by the tide. Subsequently to the filling up of the tracks, they have been sunk to a depth of some hundreds of feet, and hardened into stone. Since that period, and while the oolitic, cretaceous, and tertiary groups of rocks were being deposited, they have been upheaved to the position in which they are now found. Their discovery may be regarded as one of the most interesting pages in the physical history of the earth.

The marks have been found in a district extending more than eighty miles along the banks of the Connecticut river; they include fourteen new species, among which some, from their resemblance to the tracks of saurians, have been called *Sauroidichnites*. Fossils are, however, abundant in other parts of the American continent. The state of Ohio is rich in specimens, both animal and vegetable; among the latter, the date, bamboo, and bread-fruit tree, besides others indigenous to the country, have been found at a depth of four hundred feet below the surface, in many instances with the most fragile and delicate leaves uninjured. The great Pittsburg coal seam, which covers an area of 14,000 square miles, abounds also in fossil plants; tracks resembling those of the cheirotherium, dog, and some species of reptiles, have been found in it. Of these no satisfactory explanation has yet been given, but some consider that we thus possess proof that reptiles and

fishes were not the only air-breathing animals in existence at the time that the forests of sigillaria and lepidodendra were growing.

Fossil footmarks have also been met with in England, Scotland, Saxony, and various parts of Europe. In 1824, some specimens were dug up in Cheshire, but remained undescribed until the discovery of others in a quarry at Storeton, near Liverpool, in 1838. The miners, when the slabs were first laid bare, supposed them to be impressions of a human hand, to which they bear a great resemblance, and from which circumstance the animal to which they belong has been named the *Cheirotherium*. By the labours of Professor Owen, this animal has been made out to be a species of reptile allied to the frog and salamander, but with very great inequality in the extremities—the hind-foot measuring twelve inches in length, and the fore-foot not more than four inches. The name now given to it, from the structure of its teeth, is *Labyrinthodon*. Slabs and casts of its footmarks, and of those of birds, are exhibited among the other interesting specimens in the geological gallery of the British Museum. Other tracks as well as those of the Cheirotherium have been found in the Storeton quarries. According to a paper read before the Geological Society, 'many large slabs are crowded with casts in relievo, some of which are supposed to have been derived from the feet of saurian reptiles, and others from those of tortoises. Occasionally, the webs between the toes can be distinctly traced. It is impossible to look at these slabs and not conclude that the clay beds on which they rested must have been traversed by multitudes of animals, and in every variety of direction.' Some further researches, made in the same quarries during the past year, have brought to light the footprints of birds, from a small size up to two and a half inches in length. Mr Cunningham, the discoverer, observes in his description—'The feet had three toes; the intermediate space between two impressions is ten inches; and, so far as they go, the impressions are right and left. There can, I think, be no doubt of the animal that produced them having been a bird, and probably one of the *Grallæ*. . . . This discovery I consider important, as proving beyond a doubt the existence of warm-blooded animals in this country during the period of the deposit of the new red sandstone. I have long looked for something of the kind, and am now hoping to discover some of the large Ornithichnites.' Across other slabs found in the same district runs a grooved mark, as though formed by the tail of an animal trailing on soft mud: some were covered with a network of cracks, and dotted with rain drops. 'These appearances go to prove, that if some of the tracks have been formed under water, others have been exposed at repeated intervals to the hardening effects of the sun, and the further deposition of silt by water, which has thus produced a succession of layers.'

Footprints have been seen also in the sandstone of Shropshire; and in the south, near Hastings, tracks sixteen inches in length, supposed to be those of a bird, occur in the hardened beds of sand. Every new discovery has helped to dispel the scepticism with which the original supposition was received, as to the tracks being those of warm-blooded animals. The advocates of a particular theory contended that the prodigious impressions in the sandstone of the valley of the Connecticut were those of some hitherto unknown saurian with trifid feet. Mr Lyell's recent visit to America has, however, set the question at rest. In company with Professor Hitchcock, he went to examine the footprints, and writes—'The waters of the Connecticut being low, I had an opportunity of seeing a ledge of rock of red shale laid bare, on which were imprinted a single line of nine footsteps of *Ornithichnites giganteus*, turning alternately right and left, and separated from each other by intervals of about five feet. At one spot there was a space, several yards square, where the entire surface of the shale was irregular and jagged, owing to the number of footsteps, not one of which could be traced distinctly, as when a flock of sheep have passed over a muddy road; but on withdrawing from this area, the confusion gradually ceased, and the tracks became more and more distinct. The professor informed me, that since he first announced his belief, in 1836, that these impressions were referable to birds, he had observed above two thousand footprints, probably made by nearly thirty distinct species, all indented on the upper surface of the strata, and only exhibiting casts in relief on the under side of the beds resting on such indented surfaces.'

While travelling in Georgia, Mr Lyell had seen the process by which the recent footprints of animals—racoons and opossums—were preserved on the sea-shore, by the drifting in of fine-blown sand, which, under pressure, would have concreted into a hard mass. And after viewing the tracks in the quarries on the Connecticut, the secret of their formation was revealed to him on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. 'When I arrived in this region,' he tells us, 'it was the period of the lowest or neap tides, so that large areas, where the red mud had been deposited, were laid dry, and in some spots had been baking in a hot sun for ten days. The upper part of the mud had thus become hard for a depth of several inches, and in its consolidated form exactly resembled, both in colour and appearance, some of the red marls of the new red sandstone formation of Europe. The upper surface was usually smooth, but in some places I saw it pitted over with small cavities, which I was told were due to a shower of rain which fell eight or ten days before, when the deposit was still soft. It perfectly recalled to my mind those "fossil showers" of which the markings are preserved in some ancient rocks, and the origin of which was first correctly explained to an incredulous public by Dr Buckland in 1838. . . . I saw several other examples during my tour of similar phenomena, particularly in a bright red deposit of mud thrown down at the mouth of the Patapsco, at Baltimore, of which I was able to bring away some consolidated layers.' But the muddy shores of the bay were marked with the more interesting tracks of annelides and of birds, the latter 'in regular sequence, faithfully representing in their general appearance the smaller class of Ornithichnites of high antiquity in the valley of the Connecticut. These recent footprints,' continues Mr Lyell, 'were those of the sandpiper, a species common to Europe and North America, flights of which I saw daily running along the water's edge, and often leaving thirty or more similar impressions in a straight line, parallel to the borders of the estuary. The red mud had cracked in hardening in the sun's heat, and was divided into compartments, as we see clay at the bottom of a dried pond, and I was able to bring away some pieces to England.' The markings on some of these pieces, which have been deposited in the British Museum, are most perfect, and fully exemplify the mode in which the ancient fossil Ornithichnites were formed.

Various opinions have been expressed as to the size and height of the birds whose feet left impressions so enormous. The African ostrich is the largest bird known at the present day: its height is from seven to nine feet, weight eighty to one hundred pounds, and the total length of the foot ten inches. Reasoning from analogy, the conclusion is, that the *Ornithichnites giganteus* and *ingens* were double the height and size of the ostrich. A bird of this gigantic stature, rivalling our camelopard in height, would be a fitting companion for the enormous quadrupeds which existed contemporaneously on the earth! At the first thought, such things appear beyond the bounds of probability; but nature herself has furnished evidence in their favour by the fossil bones recently exhumed in New Zealand. Mr Owen, in a communication to the Zoological Society on these interesting remains, gives the name of *Dinornis*, or 'Surprising Bird,' to the animal to which they belonged. The largest of this species, *Dinornis giganteus*, when living, was ten feet six inches in height; and another, the *Dinornis struthoides*, equalled the modern ostrich in

size. The footprints of the dinornis were of the trifid character, as described of the American Ornithichnites: the dimensions of the feet were in some instances similar; the natural consequence is, that there is no longer any room for scepticism as to the true character of fossil footmarks in the Connecticut sandstones.

In 1844, subsequently to Mr Lyell's visit to America, other specimens of footmarks were found at Turner's Falls, in Massachusets. They were impressed on glossy shales imbedded in sandstone. One of the slabs contained above one hundred tracks made by four or five varieties of birds: it was besides pitted all over with fossilised rain drops. The claws, joints, and integuments were clearly exhibited. Some of the prints were made by a short, heavy bird; others, of a smaller size, with a longer stride, were supposed to be those of a wader similar to the heron; others again showed a foot six inches in length and width, and a stride of twenty-nine inches. The bird to which the latter belonged must have been of great weight, as the bed of mud was depressed to a considerable depth.

Any remaining doubt as to the tracks being those of birds was removed, by the discovery at the same time of coprolites, or the fossilised excreta of those animals, in hard calcareous rock in the same district. 'The place where these were met with had evidently been much resorted to by the birds, as shown by their numerous tracks. 'In the midst of them were found a few egg-shaped flattened bodies, about an inch in diameter and two inches long, of a dark colour, and considerably softer than the enclosing rock, which is very hard and compact. When broken crosswise, they usually exhibit a more or less perfect concentric arrangement, and are sometimes a little convoluted. They adhere so strongly to the rock, that their precise external appearance has not been determined. In the inside of this mass small black grains may be seen resembling small seeds, the black matter of which is carbonaceous. When this is burned off, the remainder of the fossil has been found, on analysing it, to consist of phosphate and carbonate of lime. It is supposed that the black grains are *seeds* which have passed undigested through the intestines, and have assumed in the passage such positions as these foreign bodies would, and often do, in the fæces.

'A remarkable and beautiful result has been obtained by the application of the power of chemical analysis to these fragments. These are found to contain uric acid in the proportion of about one-half per cent; and from the circumstances under which it occurs, it is concluded that the coprolite must have been dropped by a bird rather than any other animal. It also appears that the animal was in all probability omnivorous—a conclusion suggested by the analysis of the coprolite, and confirmed by the probable presence of seeds, as above alluded to.'*

The high importance of the study of fossils as a means of throwing light on the early history of our planet is clearly shown by the facts brought forward in the foregoing account. We may conclude in Professor Ansted's words:—'It is strange that in a thin bed of fine clay, occurring between two masses of sandstone, we should thus have convincing, but unexpected evidence, preserved concerning some of the earth's inhabitants at this early period. The ripple mark, the worm track, the scratchings of a small crab on the sand, and even the impression of the rain drop, so distinct as to indicate the direction of the wind at the time of the shower—these, and the footprints of the bird, are all stereotyped, and offer an evidence which no argument can gainsay, no prejudice resist, concerning the natural history of a very ancient period. But the waves that made that ripple mark have long ceased to wash those shores; for ages has the surface then exposed been concealed under great thicknesses of strata; the worm and the crab have left no solid fragment to speak to their form or structure; the bird has left no bone that has yet been discovered; the fragments of the reptile are small, imperfect, and extremely rare. Still, enough is known to determine the fact; and that fact is the more interesting and valuable from the very circumstances under which it is presented.'

* Journal, Geological Society, vol. i. 1845.

A NIGHT AT HOME.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

When I was still only on the threshold of manhood, I found myself a unit in the mighty population of London, and it is hardly possible to convey an adequate idea of the loneliness of my condition. In a desert island one may be solitary enough, but the feeling of solitude cannot always be present; whereas in London, even the measureless and endless crowd which the provincial sees whirling around him, is a constant remembrancer that he is *alone*—

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea.'

When little more than a boy, I had said to my mother, with the hero of many a fairy tale, 'Mother, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, and I will go and push my fortune!' And my mother, who never could refuse me anything, and who, besides, had a strong notion that the Metropolis was the best field for such preternatural talents as mine, had readily, though tearfully, complied. I was, then, in London, without a friend, without an acquaintance, without a prospect; and (my resultless letters of introduction being all delivered) I felt sometimes as if I were a shadow moving among substantial forms, and sometimes as if the world around me, and all that it inherit, were but the phantasmagoria of a dream.

One day, when going into my lodgings, I found that a hackney-coach had stopped at the door, and I looked with languid curiosity into the window of the vehicle. The passengers were an elderly lady and gentleman, and a young woman, apparently their daughter; and I observed them with the more attention, that I thought I heard them pronounce my name as they gave a packet to the coachman to deliver at the house. Not that I thought it was really my name—that was impossible; for although I sometimes received letters by the post, the post is not one of the persons of society like people who come in hackney-coaches, and I was known in the house only as the young gentleman in the two pair. But the surprising coincidence of the sound resembling my own name made me look fixedly at those who pronounced the word; and in fact I continued to look—and to see what I looked at too—long after the hackney-coach had disappeared.

It was the young woman who had chiefly arrested my attention; and the circumstance was owing to her appearing in the likeness of an ideal being that had haunted me for years. I thought I knew her, just as one frequently recognises a scene beheld for the first time as something already garnered in his memory. It is usual to talk of such matters as 'recollections of a former state of existence,' but my perceptions were not of so dreamy a nature. The young woman was a piece of flesh and blood, belonging exclusively to this present world—and so was I; and besides, it turned out that she had actually brought me a packet from my mother, a service which as yet had been rendered me only by the post.

To some persons it will seem ridiculous that my thoughts continued from that moment to dwell upon the young woman; but the fact is, the phantoms of my imagination resolved into her, and she became like a religious image in whose material form men worship ideas of beauty and holiness. I was just in that state of solitude which is favourable to such superstitions;

and so conscious was I withal, that I never could bring myself to ask my mother a direct question about the bearers of her packet.

My mother, on her part, gave herself no trouble to understand the hints with which I coasted round the delicate subject, for indeed she had other and far more pressing calls upon her ingenuity. The affairs of our family had been going back for some years, ever since my father's death, and our moderate property was much diminished by litigation. The few freehold acres, however, on which our unpretending, but genteel and comfortable house was built, were still entire; and these we determined to preserve to perpetuity; and in order that we might do so more conveniently, to grant some building leases if we could find tenants. All these matters were discussed at full in my mother's letters; but, to say the truth, I found them neither very interesting nor very intelligible. All I knew was, that I was to make a fortune somehow or other for myself; that my paternal acres were to be multiplied threefold; and that I was to meet again the lady of the hackney-coach. This was clear enough, although I sometimes wondered how it was to begin to come about; and so I went on dreaming, and castle building, and growing more and more solitary every day, till at length I was recalled home, for the purpose of commencing in Scotland—under the auspices of some relations, since I could not manage it myself—the serious business of life.

I left London without regret. The young woman was but an idea, and that was easily transported. The Egeria of the two pair could haunt me as well in the north as in the south; nay, much better in a room trellised with woodbine, and looking over a romantic river, than in a bare brick box, staring for ever and ever with its dead eyes at other bare brick boxes staring at it.

A journey like mine was no trifle at that epoch, especially to one who travelled, for the sake of economy, night and day on the top of the coach; and by the time we had completed two-thirds of the last hundred miles, I had some doubt as to whether I should ever recover the use of my cold cramped limbs. We were now resting for breakfast at an inn which was only thirty miles in a straight line from the place for which I was bound; but the distance was still greater to the town where the coach stopped, and where I should require to pass the night, if I completed my journey by the vehicle. It occurred to me that a walk of thirty miles, which I had never considered a hardship, would, under present circumstances, be a blessed relief; and I pleased myself likewise with picturing the joyful surprise my sudden appearance would give my mother, who did not expect me till the following day. Having made the necessary arrangements, therefore, with the coachman about my luggage, I bade adieu to my fellow-travellers without regret, and striking into a by-road, commenced my solitary journey.

It was some time before I recovered the free use of my limbs; but the morning was fine, and the air bracing, and by and by I felt a sensation of enjoyment to which I had long been a stranger. The road led through a finely-varied country, where hill and valley, woods and waters, were intermingled in endless succession. It was quite a field-day for a dreamer like me; for in such circumstances the thoughts receive an unconscious impulse from the scenery, and assume new forms and colours with the changes of nature. I felt this when the finer part of the route terminated in an extensive moor, for gradually the *couleur de rose* which had tinted my imagination faded away into the sombre hue of the desert. The secret perhaps was, that I was tired. For more than a year, my only exercise had been in street rambling; and the heights and hollows of this mountain path, after a few hours' stout walking, tried me severely. Then it came on to rain; and being without the slightest shelter on the moor, I was soon wet to the skin. This would have been a trifle; but as it was necessary, whether wet or dry, to rest, I sat down after the rain was over; and at length got up, stiff, shivering, lame, and faint. The fact was now obvious: the unaccustomed journey had been too much for me—I was unwell; and instead of having to wander on, for a dozen miles more, over a wild and dreary road, I felt that it would be better if I could say to my mother—

> 'Oh mother, mother, mak' my bed soon,
> For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie doun.'

I was now tempted to commit what I ought to have known to be a folly. I determined, after receiving some information at a hut, to forsake the road, and take a *short cut* to my destination. How terribly long these short cuts always are! Before I reached the end of mine, I was ready to sink from fatigue; and indeed, if it had not happened that the last few miles led over familiar ground, I must unquestionably have made the heath my bed, 'with the bracken curtain for my head,' for darkly and sternly the night came down upon my solitary path. But I now knew every inch of the ground; and I could have named every height and hollow of the hills as their outline was dimly visible against the dull sky behind. So I stumbled on painfully, but surely; and at length recognised those well-known chimneys which, to a stranger, would have appeared but a filmy spot upon the night.

I was at length at the door. I knocked—louder—louder: no answer. After listening for a few moments, I was beset by a mystic terror: was my mother dead? But presently I recollected that I was not expected home that night, and that it was now past the hour of her going to bed; and as I knew that my wild fancies were the effect of fever, my fear assumed a new direction. If I could but get in without awaking her! A night's rest, I was sure, would recover me; and in the morning my mother would really have the joyful surprise I had pictured, and not be horrified, as she would be to-night, by the sight of her only son, weak, ghastly, and hardly able to speak. I coasted round to the lattice of my own apartment, holding by the wall for support. It was unbolted. I was able to open it; and joy giving me a momentary strength, I crept into the room, and groping my way, went to bed.

As I felt myself sink upon the soft pillow—in my own house, and with my mother in the next room—a sweet feeling of satisfaction stole over my senses, which seemed to still the throbbing of my temples; and my imagination, with one parting whirl—which comprehended the young woman, and the two pair, and confounded them with present persons and localities—was just about to yield to the influence of sleep, when a circumstance occurred that made me doubt whether I was still awake. Whether I saw the door open, or felt it, I cannot tell; but I knew that it opened, and that the appearance of a human being entered, slowly and noiselessly, and approached the bed. It was now standing between me and the window; and I could see by the outline, and some details of the figure, that it was that of a man or boy, in a long dress, reaching to the feet. It looked at me intently; it bent over my face, as if to observe my features, and then, without uttering a word, it disappeared by the window.

This strange apparition, whether real or unreal, spoiled all. What I wanted was rest—rest of body and mind; and now my imagination, instead of yielding to sleep, aroused itself with a morbid energy which made me tremble for my senses. I thought the figure I had seen was *myself*. Owing either to the imprisoned moon having obtained more power, or simply to my eyes having become accustomed to the gloom of the apartment, I had been able to detect—or now supposed I had done so—a resemblance in age, and figure, and even in the dim features that had bent above mine. This, I thought, was my 'Double'—for I had read of such things—and that it had gone forth to visit the premises, and greet the old familiar places. Nay, as a faint sound now and then met my ear, I fancied that I was conscious of what it saw and felt; and when a low whine proved that it had reached the dog-kennel, I

patted my old favourite as he licked my hand, and praised the instinct by which, after so great a lapse of time, he had known my footstep in the dark.

There mingled, however, with this fancy a not less strange suspicion that it was untrue; for in fact my burning skin and throbbing temples gave a terrible reality to my condition. But presently the veil that concealed the world of shadows appeared to be entirely rent away, and the 'Double' was a mere commonplace fact in comparison with the extravagances that followed. As for myself, I rocked like a pendulum between two distant parts of the country. One moment the noise of the wheels and voices of London was in my ears, and her phantom population floated past me; the next I knew myself to be on the spot where I really lay, but surrounded both with the living and the dead, all mocking and grinning, and laughing and sobbing, in the wildest confusion. My breath came thick; I felt as if the spectral crowd would suffocate me; I commanded them, in rage and terror, to begone; and at length, in a feeble broken voice, I called for help. At that moment my delirium was at its height.

'I come!' cried a voice from without; and at the word a hushing sound ran round the room, and as a small faint light appeared at the door, the phantoms that had haunted me disappeared like morning mists before the sun. It was of course the young woman of the hackney-coach. Shading with her hand the tiny taper she carried, she looked towards the bed where I lay shrouded in darkness, and I saw that a faint cold smile illumined her face, 'like moonlight on a marble statue.' Her complexion was startlingly pale, and yet her hair as black as night, and the contrast conferred upon features that were chiselled in the most exquisite Grecian mould a fitting character of preternatural beauty. She advanced a step, and then, seeming to hesitate, set down the taper on a table in the corner of the room behind the door, and glided slowly towards the bed, her footfall giving no more sound than a moonbeam.

As she came nearer and nearer, my eyes closed involuntarily; and when she sat down by the bedside, I felt a faintness steal over me, that was like the parting of soul and body. But the next moment she took my hand in hers, and the touch of her cool fingers sent a thrill to my bosom which recalled me from death.

'You have been far away!' said she in a low voice, while the words seemed to drop in liquid melody upon my heart. 'But you have now come back: you are in your own bed, in your own house, and with none near you but those to whom you are dear—oh, how dear! Will you promise never to go away again?'

My soul promised; but my lips, although they moved, were mute. The fountain of sound seemed dried up within me; my mouth was parched by the fever that burned in my veins; and I could not have uttered a word if a dagger had been pointed at my throat.

'You know how your mother loves you,' continued she: 'you know how *I* love you; you know how Ponto loves you—poor dog, I heard him whine a little while ago! He was dreaming that he licked his master's hand. *Will* you promise never to go away again?'

I made a mighty effort to speak; but I only shook the bed with the convulsion.

'Alas!' said she, 'you will not answer. You do not even comprehend me—unhappy girl that I am!' And I felt some warm soft drops fall upon my hand, which she still held within hers.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my sensations. I was cunning, however, in the midst of my happiness, for I was not mad enough to refrain from at least doubting its reality; and when by and by I *could* have spoken, I would not hazard a word, lest the sound of my own voice should dissipate the blessed illusion. For the same reason I did not dare to press her hand, even when my fingers became strong enough to do so; for I would not feel that it was unsubstantial. All I desired was to lie there and thus for ever and ever.

But at length the exorcised spectres returned one by one. First came the mother, slowly and noiselessly, and gliding up to the bed, she subsided like a cloud into a chair on the side opposite her daughter, and stared at me. Then came the father in the same fashion, and he planted himself upright at the foot, and stared at me too; and they both stared at me, as I could feel (for there was not light enough to see), with dull and marble eyes. I was troubled by the gaze. It disturbed the sacredness of my communion with *her*, and it likewise gave me, fevered as I was, an increasing suspicion of the unreality of the whole scene. What could bring this tribe of London people to our Scottish home? Would it not be more natural for my mother, who was only in the next room——

And my mother answered to the summons. The idea had hardly been formed in my spirit-compelling brain, when the door again opened, and she glided into the room.

'What are you gathered about the bed for?' said she in a low voice.

'Hush! hush! hush!' replied the watchers: 'he is come back!'

'I know it.'

'He is asleep.'

'I know it; but how do you?'

'See! see! see!' said the phantoms.

'See! There is nothing there: surely alarm has turned your brains!'

'He is in this bed, but we must not disturb him with the light.'

'God be with us!' cried my mother; 'what a tale is this?' And at the holy name they all started up, and I expected to hear the 'whirr' of their departure.

'It is not ten minutes,' continued she, 'since I heard Ponto whine, as if caressing some one; and throwing open the lattice, I looked out, and with mingled joy and terror saw the wanderer returned. Poor lad! he would come in; and seeing that my opposition only fretted him, I yielded, put him to bed, and leaving him fast asleep, came here to tell you.' At this recital I felt one of the sudden changes of delirium, and could hardly hold from laughing at the idea of my mother being deceived by my 'Double.' But the effect upon my strange visitors was very different.

'Merciful Providence!' cried the elder lady; 'I fear there is a trial preparing for you. Since it is true that such appearances do come, they can never come in vain. Unhappy woman, it is a wraith you have seen!'

'Silence, wife!' interposed the old gentleman. 'Our kind friend has an excuse for her delusion in the natural feelings—she saw with her eyes only what her heart looked for: but your idea is sheer nonsense.'

'You all appear to me to want an excuse,' said my mother. 'Tell me, my sweet Isabel—you who never forget anything but self, and never misapprehend anything but your own goodness of nature—tell me what is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?'

'I can only say,' said Isabel, in a voice that seemed still more rich and soft when heard after other voices—'I can only say that he returned not long ago; that I watched him into his room; that I followed instantly, and sat down by his bedside; and that he is now lying asleep before us, with his hand in mine, and his thick irregular breathing, the effects of his harassing journey, only too audible.'

'Then God help us all, and save our wits! for there is nothing more certain in this world than that I have just left him asleep as you describe, and that I had some difficulty in extricating my hand from his to come away without awaking him.'

'Stop, madam!' cried the old gentleman, as my mother was about to run to the corner of the room for the taper—'Did you expect your son to-night?'

'No, not till to-morrow. It is physically impossible that he can arrive before the middle of the day to-morrow.'

'Then the mystery is explained: it was your own son you put to bed—not mine!'

Here was an explanation indeed; but one that was far beyond the reach of my poor fevered brain. It appeared that it was not I who was lying in the bed before them, but somebody else! If I was not myself, who was I? I would thank them to tell me that, or else leave me alone with Isabel. It was dreadful to be nobody at all. I would go back to London. I was in London. It was at me the brick boxes stared with their dead eyes, and no longer at one another. They turned as I turned; they followed as I flew; they surrounded me everywhere; everywhere I could see the mass extending back to an immeasurable distance: and all staring, staring, staring at me. Their myriad cries were in my ears; but the intonation was lost in the roar of carriage wheels, and it was some time before I could understand what they said: till at length their united voice, compelling, as it were, all other sounds to join it, the whole staring world cried out—'Who are you?—who are you?—who are you?' Suddenly a shrill scream penetrated through the mass of sound, which at once died away in the 'hush' I had before heard running round the apartment; and in a moment my senses rallied, and by the light of the taper, which some one now held above my face, I saw my mother bending over me. 'My son, my son!' she cried; 'what a heart have I that did not tell me it was you!'

'Mother, what is this? Tell me where I am? Am I not in our own house?'

'You are—but not in *the* house. Do you not remember the building lease? This is the new dwelling that was built while you were away, close to ours, and uniform with it. But you are ill, feverish, faint. Not a word more to-night; but try to sleep. I see it all without explanation: you came in by the window, as you often used to do; and our tenant's son, a most amiable lad, but alas! of weak intellect, who had strayed away from his distracted friends'——

'Who are they?' said I pointing, and feeling myself again begin to wander.

'They are his father and mother. Do you not remember their delivering a packet to you in London?'

'But there was another here: where is she? I heard her name: it was Isabel. I cannot see her—I must see her.'

'And so indeed you will, every day. She is even now preparing your medicine. She will be a sister to you, my own Ronald—a sister worthy of the name—as she is to her poor unhappy brother. And you must love her—you must be sure to love her. Will you promise?'

This time my effort to reply to the question succeeded; and murmuring 'I will!' I sank into insensibility.

It has often occurred to me, that if the above circumstances had not been explained, they would have formed good grounds for the conversion of the whole party to a superstition that has now passed away. But in reality there was nothing strange even in the coincidence of the poor young man entering the room about the same time with myself, for it was at the usual hour of his going to bed. He had frequently wandered away from his friends; but this time his absence had been so long, as to throw them all into alarm, and almost despair. Their journey to London was entirely on his account; but after many consultations, they gave up hopes of his recovery, and brought him back to Scotland. There he lived a harmless and perhaps happy life for three years after the strange interview I have described; and then, to the surprise and horror of his friends, his dead body was one day found in the river.

And what became of Isabel? Did I redeem my promise to love her? Were we married? Alas! alas! these questions could be easily disposed of in romance; but in a narrative of real life, they are of a kind which can rarely be answered without pain. I will not answer them at all. Suffice it, that the 'serious business' I intended to commence in Scotland turned out, after two or three years' trial, a joke; and that I returned, in pursuance of my destiny, to the brick boxes of London.

RISING IN THE WORLD.

At an entertainment lately given at Merthyr, in Wales, Mr Crawshay, one of the most influential ironmasters of the principality, gave the following graphic account of the rise and progress of his family, and of the gradual rise of the iron trade in Wales:—'My grandfather was the son of a respectable farmer at Normanton, in the county of York. At the age of fifteen, father and son differed; my grandfather could not agree with his father—the reasons are unknown to me—and my grandfather, an enterprising boy, left Normanton for London, and rode his own pony up. When he got to London, which in those days was an arduous task of some fifteen or twenty days' travelling, he found himself as destitute of friends as he possibly could be. He sold his pony for L.15, and during the time that the proceeds of the pony kept him, he found employment in an iron warehouse, kept by Mr Bicklewith. He hired himself for three years for L.15, the price of his pony. His occupation was to clean the counting-house, to put the desks in order for his master and the clerks, and to do anything else that he was told to do. By industry, integrity, and perseverance, he gained his master's favour, and in the course of a few months he was considered decidedly better than the boy who had been there before him. He was termed "the Yorkshire boy;" and the Yorkshire boy, gentlemen, progressed in his master's favour by his activity, integrity, and perseverance. He had a very amiable and good master, and at the end of a very short period, before he had been two years in his place, he stood high in his master's confidence. The trade in which he was engaged was only a cast-iron warehouse, and his master assigned to him, "the Yorkshire boy," the privilege of selling flat-irons, the things with which our shirts and clothes are flattened. The washerwomen of London were sharp folks, and when they bought one flat-iron, they stole two. Mr Bicklewith thought the best person to cope with them would be a person working for his own interest, and a Yorkshireman at the same time. My grandfather sold those articles, and that was the first matter of trading that ever he embarked in in his life. By honesty and perseverance, he continued to grow in his master's favour, who, being an indolent man, in a few years retired, and left my grandfather in possession of the cast-iron business in London. That business was carried on on the very site where I now spend my days, in Yorkyard, London. Various vicissitudes in trade took place in the course of time. My grandfather left his business in London and came down here, and my father, who carried it on, supplied him with money almost as fast as he spent it here, but not quite so fast; and it is there I spend my time, engaged in selling the produce of this country; and you know to what an extent the iron produce of this country has risen up. My grandfather established the ironworks at Merthyr and Cyfartha; but my father was not left the whole of the Cyfartha establishment—he was only left three-eighths of it, but by purchase he obtained the whole of it, and by his benevolence I have succeeded to it. During my time the concern has not, and I hope it never will be, diminished. From what I have mentioned, it will be seen by the rising generation that by industry, integrity, and perseverance, wealth and rank may be attained, even although starting from humble circumstances; at all events, any young man who is industrious, honest, and persevering, will certainly be respected in any class of life he may chance to move in.'

IMPROVEMENT IN TOASTS.

On the subject of toasts at public entertainments, the following observations occur in the Literary Gazette:—

'What strikes us on all these "re-unions" is, that it so rarely happens that the services of the greatest benefactors of mankind are recognised. The science which improves every moment of man's civilised existence, and the literature which refines, elevates, and adorns it, are as if they were not. The little immediate is felt and panegyrised, the mighty universal has no grateful eulogy. The material is far ahead of the intellectual in the national mind. The army and navy—they fight for us, and, like cowards or

women, we never fail to thank them for getting their heads broken and saving ours. The church prays for us, and we are a professing religious people, who even over our cups must remember the good offices of the clergy. If any members of government, or any eminent lawyers, are present, we drink them fearfully, the former for not taxing us more, and the latter for not hanging us. But the illustrious historian, the immortal poet, the wonderful inventor of gas, or steam, or superhuman machinery, the pure teacher of morals, the great philosopher, the glorious sculptor or painter—the brightest luminaries of their own time, and the lights of future ages till time shall be no more—nobody ever dreams of toasting them or their works. Why should not science, or literature, or the arts be standing toasts among intelligent persons? The periodical press does now and then (as we have noted in this instance) win the compliment; but this seems to be simply because it is the most practical and least exalted of any branch of letters. Yet it is potential as well as forthwith applicable, and therefore it is "soft-sawdered." It can give a good turn or a buffet within a few hours, and therefore is its tongue hallowed, and its operators propitiated. Far be it from us to say that such unctuous honours are not due to it; the wielders of the pen are in anyway equal to the wielders of the sword, and the influence of the periodical press is enormous in all things, be they small or great—a street row, or a national quarrel, a vestry or general election, the stability of a police constable, or the popularity of a prime minister. It is the mysterious WE that commands awe and glorification; though the "*we*," in many cases (far removed from that in question), may be an ignorant blockhead or an impertinent pretender. After all, the query is—Among a people boasting so much of their intellectual progress, why should not science, literature, and the fine arts take their place as standing toasts at our public and national entertainments?'

We would add—Is not the whole system of toasts ridiculous? The noisy demonstrations on such occasions are significant of anything but good taste or advanced intelligence.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

In illustration of the belief of the [Canadian] Indians in a special Providence, the following story may be worth telling. Some three or four years ago, a party of Saulteaux, being much pressed by hunger, were anxious to cross from the mainland to one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles distant; but it was nearly as dangerous to go as to remain, for the spring had just reached that critical point when there was neither open water nor trustworthy ice. A council being held, to weigh the respective chances of drowning and starving, all the speakers opposed the contemplated move, till an old man of considerable influence thus spoke:—'You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday. Now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly; and I would therefore recommend our carrying the child with us, and keeping close to it, as the assurance of our own safety.' In full reliance on this reasoning, nearly the whole band immediately committed themselves to the treacherous ice; and they all perished miserably, to the number of eight-and-twenty.—*Sir George Simpson's Journey.*

ADVICE TO WIVES.

A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have *scenes*. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*The English Matron.*

USELESS FANCIES.

Having searched into all kinds of science, we discover the folly of neglecting those things which concern human life, and involving ourselves in difficulties about questions that are but mere notions; we should confine ourselves to nature and reason. Fancies beyond the reach of understanding, and which have yet been made the objects of all the disputes, errors, and superstitions that have prevailed in the world—such notional mysteries cannot be made subservient to the right uses of humanity.—*Socrates.*

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 204. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847. Price 1½d.

FIRESIDE TYRANNIES.

Nothing is more common in the circle of one's acquaintance, than to find grievous suffering inflicted upon families by the unreasonableness, bad temper, and tyrannical disposition of some member of the flock, or, as it may be, upon one by the same qualities in the rest. Almost all other sources of misery become insignificant in appearance when contrasted with this class of woes, for there is none from which a refuge or even temporary shelter is more difficult of attainment. It is like being chained to a stake for a continual infliction of torment.

The good are the most submissive to such evils. Possessing least of the spirit of resistance or reprisal, and perhaps venerating the very source of their vexations, they are apt to suffer on and on, rather than even let their troubles be known, till sometimes spirits and health give way, and they sink into the grave victims to a fireside pest. Another thing telling sorely against this order of sufferers, is their shrinking dread of that notice of the world which follows upon anything like a *fracas* in domestic matters. Anxious to maintain respectable appearances, they chasten their faces into an air of pleasantry or indifference, while the canker is slowly eating its way into their hearts. How many cases of this kind would come into view, had we an Asmodeus to uncover the abodes of men, and tell us how matters actually stood with them!

Most persons will be disposed to sympathise in the feelings which prompt this submissiveness, and to admire the heroism of the sufferers. All must feel, too, with what delicacy and caution they would require to consider and treat such cases, lest they should, by an attempt to rescue the sufferer, break ties which it might have been better to keep inviolate, or induce a light feeling regarding the ties of relationship in general. It nevertheless appears that we may be carried too far by our anxiety to preserve family bonds unbroken, and that, while due reverence is paid to the rule, some allowance ought to be made for exceptions. It certainly is a fact in nature, that the various individuals of a family are constituted with very different tempers and dispositions. Some are morose and sedate; others kindly and cheerful. Some tend to adopt views on the more solemn class of subjects very different from others, and are thus led off into very peculiar likings and associations, to which the rest have no sort of affinity. Some are naturally dogmatic and overbearing, must always have their own way, and manifest a constant disregard for the feelings of others; while their associates, from the cradle, are as remarkable for their gentle dispositions and habitual denial of self. Such being the case, it seems unreasonable to expect that consanguinity should necessarily bind a group of mortals to intimate and constant association. True, it is well when unity can be maintained, and no one can be insensible to the duty of bearing and forbearing to the very uttermost, in order to preserve even the semblance of peace, since the semblance is almost the first requisite to the reality. Yet, again, if it shall appear that a total incompatibility exists, and that more evil is incurred than avoided by the consequent suffering, then we would plead that humanity not only sanctions, but calls for a dispersion or separation. Let those who cannot live happily together, try to live happily apart; and let society regard any apparent eccentricities of the kind with that tolerance which is demanded with regard to all the relations of life, by the very diversity of nature which the Creator has seen fit to implant in us. It certainly can be no true offence to A, who lives in harmony with his circle of relations—they happening to be amiable—if B, having some who are of contrarious temper, cannot do so. B, in these circumstances, seems rather entitled to the sympathy and support of A in any attempt he may make inoffensively to remove from the annoyance.

The first contention which every worthy person must feel in such cases is with himself. He shrinks from the idea of such upbreaks, as violative of very sacred associations. It may be asked if these sacred associations are fittingly maintained, or can be maintained at all, under a sense of constant wrong and insult, or at least under continual innocent suffering? Does it not seem better that we should avoid the harassment, and endeavour to cherish the attachment to better purpose in a different sphere of daily life? But then he is not less solicitous that the world should have no occasion for remark about his family history; which, it may be feared, is as much as to say, he prefers appearances to realities. He has no objection to see a relation act a barbarous part, though himself is the victim of it; but he decidedly protests against the world knowing of it. The only evil is in the barbarity being published. This seems anything but a satisfactory morality. Surely the evil lies mainly in the fact itself and its direful consequences. Admitted, again, that delicacy calls for concealment as far as possible, but assuredly not beyond a certain point. When this is exceeded, we would say let the world know, if it must know, that another case has occurred of the eccentricity of the affections or of unendurable temper. It knows that such things have been, and must be, and the most flagrant exposure of anything of the kind will not be thought of beyond nine days.

Very often a feeling intervenes, that it is a duty to submit to every infliction from the hand of a near relative. From the depths of the soul a voice proclaims the awfulness of the tie, and seems to put a stamp of impiety upon the slightest approach to resistance, or even to remonstrance. While revering the beauty of

this feeling, we deprecate its being allowed too much sway. It may be moderated by considerations allied to its own manner of viewing the subject. For example—It has pleased Providence to form us very differently, though we have been thrown into the same fireside circle. Such diversities of nature, often leading to similar results, are to be seen in almost every such circle. For anything I can truly tell, they may be designed rather as a dispersive agency, to make men spread over the earth, than as a thing which individuals ought to suffer from with patience, that they may preserve their original associations unbroken. A submission destructive of peace and happiness may therefore be more of a contravention of the divine or natural dictate in the case, than an obedience to it. At any-rate, amongst all the freaks of moral speculators, it has never been asserted or expected that we are to make a duty of sufferings, the infliction of which is merely dependent on the wantonness, or wickedness, or unhappy temper of a fellow-creature. Such a thing could never be a human duty, because there is no adequate good end to be attained by it.

But, it will be said, society has an interest in the decent preservation of the appearance of peace among relations, and particularly those whose connections are of the more endearing kind. Any violent wrench given to these ties is painfully felt in the world, and is apt to afford a bad example. This is true to a great extent: on the other hand, it may be said that no individual can be expected altogether to sacrifice himself for sentimental, and, after all, negative good to society. This were to go against the first principles of self-preservation. It may be, too, that society is concerned about many things which are able fully to protect themselves, being founded on the primary dispositions of human nature. There never has been the least appearance as if the holding of firesides together in harmony were a matter of ticklish nicety. As well fear for the return of seed-time and harvest, as fear for the maintenance of the domestic affections. This assurance, in which they stand as a general fact, may well enable us to see, without great discomposure, or any fear for the tenderness of our own hearts, an occasional eccentric case—an unfortunate fellow-creature perhaps roused out of habitual gentleness to remonstrate or rebel against some intolerable visitation from those of his blood. It is, besides, far from certain that there is not more evil to the world itself from some of the restrictions which it would impose on the victims of the domestic ties, than there would be from any reasonable amount of freedom which it might allow to them. It may, after all, be doubted if society has any right to complain, or to impose the penalty of its displeasure, in any such case. Punishment is for those who commit positive wrong, not for those whom the accidents of nature and the conventional arrangements of society have brought into unhappy situations, which it would cost them the entire comfort of their existence to submit to.

If society is to interfere at all, it ought, we think, to interfere for the doing of justice between the parties. Were it to shake off cant and cowardice, and protect in all cases the innocent sufferer, without regard to supposed ulterior effects upon itself, it might perhaps do some good; anyhow, it would be acting a right and manly part on its own account. Let it do so, however, without any entrammelment from superstitious views of relationship. There is no obligation of this kind which is not mutual. No one can acquire a right by blood or connection, in any form, to tyrannise over another, unresisted, unresented. The apparently most sacred ties are absolved by thorough injustice and cruelty. Pretensions to an absolute and irresponsible power to inflict unmerited suffering merely because sustentation is also afforded, are now fit only to lie beside the divine right of kings to govern wrong, and similar absurdities. Wrong in all imaginable circumstances deserves resistance, and he who abuses a power drawn, or supposed to be drawn, from nature, as truly breaks the compact with his subjects, as a king when he infringes on the constitution. We repeat, then, that society will only be a just judge in this class of cases if it scouts everything like a pretension to be wantonly wicked, harsh, and cruel, or even simply petulant and vexatious, on the strength of natural ordinance. Nature has put, as a morality over all, that of love. There is no trace amongst the higher chapters of her code of a sanction to the behests of tyranny, or those emanations of petty spite, jealousy, and unreasonableness which so often make parlours into little representations of hell, and break generous hearts on the iron gratings of the world-prison by which they are environed.

THE ITALIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE ENGLISH POOR.

'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again after many days.'

In one of the midland counties of England there is a district the name of which we shall not give, but merely allude to its characteristics, by which it may easily be discovered. It has risen up within the last century, until, from a few clusters of poor cottages, the seat of a manufacture of trifling importance, it has become one of the wealthiest, most populous, and most intelligent communities within the three kingdoms. The five or six small hamlets have grown into towns, whose boundaries meeting, have all merged into one mass of habitations; so that but for the diversity of name which each portion still preserves, it might be considered as one large city of manufactures, such as Manchester or Birmingham. But like most newly-risen places, this region still presents anomalous mixture of town and country: for instance, between two colonies where the manufacture is carried on, a few green meadows, yet unbuilt upon, will intervene; and the tall chimney of 'the works' sometimes casts its smoke upon a puny corn-field or a blackberry hedge. Alternately the eye views green wooded undulations and hills covered with red brick houses, as if town and country were struggling together for the mastery. But as soon as the habitations are left behind, the ruralities of the place triumph, and the naturally beautiful face of the country is seen in all its luxuriousness.

On a little hill up which the road wound, just without the town, was a row of cottages inhabited by working people. But it is with one only that we have to do. Its inmates sat or lolled outside the door, enjoying the cool summer evening. They were a mother and some half-dozen children, of all sizes and ages. Mrs Sutton was a comfortable-looking, middle-aged woman, clad with tolerable neatness. Whether she ever had been pretty, was a matter entirely traditional: probably she had, for the place to which she belonged is remarkable for the good looks of its damsels in early youth; but the wear and tear of eight-and-thirty years had entirely obliterated Mrs Sutton's beauty, if she ever had any. She stood tossing her youngest hope, a babe of three months, and watching the two eldest playing at marbles. They were sturdy boys, save that their faces had the paleness which was the result of their work in the day; a circumstance which never fails to strike a visitant to this earthenware region, where the workpeople all ac-

quire the same pallid hue. Yet it is not unhealthy; and it imparts to the young girls a delicate beauty, which, though fleeting, is still very attractive while it lasts. Mrs Sutton's little maidens were an evidence of this fact: two fairer and more delicate blossoms never grew up in a labourer's home than did the twins Edna and Keziah.

And here—to account for such extraordinary appellations—we must premise that Scripture names of the most out-of-the-way character are at a premium in the neighbourhood of which we write—the boys being all Enochs, Calebs, or Obadiahs; the girls all Miriams, Jemimahs, or Naomis, with a sprinkling of such ultra-romantic and half-sacred cognomens as Thyrza, Zillah, or Kosanna. And having our pet theory of nomenclature, we cannot but observe how these things mark the character of the early inhabitants of a region which was once the stronghold of Wesley and his followers; how the descendants of these saintly-named children have gradually advanced with the tide, until their ultra piety has left no vestige save in a Christian name.

But we are wandering from Mrs Sutton. She, good soul, was wandering too, at least her eyes were, for she was watching up the hill a couple who seemed both weary and waysore. They were a young woman, and a man who might have been any age from twenty to forty, for he had the hard sallow features which never show the progress of time. Still less would years be marked on his low and ungainly figure, which was stunted and almost deformed, forming a strong contrast to the tall and upright form of his companion. This ill-matched pair came near Mrs Sutton's door, and then the man, after whispering to his fellow-traveller, addressed the good dame in broken English, which she could not understand. She looked inquiringly at the other.

'My husband'—Mrs Sutton could not help a slight start, and glance of surprise at the man, as the young woman said this—'my husband means that we are very tired, and would be glad of a lodging for the night, if you can give us one, or direct us elsewhere. We can pay you,' she added with a half smile, seeing the doubtful expression of Mrs Sutton's face. But to do the latter justice, we must say that it was caused as much by her surprise at hearing the young wife speak in good English, mingled with a natural feminine curiosity to know the reason that any Englishwoman could marry such a man.

Perhaps this latter quality, added to her good-nature, made her assent to their request, at all events partially.

'You can sit down and rest,' she said, 'and I'll get you some supper; but I can't promise more till my "master" comes home'—*master* being the ——shire equivalent for husband or guidman; and, alas! sometimes the title is only too true. But in this case it was a mere form of speech, as every one knew that Mrs Sutton was both *master* and mistress herself in her own house.

So the two wanderers sat down, and soon the cottage-hearth was blazing with a friendly brightness, which is at the will of the poorest labourer in this plentiful land of coal. Oh, there are no such fires out of ——shire! The foreigner bent over his supper in hungry taciturnity, occasionally darting glances from his large, bright, black eyes, that seemed the more piercing from the dark bushy eyebrows under which they gleamed, and, in conjunction with the long matted hair and the yellow skin, made Mrs Sutton feel rather uncomfortable. All true-born Britons hate foreigners. But her motherly and womanly sympathy was excited by the weary and sickly look of the young wife, who had all an Englishwoman's claims to compassion; and Mrs Sutton only resolved that, whatever her 'master' said, the strange wayfarers should have a night's shelter under her roof.

They did remain; and before noon on the following day, Pietro Ponti—that was his name, he said—had so ingratiated himself in the favour of the children, as to win a few kindly opinions from the mother herself; while his gentle wife was liked so much, that Mrs Sutton almost felt it a relief when, after paying for their lodging, they requested to occupy it for another day or so.

'She is such a mild, soft-spoken young creature,' was Mrs Sutton's confidential observation to her husband John, after the first day passed with their inmates—'she seems almost a lady. I wonder what on earth could have made her marry that ugly little fellow!'

And probably the good dame's curiosity would have led her on to direct questionings instead of vague wonderment, had she not been withheld by a certain reserve and refinement which marked the young woman's deportment, and caused the labourer's wife to treat her with unconscious deference. Yet she was not proud, for she always helped Mrs Sutton in her domestic duties without any reluctance or awkwardness.

At last Pietro spoke of proceeding onwards; and then the anxious looks of his wife loosened Mrs Sutton's tongue. She boldly asked whither they intended going.

'I—I hardly know,' said the wife timidly; when Ponti, in his broken English, explained that he was an Italian, who gained his living by catching bullfinches and larks, and teaching them to sing, in the hope of meeting purchasers.

'A pretty way of making a fortune!' thought Mrs Sutton; and then she said, 'Well, master, if such is your trade, you may as well follow it here as anywhere: you will find plenty of birds in the fields hereabouts; and as your wife seems comfortable, why, suppose you were to stay with us?'

This proposal caused a consultation between the husband and wife, if a consultation it could be called, where Pietro had all the talk to himself, and his helpmate meekly acquiesced. It ended in an assent to the offer, and the Italian and his wife were fairly established in the Sutton family.

'I am really glad you are not going, Mrs Ponti,' was the hearty exclamation of the kindly hostess to her young friend the first time they happened to be alone. 'I wonder your husband could think of dragging you up and down the country.'

'He never thought about it, I believe,' was the deprecating reply. 'But,' added the wife, while her cheek flushed and her head drooped, 'I am glad to stay here for the present. I would not like going among strangers now.'

'Ah no, no, poor girl!' quickly answered Mrs Sutton: 'but have you no mother—no aunt?' She repented of her words ere they were well uttered; for the girl burst into a fit of weeping so violent, that all the consolatory endearments that women of all ranks instinctively use to one another in time of affliction were employed by Mrs Sutton in vain. At last the wife of the Italian grew calmer, and said without tears, though in an accent of the deepest sorrow, 'I have no relatives, no friends in the wide world, except my husband.'

'Poor thing—poor thing! But you know, my dear, a good husband is something, and he seems very fond of you.' Mrs Sutton tried hard to say this, as if she really believed the fact.

'Yes—yes, Pietro is very kind,' answered the young woman, faintly smiling. 'I thought so, or I would not have married him. Shall I tell you how it was?'

Now this was the climax of all Mrs Sutton's wishes; but she had self-denial enough to say, 'Not if it troubles you, Mrs Ponti.'

'I wish you would call me Anne,' said the girl, taking her hand: 'you are the first woman who has seemed to love me since my mother died.' And here she began to weep afresh, but soon recovered herself so as to tell her story: how that she came from York; that she was an only child, and fatherless; and had been left utterly friendless and helpless on her mother's death.

'It was during her illness,' Anne continued, 'that Pietro Ponti, who lived in the same house, showed us much kindness. He was so much older than I, he treated me as a father would a child, and helped me out of all my troubles. When I was quite broken-hearted, I heard that he was going away on his usual rounds, and I went to him to ask his advice as to how I could support myself. My poor mother had been a dressmaker; but I was too young to take her business, for I was only seventeen. I felt that I must starve or beg, for I had no money. Then Pietro talked to me quietly and seriously, and told me that there was but one way in which he could maintain me, and save me from poverty—if I would marry him. He said this doubtingly, almost afraid that I would be angry; but I was not, for I saw tears in his eyes when he spoke of my youth and beauty being thrown away on a poor deformed creature like himself. I knew it was all his kindness; and I told him how grateful I was, and that, if he would let me think of it for a week, I would indeed be his wife. Pietro asked me if I had any other love—any one I preferred to him; as then he would never make me wretched. But I said no; there was no one who seemed to me so good and kind as he. And so, at the end of the week, I married him; and he has ever been a good husband to me. I fear I hardly love him as he deserves; but indeed I try; and I do obey him in all things.'

To this long story Mrs Sutton had listened without a word. As Anne ended, the good woman pressed her hand, bade 'God bless her!' in rather a husky voice, and muttering a hope that she would stay long with them, and be very happy, went about her household business. But all that day Mrs Sutton's voice—at times raised sharply enough—sounded softer than usual; and when Pietro Ponti came in to supper, the best portion of the meal, and the warmest corner of the fireplace, were kindly, though abruptly, pointed out as his own to the little deformed Italian.

Two or three months passed, and Ponti and his wife became like members of the family. The bird-catcher pursued his trade successfully, being taken to the woodland haunts for miles round by the younger Suttons, with whom he was an especial favourite. They Anglicised his name, and christened him Peter, which appellation was soon given him by the whole family. And ten times better than even Peter did they all love the pretty Anne, who seemed so young, that she was almost a playmate for the children. But a continual shadow of pensiveness darkened her face, though not detracting from its mild beauty. Her husband was always kind, yet still there was a perpetual yearning—a restless void in the girl's heart. How could it be otherwise? She never uttered a word of complaint, or even of sadness; but often, when she sat preparing for the little being that was soon to give her new ties of love, Anne would let the work fall from her hands, while her dark-blue eyes, so dreamy in their depths, were fixed on vacancy, as if looking wistfully into the dim future. Good, plain Mrs Sutton, could not understand these fancies, and sometimes wished that Anne would think less and talk more—it would be much better for her.

Birth and death came hand in hand together. The babe lived—the mother died! Kind-hearted Mrs Sutton closed the eyes of the poor young creature who had so twined round her honest heart. She had tended her with a mother's care until the last; when she saw how peaceful and beautiful the dead face looked, the good woman dried her tears.

'Poor thing—poor thing! she has nothing to trouble her now! Perhaps it is as well—God knows best!'

And then Mrs Sutton heard the wail of the little motherless babe, and thought not of the dead, but of the living. With motherly care she took the helpless child to her bosom, and nourished it as her own.

'Charley is six months old now,' she said to her husband. 'He is strong and healthy; I shall turn him away, and take this poor little creature, who wants the most.'

And so she nursed the babe, and became a mother to it in the stead of her who had now no need of the comfort of a child to love. Many a time, when the little one grew older, and began to laugh and crow in her arms, Mrs Sutton would think of its dead mother; how her heart would have leaped to feel the bliss of maternal love—the tiny twining fingers—the kiss of the little soft lips. But then she would remember that a child's love is not all-sufficient, and that, perhaps, it was well for poor Anne that she lived no longer.

Whether the widower grieved much for the loss of his sweet young wife, it was impossible to tell. The Italian was always of a reserved disposition; and when the first shock was over, he seemed to return to his old habits much as if nothing had happened. His taciturnity rather increased; and sometimes, after spending the day out in the fields, he came home, silently took his place in his own warm corner, and uttered not a syllable until it was time to go to rest. He rarely noticed his child, except that when Mrs Sutton began to talk to him about the name of the babe, hinting that, as a matter of course, the little one should be christened Anne, Pietro shrank from her with an expression of acute pain, and at once said it should not be so—that the child should be called Ginevra.

'Jenny what?' cried Mrs Sutton, aghast at this foreign appellation.

'Ginevra!' said the Italian, lingering on the melodious syllables with seeming fondness, as if it were a name long unuttered, but most dear, and saying it over and over again, coupled with the tender and musical diminutives of his own language. All this was incomprehensible to the worthy woman, and she tried again to protest against 'so unchristian and heathenish a name.' But the only answer she gained was the distinct repetition of the name, in a tone so firm, that she saw it was useless to dispute the father's will. As a contest of words between herself and the foreigner would have been highly unprofitable to both, Mrs Sutton wisely yielded her point, probably for the first time in her life. So the babe was christened Ginevra; but Mrs Sutton, as if determined to make the baptismal name void, gave to her nursling the pet diminutive of Jenny; and Jenny she was called evermore by the household.

The child grew up as a younger sister in the family: no one seemed to look upon her in any other light. She learnt to call her nurse 'mother,' and John Sutton 'father;' while the appellation she gave to her own, was 'Peter,' like the rest of the children. Nor did the Italian seem to care for the abolition of these parental ties; he treated his own daughter as he did the little Suttons, with neither more nor less regard than he had ever shown to them; only that he always called her Ginevra, sometimes adding to it sweet diminutives, such as Ginevretta; but these seemed not meant for the child, but as tokens of loving remembrances awakened by the name she bore.

In truth, as the little girl grew older, no one could have guessed her Italian descent. She looked, spoke, and was in all respects an English child, with her soft blue eyes and brown hair, like her mother's—her true mother—now so utterly forgotten, whose very existence was unknown to the child whose life had been her death. Once or twice Mrs Sutton tried to explain the truth to Jenny; but the mystery was too great for the little girl's mind. And besides, Mrs Sutton loved her nursling so much, it was as pain to remember she was not her own child; so at last she let the matter rest.

Time passed on, and Jenny became of an age to go to school; and to school she was accordingly sent, with her foster-brother Charley; her father never interfering in the matter at all. Indeed, from the child's birth, he had seemed to give her up entirely to the Suttons. She was clothed and fed by the honest labourer with his own children; and not a murmur did worthy John Sutton, and his equally worthy helpmate, utter, with regard to the little one thus quartered on them, and dependent on their bounty. In everything she was to

them as their own. Oh! there are noble hearts in the dwellings of the English poor! and good deeds, of which the greatest philanthropist might be proud, are often concealed under thatched roofs, and highways, and hedges, unknown and unchronicled; but they will be chronicled one day we trust.

When Jenny was ten years old, her father died. They found him one morning lying dead in his bed, in the little room where he slept, and where he taught his birds; for they had often heard him at daybreak whistling and talking to them in his own tongue. The little birds were now warbling joyously, carolling in the sunshine over the pillow of the dead man. Poor Pietro! in life they had been his only companions, and they were the only witnesses of his death. The same kind hands which had laid the wife in her grave now laid her husband beside her; but there was little mourning for him. He came a stranger, and was a stranger to the last. For some time Pietro's trade had not prospered, and he had owed subsistence to the charity of those whose inmate he had been so long. Now, but for John Sutton, the Italian might have found a parish grave.

The only treasures left by Pietro Ponti were his birds, a silver crucifix, and a little Italian book, in which was written the name he had given his daughter —Ginevra. It might have been his mother's, a sister's perhaps, some early memory still dearer; for the human heart is the same all over the world, and the deformed bird-catcher might have loved as well as the noble and fair, perhaps more truly. But nothing more was ever known of the father of Ginevra Ponti. After a time, Mrs Sutton explained to her adopted child as much as she knew herself, and then clasping Jenny in her arms, told her that she need think of it no more, for that she was henceforth her own daughter.

Two years or more passed away; the sons and daughters of Mrs Sutton grew up; one girl married; two boys went away; another turned out ill, and gave many a gnawing care to his parents. It was a hard time for trade, and anxieties came heavily upon John Sutton; yet he never complained of the additional burden which he had in his adopted child: the idea never crossed his mind, or his wife's either. They seemed to think that Jenny was always to live with them; to send her away would be like parting with their own. That any one should claim her seemed equally improbable; but strange things happen sometimes.

One day a visitor, who was not exactly a lady, but very well dressed, came to inquire for Mrs Sutton.

'I wanted to speak to you,' she said abruptly. 'My name is Mrs Dalton.' Mrs Sutton started; for it was that of the Italian's wife. 'You seem to know my name?'

'I have heard it before,' answered Mrs Sutton.

'I don't belong to these parts,' said Mrs Dalton, in a tone that, if not exactly refined, sounded honest and straightforward; 'but in crossing the churchyard, I saw a stone with the name of Anne Meredith Ponti. Now I have been long looking for my brother's child, of whom I only know her name was Anne Meredith Dalton, and that she married a wandering Italian called Ponti. The sexton sent me to you for information.'

A little incensed at the imperative tone of her visitor, Mrs Sutton related all she knew.

'It must have been my niece,' said Mrs Dalton musingly. Mrs Sutton began to speak of poor Anne—what she was like in person; but the latter stopped her quickly—'You need not describe her, as I never saw her; but let me look at the child.'

Jenny came, was admired, for she was indeed a beautiful child; and at last acknowledged by Mrs Dalton as her grandniece, in favour of her mouth and nose, which were, she said, exactly those of a Dalton. The lady, who bore the epithet of Mrs by courtesy, for she was an old maid, finally declared her intention of taking away her niece to educate, and adopt her as her own. Mrs Sutton was perfectly overwhelmed. To part with Jenny, her darling Jenny, was a thing dreadful to imagine. She burst into tears, snatched the child to her bosom, and ran away with her out of the house.

But with calm reflection came the thought of the injury she might be doing to Jenny's interests in thus keeping her to share the poverty which was coming darkly on, when she might be made a lady of by one to whom she was bound by ties of kindred. The simple-hearted but upright woman thought of all this, until she was well-nigh bewildered; and then she had to convince her husband too. The end of it was, that the adopted parents of the little Jenny consented to Mrs Dalton's proposition.

'If she should come to any harm,' cried the poor woman, folding her darling to her heart in the agony of a parting which Jenny could hardly comprehend—'if you do not teach her what is right, and be kind to her, I shall never forgive myself.'

Mrs Dalton promised with an earnestness and sincerity which was proved by her moistened eyes and softened voice, that she would try to be as good a mother to the orphan as the excellent woman who had nurtured Jenny for so many years. And then she gently took the child away the very same week, for she would hear of no delay; and Jenny's sweet face was seen no more among those of her adopted brothers and sisters. From the far distant and luxurious home to which she was taken came her childish letters, every line of which was wept fondly over. But year by year they grew less frequent; and at last they ceased. A neighbour once passing by the place, told how he had seen a young girl whom he thought was like what little Jenny used to be; and though the relation brought a few tears to Mrs Sutton's eyes, and a pain to her heart, at the thought of her darling having forgotten her, still both soon passed away. The poor have no time for much sentiment, and Mrs Sutton was engrossed by her own thickly-gathering cares.

It is all very well for political economists and theoretical philanthropists to talk about the wisdom of laying up for old age, and providing against the evil day; but for a labouring man, whose weekly earnings only suffice to provide weekly food for the many little mouths that must be filled, the matter is extremely difficult. Many and many an honest man, who has brought up a large family, which has not requited his care, is thrown upon parish charity in his old age. It was not quite so bad as this with John Sutton; but still, when all their young nestlings were fledged, and had gone out into the wide world—some for good, and some for evil—the old parents were left solitary and poor.

'Ah, if Keziah had but stayed!' lamented the poor old mother, when the prettiest of the twins went away one fine morning, and secretly married a worthless young man, leaving her parents deprived of the few comforts which her earnings, as the last of the flock, had brought them.

'Children always turn out so,' angrily said John Sutton. 'And we that were fools enough to bring up another man's child too: much good we have of it.'

'Don't say that, John,' answered Mrs Sutton, and her voice was gentler than it had once been: trouble softens much sometimes. 'I will never believe it was poor Jenny's fault; and anyhow, we did what was right, and that ought to be a comfort to us.'

It was years since the name of the Italian's daughter had been mentioned by the Suttons. The wounded feelings of the old man had brought the subject up now, and his wife could not drive it from her mind. Her own daughter's unkindness made her think of the little gentle creature whom she had loved so much, and who had ever been willing and dutiful, far more so than her own wild troop of children. As the old woman knelt before her hearth, kneading the dough for the tiny loaf which was sufficient now for their weekly need, her thoughts went back twenty years, wandering, by a course of ideas which, if not romantic, was at all events

natural, to the pile of bread she used to bake when the cottage was alive with merry children, now scattered far and wide. Then, in her fancy, she saw little Jenny standing by her side, burying her round rosy arms in the dough, as she was so fond of doing, until the good woman stopped to wipe her eyes, which these old memories made dim.

'Poor Jenny, if she could but come back, and be as she used to be. But that's quite impossible,' thought Mrs Sutton with a heavy sigh.

Life is more full of strange coincidences than we are aware. How often, on meeting unexpectedly some dear long-lost friend, do we remember that our thoughts had, only the day before, with a curious wilfulness, persisted in bringing up the very face we were so soon to see, and we laugh, and say what an odd chance it was! Wise mortals, as if there were such a thing as chance in this world!

Little did Mrs Sutton think, that when she and her good man went to rest that night, it would be with the happy knowledge that the dear lost Jenny was once more sleeping under their roof. While they sat at their homely tea, the latch was lifted, a young girl's face appeared, and a sweet voice said, 'May I come in, *mother*?' It was not the erring Keziah; it was not the other twin, Edna—her home was beyond the Atlantic; but it was the child of their adoption, the long-lost Jenny.

The old couple forgot all in the delight of welcoming her. They were never weary of looking at her and admiring her, now grown a tall and graceful woman, like what her mother had been. But the sadness that had darkened the face of poor Anne was not found in her daughter's. Content beamed in the looks of sweet Jenny.

After the first joy was passed, Mrs Sutton said mournfully, 'But we shall not have you long; maybe you will not stay with us, Jenny: you are a rich lady now, I suppose?'

Jenny put her arm round the neck of her old nurse, and whispered, 'Dear mother, I am not rich indeed; and I will never go away from you again, if you will let me stay.'

And then she told at length, what we must relate in a few words, that her aunt, a dressmaker in a large city, had educated her, though she was not kind; and as Jenny grew a woman, made her cease all communication with her old friends, whom the girl thought were dead, until accident brought to her the news of their troubles.

'Then,' said the young girl, deeply blushing, 'I thought how wicked and ungrateful I must seem to you; and I asked my aunt to let me come and see you, and help you, if I could, for I was able to earn a good deal; but she refused. I could not rest. I was very miserable; and when I heard that Keziah had gone away, and you had no child left, I asked again to be allowed to come; and so,' added Jenny, while her tears began to flow, 'my aunt turned me away, and I came here.'

'And how did you come—all alone, poor child?' cried the mother.

'I walked almost all the way, for I had hardly any money. Oh, mother, I am so happy! And you will let me be your child, and work for you, and live as we used to do? I have never forgotten you; indeed I have not.'

And the beautiful, refined, but still simple-hearted young woman embraced again and again her adopted parents, and moved about their poor and homely dwelling as cheerfully as if she had never seen a richer one. But the cottage did not long remain thus poor; Jenny's skilful and patient industry soon gained plenty of work in her own business; and though, as she said truly, she did not come back a rich lady, but a penniless girl, and could requite her benefactors not with showers of gold and silver, but with the labour of her hands, the young girl brought a blessing with her. Their own children had left John Sutton and his wife desolate in their old age; but the adopted one was to them in the stead of all the rest. The good deed of these humble but most noble hearts had brought its reward at last fourfold.

AN ANTIQUARY'S GLEANINGS.

We have before us a singular volume*—the first appearance in print of manuscript notes, made by a Fellow of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century. The work appears to consist of occasional jottings and recollections carried over a series of years, and was doubtless a favourite production of the author, as he made a 'fair copy' with his own hands, and presented it to the Royal Society: another original is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The book is a curious mixture of imperfect science and superstition, with here and there some useful hints and common-sense observations. Some of the facts recorded throw light on the manners, customs, and modes of thinking of the age; and a selection of a few of the more striking may serve a purpose with readers of the present day beyond the mere amusement of an idle half hour. Among these we find echoes, sounds, fairy rings, farmed stones, fatalities of families and places, accidents, &c.

The author, John Aubrey, sets out by telling us that —'Till about the year 1649, 'twas held a strange presumption for a man to attempt an innovation in learning; and not to be good manners to be more knowing than his neighbours and forefathers. Even to attempt an improvement in husbandry, though it succeeded with profit, was look't upon with an ill eie. . . . 'Twas held a sinne to make a scrutinie into the waies of nature.' It is a little remarkable that so much of what was true of 1649 should be equally applicable to 1847. Aubrey, however, was an inquirer, and, as he says, could not resist his desire for natural knowledge. 'It may seem nauseous to some,' he writes, 'that I have rak't up so many western vulgar proverbs, which I confess I do not disdeigne to quote; for proverbs are drawn from the experience and observations of many ages, and are the ancient natural philosophy of the vulgar, preserved in old English in bad rythmes, handed down to us.'

Following the preface is a letter from the celebrated naturalist Ray, who tells Aubrey he considers him 'a little too inclinable to credit strange relations.' Among the strange relations, we read that—'According to the severall sorts of earth in England (and so all the world over), the indigenæ are respectively witty or dull, good or bad. . . . In North Wiltshire, and like the vale of Gloucestershire (or dirty clayey country), the indigenæ or aborigines speak drawling; they are phlegmatique, skins pale and livid, slow and dull, heavy of spirit; hereabout is but little tillage or hard labour, they only milk the cowes and make cheese; they feed chiefly on milke meates, which cooles their braines too much, and hurts their inventions. These circumstances make them melancholy, contemplative, and malicious; by consequence whereof come more lawsuites out of North Wilts, at least double to the southern parts. And by the same reason they are generally more apt to be fanatiques: their persons are generally plump and feggy, gallipot eies, and some black; but they are generally handsome enough. It is a woodsere country, abounding much with serore and aushere plants, as sorrel, &c. which makes their humours sowre, and fixes their spirits. In Malmesbury hundred, &c. (the wet and clayey parts) there have ever been reputed witches. On the Downes, the south part, where 'tis all upon tillage, and where the shepherds labour hard, their flesh is hard, their bodies strong: being weary after hard labour, they have not leisure to read and contemplate

* The Natural History of Wiltshire: by John Aubrey, F.R.S. (written between 1656 and 1691). Edited and Elucidated by Notes, by John Britton, F.S.A. Published by the Wiltshire Typographical Society. 1847.

of religion, but goe to bed to their rest, to rise betime the next morning to their labour.'

This, it must be confessed, is singular philosophy; in another sentence we are told that the eyes of the people of Norfolk decay very speedily, in consequence of the dryness of the air, while on the adjoining page is the truly rational remark—'I have oftentimes wished for a mappe of England, coloured according to the colours of the earth, with markes of the fossiles and minerals,' which may be regarded as one of the earliest hints at what are now common—geological maps. Aubrey then goes on to speak of the damage done by 'Oliver's wind;' the hurricane commonly reported to have blown at the time of Cromwell's death, but which Thomas Carlyle shows was four days earlier. He describes echoes and sounds as moving in spheres similar to the circles produced from the fall of a stone into water; and relates of a petrifying rivulet near Devizes, that it 'seems to prove that stones grow not by apposition only, as the Aristotelians assert, but by susception also; for if the stick did not suscept some vertue by which it is transmuted, we may admire what doth become of the matter of the stick.' Then we read—'My Lady Coeks of Dumbleton told me that ladies did send ten miles and more for water from a spring on Malverne Hill, in Worcestershire, to wash their faces, and make 'em faire;' followed by thirty-two 'quaeres for the tryall of minerall waters,' among which are—'How much heavier 'tis than brandy? How it boyles dry pease? How blood lett whilest the waters are dranke lookes, and how it changes? In what time they putrefy and stink?'

It seems to have been the practice at that time, as it is now, to secure the presence of a great personage at the commencement of any important undertaking. Thus we read—'On Munday morning, the 20th September (1669), was begun a well-intended designe for cutting the river (Avon) below Salisbury, to make it navigable to carry boats of burthen to and from Christ Church. This work was principally encouraged by the Right Reverend Father in God, Seth, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, his lordship digging the first spitt of earth, and driving the first wheelebarrow.' The tides of the Severn served as 'weather prognosticks' to the dwellers on the banks of the river:—

> 'If it raineth when it doth flow,
> Then yoke your oxe, and goe to plough;
> But if it raineth when it doth ebb,
> Then unyoke your oxe, and goe to bed.'

In the chapter on 'soiles,' we read that 'wet and dirty lands, to poore people, who have not change of shoes, the cold is very incommodious, which hurts their nerves exceedingly. Salts, as the Lord Chancellor Bacon sayes, do exert (*irradiate*) raies of cold. Elias Ashmole, Esq. got a dangerous cold by sitting by the salt sacks in a salter's shop, which was like to have cost him his life. And some salts will corrode papers, that were three or four inches from it. The same may be sayd of marble pavements, which have cost some great persons their lives. Edmund Waller, Esq. the poet, made a quaere, I remember, at the Royal Society, about 1666, whether Salisbury Plaines were always plaines? In Virginia, the natives did burn down great woods, to cultivate the soil with maiz and potato-rootes, which plaines were there made by firing the woods to sowe corne. They doe call these plaines savannas. Who knowes but Salisbury Plaines, &c. might be made long time ago, after this manner, and for the same reason? . . . As to the greene circles on the downes, vulgarly called faiery circles (dances), I presume they are generated from the breathing out of a fertile subterraneous vapour. (The ringworm on a man's flesh is circular. Excogitate a paralolisme between the cordial heat and the subterranean heat to elucidate this phenomenon.) Every tobacco-taker knowes that 'tis no strange thing for a circle of smoke to be whiff'd out of the bowle of the pipe; but 'tis donne by chance. If you dig under the turf of this circle, you will find at the rootes of the grasse a hoare or mouldiness. But as there are fertile steames, so contrarywise there are noxious ones, which proceed from some minerales, iron, &c. which also, as the others, appear in a circular form.' The phenomenon of fairy rings was explained by the celebrated Wollaston forty years ago: he shows it to be caused by the decay and annual growth of certain species of fungi.

A curious botanical fact is recorded—'The spring after the conflagration at London, all the ruines were overgrown with an herbe or two, but especially one with a yellow flower; and on the south side of St Paul's Church it grew as thick as could be; nay, on the very top of the tower. The herbalists call it *Ericoleirs Neapolitana*—small bank cresses of Naples.' This plant, it appears, had never before been seen about London, except near Battle Bridge. The next may be set down among feats of the marvellous—'Edmund Wyld, Esq., R.S.S., hath had a pott of composition in his garden these seven yeares, that beares nothing at all, not so much as grasse or mosse. He makes his challenge, if any man will give him xxli. he will give him an hundred if it doth not beare wheate *spontaneously;* and the party shall keep the key, and he shall sift the earth-composition through a fine sieve, so that he may be sure there are no graines of wheate in it. He hath also a composition for pease; but that he will not warrant, not having yet tryed it.'

We are informed, under the head 'minerals and fossils,' of the means resorted to by an eminent physician for making aperient pills:—'In the parish of Great Badminton, in a field called Twelve Acres, the husbandmen doe oftentimes plough up and find iron bulletts as big as pistoll bulletts; sometimes almost as big as muskett bulletts. These bulletts are Dr Th. Willises aperitive pills: he putts a barre of iron into the smith's forge, and gives it a sparkling heat: then thrusts it against a roll of brimstone, and the barre will melt down into these bulletts; of which he made his aperitive pills. In this region is a great deal of iron, and the Bath waters give sufficient evidence that there is store of sulphur; so that heretofore, when the earthquakes were hereabouts, store of such bulletts must necessarily be made and vomited up.' In the next paragraph we read that the holly may be taken as an indication of the presence of coal below the surface, as that tree 'delights in the effluvium of this fossill.' 'I doe believe that all chalke was once marle; that is, that chalke has undergone subterraneous bakings, and is become hard: *e. g.* as wee make tobacco-pipes. The millers in our country use to putt a black pebble under the pinne of the axis of the mill-wheele, to keep the brasse underneath from wearing; and they doe find by experience that nothing doth weare so long as that. The bakers take a certain pebble, which they put in the vaulture of their oven, which they call the warning stone; for when that is white, the oven is hot. There was a time when all pebbles were liquid. Wee find them all ovalish. How should this come to passe? As for salts, some shoot cubicall, some hexagonall. Why might there not be a time, when these pebbles were making in embryone, for such a shooting as falls into an ovalish figure? Anno 1665, I desired Dr W. Harvey to tell me how flints were generated. He sayd to me that the black of the flint is but a natural vitrification of the chalke; and added that the medicine of the flint is excellent for the stone, and I think he said for the greene sicknesse; and that in some flints are found stones in next degree to a diamond.' Here we see the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood, with all his philosophy, approving remedies for disease which the most ignorant would now not dream of.

In a subsequent chapter on plants, Aubrey, while relating that wild strawberries were plentiful in certain parts, says—'I have heard Sir Christopher Wren affirm, that if one that has a wound in the head eates them, they are mortall. Methinks 'tis very strange;' and adds, 'Quære, the learned of this?' Then we are told that meadows producing yellow flowers are better than those which grow white flowers, as the latter 'are produc't by

a cold hungry water;' and that 'tobacco is onely in gardens for medicine; but in the neighbouring county of Gloucester it is a great commodity.' In a memorandum appended to this, the author says—'Mr Michael Weekes, of the custome-house, assures me that the custom of tobacco is the greatest of all other, and amounts now (1688) to four hundred thousand pounds per annum.' At the present time, the tobacco duties produce about three and a half millions annually. The cutting down of the forests seems to have caused much popular discontent; on the destruction of Pewsham Forest, by the Duke of Buckingham, the 'poor people' made a rhyme—

'When Chipnam stood in Pewsham's wood,
Before it was destroyed,
A cow might have gone for a groat a yeare—
But now it is denied.'

'The metre,' observes Aubrey, 'is lamentable, but the cry of the poor was more lamentable. I knew several that did remember the going of a cowe for 4d. per annum. The order was, how many they could winter they might summer; and pigges did cost nothing the going. Now, the highwayes are encombred with cottages, and the travellers with the beggars that dwell in them.' When describing 'reptiles and insects,' the author gives the following as a remedy for the plague and other diseases:—'Take twenty great fatt toades: in May they are the best: putt them alive in a pipkin, cover it, make a fire round it to the top, let them stay on the fire till they make no noise,' &c.; and says that it is recommended by Dr Thomas Willis. The prejudice against rooks and crows is not a modern error. The parliament in James I.'s reign passed a bill authorising the destruction of the birds, on which Aubrey writes—'I have heard knowing countreymen affirme, that rooke-wormes which the crows and rooks doe devour at sowing time, doe turne to chafers, which I think are our English locusts; and some yeares wee have such fearful armies of them, that they devour all manner of green things; and if the crowes did not destroy these wormes, it would oftentimes happen. Parliaments are not infallible, and some think they were out in this bill.'

The 'aire' of Wiltshire was considered favourable to longevity; if, however, the following couplet were true, the morals of the people were questionable:—

'Salisbury Plain,
Never without a thief or twain.'

That the reputation of cattle-dealers was as questionable when Aubrey wrote as it is said to have been in later years, we may infer from what is observed respecting one of their tricks. 'Some cow-stealers,' he writes, 'will make a hole in a hott lofe newly drawn out of the oven, and putt it on an oxes horn for a convenient time, and then they can turn their softened hornes the contrary way, so that the owner cannot swear to his own beast.'

Travelling to Stonehenge in that day must have been somewhat of an adventure. Among other 'weather prognosticks,' we have—

'When the hen doth moult before the cock,
The winter will be as hard as a rock;
But if the cock moults before the hen,
The winter will not wet your shoes' seame.'

After this, there is an anecdote of Wren which deserves quotation. 'It ought never to be forgot,' writes Aubrey, 'what our ingenious countreyman, Sir Christopher Wren, proposed to the silke-stocking weavers of London, anno domini 16—; namely, a way to weave seven paire or nine paire of stockings at once (it must be an odd number). He demanded four hundred pounds for his invention; but the weavers refused it because they were poor, and besides, they sayd it would spoile their trade. Perhaps they did not consider the proverb, that "Light gaines, with quick returnes, make heavy purses." Sir Christopher was so noble, seeing they would not adventure so much money, he breakes the modell of the engine all to pieces before their faces.'

Under the head of agriculture are mentioned the first watering of meadows, and manuring land with 'soap ashes.' The wages of a 'seedsman' were L.5 yearly, and of a 'servant-maid' from L.1, 10s. to L.2. The fall of rents was attributed to 'the decay of the Turky-trade;' and it was debated whether 'it would not be the better way to send our wooll beyond the sea again, as in the time of the staple? For the Dutch and French doe spin finer, work cheaper, and dye better.' Through such darkness as that shown by our quotations has science and every branch of industry had to struggle to their present degree of perfection. While looking back with a smile on the follies of our ancestors, we will do well to remember that for them the folly was wisdom, and that our own knowledge may at some future day appear equally deficient to our successors.

LABOURING SOCIETIES.

It is a mistake to suppose that labouring for a common stock is a notion of modern times. It has been acted upon in many countries at various stages of history. The North American Indians were found living under a system of communityship, and in a perfect equality. The Caribbees of the West India islands, in like manner, laboured the land in common, and drew each from public granaries what he required. The institutions of this nature formed by the Jesuits in Paraguay, form one of the most singular chapters in history. The mass of the people, amounting to 300,000 families, were content to work under the care of their religious superiors, receiving in return such supplies of necessaries as were deemed suitable to their deservings, while the aged and otherwise disabled were likewise handsomely provided for. This system lasted for several ages, and was only broken up by the intrusion of the Portuguese government. It appears that in India, Ceylon, and some other countries, such communityships existed in more or less perfect form in early ages.

Amidst all the changes of dynasties and governmental systems which have taken place in Europe since the middle ages, there have survived certain patches (if we may so call them) of the working population, which held by old primitive arrangements of the nature of Communityship. The accounts we have of them seem to lead the mind back into the very first forms of society. One is found in the province of Nivernois, in France, though dwindled away into a mere speck. Once it comprehended a large district, where all the people worked together on land held as common property, under masters whom they elected. An old writer, speaking of them, says—'In these communities, the children are prized who can yet do nothing, from the expectation of what they will perform in future; those who are in vigour, for what they do; the old for their advice, and for the remembrance of what they have done.' Now there is but one family which keeps up the old system—one named Jault, said to number less than forty persons, but possessing property worth L.8000: they live amicably in one house, having a large hall for meals, and separate apartments for each married couple and their children, after the manner of certain charitable foundations in our own country.

The Gothic nations in ancient times had a system of common ownership, of which we are supposed to have a faint trace in England in the unenclosed commons—may we add, in Scotland, in those pastures and hill bogs which still belong as common property to the inhabitants of burghs? The system was developed in great vigour in the province of Friesland, the most northerly district of Holland. There the land was divided into portions called *theels*, part of which were held by individuals, part by the public. An individual's theel went to his youngest son, or, failing sons, to his daughter, while the other sons were provided for out of the theels held in common. No head of a family could have more

than one, nor could he sell his theel. Whether as a consequence of this mode of living or not, at least contemporaneously with it, the people exhibited a remarkable spirit of independence, exempt from feudal and priestly domination, and possessing a house of parliament, while there was as yet no such thing in England. They held the emperor in no fear, and allowed of no dignitaries among themselves. Their common greeting to each other was, 'Health, thou noble freeman!' These moral characteristics remind us much of those of the North American Indians under a similar arrangement. It has been well remarked that the Frisons show how little exclusive liberty is to the mountains; for here she flourished in almost unparalleled vigour among the fens of the Netherlands.

In France, but more in Italy, there is a system of farming known by the name of *Metayer*, or *Mezzeria*, which is as yet little known amongst us, though exceedingly remarkable. It may be said to reign chiefly in Tuscany. There it has survived the Roman domination and all subsequent vicissitudes, and is still almost the only plan of cultivation in use. Under this arrangement, the owner of the soil provides the land, houses, utensils, and seed, while the tenant contributes the labour. Out of the crop there is set aside a sufficiency for next year's seed, and for the support of the cultivators and their cattle; the remainder is divided between the proprietor and cultivator. The money arising from the sale of cattle is in like manner divided. With these benefits, and raising clothing for his family, which they work up with their own hands, the metayer peasant possesses a degree of animal comfort such as is rarely matched, and perhaps nowhere exceeded, amongst the labouring classes in the various countries of Europe. Though under no permanent engagement with the landlord, they generally remain on the ground from generation to generation. The system, however, has its drawbacks. The cultivator, living in a home apart from his neighbours, has little intercourse with them; and accordingly, prejudices and ignorance mark the tribe in an especial manner. In such a system of small farms, the benefits of science fail to be taken advantage of. It has even the effect of limiting the local range of industry in a surprising manner; for the plains of Tuscany, though the most fertile portion of it, are, in comparison with the hills, in a state of neglect, merely because extensive combinations of labour are there necessary. Tending, moreover, to the production of nothing beyond what is required for local consumption, it admits of no comforts which require the intervention of commerce.

According to Dr Bowring—'The erroneous self-sufficing principle pervades everything, even to the extent that a single field should produce everything, that one man should do everything: there is no such thing as division of labour—no intermediate branch of occupation. The same individual who has planted a vine, or sown his field, must sell the final produce to the consumer; the labour of the Tuscan proprietor is therefore so complicated, that it is impossible to get through it. The result of all this is, that out of the gross produce, the net revenue to the Tuscan proprietor is most miserable. The gross produce in itself is large—very large in proportion to the natural productiveness of the soil; but it is small considered in relation to the expenses incurred, to the capital absorbed, and to the labour bestowed upon it. Regarding man as an instrument of labour, our agriculture is costly in the extreme; but under any other system, man would do less, and cost more. The cultivator is always on the spot—always careful; his constant thought is, this field is my own. He works for his own advantage, not as a mercenary, nor as a slave or machine; his loss of time is the least possible, as he has the distribution of his hours, and chooses his opportunities: while proceeding to his field, he pulls up the weeds, he gathers together the manure that may have fallen on the roads, which contributes to the increase of his dunghill; the amount of labour bestowed by the cultivator would prove too costly to the proprietor if obliged to pay for it; it would not answer his purpose. It is always ruinous in the end to cultivate land in Tuscany by day-labourers: on the other hand, were the labourer to be paid his wages in money, they would prove inadequate to his support. Under the existing system, if his profits are small, they are direct, and in the shape of produce, his household wants are fully and completely supplied, and at no expense. It is not possible for the cultivators to make a rapid fortune, but the better class of them possess their little capital of money. The marriage portions they give their daughters are a proof of this: these are considerable, and always increasing. It is true the landlord frequently assists; and not only the head of the family, but the other members also, both girls and boys, to whom they leave slight bequests by way of dowry, or who enter into small speculations, have all a little stock of money laid by. It is, I consider, the great and only advantage of Tuscan economy, that it insures the subsistence of a large number of labourers, and insures this in a mode independent of men and events, and free from the vicissitudes of commerce and the uncertainties of trade or of ruinous changes.

'The labourer in general is happy and virtuous; the unvarying nature and quietude of his life, and the dependence, free from all servility, in which he stands in relation to his employer, foster his habits of morality, whilst they maintain his dignity as a man. . . . The peasantry is beyond dispute the best class in Tuscany, and all the good that is said, and has been said of the Tuscans, is due to the peasantry. A peasant who should be reduced to work as a day-labourer would feel himself miserable and degraded; it would be a descent from a high elevation in the social scale.'

America is said to contain upwards of a dozen societies who labour for a common good. They are mostly of German origin, and profess a religious basis for their union. The most noted community of the kind is that of the Rappites, which took its rise, rather more than forty years ago, in a German congregation which had emigrated under the care of their pastor, Mr Rapp, and which was first led to this mode of life by the text in Acts iv. verse 32, as to the early believers having 'all things in common.' The Rappites were first settled in Pennsylvania; they were miserably poor, and encountered great difficulties, particularly from their own ignorance. Their plan, however, prospered, and in 1814 they sold their possessions for 100,000 dollars, and migrated to a place called Economy, on the Ohio, where they speedily acquired immense wealth, much more indeed than, with their habits, there is any occasion for. It appears that this body has been held together by the influence of their pastor, Rapp, who contrived from the first to make them believe that they are exalted above all the ordinary people of the world. Ignorant, puffed up with self-conceit, and perhaps misled by the very success they have met with in the realisation of wealth, they submit to a whim of their superior, positively forbidding marriage. A restraint so contrary to nature, and not upheld by any strong religious sanction, must of course be precarious, and it remains to be seen, now that Rapp is dead, whether the society will long subsist in its present form. Meanwhile there is no reason to believe that the opulence is owing in any peculiar degree to their exemption from the charge of young families, for it appears that hosts of children under widowed mothers are quartered upon them. Miss Martineau reported, a few years ago, that what was vital in the Rappite system was dreadfully incumbered with what was dead. 'Their spiritual pride,' she says, 'their insane vanity, their intellectual torpor, their mental grossness, are melancholy to witness. Reading is discouraged among them. Their thoughts are full of the one subject of celibacy; with what effect, may be easily imagined. Their religious exercises are disgustingly full of it. It cannot be otherwise; for they have no other interesting subject of

thought beyond their daily routine of business; no objects in life, no wants, no hopes, no novelty of experience whatever. Their life is all dull work, and no play.'

The Rappites, with all the faults of their system, have possessed one requisite of high importance—a community of sentiment on religious and other dissociating questions. Diversity in these respects appears to have been the main cause of the early dissolution of the society established by Mr Owen in Indiana. Where no such blight occurs, communities established in countries not too far advanced in the possession or employment of capital, seem to thrive, as far as the production of the prime necessaries of life is concerned.* Within the last thirteen years, the Oberlin Institute took its rise in the state of Ohio, in a band of forty young men, who withdrew from the Presbyterian College, Cincinnati, on account of their strong feelings in behalf of the negroes. Resolving to found an institution where the blacks should receive all the advantages of education, and be treated as the equals of the whites, they repaired to the forest, and cleared ground by the work of their own hands. With scarcely any capital, they soon reared a settlement in the wilderness, though of a very rough kind. Persons of their own sentiments, and of both sexes, joined to make common cause with them for the negroes. When told there was no accommodation for them, they would answer, 'We will provide for ourselves, if you will let us stay.' When poverty was felt, the members gave up the use of animal food—liquors they had never used. One would lend even his clothes to another when it was necessary. Some, however, came with money, which they threw into the common stock. A farmer of their neighbourhood, touched by their generous views and their sufferings, drove over a cow to them—the only gift he could bestow. Another took in seventy of them as free boarders: his wife sank under the heavy charge thus put upon her, but she died without regret for the sacrifice she had made. Long since, the principal difficulties seem to have been overcome, and the institute comprehended a preparatory school, and a university of twenty-six professors, with four hundred pupils. The labour of all, for three hours a day, sufficed to give all a temperate and healthy maintenance—the young women attending to household and dairy duties, and to the making and mending of clothes. After existing about four years, the possessions of the society were estimated at 65,000 dollars.

In our own country, attempts to establish co-operative societies have not hitherto met, in any case, with assured success, chiefly perhaps because of the difficulty of applying human energies in that variety of modes which would put the system on an equal footing with the prevailing arrangements. A set of men of various professions and trades go to settle upon and work a piece of land, and live both industriously and frugally; but the individuals soon discover that they do not realise so much as by salaries or wages in the usual way. Their projects accordingly fall to the ground. It is different in America, where the contrast is only between the individual or the society setting to the clearance and cropping of land, and where the local isolation must also be favourable to the keeping up of a united spirit. How far it is possible to make even the most partial changes from the one system to the other, in a country where all old arrangements are so inveterately fixed and rooted as in ours, we shall not take it upon us to pronounce; but we think the question an interesting one, and believe it would be satisfactory to many well-meaning persons to see it fairly subjected to the test of experiment. On the other hand, we are far from believing that human nature is such as only to be excitable to exertion by the rewards of the individual selfhood. The common objection, that men will not labour so hard for a common as for an individual interest, seems to us greatly overstated. The actual history of labouring societies shows no defect of this kind: even the Irish peasantry were transformed by Mr Vandeleur into an active as well as peaceable community, when a group of them knew that they were working for themselves as a body. The experiment in this case, as is well known, failed from causes entirely apart from the question of work and the economy of its performance. Our present system is perhaps unmatchable for the production and storing of wealth; but no one can pretend that the wellbeing of the great mass of the community advances in proportion. Its one great point of failure is in sustaining the spirit and morale of the labourer. Its very interference for the succour of the helpless, is of a nature that degrades while it relieves. In these particulars, it does not seem favourable to the development of the best parts of man's nature. It is also attended by a discontent not at all calculated to give zest to the comforts of those in whom the wealth of the country is centered. The whole circumstances being considered, we certainly see no occasion to object to the trial of a system giving even the faintest promise of different results.

* See An Outline of the Various Social Systems and Communities which have been founded on the principle of Co-operation. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

An architect of Vienna, having occasion to visit the country-house of a nobleman of that city, accepted the hospitable invitation he received, and determined to remain as a guest for several days. The first day was passed in business, and he retired to bed somewhat exhausted, but his thoughts still occupied with the improvements in the house that were contemplated. He could see, however, that the room allotted to him was handsome and commodious, though not large; and at length he suffered his head to sink upon the pillow with the sigh of satisfaction with which we take leave of the world for the night,

> 'And draw around a wearied breast
> The curtain of repose.'

But when he was just sinking to rest, an uneasy sensation, he knew not of what nature, stole over him. He persuaded himself that the air was close—that he perceived a faint smell; and he lay for some time considering whether he was not suffering from fever. The question was speedily answered: for the bed began to move. Presently it was near the window—so near, that he could look out, could see the trees in the garden below, and could observe the outline of a summer-house, which had attracted his attention by its classical proportions in the forenoon. He was of course surprised, nay, terrified; but when he stretched towards the window in order to ascertain that all was real, the scene grew dimmer and dimmer, and at length disappeared. And no wonder: for the bed was receding to its old position—and did not stop there. He was presently at the door. He might have touched the panels with his hand. He felt his breath come back, and the air grow more confined. He would have got up to ring for assistance, but persuaded himself that he was too weak, and would fall down before reaching the bell.

The bed again moved; and this time it took up its position in the very middle of the fireplace. This was the sheer frenzy of fever, for the fireplace was of course not a fourth part of the size of the bed itself. Yet he saw distinctly the walls of the chimney surrounding him; and he even felt that one of the feet of the bed rested upon a dog-iron, so as to disturb its level. But he had no time for more minute observation; for presently the bed emerging from the chimney, began to rise with slow undulations towards the roof; and there it continued to swing, as he imagined, for hours together, till his alarm sank gradually into lassitude, and he fell into a deep though short and unrefreshing slumber.

The next morning the visitor appeared at the break-

fast table, pale, wearied, and dispirited. He was not well. What was the matter? What could be done for him? 'Nothing,' he replied to all their interrogatories. He had not slept; but the air would revive him. He would take healthful exercise during the day, and that would be better than medicine. It turned out as he expected. He recovered his spirits; he was delighted with his hosts, and they with him; and he was thankful that he had been prevented by shame from mentioning the absurd fancies by which he had been beset during the night. At the usual hour he retired again to bed, comfortable in mind and body, but feeling the want of sleep, and looking forward gratefully, by anticipation, to at least eight hours of sound repose.

He did not enjoy one. The same fever, the same fancies, the same inexplicable movements of the bed—these were his portion during the night; and in the morning the same dead eyes, the same colourless cheeks, the same listless attitudes, betrayed to his sympathising friends that he had passed another wakeful and wretched night. But he still preserved silence as to the details. He was thoroughly ashamed of his absurdity. The impressions of the first night had doubtless remained to scare him on the second. He had gone to bed thinking of his former sufferings, and they had been renewed in his imagination. In this way he accounted for the continued illusions that had perplexed him; and he determined, at a third trial, to grapple with them manfully, and compel repose by the aid of reason.

All was unavailing; and on the third morning his entertainer, alarmed by his ghastly looks, determined to bring him to explanation.

'You can no longer conceal it,' said he; 'you have found something disagreeable in the room; and I reproach myself with having allowed you to be put into an apartment which certainly bears a bad name in the house.'

'What do you mean by a bad name?' asked the guest.

'I mean that it is famous for its sleepless lodgers, for its waking dreams—and worse than that. There is not a servant in the house who would enter it alone after nightfall for a year's wages.'

'That is all very well for the servants; but I know you laugh at these ignorant fancies; and you know me too well to suppose that I would treat them otherwise than with pity and contempt. Tell me at once what you believe: but first listen to a narrative of my adventures;' and the guest related to his host at full length the story of his three ill-omened nights.

'I cannot tell you what I believe,' replied the latter, after musing for some time; 'for, in point of fact, I do not know what to believe; but your experience tallies strangely with what I have heard on the subject before from more than one of my friends. I am more perplexed than ever.' It was agreed, however, on the proposal of the architect, that a minute examination of the premises should immediately take place, and the whole family proceeded in a body to the chamber of mystery.

The first thing that struck the examiner was, that the chimney was choked up with rubbish, so that no current of air could take place through a channel on which so much depends. Proceeding to the window, he found it heavy and massive, and so completely bedded, that no force could raise it. It appeared, on inquiry, that this was its original defect; that the servants had at length given up all attempts to move it; and that the woodwork had swollen so much, through the effects of damp, that the whole window, so far as the access of the external air was concerned, was merely a prolongation of the wall. The door was in like manner found to be singularly heavy and close-fitting; and in addition, it was constructed so as to shut spontaneously the moment the person who entered removed his hand. In fact, the room, however elegant in appearance and furniture, was contrived throughout in the most elaborate manner, so as to be as unwholesome as possible. Still this did not account for the illusions with which it was haunted, and the architect ascended to the external roof of the house.

Here he found that the apartment in question was covered by a massive work of tiles, wood, and lime, so as to leave a small garret, into which there was no opening either by door or window. This, in its connection with the other circumstances we have described, proved to be the solution of the mystery; for the mephytic gas engendered in the garret, penetrating through the mouldy woodwork of the antique ceiling, into a place whence it found no egress, and where it could mingle only with foul air, was in reality the nocturnal spectre which haunted the room. The effect of this gas upon the brain, in exciting a temporary delirium, is well known; and in the present instance, the result of what was done to remedy the evil left no doubt.

The door and window were opened, the chimney was cleared, and two openings were made in the roof. During the last-mentioned operation, it is worthy of note that when the tools of the workmen penetrated for the first time into the garret, the mephytic vapour which escaped had such an effect upon one of them, that he must have fallen from the roof had he not been caught hold of by his comrades. After the alterations were made, the architect retired to bed for the fourth time, and enjoyed an excellent sleep, together with a great part of the arrears of the three preceding nights. From that moment the room lost its reputation as a Chamber of Mystery.

CONVERSATION ON ASTRONOMY.

We have perused with much pleasure a newspaper account of a conversation on the past and present state of astronomical science, which took place a few weeks ago at the Royal Manchester Institution. Mr P. Clare was in the chair, and commenced with the following observations:—

It was satisfactory, said he, that the committee had selected for their consideration that evening a branch of the science which pointed out more prominently than any other the wisdom, omnipotence, and glory of the Deity. Although there was no science more perfectly understood than astronomy, yet there was none that contemplated bodies more in number, larger in magnitude, or at greater distances from us. It did not enter so much into a consideration of the properties or nature of the bodies which constituted the great machine of the universe, as it was an inquiry into that delightful harmony by which all created bodies were preserved in their right places, and kept therein with so much order and regularity. It had from a very early period of time engaged the attention of the most learned and talented men of all countries, and been cultivated with a zeal and perseverance to which it was eminently entitled. Having briefly sketched the history of this science from the earliest period to the current century, the chairman observed that it had taken a period of nearly four thousand years for the science of astronomy to arrive at its present state; but we might hope, that with the assistance of such very accurate instruments as were now made, the farther progress of this science would be more rapid; and it was encouraging to reflect, that by the assistance of telescopes of highly-magnifying power, adapted to instruments divided with great accuracy, many very important discoveries had been made within the present century. Indeed, within the compass of last year, not only was another small planet discovered, which has been called Astræa, but a large one, called Neptune, which might at present be said to be the outermost of the solar system, revolving at a distance of thirty millions of miles from the sun. To these might be added two other small planets discovered this year—one named Isis, and the other Hebe—belonging to the same group with Astræa. But one of the greatest triumphs of astronomical research within the present century was the discovery, by the late Professor Bessel, the distinguished Prussian astronomer, of the parallax of the star 61 Cygni, and the no less important discovery, by our late most excellent and laborious astronomer, Mr Thomas Henderson, of the parallax of Centauri, by which discoveries it has been ascertained that the nearest of the fixed stars cannot be at a less distance than 20,000,000,000,000 of miles.

The Rev. H. H. Jones then read a paper on the supposed determination of a central sun by Mädler. The last twelve months, he proceeded, might, without figure or exaggeration, be designated the 'annus magnus' of astronomical discovery. During that period, comets, planets, satellites, and unnumbered thousands of starry orbs, had been discovered; but by no means the least interesting achievement of the present period, if it should be confirmed, was that of Professor Mädler, said to be the result of seventeen years' patient study and observation. The presumed discovery was that of the position of a central sun, around which the various systems composing our sidereal heavens are all in a state of orbitual circulation. Mädler considered Alcyoné, one of the brightest stars in the centre of the Pleiades, either to be this sun, or to occupy the locality of the great focus of sidereal attraction; and he concluded that around this common centre of gravitation, thirty-four millions of times as far from us as we are from our own sun, our whole solar system performed a complete revolution in 18,200,000 years. This conception was a most magnificent one; and if, as was possible, it was a fact, it was undoubtedly the greatest fact that was ever presented in a tangible shape to the human mind. After reading a portion of the Report of the Royal Astronomical Society upon this subject, Mr Jones said, that while he by no means repudiated the probability of Mädler's hypothesis, neither was he disposed to receive it with implicit confidence in its truth. The idea that the solar system had not only a rotatory, but a progressive motion, or a motion of translation in space, was not new. Captain Smyth, president of the Royal Astronomical Society, thought that Lucretius referred to this motion; but he (Mr Jones) thought that the language of this writer, who flourished in the century preceding the Christian era, was so vague, as to leave it in doubt whether he entertained anything like the modern idea on this subject. But after the discoveries of Newton, the hypothesis became widely prevalent, and gradually assumed a more definite aspect. Dr Halley, who died in 1742, distinctly recognised it; Lambert, who wrote in 1761, completely anticipated Mädler's general views; and Flamstead, Mayer, Dr Wilson, Herschel, and Mossotti, had all speculated more or less upon the subject. The idea of progressive movement amongst the sidereal systems seemed to have been derived from two or three different sources. First, it was thought highly probable that our own sun, and consequently the solar system, had a motion of translation in space, and then, by analogy, all other systems. It was supposed that if all bodies in the free space gravitated towards each other, all must be in a state of motion; and when it was shown that the sun revolved upon its axis, it was immediately concluded that the same impulse which produced rotation must also produce a motion of translation in space. On such an assumption several mathematicians calculated in what point a globe must be struck to make it whirl round and move forward with certain given velocities, and found that, to cause our earth by a single impulse to turn on its axis in twenty-four hours, and move forward in its orbit at its known velocity, the point of percussion must be twenty-five miles from the centre. Though, mathematically considered, this was no doubt a very interesting question, when adduced as an explanation of celestial phenomena it was a sheer absurdity. The most plausible reason for believing that the solar system had a progressive motion in space, was the fact of an apparent change in the relative positions of some of the fixed stars. Impressed with this idea, Sir William Herschel made many observations, and ultimately concluded that the solar system had a motion of translation towards the star Zeta in the constellation Hercules. Bessel, however, stated that there was no point in the heavens towards which he could discover any such tendency. More recently, Agelander had revived the investigation; and his conclusions, though by no means free from difficulties and doubts, nearly coincided with those of Herschel. Mädler, however, was not merely unwilling to abandon the hypothesis, but had made some specific additions to it, distinctly stating the amount of distances, velocities, and periodic times, and pointing out the precise locality of the great central sun. The solution of this question depended entirely upon the precise determination of the places and proper motion of the fixed stars; and this could only be done by the united aid of excellent instruments, numerous observers, and the lapse of long periods of time. The particulars which demanded attention in all exact astronomical observations were refraction, precession, nutation, aberration, obliquity of the ecliptic, the uncertainty of ancient observations, instrumental imperfections, personal equation, and sidereal parallax. Upon these the learned speaker made some important observations, and proceeded to say that inattention to a single particular just specified, would be sufficient to vitiate the whole process of calculation in a case like the present. It was not from prejudice, timidity, or instinctive antipathy that he (Mr Jones) demurred to the reception of Mädler's hypothesis, but because he believed that the data from which it had been deduced were quite inadequate for the purpose. If, however, Mädler should be finally able to maintain his views, we should think him a much greater man than we otherwise should have done had we not been aware of the obstacles with which he had to contend.

The chairman said, that Mr Jones spoke doubtingly of the observations which had been made by Mädler being applied correctly to the investigation of the very important question of a central sun; we should, however, remember how very correct views had been taken, on matters of astronomy, upon very little evidence. Pythagoras took a very correct view of the solar system, with no strong evidence to support his view. The promulgation of Mädler's supposed discovery would cause persons to investigate, more than they otherwise might have done, the exact situation of many stars, and particularly the position relatively to each other of those stars which were called double and treble stars, in order to see if they maintained the same relative position for a number of years. Even then, if nothing important immediately resulted from Mädler's views, they might in this way be productive of advantage to the progress of astronomy.

Mr Charles Pountney said, that if the whole sidereal heavens were in a state of revolution round a central sun, that implied a periphery or external circumference, beyond which there was either finite or infinite space. All our ideas and observations went to show that space was infinite; but if it was in a state of revolution round a centre, there must be a periphery. Would they, then, limit the sidereal heavens to a finite orb, or say that infinite space revolved round a single centre? If it was said that it did not revolve round one centre, but that there was another centre beyond that that we could see, then there might be a great many centres; and if so, there was no necessity for the very one contemplated by Mädler.

Mr Atkinson thought that Mädler professed to have discovered, not 'the' central sun, but 'a' central sun. Mädler's idea was not to limit infinite space, but that the different bodies in space were arranged in groups, each revolving round its own centre of gravity. The central sun which Mädler believed himself to have discovered, was the centre around which the stellar group, of which our solar system was a part, revolved.

The chairman did not think that, if it could be proved, as Mädler had suggested, that there was a centre around which the stars which we observed, or could observe, moved, that that implied a limit of the universe. The universe was not limited to what we could conceive. He believed Mädler meant by the central sun, the centre of the stars that we could see. The Rev. H. H. Jones said that Mädler expressly designated his discovery the discovery of 'the' central sun. Mr Atkinson thought that neither Mädler nor any one else could say, with their means, that they had discovered 'the' central sun.

The Rev. H. H. Jones said that Mädler, in his paper, contended that the stars were pretty uniformly distributed through space; and it was evident that he meant what he said, for his whole reasoning was founded on that very supposition. In consequence of the stars being thus pretty uniformly distributed, he supposed that they formed a large spherical mass; and that the law of gravitation, as applied to them, would probably be not inversely, as the square of the distance, but as the distance—the law of gravitation which prevailed with respect to particles of matter which had entered beneath the surface of the sphere to whose centre they were attracted. He thought Mr Pountney took a correct view of the fundamental principles of Mädler's theory, and he could not see how the objections which Mr Pountney had raised could be well answered upon the principles which Mädler had laid down. He thought that Mädler meant that the stars were pretty nearly at uniform distances from each other, or his inference respect-

ing attraction, to which he (the lecturer) had referred, would not be correct. It was indeed singular that Mädler should have thought thus, for it was almost impossible to look at the heavens on a fine night, and believe anything of the kind; the stars appeared grouped in various clusters throughout the whole hemisphere, as far as they were visible. Though Mädler's theory appeared based on one assumption after another, unsupported by rigid observation, there was no doubt that that astronomer was a very clever man, and one of great genius and acquired knowledge; and if he were there that evening, he (Mr Jones) would thank him for startling the slumbers of the scientific world with the projection of this great and mighty theory, which afforded employment both for the imagination and the intellect, and kept us from a state of intellectual stagnation. He (Mr Jones) liked a good bold theory; a person might do nothing but collect large masses of facts together; but where was the utility of these, unless some master mind could be found to form an induction, and deduce principles from the facts?

The chairman said, that when a person of Mädler's attainments propounded a hypothesis, we should treat it with the degree of respect due to his talents and learning, though we should receive his suggestions only in the same way as those of Pythagoras, or any other talented man. Great discoveries too often did not receive that attention which their investigation deserved. Mr Adams of Cambridge pointed out to the astronomer royal and the professor of astronomy at Cambridge the probability that there was a planet beyond Uranus; but they paid no regard to him till their attention was drawn to the subject by a foreigner, and the honour of the discovery was given to another individual.

Mr Henderson thought that neither Mädler nor any one else was justified in making propositions respecting infinite space. All his conclusions must be inductions resting on the observation of stars within the range of our own vision. He thought Mädler meant by the central sun the centre of the whole stars that came within the sphere of our vision. Our idea of infinity was one that we could not get rid of; and it was safest, in the absence of any positive knowledge of Mädler's opinion, to conclude that he meant by the central sun, merely the centre of what we saw. The idea of a central sun was one to which the human mind would always naturally turn, until we saw something to contradict the general course of nature. The whole course of our observations tended to show that the bodies in space were in motion; all the bodies within our own system were moving at inconceivable velocities, and it was therefore only a result of the tendency of the mind to generalisation and deduction to suppose that all the stars we saw were in motion likewise. We were also led from the analogy of our own system to conceive of this motion as a circular one. Mädler had, therefore, *a priori* reason on his side. The great thing was the verification of the hypothesis by actual mathematical measurement; and the difficulties which Mr Jones had shown to be inherent in that question, were such as almost to amount to an impossibility; though it was perhaps rash to say this, considering the rapid progress we had made in the last century.

After some further conversation on the subject, the party separated. We need scarcely add, that though it is not by this kind of discussion that the severer truths in science are to be elicited and established, yet much good may be done by exciting further interest, and thereby leading to more rigorous examination. For a more minute account of M. Mädler's hypothesis, the reader is referred to No. 163 of our current series.

THE ELEPHANT KRAAL.

[The following account of the capture of wild elephants, we give in an abridged form from a recent number of a Ceylon paper.]

We left Kandy at two o'clock for Kornegalle, a distance of twenty-three miles. The road was most beautiful, and some of the views were more splendid than anything I had seen before in Ceylon, particularly one from Mr Villier's estate at the head of the Gallegeddra Pass. When you first come in sight of the low country, the road winds along the brow of a mountain, and arrives suddenly at an opening, where you look down a lovely valley surrounded with magnificent mountains, covered with verdure to their very summits. The only thing wanting to make it perfect is water; but this is the case in all our Ceylon views. As we approached Kornegalle, the road put me much in mind of home—the meadows at each side of us, with the cattle grazing on them, were quite familiar scenes, and drew us back in imagination to dear old England. It was dark before we reached our destination; but the road was illuminated with the fire-flies, which are extremely beautiful in this part of the country. One of these lovely little creatures was secured, and placed on a watch, and its light was so strong, that we were able to ascertain the hour. We arrived at Kornegalle, and started next morning at half-past five o'clock on horseback for the kraal, about twenty miles distant. For the first hour or so it rained so much, that we were not able to remark the country we were passing through; but about seven o'clock the sun appeared, and it became very pleasant indeed. The road, or rather bridle-path, lay through paddy fields for the first six miles, and was admirable ground for a good roadster. The next four were through a thick jungle, which, the sun being strong, shaded us very pleasantly. The flowers were lovely: the magnificent exoria grew in abundance, also one of the 'bottle-brush' tribe, of the most beautiful blue. I remarked a very handsome yellow flower, very like a laburnum, only much larger, which hung gracefully in bunches over our path. We crossed a lovely river, called the Dedra-oya, about four hundred feet wide: all here was gentleness and peace: several beautiful trees drooped over the water, and bathed their graceful branches in it. We reached the kraal about nine o'clock: the latter part of the road lay along the bed of the Kimbool-wanya, which at this time of the year was quite dry. Our English friends would have been highly amused had they caught a sight of our suddenly-created village of kraal bungalows, which was constructed entirely of the leaves of the talipot palm: our rooms were hung with red and white cloth; and our furniture very much in the Robinson Crusoe style.

In front of the governor's bungalow a kind of triumphal arch was erected, most tastefully ornamented in the native fashion with plantain leaves, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, &c. There were eight bungalows altogether, also a bazaar, and several native huts, so that we had quite a village of our own: all this was erected by the natives in a few weeks. Next morning, as we were going to breakfast, we were startled by the trumpeting of an elephant, which appeared to be just at our elbow; but our alarm was soon over, as one of our party came and told us it was only one of the tame elephants brought for our inspection. She stood just outside our door, with the mahout or rider on her shoulders, and appeared perfectly tame, eating oranges and plantains from our hands, and seeming to enjoy them very much. It was wonderful to see her place a great cocoa-nut, husks and all, in her mouth, and crush it as a nut-cracker would a filbert. It is a very old elephant, and has been in the possession of government more than forty years. It is valued at two thousand rupees.

Before I proceed further, it is necessary that I should give a brief description of the kraal itself, and the manner of capturing the elephants. About an acre of jungle is formed into a square enclosure, leaving only a small opening to let the elephants enter; the palisades round this enclosure are about eleven feet high, and at one end two wings extend into the jungle for some hundred yards on each side of the opening, so as to form a long wall screened by the forest, the use of which is to prevent the elephants, should they hesitate in entering the kraal, from escaping at either side. An elevated stand is erected on one side of the enclosure for the spectators. It is about twice as high as the palisades, so that we looked down into the kraal: I believe kraal is a Dutch word, which signifies an enclosure. The men who drive the elephants into the snare are out for several days before the exhibition takes place, in search of the animals, which come down at this time of the year (July) for a plant called kooranna, a kind of flax, which is then ripe. When they discover their destined vic-

tims, they light their fires and torches behind them, to drive them on towards the entrance of the kraal, always keeping in a circle to prevent them from returning. They are thus forced close up to the mouth of the enclosure, where they are detained for the final 'drive,' when they are compelled to enter. The moment they are in the kraal, the entrance is closed up, and they are safe inside, where they keep charging all round the enclosure, but are repulsed by the beaters. These people, when they see the elephants approaching the fences of the kraal, scream with all their might, and this frightens them so much, that they turn to some other point, where they meet with the same reception. Two thousand people were employed in this kraal; and the principal part of these came without any remuneration, as to a national sport; indeed, if they were offered any, they would leave the kraal, and return to their homes affronted.

We were told that the drive was to take place after tiffin, so at two o'clock we all marched down to the kraal. At length, as we were talking and laughing together, we were startled by a scream rather than a shout from the crowd round the stand; and on looking round, we saw the people evidently very much alarmed, running here and there, and throwing each other down in their fright. In a few minutes all was quiet again, and we were told that it was only one of the wild elephants that had separated from its companions, and was trying to break the line and escape. Hour after hour passed slowly away, and still no sign of the elephants. It became quite dark about half-past six o'clock, and we were allowed no lights, for fear the animals might be frightened, and turn back. I must here remark that the elephant's eye is constructed like that of the cat: it therefore sees much better at night than in the day-time. We were not only obliged to sit in darkness, but also in silence, as their hearing likewise is very acute. In this state we sat till half-past eight o'clock, when in one instant the whole place was lighted up, and silence was broken by the most deafening shouts, which even now are ringing in my ears: a crash was heard, and eighteen elephants tumbled into the kraal, which they rushed round and round, charging here and there in their anger and fright. The enclosure, however, was rapidly surrounded by crowds of the beaters, and a chain of fires blazed up on all sides, so that escape was hopeless, and after a vain rush at every point, the poor frighted herd collected quietly in one corner under a thick jungle, and stood wearied and at rest.

Next morning we breakfasted early, in order that we might have more time to spend at the kraal. When we arrived at the stand about ten o'clock, all the elephants were together in a corner as before. They had covered themselves with dust in their first rage, but now they appeared quite stupified and overcome. There were two tiny little ones among them, which always ran between their mothers' legs; and it was extraordinary to see the care the elder ones took not to touch them with their large clumsy feet.

Soon after we arrived, the entrance to the kraal was cautiously opened, and about six or eight tame elephants entered, with their mahouts or riders. This seemed to startle our wild friends a little, for they immediately formed themselves into line, and prepared to make a charge. The tame ones were quite prepared for this, and continued to advance, throwing down several large trees, and crushing them under their feet, which had the effect of intimidating the others, who instantly retired to their former position. One or two of the tame elephants now advanced towards them, followed by the noosers, to commence the capture. The moment the wild ones saw them approaching, they made a charge, when one of the men threw a noose round the hind-leg of one of the largest, the other end of the rope being made fast round the neck of the tame one, who pulled it with all her might. The victim made prodigious efforts to escape, but all in vain; and at last he threw himself down on the ground in despair, when one of the tame elephants coming behind him, actually pushed him up with its tusks, to his hopeless and final discomfiture. He now gave himself up for lost, and allowed himself to be bound without further resistance. His hind-legs were fastened together, and then bound to a strong tree: his front feet were treated in the same manner, with the exception of not being tied together. When he was quite secured, he again threw himself down on the ground, and lay there for two or three hours in exhaustion and despair. He covered himself with dust, which he collected and scattered with his trunk; and from time to time he inserted his trunk into his throat, and drew from some receptacle there a supply of water, with which he moistened the whole surface of his skin. It would thus seem as if the elephant, like the camel, is provided with a reservoir of this kind; but whether similarly situated, I am unable to tell. This elephant was altogether half an hour in being caught and secured, though, owing to the excitement, we could scarcely believe it was five minutes. In this manner sixteen of the elephants were noosed and made fast; and so completely subdued were they, that most of the spectators entered the kraal to pull out the hairs from their tails, to get made into bracelets, rings, &c. as little souvenirs of the day. It really was one of the most melancholy sights I ever witnessed, to see those poor creatures, the true lords of the forest, there at our feet, humbled to the very dust, some lying down as if dead, others leaning against the trees, apparently in all the stupor of despair at the loss of their liberty, and all with their spirit, hope, and courage entirely lost. Even one which was loose seemed quite stupified; for though several times unfeelingly tormented, it never moved an inch, but appeared as if in a dream.

When returning to Kornegalle, we were most fortunate in having the pleasure of having for a companion Dr Gardener, the eminent botanist, in whose company the most insignificant plant or flower had some interest, in relation to which he has always something instructive to tell. On our journey back to Kandy, he discovered the upas tree growing within a few miles of Kornegalle. It was not known before that it grows in Ceylon. In returning to Kandy, I must say that I really felt very glad to feel myself once more out of the range of our jungle friends—the elephants; and that for several days afterwards I imagined every sound to be either the trumpeting of the animals or the cries of the beaters. A kraal, however, is, in my opinion, the only sight worth seeing in Ceylon, combining at once novelty, excitement, wonder, and instruction.

PANIC.

On the unreasonableness, in most instances, of commercial panic, and its injurious effects on general society, we find the following useful observations in a late number of the 'Globe' newspaper:—

'An evil which may be said to overtop every other, is groundless alarm, and this every sensible man of business ought to do his best, by every means in his power, to allay. It is the men of limited observation and small discretion with whom these panics originate, and who principally propagate them. These abound in every commercial circle; and though little noticed, and generally harmless in ordinary times, their united action at periods of difficulty, when they do give tongue, and get listened to, has a most formidable effect upon the state of credit. Let but one or two men of this class see those of better discretion, before whom they have been used to stand rebuked, puzzled and troubled by the aspect of commercial affairs—let a word or two fall upon their ears fitted to excite general alarm, and away they go, puffed up with the novel power to excite attention, talking and writing in all the varieties of manner excited folly can assume, and doing all they can to make their neighbours and correspondents stand aghast—because while they do this they can inwardly revel in the delicious consciousness of a degree of social power denied to them at all other times. To do these persons justice, they seldom have, we believe, any distinct perception either of the mischief they do, or of the vileness of

the office they are performing. It will be observed that it is only when the more discreet order of men—the natural rulers of society—have committed themselves by some gross and general imprudence, and by abusing, have for a time lost possession of their power, that the herd of shallow witlings and sheer fools obtain an opening to play these pranks. In truth, they wield a retributive power in some respects analogous to that of the public executioner. Their betters—for the most part, though not entirely, by a culpable disregard of invariable laws which, though imperfectly known, might doubtless be better known if better attended to—have brought themselves into difficulties apparently inextricable. When the soundest judgment is fairly puzzled, all are much upon a level. The wisest can do nothing, and the most foolish can do as much. And then, every voice being equally listened to, the majority in numbers are for the time uppermost, and we discover what it is to be ruled by an instinctive combination of the weak, the ignorant, and the timid. The shorter their reign—and we wince under it now—the better. And there is nothing easier than their deposition.

'Let every man, not only in business, but out of it, resolutely close his ears to rumours of every kind. Let all inquire as much as they please—nay, industriously search after and assure themselves to the utmost of every fact which concerns their own pecuniary interests; and let all to whom questions of this description are addressed answer them with the frankness best betokening honesty. But let all who are not yet destitute of self-respect, and who would not render themselves justly liable to be set down either as weak, babbling fools, or malignant knaves, now avoid, as they would the commission of a heinous crime, the giving currency to reports of the good foundation of which they are not themselves assured. Better fling a blazing torch into your neighbour's house, than mutter innuendoes against his credit. If it concerns you, inquire into it; and when you have discovered a fact, whether it be for or against him, out with it, for the truth can do no harm. If it does not concern you, leave it to those it does. To repeat a mere surmise is, in most cases, to take part in the manufacture of a lie, for the gossipping weakness that prompts the repetition, craves, and can seldom deny itself, the gratification of adding some little to its strength; and though the first inkling may have been born of a fact, the chances are a thousand to one against the final assertion, rumour-built and folly-fastened as it is, bearing any decent resemblance to the truth.'

AUTUMN.

BY W. MOY THOMAS.

The wheat is garnered in the red-tiled barn,
And the waste ears begin to spring again,
No power is in the feeble-breathing morn
To sweep the mists along the stubble plain;
The dew hangs, like a lately-fallen rain,
On the nut-loaded borders of the wood,
And on the hedge flowers in the rutty lane,
And on the thankful sparrow's winter food,
The powder-bloomèd sloe, and berries red as blood.

The misty sun keeps red until the noon,
And turneth red again before the day
Is three hours older; and the large round moon
Keepeth her ruddy countenance alway;
And when the stars are seen, wine-red are they,
Even from the clearest zenith looking down;
And where the mists awhile have crept away,
And the fair earth doth make her beauty known,
No other tints hath she but crimson, gold, and brown.

Sometime a lazy wind comes from the south
Slow journeying, scarce a league from morn till night,
O'er the light grass-seed, singeing in the drouth,
Where the free cricket ever hides from sight;
Or on a poppy field it doth alight,
And sleeps awhile, then to the wood goes forth,
Entangled, struggling on, or stays its flight
With the rich bramble-fruit borne down to earth,
And rousing thence, moves on to warm the aged north.

A pleasant life hath that same autumn wind,
Fed with all odours that on earth are found;
Its only toil to wander out and find
What fingered chestnut leaves are most embrowned,
To make a russet clothing for the ground
Against the early snows: and many a trick
In wanton idleness it plays around,
Upon the white-thorn bushes spreading thick
The hay that loosely hung around the bulky rick;

And often turns aside to linger round
A granary, until they ope the door,
When, sauntering in, it makes a cooling sound
Among the crevices, and evermore
Twirls the light husks around the thrashing-floor,
Whereat the sleek brown mouse shrinks back in fear,
Until the memory of the golden store
O'ercomes his fright, and venturing not too near,
He carries to his hole a single shrivelled ear.

Then to the smoke-enwrapped and toiling town
Before it bears the feathered thistle-seed,
That long bewildered wanders up and down
To find the road that to the fields doth lead;
Till in a current drawn with sudden speed
Through some high factory window, opened wide—
A gentle spirit from the daisied mead!
The dirt-grimed workman rests his toil beside,
And of the woods and fields long muses filmy-eyed.

Or slowly wandering up the hazy stream,
Vexes its placid course with wrinkles small,
And from the surface drives the clumsy bream
Into safe covert 'mong the rushes tall:
Yet gentler service sometimes doth withal;
When the faint dying scholar makes a sign
To raise his chamber window, it doth fall
Upon his fevered brain like iced wine,
And with refreshing rustle lifts the casement vine.

But sometimes, day by day, the hazel tint
Grows deeper on the mass of forest trees,
And not a single breath from heaven is sent
To cool the ruddy fruits, that by degrees
Wax ripe and riper in a dreamy ease;
And bursting, trickle down, a honeyed rill,
To tempt from sweetest flowers the buzzing bees,
That buzz no more till they have had their fill;
Then laden, travel hiveward, buzzing louder still.

And so the dead leaves hang upon the stem,
Because there is no gentle stir of air,
Although the softest wind had scattered them,
And left the myriad branches dry and bare,
Till the sharp north wind cometh unaware,
And half relieves the laden orchard-bough;
And like hoar death, that kills the good and fair,
Lays autumn's loveliest bells and blossoms low,
And sudden winter falls wherever it doth blow.

But now a-many golden hours must pass
Ere gray October's frosty latter days
Knit cold November in the general mass,
And shrouding all things in a yellow haze,
Among the minds of men much doubting raise
Where autumn ends and winter doth begin:
And still with us the chilly swallow stays,
And round the rain-spout flutters out and in,
Nor dreams of Biscay's shore or southern Limousin.

WHO CANNOT BE RICH?

A Polish woman, who has a stall in the Franklin market, found herself, about five years ago, a widow with four young children, and an estate of just one dollar and fifty cents in money. She did not, however, turn her steps towards the alms-house, nor spend her time in begging from door to door. Though embarrassed by a very poor knowledge of our language, she immediately invested her capital in some articles which she could sell, and commenced operations, employing her children as she could for her assistance. For a year or two past she has had the market stall. A few months ago she learned that the owner of a good farm of seventy-five acres, in one of the central counties of the States, was very desirous to sell his farm for money. She examined the farm, found a good house, barn, &c. and fifty acres under cultivation. Her small store had grown to *twelve hundred dollars*, all safe in the savings' bank, and she offered it for the farm, and it was accepted, for it was all in cash. The Polish widow now has her country estate, where she has been spending some months; though, unwilling to retire as yet, she has returned and resumed her stall. What a fine provision for herself and family has she secured by five years of determined effort! What proof has she made that this is the land where all may be rich who have health, and where they only who have it not are proper objects of charity!—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

RECLAMATION OF GIPSIES.

While an effort has been making to reclaim the Scottish gipsies, by means of education and otherwise, at Yetholm, we are glad to learn from the following paragraph in the

'Poole Herald,' that the reclamation of this interesting race from vagrancy is receiving attention in England:—'A substantial, chaste, and commodious building is now completed at Farnham, and was opened a few days since, for the education of orphan gipsy children, and for the younger branches of those gipsies who have large families. All will here be taught to read and write. The girls will be trained to the various household duties, and fitted to go out to service. The boys will be carefully instructed, and when arrived at a proper age, apprenticed to some useful trade. The building is capable of accommodating twenty-four children, but as yet rooms are only fitted up for half that number. The meeting was most numerously and respectably attended, there being present between four and five hundred persons, comprising many of the principal residents of that part of the country.'

CONCLUSION OF THE MISCELLANY.

This day we issue the concluding numbers of Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts—the work being completed in 177 numbers, or twenty volumes. The design of the work, as far as we proposed to carry it out, being fulfilled—namely, the furnishing of a variety of tracts on instructive and entertaining subjects, likely to prove useful in their sphere, and calculated to supersede in some measure sheets of a demoralising tendency—it has been thought fit to bring it to a close. As far as the Miscellany has gone, there has been nothing to complain of with respect to circulation. During the currency of the work, since its commencement three years ago, the weekly impression has varied from 80,000 to 100,000; but including reprints, which are constantly going on, the average impression of each sheet of 32 pages has been 115,000. Of some sheets, which appear to have been peculiarly popular, the impression has been upwards of 200,000. The tract, 'Life of Louis Philippe,' has been put to press thirteen times, and the various impressions have amounted to 280,470. The total number of sheets of the work printed till the present hour is 18,000,000, the whole forming 38,125 reams. The weight of the entire mass printed has been 387 tons. The cost of the work for paper has been L.25,766; for printing, L.11,545; and for binding, L.16,248. The money paid to authors for writing has in most instances been L.10 per sheet, or altogether L.1450; and for wood-engravings the outlay has been about L.500. Of miscellaneous disbursements no account need be taken. The price paid by the public for the work has been L.100,000. The profits dispensed among the bookselling trade may be estimated at L.38,000. Of the general sales, the bulk has been chiefly in volumes. The quantity of volumes done up at each issue has usually filled two wagons; total number of volumes done up, 1,300,000. The larger proportion of these have been disposed of in or from London as a centre; the circulation has been mainly, where we were most desirous it should be, in the manufacturing and commercial districts of the country.

Our reason for presenting these facts, we hope, will not be misunderstood. They are offered as not uninteresting statistics in a department of popular literature, and with the view of showing, in a few figures, what must be considered a prevalent tendency in the public mind. That we have not been so fortunate as reach to a large extent the more humble and laborious classes, is readily allowed; at the same time, our aims have been invariably in that direction, and the distribution of so vast a quantity of literature, accessible from its cheapness, and at least not prepared without anxiety as to its adaptation for popular reading, can scarcely be altogether in vain. Of this, however, the public is the best and sole judge. The only thing for which we claim any credit, is having practically established the fact, that a periodical which neither has ministered to sectarian or political prepossessions, nor been the vehicle of moral pollution, has throughout maintained a circulation infinitely greater than that of any work of the same size armed with these powerful attractions.

A few words only require to be added on a point involving considerations as weighty to others as ourselves. The cost of the paper employed in the Miscellany (L.25,766), includes the sum of L.5431, which has been paid to government as duty. We leave the candid part of the public to judge whether, even taking the work in its lowest aspect as a mercantile enterprise, it be quite right and proper that the government—for such is the fact—should reap a greater share of profit than those who have undergone the whole of the risk and toil. No doubt the price of the work might have been made higher in order to meet this exaction, but that would have so far defeated the intentions of the publishers, by limiting the sales, that the work could not prudently have been entered upon. At present, the duty is 1½d. per lb., with an addition of 5 per cent.; practically, it is 1¾d. in 7d., the price of a pound of paper, or about 21 per cent. on the value of the article. As respects high-priced books, this duty can scarcely be said to be felt; but on works of a cheap class it falls with peculiar severity, and therefore must be presumed to act detrimentally in the projection of popular and improving literature. We do not say that, had the paper duties been removed, we should have extended the Miscellany to a greater number of volumes, because we think that the work is of a sufficient length for all useful purposes; but we certainly would have been inclined to follow it up with some other periodical equally cheap, diversified in its character, but with similar ends in view. As the matter stands, there is so much the less encouragement for any individuals in our position to attempt to stem the flood of polluting literature which now pours from the press of the metropolis.*

Humbly trusting that something of permanent utility has been accomplished, grateful for the sympathies which these humble efforts elicit from so many of the wise and good, and grateful, above all, to that Providence by which the means of sending the winged words of instruction abroad exist, we take leave of what has been a heavy task and great responsibility, only to brace ourselves to new exertions. Maintaining inflexibly our resolution to keep within our own proper field—that of a healthful literature, combining entertainment with instruction — we contemplate, besides giving increased attention to the Journal, several new, though less onerous tasks. Next week is to be issued the first number of a revised and improved edition of the Information for the People; and in about a month from the present date will appear the first of a series of small Books for children. Of this latter undertaking a prospectus will be given in our next publication.

W. and R. C.

Now completed, as above,

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY
OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS,

IN TWENTY VOLUMES, AT ONE SHILLING EACH:

Adapted for general circulation among the less-instructed classes, and for libraries in the army and navy, hospitals, prisons, schools, and other establishments. All the tracts will continue to be sold separately at a Halfpenny or a Penny each, according to size. Attention is respectfully drawn to various tracts suitable for distribution—as, for example, on the Management of Infants, Fireside Education, Tight Lacing, Cleanliness, Temperance, Life-Assurance, &c.

*** SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* See a recent article in the 'Daily News,' descriptive of the multiplicity of periodicals in the metropolis, the whole materials of which consist of tales of murder, lawless passion, and every other imaginable means of moral deterioration.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 205. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847. Price 1½d.

PENCILLED THOUGHTS.

It is said of Coleridge that he was a great borrower of books, and that he always returned them to their owner with the pencilled remarks he had made while engaged in perusing them. I cannot approve of the writing upon other people's books at all, even where it may be thought that the commentator surpasses the author. One may, however, do as he likes with his own; or, if the practice be objected to as one tending to deface and injure the fair body of a book, then he may indulge his humour much to the same purpose on a fly-leaf, or with a detached slip of paper. It is certainly pleasant to talk in this way with one's author, whether or not we agree with him in opinion; nay, for that matter, I am not sure if the pleasure is not a little heightened by somewhat of opposition in sentiment; inasmuch as it affords the mind an opportunity—which, if it be of a superior order, it will not fail to enjoy—of trying its strength, and feeling its resources: a noble exercise, and one for which it will have had but little scope should its process of training have been that too common one which consists in specific directions to think like Mr A—— or Mr B——. We are obviously intended, by the constitution of our being, to have something of our own to rest upon; and as little children are taught at a proper age to feel their feet, in order to prepare them for going alone, so should the youthful mind be led to ascertain its powers, that it may not move in a go-cart all its days, equally afraid and unable to stir a step by itself. For this purpose, the practice of pencilling down the passing impressions which are suggested by a thoughtful book is eminently instructive.

But are not the remarks of young readers likely to be crude and profitless? Crude enough, no doubt they may be, but not profitless, supposing them to be prompted by genuine feeling, and recorded with simplicity of purpose. Nothing is profitless that comes from the heart; no, not even a mistake. We can do little else than mistake in the first steps which we take in learning anything; but these mistakes have their use, by serving as beacons to warn us against steering towards the coast where we have already suffered loss. I am intimately acquainted with a lady, now advanced in life, who traces much of her present capability of appreciating and enjoying thoughtful literature, to the circumstance of her having made some pencilled remarks in a volume of poetry, which, when she was very young, an accomplished gentleman, old enough to be her father, and an intimate friend of the family, happened to see, and borrowed of her; and which, when he returned, he accompanied by the following note:—

'Dear Miss—I have been interested in the book which you kindly lent me, but not so much as with the comments you have scattered through it here and there. Allow me the pleasant privilege of attempting to teach you to *think;* which you will perceive that I have made some advance towards doing, by venturing to differ from you in opinion respecting some of the poems in this volume. Please to compare our pencilled criticisms, and rub out those which, after due consideration, you believe to be erroneous.'

Greatly surprised was my friend, then fervent in the enthusiasm of nineteen or so, to suppose there could be two opinions as to the quality of the poems which she had lauded with the terms 'exquisite,' 'enchanting,' and so forth, but which the more experienced pencil of her friend had in most instances lowered down to 'poor,' 'insipid,' 'not original, and good for nothing if it were;' but, the dissatisfaction of the moment overcome, she set herself to the occupation which had been recommended to her, of comparing her thoughts with those of her friend, and gradually began to discern how much of her admiration had been the result of those mistakes which unaided and inexperienced youth can seldom do otherwise than make. 'It was the first thing that taught me to pause and reflect,' said she, 'before I gave forth an opinion upon what I was reading; and it has thus been the means of training me to habits of study, which become more and more precious with every advancing year.'

It cannot indeed be too much remembered, that it is one thing to read a book, and another to study it. And what is the life of an intellectual being worth without some object of study? In point of fact, no intellectual being does, or *can* live devoid of such an object, though it may not, and in most cases certainly does not, exist in the regions of literature. But what can we call those incitements which demand so much expense of time and thought, as to how we shall best enjoy ourselves, and appear the best in the eyes of others, but objects of study? And what are they who are engrossed by them but students, and laborious students too, though in another sort of learning than that of books? But this by the way—*Revenons à nos moutons.*

The habit of noting down our impressions as we read, by introducing us into the inner world of thought and feeling, prepares us to understand what we really do believe and comprehend, and consequently establishes a capacity for judging of the value of a book, which, in point of fact, is possessed by comparatively but few persons; the greater number of readers contenting themselves with swimming with the stream, and approving of everything that has the stamp of popularity upon it, let its intrinsic worth or worthlessness be what it may. This is not as it should be; neither is it as it would be, if reading for improvement were made more a matter of conscience, and something more were sought and

desired from the pages of works professing to be of a didactic character, than one-sided views, which the reader takes upon trust, because he is too indolent to think for himself. Were there more thinkers, there would be more earnest writers; and we should not have to complain with the celebrated essayist, John Foster, that there is so great a deficiency of what may be called conclusive writing. 'How seldom,' says he, 'do we feel at the end of the paragraph or discourse that something is *settled* and *done*. It lets our habit of thinking and feeling just be as it was.... We are not compelled to say with ourselves emphatically, "Yes, it is so; it must be so: that is decided to all eternity!" I want,' he goes on to say, 'the speaker or writer to settle some point irrevocably, with a vigorous knock of persuasive decision, like an auctioneer, who, with a rap of his hammer, says, "There—that's yours; I've done with it: now for the next."'*

These are the kind of writers to do us good; but in default of them, it is not altogether unprofitable to take the position of the auctioneer ourselves, and knock down with our pencil the sentiment with which we cannot agree. I have sometimes seen a curious fight of this kind in an interleaved book, wherein the poor author put me much in mind of the policeman in the puppet-show, who, being sent to apprehend Punch for various misdemeanours, is knocked down himself and fearfully mauled by that personage. But lively as this combativeness may be, more edifying, and, on the whole, more agreeable is it that something of the character of sympathising friendship should subsist between the writer and reader. It seems as if it ought to be so. Yes, it seems as though one *ought* to love and esteem the fellow-creature who comes into such close contact with our spirits, and who, if he does his work aright, will awaken a response from every interior chord on which he lays his hand. And doubtless this kind of affectionate interest *is* excited in our minds towards the author who, by the power of his eloquence and his sense, constrains us every now and then to lay down his book, and pause upon the truth which he sets before us. We begin to wish that we knew more of this present, speaking, but invisible friend. We think we could lay open to him some of those secret springs of thought and feeling which he has so skilfully, though unconsciously, touched. We wonder whether he will ever come in our way. Perhaps not; but we should like to know a little about him. And then we remember some Mr or Mrs or Miss so and so, who either knows him, or knows somebody else that knows him; and through this channel we resolve to take an opportunity of hearing if he talks, and lives, and looks just as we expect and desire that the person *should* do whom we are so greatly disposed to love and esteem.

There is something in this kind of homage totally different from the adulation which always travels in the wake of the popular author. *That* is of a character which makes no pencilled notes; for it cares no more about books, or those that write them, than as it respects the wealth and fame they may obtain. It is not of this species of approval that I am speaking, but rather of that of which it may be said that it exalts those who pay it as much, or more, than those to whom it is paid; for those who deserve to be the objects of this generous enthusiasm, are usually as much distinguished by humility as by talent. There is a striking and touching passage in the life of the Danish poet Hans Christian Andersen which bears upon this point. 'I was invited,' he says, 'by some students of Lund to visit their ancient town. Here a public dinner was given to me; and as I was in the evening in a family circle, I was informed that the students meant to honour me with a serenade. I felt myself actually overcome by this intelligence: my heart throbbed feverishly as I descried the thronging troop, with their blue caps, and arm in arm, approaching the house. I experienced a feeling of humiliation, a most lively consciousness of my deficiencies; so that I seemed bowed to the earth at the moment others were elevating me. As they all uncovered their heads while I stepped forth, I had need of all my thoughts to avoid bursting into tears. In the feeling that I was unworthy of all this, I glanced round to see whether a smile did not pass over the face of some one, but I could discover nothing of the kind.' After relating a few more particulars of what passed, he thus concludes the subject. 'When I returned to my chamber, I went aside in order to *weep out* this excitement, this overwhelming sensation. "Think no more of it; be joyous with us," said some of my lively Swedish friends; but a deep earnestness had entered my soul. Often has the memory of this time come back to me; and no noble-minded man who reads these pages will discover a vanity in the fact, that I have lingered so long over this moment of life, which scorched the roots of pride rather than nourished them.'*

But once more to glance at our subject, of which I have again a little lost sight. By accustoming ourselves to pencil down our thoughts, as we travel through the pages of a book, we are likely to acquire a most invaluable art, which is that of coming to the point, and putting our remarks in the shortest possible compass; for the circumstances under which we make these passing comments are usually of a kind to prompt us to be simple and concise in our observations—and to learn to be simple and concise, both in speaking and writing, is to learn a valuable and rare accomplishment, and one which can only be acquired by exertion and experience. We do not easily, nor, whilst we are young, very willingly, perceive that those are commonly the best and most useful of truths which are presented to us with the least ornament of rhetoric; for of truth it may assuredly be said, as of beauty, that it is, 'when unadorned, adorned the most.' To believe this is a work of time, and the result of much sifting and casting away of that chaffy wordiness in which young sentimentalists are so prone to indulge, and which probably occasioned the counsel of Dr Johnson to a young author, that 'whenever he had written anything which he thought particularly fine, to be sure to strike it out.' It is worth being at some pains, however, to obtain a capability of judging rightly, and the possession of a quick and clear apprehension of the true and beautiful in thought and feeling.

It is having something of our own; and, as I have before remarked, we are obviously intended to have something of our own in the shape of opinion and feeling. In fact we can neither know nor receive anything as a truth, however we may try to persuade ourselves that we do, that is not sealed and witnessed to us *as truth* by the conviction and response of something within our own minds. We may endeavour, indeed, to approve of, and to acquiesce in, particular sentiments and feel-

* Foster's Life and Correspondence, vol. i. p. 396.

* True Story of my Life. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt, pp. 141–143.

ings, because we are told that we ought to do so; but love and approbation are spontaneous emotions, and can no more be imparted in a way of dictation and instruction, than the fragrance of a bed of flowers can be gathered and handed about.

There exists, in short, in most persons, a latent capability of discerning and delighting in what is good and beautiful; and whenever the hand of genius sweeps over this dormant capacity, it awakes, and joyfully responds to the touch. To place ourselves, therefore, in circumstances fitted to be thus aroused in our interior nature—whether it be by thoughtful reading or observation, or any other way to which we may be guided—is not only to do our duty, but also to aim at securing to ourselves one of the purest and most enduring of earthly gratifications.

THE YOUNG BOYARD.

The sun was beginning to gild the tops of the lofty towers of Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, when a young man, whom, by his short mantle and Asiatic head-dress, surmounted by a rich plume, it was easy to recognise as the heir of an illustrious family of Boyards, set out alone from his habitation, situated upon the banks of the Dumbrowitz, and took the road towards the mountains. You might have thought, by the striped carbine, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, which he carried by a belt, and the indented poniard in his girdle, that the hope of surprising a chamois, or a wild deer, or of slaughtering a bear, the terror of the country, had called him thus early from his bed. You would have been deceived. He was twenty-five years old, and in love; and his age at this moment occupied his thoughts more than his passion. 'Twenty-five years,' he said half aloud; 'a quarter of a century: doubtless the best part of my existence! and what real use have I made of all this time? I have a thousand projects of happiness, without knowing how to execute them. I should be happy, nevertheless, if I had but time; but the moment of enjoyment always recoils from my grasp! My marriage with Anna is deferred for a year by order of the vaivod, her father. What a miserable time to wait! Marry at twenty-six! Why, I shall hardly have time to play the part of husband and father, and bring up a family, ere old age comes upon me! How fearfully short is life! Truly it appears to me a revolting contradiction to allot to man, the lord of the creation, so brief a space to reign, while different species of animals are allowed a life of centuries. Yonder stag, for instance, browsing on the edge of the crag (and he mechanically presented his carbine), may live perhaps five times as long as I.'

'Yes, if you are a bad shot,' replied a voice which seemed to rise from underground.

The young Wallachian started with surprise; then suddenly perceiving at his feet a man in tattered garments, crouching in the soil of a dried ravine, 'Who and what are you?' cried he, directing towards the apparition his instrument of death.

'Alas! merciful sir, though you should kill me, you will live no longer, and the stag will live just as long.'

'Who are you then?'

'A man who, to preserve his life, is compelled to trust it to the fury of the wild bull and the hunger of the bear.'

'Who seeks to take it?'

'Your equals.'

'What crime have you committed?'

'That of knowing more than other men.'

'Your name?'

'To tell it you is to risk much, for you carry a good carbine, and have the right of life and death over my race.'

'How can that be?'

'Merciful lord, I am a zingaro; chief of the zingari, proscribed and condemned by your laws.'

At these words the young sportsman recoiled involuntarily, with a gesture of contempt; for the zingari (gipsies) were a despised and wandering people, descended from the Copts and Nubians, who, by their pretensions to arts of necromancy, and dishonest practices, under the cloak of their supernatural profession, had lately fallen into total discredit, and aroused the vengeance of the government, which, finding a decree of banishment issued against the whole race of no effect, had authorised the people to put them to death wherever they might be found. It was this severe public measure which constrained the unfortunate Kaboul, the luckless inhabitant of the ditch, to take refuge in the mountains, though he was a stranger to the delinquencies of his fellows, and passed an honest life in the preparation of herbs, and in contemplating the heavens.

As we have said, at the fatal name of zingaro, Hassan Corati, our young huntsman, recoiled with aversion. Nevertheless, educated at the university of Padua, as were most of the opulent youth of his country, he had cast off the prejudices of his native land to adopt those of a foreign soil; and thus his Wallachian horror for the sons of Egypt yielded to his Italian love of the marvellous. He recollected also, that even among his persecutors Kaboul enjoyed the reputation of learning and honesty, though a vagabond. So he promised the poor wretch not only his forbearance, but protection; and recurring to his former idea, he said to the zingaro, 'You overheard the complaints I was making upon the unequal duration of life allotted to man and certain of the brute race?'

'Your weapon lies peacefully on the grass, and you provoke discussion,' replied Kaboul. 'I shall have pleasure in gratifying your wishes, and hope to show you that a miserable outcast such as I am may possess the gift of reason equally with a wealthy Boyard.' Thus saying, the ragged philosopher, ascending from the ravine, and shaking the dust and gravel from his tattered garments, made a sign to the young huntsman to be seated upon the bank, taking at the same moment an opposite place, but not forgetting, even in this desert solitude, the respectful distance that should separate a rich Boyard from an outcast zingaro. 'Let us see, my noble huntsman,' said he, 'if I understand you rightly: you complain of the brevity of life. If you can bear the truth, hear it for once from me, a beggar proscribed and despised—the cry that has escaped your lips is the cry of ingratitude against Divine Providence. Actions are epochs, and the periods of life are not measurable by the dial. Why should you be envious of the longevity of certain animals, while you possess intellect and imagination—powers which give importance to moments, and can transform an hour into an age?'

'Sixty minutes, employ them as you will, make but an hour of life,' replied Hassan with an air of disdain.

'Passed in a sleep without dreams, or in idleness without meditation, they form, it is true, but a lengthened series of monotonous periods, all similar to those which, once gone, leave but an imperceptible trace, soon mingled, confused, and forgotten with a thousand others that compose the void of existence; but arouse the faculties, occupy each instant with projects, with action, weigh every moment, and waste none, nor look upon aught with indifference, then are you happy in the present, the past leaves you pleasant memories, and the future is open to your hopes. In a word, you have lived.'

'Yes, for one hour!' sighed the young man. Then folding his arms, turning towards his companion, and fixing upon him an earnest look, half of supplication, half of command—'You, honest Kaboul, whom the country deems learned in magic science, do you not possess the secret of prolonging life?'

Kaboul replied not immediately, but burying his face in his hands, seemed to reflect profoundly; then rising from a reverie which appeared of weary length to the impatient Hassan—'I am in possession of this secret,' said he smiling; 'would you make a trial of it?'

Hassan had read of the secret of Paracelsus, and not doubting for an instant that Kaboul was the possessor of it, he leaped up, and seizing the hand of the zingaro with a sudden effusion of tenderness, his eyes sparkling with immoderate joy, and his lips quivering—'You possess it,' he cried, 'and will dispose of it in my favour!'

'Willingly. I will endow you this instant, if you wish it, with two centuries of existence.'

'Two hundred years!' cried the joyful and credulous Hassan, while he pressed the beggar to his bosom. 'Oh, my friend! my second father! Yes, my second father, for I shall owe you more than the first; for rarely do men, by the ordinary laws of nature, though favoured by Heaven, live a hundred miserable years, and you assure me of twice that space! Speak, what do you require of my gratitude?'

'Nothing. In matters of bargain and sale the price should equal the value of the object sold. What could you offer me in exchange for what I give you? Therefore the two centuries of existence shall be a gratuitous gift. But mark what I say, and never lose sight of the prerogative attached to your new life: the future will be at your own disposal, and you will grow old as fast as you desire it.'

'I shall make but little use of that.'

Kaboul parted suddenly from Hassan, and the latter saw him climb rocks, dive down precipices, and leap over torrents, all the while chanting wild songs in an unknown language. At length he returned, bearing in his hand a bundle of various herbs. 'This place is not propitious to prepare them,' said he.

'Deign to follow me into my palace,' replied Hassan; 'everything there shall be at your disposal; you shall repose and refresh yourself after your fatigue and abstinence; and in spite of your refusal, you shall not depart without a princely reward.'

Kaboul smiled. 'To prolong your life, ought I to risk my own?'

'You need fear nothing in my company. Wrap this mantle around you. Let us go by way of the river: I reside at the entrance of the city.'

Kaboul followed him. A repast was prepared for the master of the house; and after Kaboul had composed his philter, he presented it to his host, who swallowed it with confidence, and sat down to eat, in spite of his quality, with the zingaro. Let us do justice to Hassan. Assured of living two centuries, his Anna became the first object of his thoughts; but this long year of expectation tormented him perpetually, solely through the impatience he felt to be happy, and not, as before, from the fear of not having time to bring up his family. He remembered the prerogative attached by Kaboul to his wonderful gift. Having two hundred years at his command, he could well afford to sacrifice one to his mistress. Further, he longed for an assurance that the gift of the zingaro was a reality, and not a deception; and this would be a certain test. So he wished that the year of expectation should be effaced from his life, and that the day of his marriage with Anna should dawn upon him at once.

Hardly was the wish formed, when he experienced a rapid and dazzling vision, during which the events of the entire year passed suddenly before his eyes, just as when the lightning cleaves the midnight sky, a thousand confused objects are presented to our view, and disappear in an instant.

Anna was already at his side in the habiliments of a bride. The whole city resounded with cries of joy, and the beating of drums, in honour of the daughter of the Prince of Wallachia; and the bells of the Greek church, suspended, according to custom, between two cypresses, announced to the assembled spectators the approach of the happy pair.

Happy Hassan and Anna! Their days of Hymen glided away amidst the enchantments of pleasure and of love. If any untimely ceremonial interrupted at intervals their moments of delight, Hassan had but to form a wish, and he found himself alone with his beloved, free from the trammels of etiquette. True, these were so much time blotted out of life; but who can be said to live in moments of ennui?

Time passed on: hours enjoyed and hours destroyed brought Hassan to the eve of parentage. He learned that he was about to become a father, and could not sleep that night for joy.

Just at this period the vaivod besought him to undertake a journey in his behalf to the Sublime Porte. An important affair was to be transacted with the reis-effendi. He could not refuse this service to the father of his Anna; but how could he abandon the mother of his unborn child? This once the sacrifice of three months, the duration of his commission, appeared to him as dictated by reason.

The wish formed, the dazzling vision was repeated; the three months were effaced, and our hero, proud of his sacrifice to reason and to nature, could again devote himself to his son. He resolved to deserve the honours of parentage by fulfilling its duties. Then he would call the child Hassan: his wife would love him the more. He was sure he would be a charming infant. But then his dear Anna would suffer; and could he witness her affliction? Never! It was beyond his power. He would abridge the time of trial: this time it was the voice of pity, of humanity, that spoke, and he longed to embrace his son. Again he availed himself of his prerogative, and his Anna brought forth—a daughter.

All his projects fell to the ground: he must have a son, however—a little Hassan. Again he soothed his impatience by the exercise of his prerogative, till the period of a second paternity saw his wishes accomplished. Hassan the second saw the light.

But a good father cares for everything, and never was there a better father than Hassan the first. What should he do with his son when grown up? Should he send him to the university of Padua, where he was himself educated? No; he could not be separated from his son. He would confide him to the care of the sage Asgleton, the greatest philosopher of Asia, now resident at Bucharest, who in six years' time would terminate his engagements with the court, and be ready to undertake the education of his son. Philip of Macedon had rejoiced that the gods had given him Aristotle as a tutor for Alexander, and Asgleton was a second Aristotle. His impatience and anxiety became intolerable: he longed to secure the presence of the sage, and confide to him his precious charge. At length he could bear no longer delay. 'I sacrifice these years for my son,' said he; 'let him be seven years of age!'

His family increased: a larger palace became necessary, and more spacious gardens; and he could not tolerate the slow leisure of the artificers, or the tardiness of vegetation. Thus, master of his destiny, did Hassan sacrifice the present to the hopes of the future. We need not follow him through all the variations of his changeable desires. Through the frequent gratification of his insatiable wishes, he perceived at length that his hair was turning gray, and his wife growing old. What had he done with his youth? He had squandered it away, a sacrifice to his impatience of suspense. However, a vast career was still open to him; and with matured age other passions took possession of his heart, and these in their turn entail new sacrifices of his time. In the mad career of ambition, fresh drafts were made upon his life and his fortune, and, unhappily for him, both were at his heedless disposal.

Already all that he loved upon earth had ceased to exist: his son had fallen a victim to old age; alone Hassan pursued his way, sustained by the ambitious hope of being appointed vaivod, as his father-in-law had been. He obtained at length this enviable title; but with his nomination he received an order to levy troops, and to march in person, with the chief of Moldavia, against the Tartars of Boudziac, who had refused to pay the tribute to which they were subjected.

The new vaivod, forced, according to custom, to present the Grand Seignior with five hundred thousand Turkish piastres on his arriving at the regency of Wallachia, found himself ruined; it became necessary, in order to undertake this fatal war, at once to oppress his subjects with taxes, and to enrol them under his standards. These painful and novel occupations did not occupy his time so agreeably as to dispense with his abridging it. His prerogative came to his aid, and he saw himself immediately at the head of a superb army, one half of which deserted the next day. Relying upon his courage and the favour of Providence, he gave battle nevertheless, and was defeated; and being cited before the divan to justify his conduct, Hassan repaired to Constantinople, where he was cast into a dungeon, and forgotten.

The unfortunate man, surrounded with gloomy objects and savage guardians, had ample time to reflect upon his misery. 'I am approaching the terrible period when I must terminate my life,' said he; 'and yet how little have I lived after all! Perhaps I have sacrificed too thoughtlessly, to my desire of enjoyment, periods that would not have been without a charm; for even in the rapid visions which have passed before me, I have discerned objects worthy of regret. Let experience render me wise in future: time becomes precious to me. Once returned to my province, I will employ it for the good of my people and my own: every hour shall have its employment, its trials perhaps, but also its pleasures. I will do good; I will—— But alas!' added he, 'I am a prisoner, suffering under the weight of a false suspicion; it is folly to make such resolutions at the present moment: the few happy days that I hope to enjoy cannot be mine in this horrible dungeon! Ah! I will confound my vile accusers in the presence of the sultan! Let the hour arrive when justice shall be accorded me!'

He spoke, and found himself upon his deathbed. A shadowy form, veiled in the drapery of wo, and forehead wreathed with the fatal blossoms, appeared before him; in one hand he held a two-edged sword, with the other he proffered tablets to the dying man.

'Hassan Corati, thy two centuries are accomplished: thou didst complain of the brevity of life, and when two hundred years were granted thee, thou didst squander them madly in the pursuit of illusory pleasures, which vanished at thine approach. Double centenarian, see upon these tablets the actual amount of thy existence. From thine encounter with the chief of the zingari, thou hast lived barely five years. Thine hour is come.'

'Already!' cried the miserable vaivod in a lamentable voice; 'already! when I was forming such noble projects for the glory and happiness of Wallachia. Vile Kaboul, it is thou who wert the cause of my disasters! What need had I of thine abominable philtres? Why did you not leave me to follow the common destiny of my race? I should have lived longer and happier—in spite of my wishes, it is true—but then I should have died in the arms of my Anna, and before my beloved son. Savage Kaboul! remorseless chief of'——

'Holla! my good host, wake up,' cried the zingaro, shaking him violently by the arm: 'is it a custom with you Wallachian Boyards to sleep over your meals? Awake, arouse, Hassan Corati! Your soup is exquisite, but it is growing cold.'

And Hassan opened his large eyes with an air of terror, and looking around him in utter astonishment, found himself in his palace of Bucharest, situated on the banks of the Dumbrowitz, tête-à-tête at a repast with the chief of the zingari, to whom he related at length the astounding visions of his brief repose.

'One thing,' said he, 'I regret—I am not vaivod.'

'No; but you may become so, if you are not afraid of the dungeons of Constantinople. But you have the consolations that are common to us all—you will not survive your offspring; and you may die in the arms of your Anna, though your marriage is yet deferred for a year. But tell me, what think you now of my assertion, that thought and imagination can transform an hour into an age? Your dream has not lasted a quarter of an hour, and yet you have accomplished during its course an entire existence.'

'Ah,' said Hassan, 'but by what sorcery?'

'By none,' replied Kaboul. 'I know nothing of sorcery, and discredit its professors. The potion you drank was distilled simply from narcotic herbs, the property of which is to excite the imagination during the slumber of the body. I had but occasion to rouse those ideas to activity which already filled your brain, and of which I was informed by our previous conversation. The few words that escaped your lips at intervals convinced me of my success. You may learn from the lesson you have received, that it is sensation which constitutes and prolongs life. Noble occupations and wholesome pleasures amplify the existence—not the pretended powers of necromancy. Enjoy the present, of which alone you are certain, with wisdom, and in so doing, you provide honour and tranquillity for the future. Despise not the period of youth, nor cast the best gift of Heaven disdainfully from you: consider the end of all your designs: prize your time, and use it sparingly, for it is the stuff that life is made of. Never forget that the future is a gulf which the present is greedily devouring. Man complains of the brevity of life, and yet exercises all his powers to accelerate its rapidity. Well for him that his destiny is in better hands.'

The Egyptian rose and departed.

'Alas!' said Hassan, 'I must bear as I may the delay of this lingering year.'

GARDEN WHIMSIES.

THERE must be something, we are inclined to imagine, intoxicating in having much to do with flowers and gardens. Possibly a sort of hortifloral love may have to be reckoned by the psychologist among the passions of the human breast; if so, we would set down as one of its first general laws, that this sentiment has a great tendency to attain an extravagant height, and to pass all the common boundaries of common sense. Of the flower-love, we have the familiar instance of the Tulipomania as an illustration; and we may learn, in addition, that sober Dutchmen, head-over-ears in this passion, have been known to half starve themselves, that they might feed their anemones—to lose entire days in love-sick gazing upon a hyacinthine beauty—and to tremble for the consequences of a careless stranger breathing over a fair auricula. We happen to have known a person in the outskirts of London who carried his passion for tulips to such a pitch of frenzy that he ruined his family, and almost broke the heart of his wife. Finally, his household was reduced to a single bedstead; but this he one day took and placed over a group of tulips, tent-wise, to keep off the too ardent glare of the sun; having performed this droll feat, he sat down, pipe in hand, and for hours gazed with delight on the resplendent tints of his favourites. Cases of this nature supply us with a strong presumption that a love for flowers is liable to run into monomania. The extravagances of garden-makers are at all events curious, and worthy of notice.

It was according to rule that the excitable people of Italy would be among the greatest sufferers by the attacks of this disorder. A modern writer on Italy is lost in admiration of the garden doings of some of the cardinals of former days. Their riches, their taste, their learning, their leisure, their frugality, all conspired in this one object. 'The eminent founder would expend thousands upon his garden, but allot only a crown for his own dinner!' The garden of the Borghese villa, of all others, was costly, luxurious, and whimsical. We read that from a distance this garden appeared like a great town, the wall being interrupted here and there with castles, turrets, and banqueting-houses. 'Within,' exclaims enthusiastic Evelyn, 'it was an elysium of delight.' It abounded with all kinds of delicious fruits;

exotic plants of the rarest description breathed out odours the most pleasing, and spent their vegetable lives amid the music of a thousand fountains and the murmur of countless rivulets. It contained a grotto of the most rare device, in which, at the visitor's pleasure, there fell down showers of artificial rain, which, we may add, often wetted him through against that will. Water in this place put on the character of Proteus: it was now jetting up in a full round bore, and, dashing against the roof of the grot, came tumbling down in millions of sparkles; now it was streaming out into an elegant vase, brilliant, liquid, inconstant; and now it flew into the form of a great convolvulus, or radiated away into an aster. If we may take the good gossip's word for it, and we are fully disposed to do so, 'nothing but what was magnificent was to be seen in that paradise.' The gardens of the Vatican, at the same period, were laid out and ornamented, and be-whimsied to an extent even surpassing their Borghese rival. They abounded in curious fountains, many of which tossed their water to the clouds. There were also wonderful grottos of the 'most artificial' construction, and mimic lakes adorned the scene, on which floated diminutive men of war; and there also three bees poured from copper trunks three jets of water, under which was written some very witty Latin.

An estimate of the splendour of the Horti Matthœi may be obtained from the circumstance, that, on pain of forfeiture of the inheritance, an annual outlay of not less than six thousand crowns was necessary to be expended on them. The gardens of Frascati were of wide celebrity: in the centre rose a hill covered with wood, and naturally carved into such a fantastic outline, as if it had been a work of art. From its summit fell a cascade, which precipitated itself into a noble theatre of water, and as it fell, shone with an iridescence, when gleaming in the sunshine, which might vie even with the rainbow. Here was nature. But under the falling waters there was a grotto upon which vast sums must have been spent; and in it was a variety of instruments, played by the unwilling waters of the cascade. There were hydraulic organs; grumbling, uncomfortable, out-of-breath contrivances, now bellowing away might and main, then, as the air-chest got hydrothoracised, sighing out some indistinct notes of nobody knew what; while a spasmodic Cupid, as leader of the band, would twitch his arms and *baton* in a distressing irregularity of time; and three Titans at the farther end pound with wooden hammers a sham bit of iron on a sham anvil of deal; and a dance of skeletons enliven with their monotonous gyrations the background of the apparatus. Besides these, there was a monster to frighten ladies and little children, by roaring through a terrific horn; and finally, the representation of a storm, with such a fury of wind, rain, and tempest, as one would imagine the elements might themselves envy.

Every one has heard tell of the famous garden of Tivoli. It seems to have been an exquisite place, and it cost altogether nearly a million. It was crowded with innumerable statues, and abounded in stately fountains. One long and broad walk was full of *jets d'eau*, and each fountain represented one of Ovid's metamorphoses. Its principal *lion* was a large model of the imperial city, when 'she sat a queen' over the kingdoms of the earth. It represented all her amphitheatres, shows, temples, aqueducts, arches, and streets; and through it wandered a little rivulet, the representative of old Tiber, which gushed out of an urn held by a statue of the god. Farther on, a fountain of dragons roared out water; and a grotto, by a strange misnomer called the Grotto di Natura, resounded with the melodious wind and water strains of a large hydraulic organ. The great Cardinal Richelieu had also expended an enormous sum in embellishing the gardens attached to his palace at Ruelle. These splendid gardens contained a piece of real nature in the midst of them, consisting of a corn-field, vineyards, meadows, and groves, which bare corn, and yielded grapes, and grew grass and leaves, the same as an ordinary farm. Here reaping, and harvesting, and every agricultural occupation were served up for the cardinal's amusement. But he was a great water wit also. In one of the walks was a basilisk of copper, near which some practical joker of a fountaineer was sure to be placed; and as the visitor was wondering at the metallic monster, he would be suddenly saluted with a powerful jet of water from its mouth; and if he fled, the wily basilisk would set to revolving rapidly, and shooting out its water to an immense distance, so that it was a certain thing for him to get drenched to the skin. At the end of another walk was an admirable view of Constantine's arch, painted in oil upon the wall, with the clear blue sky appearing so faithfully, that birds were frequently found dead at its foot, having dashed against the wall in the attempt to fly through it. Artificial cascades filled the air with glittering spray, and sheets of water like glass gleamed in the summer's sun. There was a grotto here too, and this *was* a grotto such as nature never beheld. In the midst of it was a marble table, all round which a sort of water banquet was displayed, various jets continually playing in the form of crystal goblets, glasses, crosses, flowers, and crowns. The roof showered down an everlasting rain; and in emerging from this place of wonders, two sharp-shooting musqueteers took a generally successful aim at the visitor with their water-charges.

The Dutch gardens were mathematical whimsicalities. Triangles of orange-trees, ellipses of water, rhomboids of parterres, and parallel lines of groves, were the delight and glory of this taste. The very fountains partook of the same square-set character, and played with a sober steadiness altogether unlike the gambols in which that element generally wantons. The garden of St Germain was famous for its subterraneous artificial caverns, where scenes of various kinds were performed by the force of water. Here were mills revolving, men fishing, birds chirrupping, and sundry other devices of curious sort, especially an Orpheus, surrounded by dancing animals. The celebrated gardens of Versailles contained, besides numerous other remarkables, a series of fountains which represented Æsop's fables. The animals were all of brass, and painted in their proper colours, and cast forth water, in different forms, out of their mouths. The fox and the crane were thus personated: upon a rock stood a fox, lapping something from a flat gilded dish; while the unhappy crane, whose length of bill offered a serious obstacle to its joining in the feast, spouted water up into the air by way of complaint. There were altogether thirty-nine such follies, occupying different walks. These gardens cost two hundred millions of francs, and altogether cover two hundred acres of ground. M. Girardin, who expended a fortune on his gardens, added to their attractions that of a little patch, desolate and neglected, which he called his 'garden in ruins.' He was very vain of the 'points' about his grounds; and to call proper attention to them, used to employ a band of music to wander from spot to spot, so that the eyes of visitors might be drawn in succession to the different *lions* of the place. 'In the ducal gardens at Gotha,' says the Quarterly, 'is a ruined castle, which was built complete, and then ruined *exprès* by a few rounds of artillery!'

At home, another sort of oddity disfigured our gardens. This was called the Topiary Art. Under the hands of Loudon and Wise, our evergreens underwent metamorphoses more wonderful than Ovid's. It was said they left the marks of their scissors on every plant and bush. The ingenious Dr Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, expresses himself in warm terms of admiration upon these feats of the primary shears. At Hampton Court were some remarkable animals and castles cut in box, and a mighty wren's nest, which was sufficiently capacious to receive a man on a seat inside. Box-trees were often cut into sun-dials and coats-of-arms, and now and then some venerable mansion gloried in a couple of giant guards, 'clothed in living green,'

which kept up a perpetual watch near the gates, looking as natural as branches and leaves could well look. Listen to Horace Walpole. 'The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, even the aspiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the chestnut, and the almost perfectly-moulded orange-tree, were corrected by such fantastic admirers of symmetry. The compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nurseryman. Many French groves seem green chests set upon poles.' Giants, animals, and monsters of horrible grotesqueness, were the pride of the day; and the Gog and Magog, which may still be seen in some of our suburban citizens' gardens, are but faint and feeble outlines of the colossal stature and ferocious features of their boxen and yew-tree ancestors. We had our water-jokers in England too. At Euston, in Oxfordshire, in the gardens of a certain worshipful gentleman, were the most artistic water ingenuities it has been our lot to meet a description of as existing in this country. They even drew down the marked approbation of royalty itself. On approaching the spot, a venerable hermit rose from the ground, and after entertaining one with a 'neat and appropriate' speech, sank down again like a Jack-in-a-box. There was a small rocky island in the midst of a lake, which was full of watery tricks. The visitor was politely requested to walk up and view this spot; and after satisfying his curiosity, and proceeding to walk down again, the fountaineer would bob down, turn a cock, and send, we dare not say how many, *jets d'eau* flying on all sides of the victim, one stream having for its object his legs, another his loins, and another his head. After this funny reception, he was conducted to look at a spaniel hunting a duck, by the force of water—the automata diving and pursuing each other by turns. Beyond was the grotto; a hedge of sparkling jets of water rose from the ground to guard it, mimic cascades foamed down in tiny cataracts, and countless streams shot up, and appeared to lose themselves by being caught in their return, and not suffered to fall down again. Here, too, a nightingale discoursed very liquid music, and arched jets of water played with one another, and now and then with the visitor, all hope of egress being destroyed by the sudden pouring down of a heavy rain in the doorway. The sport which this caused was thought to be well worth the wetting. Probably the magnificent gardens at Chatsworth are the only places where anything at all similar to the above is now to be found. There are some practical wet jokes even here; and country bumpkins, in their native innocence, may be found willing to pay a visit to the weeping tree. The visit is never repeated.

After a while we are growing out of these whimsies, and a purer taste is diffusing itself over our pleasure-grounds; but to this hour the Chinese are even more full of them than were we, or any other nation, at our worst. Macartney says, 'it is the excellence of a Chinese gardener to conquer nature,' and it must be confessed it is an excellence which is pretty common in China, for by no stretch of the imagination can nature be recognised, excepting in her productions in their gardens. The Chinese emperor's pleasure-garden contained, it is said, two hundred palaces, and was on a scale of great magnificence. Artificial rocks rose up out of flat plains; canals and serpentising bridges enlivened the scene; and here the emperor played at agriculture and commerce. A small corn-field was reaped and carried home right under his celestial eyes; and as an amusement for him within doors, shops were erected, and business done as in the city, with all its minutiæ, especially with the tricks of trade. Practical jokes are still in great vogue, and the walks are broken of purpose into holes and foot-traps, the fun being to get into them and get out again with limping, if not broken limbs. Nice, tempting, green, grassy little plots intersect some of them, on which, if the visitor plant his foot, he sinks to his middle in a bog. In these cases, however, the fun must not unfrequently become rather serious.

We might go on almost *ad infinitum* on this inexhaustible subject: we prefer to stop. Our object has been to expose the puerilities with which the childish taste of men has dishonoured what Lord Bacon declared to be 'the purest of all human pleasures.' At no time do the most exquisite works of man endure a comparison with those of his Maker—how much less so when it is a few childish toys, with their babbling and squirting absurdities, which are unnaturally united with the exquisite scenery and chaste creations which have proceeded from His hands!

MUSIC IN SWEDEN.

At a time when the sceptre of song is so gracefully swayed by a native of Sweden, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to receive a slight sketch of the early progress of that science in a country which has given birth to Jenny Lind—to her who possesses not only the rare and wondrous power of fascinating all ages and all classes in this unimaginative country, from the prince to the peasant—from the gray-haired man to the youthful stripling—but whose unobtrusive virtues have likewise commanded the respect and admiration of all those who know how to appreciate the difficulty of her position.

Apart from her glorious gift of song, and her great dramatic talent, Jenny Lind is a remarkable person, uniting, as she does, the naïve innocence of childhood and the gentle tenderness of woman, to that firmness and intelligence which are more peculiarly characteristic of another sex. But she is worthy of being praised by nobler and more gifted pens than ours; so having yielded our passing homage to the queen of song, we return to the proposed sketch of the early history of music in her native country, Sweden. And truly we have to tell of no lordly bower, wherein the bard was welcomed with reverence and love—'High placed in hall, a welcome guest,' whose stirring strains impelled each listening knight to deeds of valour and renown; neither have we to speak of those lighter measures which wake up the joyous feelings of youth to the festive dance; for the ancient Swedes had, with regard to their amusements, some singular laws and customs peculiar to themselves. Amongst all the other nations of the earth—whether breathing the soft sunny air of the south, or living in the hardier atmosphere of our northern latitudes—dancing has ever been a favourite pastime; but the Swedes had no knowledge of this peaceful art, because their legislators had, from some mistaken conception, forbidden the indulgence of music, and had even branded musicians as infamous persons, and as being dangerous to the state. Even at so late a period as the beginning of the sixteenth century, a law was enacted banishing all musicians from the kingdom, and allowing of their being slain in what place soever they might be found. It is true that a nominal penalty was attached to this destruction of human life; but it was so slight a one, as to deserve the sarcastic observation of Archenholz, in his Life of Gustavus Vasa (vol. i. p. 113), wherein he says that the murder of a musician seemed to be regarded in Sweden rather as a joke than a crime. The only penalty imposed on the slayer was the obligation to bestow upon the heir of the murdered man a pair of new shoes, a pair of gloves, and a three-year-old calf. Even this poor indemnity, conceded oftentimes as the price of a father's or a brother's life, proved in general to be a mere mockery through the conditions attached to the gift; for the heir lost his right to it unless he submitted to a ceremony, which, in its absurd and humiliating accompaniments, was worthy of that barbarous period.

The calf's tail was anointed with grease, and the animal having been led to the top of a hill, its slippery tail was placed in the inheritor's hand. The murderer then seizing a heavy bludgeon, dealt some furious blows upon the creature's back, impelling it to flight; and if the injured person could retain his hold, the beast became his

property. If, on the contrary, the tail escaped out of his hands, he lost his right to it, and became the laughing-stock of the crowd who were wont to assemble on such occasions.

These barbarous customs continued until the middle of the sixteenth century, when Gustavus Vasa, resolving to abolish laws which would have been ludicrous but for their ferocity, summoned to his court several foreign musicians, and at the same time introduced into Sweden the art of dancing, hitherto unknown there.

By way of marking more effectually his royal approbation of the heretofore proscribed arts of music and dancing, Gustavus was wont, at the close of almost every evening, to lead the dance in his palace halls, being accompanied the while by the music of the royal orchestra.

The art of music is now regarded in Sweden as an important part of education, and especially amongst females; and its professors are held in such high estimation, that they are received with distinguished courtesy in the highest circles of society. Nor is this predilection for music confined only to the more educated classes of the people; for on every occasion of social festivity the voice of song is heard among the peasantry, and their national ballads, so long proscribed by an ill-conceived policy, still live in the hearts of the people, and are remarkable for their simple pathos and beauty.

Among the mountains of Sweden a peculiar kind of trumpet, made of the bark of boxwood, is used by the shepherds, who call it *mir*. This instrument is about four feet in length; and although its blast is so powerful as to scare away the wild beasts, yet its tones, as they echo across the mountain lochs of that singular region, are by no means unpleasing to the ear.

Hitherto the Swedes, in spite of their taste for music, have not (with one brilliant exception) evinced much genius for this fascinating science; and in the Stockholm theatre, French and Italian compositions are those which are most in vogue. This capital has, however, an academy of music, founded in 1772 by Gustavus III.

A MESSAGE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI.

An emigrant is no sooner settled in his new quarters, than he becomes as anxious as Vanderdecken himself to send a message home. It is usually a message of invitation. He describes his promised land as it appeared to him *before* his arrival, and thus claims credit from his friends for the judgment and sagacity he has exhibited in his choice. No one likes to own himself in the wrong. He conceals the fact even from himself; and if the emigrant does not all at once find himself in smooth water, why, this was only to be expected. It is a fine country, anything grows in it; and if people will only bring means, industry, knowledge, and patience into the field, they will come in time to live like princes, and die patriarchs. His correspondent at home in the meantime does his part: he disseminates the Message far and near; and in his own circle at least it tells to purpose. One might reasonably doubt a newspaper, whose writers have no substance, shape, or name; but when the message in question comes from our own, or a neighbour's acquaintance—in fact, from that John Smith whom we all know, or have heard of, we should be infidels indeed to disbelieve.

Emigrants, generally speaking, have no intention to mislead; and yet it so happens that the worst fields have always had their eulogists as well as the best. For our part, who have watched with the utmost attention the progress of emigration, we confess frankly that we now dread giving an opinion upon the subject at all. Every post brings us letters requesting our advice as to the choice of a new home; and to every letter our answer is the same, that, under existing circumstances, we cannot take the responsibility of influencing so fateful a step. We are glad, notwithstanding, to make public from time to time such matters of information as may come in our way; and in the present paper we lend our aid in disseminating a Message from the Mississippi, which contains some practical details, and enough, besides, to show that the writer is not entirely blinded by his preconceived notions.

Our emigrant found himself in the first place at New Orleans, and in some employment, which is not described, when he was attacked by dysentery, and in six or seven days reduced to the brink of the grave. This disease, it appears, is very prevalent in the whole valley of the Mississippi; in which, we may remark, is comprehended the valleys of the Ohio, Illinois, and other feeders, and generally the country called the West. In temperate latitudes it is rarely fatal; but in the burning climate of the south, it is as deadly as the yellow fever, and more painful to the victim. The sufferer in question could not walk without support; and finding the idea disagreeable of dying in a bed at New Orleans, the net curtains of which were surrounded day and night by a full band of mosquitoes, he suddenly determined upon 'going west.'

'Going west' at home, with reference to a journey, may mean going from Edinburgh to Glasgow, or from London to Bristol; but in America the expression appears to apply exclusively to that part of the country which lies to the west of the eastern coast, but *north* of New Orleans. The particular part of the West fixed upon by our invalid was Cincinnati—a distance of some sixteen hundred miles; the voyage to which occupies from six to fourteen days, according to the swiftness of the steamer, and costs from ten to fifteen dollars in the cabin, including an abundant table. This, however, is 'barring accidents,' as our traveller found to his cost.

The morning after they left New Orleans, being the 21st of June last, while bowling gaily along, about three hundred yards from the shore, they felt the vessel bump against something in the river. A party of volunteers from Mexico, who were on board, remarked that it was as hard a lick as they had given the enemy at Monterey; but while all were enjoying the joke, a heavy lurch stilled their laughter, and presently a voice shrieked that the ship was sinking. And so indeed it proved; for she had struck upon a snag, and our invalid, who had before been hardly able to crawl along the deck, starting up with the energy of mortal terror, had little more than time to buffet his way through the struggling crowd, and throw himself overboard, when she went down. He swam to the shore, leaving behind almost his whole baggage—and his dysentery. In fact, the hydropathic treatment (assisted, no doubt, by the fright) cured him of his disorder. From that moment he began to improve rapidly, and he pursued his way to Cincinnati a poorer and a healthier man than before his embarkation.

He made his way to Baton Rouge, a small town situated on the first rising ground up the river from New Orleans; and there waited two days, with the heat at 93 degrees in the shade, till the arrival of an upward-bound steamer, in which he embarked. Five dollars of his passage money were returned by the owners of the lost vessel, and ten dollars charged by the new conveyance; so that, upon the whole, his trip cost him twenty dollars instead of fifteen. But he wisely balanced this by his renovated health, and pursued his journey in good spirits.

The lower part of the Mississippi our emigrant found interesting only from the extreme beauty of the foliage, with which the country on either side of the river was covered. The soil appeared to be nearly a continued swamp, the pestilential vapours of which rendered the

clearings of comparatively rare occurrence. The tide of population was flowing past this abode of death; and at a distance of one thousand miles from New Orleans, turned up into the Ohio, to seek the wholesome breezes of the north. Our traveller is enthusiastic in his praise of the scenery of this great feeder of the Mississippi; which is thus characterised by a more eloquent pen than his:—'The shores of the Ohio do not anywhere present that savage grandeur which often characterises our larger streams. No tall cliffs, no bare peaks, nor sterile mountains, impress a sentiment of dreariness on the mind. The hills are high, but gracefully curved, and everywhere clothed with verdure. There is a loneliness arising from the absence of population, a wildness in the variegated hues of the forest, and in the notes of the feathered tribes; but the traveller feels none of that depression which results from a consciousness of entire insulation from his species, none of that awe which is inspired by those terrific outlines that display the convulsions of nature, or threaten the existence of the beholder. It is impossible to gaze on the fertile hills and rich bottoms that extend on either side, without fancying them peopled; and even where no signs of population appear, the imagination is continually reaching forward to the period when these luxuriant spots shall maintain their millions.

'Approaching towards Cincinnati, the scenery becomes more monotonous. The hills recede from the river, and are less elevated. The bottom lands begin to spread out from the margin of the water. Heavy forests cover the banks, and limit the prospect. But the woodland is arrayed in a splendour of beauty, which renders it the chief object of attraction. Nothing can be more beautiful than the first appearance of the vegetation in the spring, when the woods are seen rapidly discarding the dark and dusky habiliments of winter, and assuming their vernal robes. The gum-tree is clad in the richest green; the dogwood and red-bud are laden with flowers of the purest white and deepest scarlet; the buckeye bends under the weight of its exuberant blossoms. The oak, the elm, the walnut, the sycamore, the beech, the hickory, and the maple, which here tower to a great height, have yielded to the sunbeams, and display their bursting buds and expanding flowers. The tulip-tree waves its long branches, and its yellow flowers high in the air. The wild rose, the sweetbrier, and the vine, are shooting into verdure; and clinging to their sturdy neighbours, modestly prefer their claims to admiration, while they afford delightful promise of fruit and fragrance.'*

The emigrant found Cincinnati a very healthy and thriving city, with some splendid buildings; but, like all other American cities he had seen, not to be compared with places of the same size in England. 'You will observe,' he says, 'alongside of as good a dwelling as can be put up, one made of timber in genuine backwood style, and occupied perhaps by one of O'Connell's peasantry, who thinks that all human felicity consists in filth and pigs.' Pigs and cattle, indeed, appear from his description to be the masters of the place, and must continue to be so, so long as the ruling passion of the citizens is the love of 'dollars and popularity.' A town-councilman may desire to introduce plans for clearing the streets, and bringing their four-footed promenaders under some control: but what effect would this have on his chances of re-election? That is the respect which gives him pause, and makes Cincinnati a filthy and pig-ridden town.

Another trifling inconvenience at Cincinnati is the custom of the sovereign people righting their wrongs with the gun and the knife. New Orleans and Galveston are reckoned the headquarters of the duellists: but the emigrant, while at the former place, did not hear of more than some half-dozen fatal rencounters; whereas during his nine weeks' sojourn at Cincinnati a score of such murders occurred.

* Judge Hall's Notes on the Western States.

'If Bessy was here,' says he—Who is Bessy? We cannot tell: but this would be the routine of her employment. She must get up at five o'clock in the morning, for by this time the whole population (with the exception, we presume, of some of the gentlefolks) is astir, and taking her basket on her arm, go out to cater for the day. In the market streets she will find country wagons ranged in interminable lines, with fruit and vegetables of all kinds, said by travellers to be among the finest in the world, displayed on their tail-boards; some of them having come to the town from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. In three different market-houses she will have an opportunity of selecting meat, poultry, cheese, and other matters for the daily consumption, for the market is held here every day; for which she will have to expend but little money—the price of pork being only 2d., mutton 2d., and beef 4d. per lb.; and she may send home a barrel of flour of 220 lbs. for 18s. 9d., or about a penny a pound. Tea she will buy at 2s., coffee at 4½d., and the best sugar at 4d. a pound. But all this is not done without a struggle; for the crowd is great, and the shoving and pushing of men, women, dogs, pigs, and cattle far from polite. Bessy will think to herself what sort of figure Miss Wilhelmina Scroggins of her town would make in the medley; and as she lugs her now heavy basket through the thick of the press, she will smile at the idea her imagination conjures up. And this smile, we will venture to say, will do more for her than all her struggles; for the pale American will soften as he looks at the rosy cheeks she has imported from the other side of the ocean; the lean, lanky, lengthy down-easter will shuffle awkwardly out of her way; and the short, chubby Dutchwoman, reflecting the good-humour in her own round face, will draw in her breath to let her pass.

When at length she gets home, she must tuck up her sleeves and set to work with a will, in order to have breakfast ready for the household by half-past six o'clock exactly, as the men commence their work at seven. At this meal 'everything that man need desire' is placed upon the table; and the same exhibition is repeated at twelve o'clock for dinner, and at half-past six or seven o'clock for supper. The wages which furnish this abundant housekeeping are good, considering the cheapness of provisions; mechanics receiving from seven to twelve dollars, according to trade and proficiency; and some old hands as much as fifteen dollars. House rent, however, is comparatively high, and the business therefore of house-building is a good one.

With a little capital, however, it is our emigrant's opinion—and this, in fact, is the burden of his Message—that great profits may be made in many ways, and with but little exertion. Good land, he tells us, sells for twenty dollars an acre; and a 'splendid country' it is; where the grape grows well, and pays handsomely for its cultivation. It was his intention, however, to go by and by into the neighbouring state of Indiana, or else Illinois; where, he says, the purchase of a farm will not cost him more than a year's rent of one in England! He could buy a good horse for twenty dollars, a cow and calf for eight dollars, a sheep for three-fourths of a dollar, and a capital pig for 'almost nothing.'

In Indiana, the Indian reserve, it appears, is now in the market, of which the government price is only one and a quarter dollar per acre. But the drawback is, that the land is so heavily timbered, that a farmer could do nothing single-handed, and labour in that country is, as we have seen, very costly. Our emigrant, therefore, proposes that his brother shall join him, asserting that they could purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land for two hundred dollars, run up a log hut for twenty-five more, and be at once independent. While eulogising, however, the comfortable position of the farmers, he makes it clearly understood that its indispensable condition is ceaseless industry Every man

of them must be his own weaver, tailor, cobbler, and joiner, and attend besides to the work of his farm. The following calculation he gives at more length :—

160 acres of land, at 1¼ dollar,	200 dollars.
2 horses, at 20 dollars,	40 ...
2 cows, at 8 dollars,	16 ...
10 sheep, at 75 cents,	7½ ...
2 pigs,	1½ ...
Log house,	20 ...
Clearing 40 acres,	40 ...
Getting in seed, &c.,	10 ...
12 months' provisions,	50 ...
Wagon, &c.,	50 ...
Spades, pickaxes, &c.,	12 ...
	447 dollars.

To this many other items will be added even by the least reflecting; but, upon the whole, if our emigrant be not exceedingly sanguine, it would seem actually possible for a man to set up in a moderate way as an Indiana farmer with a capital of L.150. Such at least is the purport of the present Message from the celebrated American territory, known generally as the West, or otherwise as a portion of the Valley of the Mississippi.

TASTES OF THE GUARDSMEN IN LITERATURE.

A CURIOUS document has come into our hands, a manuscript list of the books forming a library for the use of the privates of one of the household regiments, with marks made at the particular works which are 'the most popular with the men.' The selection, we may remark, is much better in this case than it appeared to us to be in a regimental catalogue which we perused some time ago, and which, we were told, was of general application. In that case a vast number of the books appeared unsuitable to a singular degree. In this instance, where, we understand, a special care was exercised by one of the officers, the selection, though not incapable, we humbly think, of improvement, is on the whole good. With regard to the preferences shown by the men for particular books, it occurs to us that to learn what these are may serve not merely to gratify curiosity, but to guide others in making selections of books for persons of limited education. We therefore shall indicate them, as far as can conveniently be done in these columns.

Of books of history the catalogue contains *twenty-five.* Here we find the favourites are—Brenton's Naval History, The Wellington Despatches, Voltaire's Charles XII., The Siege of Gibraltar, Hume and Smollett's History of England, and Thiers's Revolution. On Gibbon, Plutarch, Josephus, Knight's London, Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745, The Pictorial History of England, &c. no remark is made. In biography, Scott's Napoleon, Clarke's Life of Wellington, The Buccaneers, Mackenzie's Naval Biography, Peter the Great, and Theobald Wolfe Tone, are marked with approbation; while Cromwell, Watt, Columbus, Exmouth, Hardy Vaux, Vidocq, Madame du Barri, Benvenuto Cellini, Kotzebue, &c. are to be understood as comparatively neglected. There are fifteen religious books, four of which are in esteem amongst the Guards—The Pilgrim's Progress (where is it not a favourite?), Hervey's Meditations, The Holy War, and Watt's Sermons. We are to suppose that less regard is paid to Williams's Missionary Enterprises, Paley's Evidences, Abbot's Young Christian, Richmond's Annals of the Poor, The Guide to Heaven, Religious Life, &c. The poetical department is very limited, only six books—Shakspeare, Dr Aikin's Selections, Milton, Southey, Scott, and Byron; whereof only Southey and Scott are unmarked. Then follow the novels and romances, which may be said to form the bulk of the library, as was perhaps to be expected, however much it may be regretted. The marks of admiration are thick sown over this class: Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, are favourites, as a matter of course (Martin Chuzzlewit an exception, in the last instance); so are Mr Gleig and Captain Marryatt, as was also, in some degree, to be expected. But one is surprised a little to find James more in favour than Cooper. Galt has no marks; neither, as a general rule, have any of the older novelists, as Smollett and Sterne. The rollicking humours of Mr Lever are in good esteem; so are the exciting marvels of Eugene Sue; not so the quiet pleasantries of Washington Irving. We next come to voyages and travels, where, out of twelve books, but one is in favour—The Modern Traveller (a sort of essence of books of travels), in thirty-four volumes, by Josiah Condor. Then comes 'Philosophy,' limited to eleven books, whereof Combe's Phrenology and Constitution of Man, Lectures on Astronomy, Divine Dialogues, The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, and Bingley's Useful Knowledge, are distinguished as popular. Amongst a final class of 'Miscellaneous'—The Penny and Saturday Magazines, Chambers's Journal and Information for the People, The Tales of the Borders, The London Journal, and Bentley's and Ainsworth's Magazines, are in repute; while Hone's Year-Book, The Rambler, and even The Military Bijou, are undistinguished.

We cannot conclude without expressing the pleasure we feel in reflecting that the intellectual and moral condition of the poor soldier is now a matter of concern and regard to his superiors, and that even under arrangements which cannot be considered as complete, he has at his command a means of spending his spare time in what will advance him in intelligence and as a responsible being, instead of being condemned, as formerly, to the idle promenade, the corrupting street, or the debauching public-house. We would, however, strongly press upon the officers the necessity of seeing carefully after the selection of the books for the regimental libraries. Many in the catalogues we have seen might as well not have been there, while many acceptable and instructive books are wanting.*

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY.

IT can hardly be supposed that the popular works of fiction of the present day are destined to occupy a permanent place in our national literature. Romance, considered as an art, arose by slow degrees to the elevation it assumed under Scott; but no sooner had the grave closed over that great master, than his legitimate sway gave place to the wildest anarchy. It was no longer sufficient to be natural. Virtue and vice were no longer considered as conditions arising out of circumstances, but as independent qualities turned loose upon the world, like Harlequin and Pantaloon, to tumble their way through all sorts of impossibilities. Education, position, example, were of no consequence: the most sensitive delicacy, the most heroic goodness, were found flourishing in the very sinks of infamy. Poverty, nay, want itself, had lost its chilling influence. Its offspring under the new régime was generosity and high-mindedness; while, by the same rule of contrary, meanness and rascality were the sure concomitants of wealth and station.

Anything that promises to bring fiction back to a more healthy tone must be considered interesting, if not important; and, invested with this extrinsic dignity, a volume just now arrests our attention in a way which its own merits would hardly account for.† The 'Bachelor of the Albany,' by some miracle or other, has escaped the epidemic fever; and though not particu-

* A list of popular books, of which there are cheap editions, was given, with prices and names of publishers, No. 73, new series.

† Chapman and Hall.

larly strong, is at least healthy. Its characters, taking them generally, are natural as conceptions, though inadequately wrought out; and the idea is suggested throughout the whole book that the author has in him, to a respectable extent, the stuff of which a good novel writer is made. In the meantime he has merely sketched in his persons, but, with one exception, left them unfinished. Mr Spread, for instance, as the *beau ideal* of a wealthy British merchant, is admirable as a literary portrait, but quite useless as a character in the novel. The author describes what he is, but does not put him in action, to let him show his own paces and tell his own story. And this is generally characteristic of the book, which exhibits a remarkably clear conception, but as remarkable a poverty in execution. The exception we have alluded to is the 'Bachelor of the Albany.' 'Imagine a small, well-made man, with a smart, compact figure, excessively erect, his action somewhat martial, his eye gray, cold, peevish, critical, and contemptuous; a mouth small and sarcastic; a nose long and vulpine; complexion a pale dry red; hair stiff and silvery, and evidently under the severest discipline to which brush and comb could subject it, with a view to its impartial distribution on each side of a head which was carried so high, and with such an air, that it was clear the organs of firmness, combativeness, and self-esteem were superbly developed. With the exception of a plain, but rich *robe-de-chambre*, his morning toilette was complete: trousers of shepherd's plaid, seemingly made by a military tailor, and tightly strapped down over a pair of manifest Hoby's; a double-breasted cashmere waistcoat, of what mercers call the shawl pattern; the shirt-collar severely starched, and a little too exalted above a cravat of dark-blue silk, carefully folded, and tied with a simple, but an exact knot.'

The habitat of this fine animal is well described. His chambers in the Albany (as all London readers know, a secluded and covered-in street of apartments for wealthy bachelors and fugitive married men in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly); his rigid and peculiar habits; the awful care of his servant, and the man's anxious and frightened glance round the room, to see finally that everything is in its place before the appearance of his master to breakfast—all this is in a high style of art. The visitor is his old friend Mr Spread, the wealthy merchant, and in this conversation is brought out the germ of the story. The following little incident occurring in the midst, illustrates amusingly the feverish impatience of the bachelor's character. 'The bell of the outer door rang, and Reynolds came in to receive his master's pleasure as to the persons who were to be honoured with, or be refused, an audience.

"Should it be Mr Smith, sir"——

"I'll see Mr Smith. You know him—a tall man?"

"Yes, sir," said the valet.

'And it was Mr Smith. Barker proceeded to the antechamber to receive him, and presently Spread heard the bachelor speaking in his gruffest manner, obviously much exasperated by something that his visitor had either done or said. Then doors were opened abruptly and shut violently, after which succession of noises Barker returned in a sultry chafe, and it was some time before Spread could divine the cause of his agitation.

"Animals' friends—stupidity of servants—asses—rascals—animals' friends—vagabonds—vice-president—me—imagine"——

'Spread looked as if he would like some more lucid explanation of what had occurred.

"A scoundrel!—not the Mr Smith I wanted to see—agent to a confounded society called the Animals' Friends."

"Wanted you to subscribe?"

"Wanted me to accept the office of vice-president. Imagine, vice-president of the Animals' Friends!"

"A very responsible office!" said Spread with mock solemnity. "They are going to send a deputation to the Pope, to interest his holiness to put down bull-baiting in Spain. You would be the second personage in the embassy."'

The drift of the story, as the skilful novel reader will at once observe, is to break through the habits of the fierce bachelor, and to break down his system. 'It was the glory of Mr Barker that he had neither wife nor child, neither a house, an office, nor a vote; he was dependent on nobody, and nobody was dependent on him; it was impossible to be more unattached than he was—impossible to have fewer ties, without entirely forsaking the haunts of men.' And just so it is the glory of our author to fling the shackles of circumstance over this haughty freedom; to bind Mr Barker hand and foot in the sympathies and relationship of society; to drive him forth of his beloved Albany; to compel him into the business of life, which he abominates; into parliament, which enrages him; and finally, into matrimony itself.

Mr Barker sets out to visit his friend at Liverpool, and in the railway train he meets a youth who is destined to haunt the old bachelor like a spectre throughout the volume. The youth is as solitary in the world as a bachelor can be, and is going about trying to 'hunt up' an uncle, whom Mr Barker supposes, from his conversation, to be *himself*. The feelings with which he makes this discovery may be conjectured from the portrait of the young gentleman. 'His *vis-a-vis* was a raw youth, of eighteen or twenty, with a round rosy face, and a simple, good-humoured physiognomy; he was immersed in an immense rough coat, like a bear's skin, with enormous mother-of-pearl buttons, and a dozen pockets of all sizes and in all positions. In fact he looked something like a brown bear, or a great water-dog, sitting on its hind-legs; and he kept his neighbours in constant alarm, by sometimes pulling out a cigar-case, as if he meant to commence smoking; sometimes producing a three-barrelled pocket-pistol, and examining the priming; sometimes displaying a wonderful knife with a hundred blades; and every now and then giving a blast with a hunting-horn, which he had bought, he informed an elderly lady beside him, at a shop in High Holborn, adding that it was a great bargain, and that if she ever wanted a thing of the kind, he would recommend her to go to the same place. "Have a care, sir. I hope your pistol is not loaded," Mr Barker at length broke out in a surly tone, with a look still surlier, at the formidable simpleton in the enormous rough coat, who, in exhibiting the pistol to the plump maid, had repeatedly pointed it right at his head. The old lady had already, in her capacity of protectress-general, cautioned the youth twenty times against shooting *himself*, which was the least part of the danger to be apprehended. None of these remonstrances, however, proving successful, the cool man took a different course. He expressed a curiosity to examine the pistol; and the moment it was placed in his hands, he extended it out of the window, and a couple of sharp reports instantly proved that two of the barrels had been loaded. The innocent youth, far from taking offence, laughed loud, said it was funny, and called the cool man a famously sensible fellow—a compliment which that gentleman could not have returned with the slightest respect for truth. What a relief it was when, as the train approached the next station, the nephew in search of an uncle informed his companions that he was under the necessity of depriving them of his attractive society! He took leave in the most troublesome and obstreperous manner possible, elbowing everybody, then insisting on shaking their hands, then kicking their shins, then begging their pardons, then pressing his cigars on the gentlemen (Mr Barker particularly), and looking very much disposed to kiss the fat lady's-maid, who looked equally well-inclined to submit to his impudence. At length, after nearly crushing the quiet little girl in the corner into a mummy, and poking out the old lady's eye with the mouthpiece of the hunting-horn, he jumped out of the carriage with a whoop like a Cherokee Indian; and

after committing twenty more outrages, while looking after his luggage, clambered, alternately shouting and winding his horn, on the top of an omnibus, which stood hard by waiting for passengers.'

In the same conveyance he meets with a solitary neglected little girl, who turns out at the end of the volume to be the daughter of an early friend; and much to his surprise and annoyance, he finds himself acting as the escort of this wandering damsel, and carrying a carpet-bag (imagining it to be his own) for a good old lady, a certain Mrs Briscoe, and her fat maid Letty. A mistake of the old lady, who is one of the guests at Mr Spread's, gives the first hint of his matrimonial fate. 'But Mab was not Barker's only female visitor that night. Mrs Briscoe having dosed her maid (who had no other fever than that which she might well have caught from the pile of blankets over her) with a bottle which was to be taken every third hour, had promised to return in due time to administer the second draught; and had arranged that, should Mistress Letty be asleep, she would leave a light in her room, and also her own watch, so as to enable the poor thing (whose only complaint was laziness) to help herself to the contents of the bottle during the rest of the night. Proceeding about two o'clock in the morning to carry this design into execution, she found her watch out of order, and it immediately occurred to her to borrow a watch from one of the Smyly girls. The old lady trotted off with the watch, and, mistaking doors, entered Mr Barker's room instead of Letty's. The rooms were similar in size and furniture; and by the dim light which the taper gave (only, in fact, making darkness visible), there was no very striking difference between the bachelor and the maid, buried as both were under huge mountains of bedclothes. The old lady accordingly, having listened to Barker's breathing, and carefully tucked him in, deposited the light (with a bottle and a spoon) on a small table which stood at the side of the bed, shrouded by the curtains; and having placed the watch in a convenient position (not observing Barker's watch, which was lying there too), retired noiselessly, highly satisfied with herself for all her benevolent arrangements. But several hours afterwards, growing fidgetty again, and thinking that the watch would be of more use to herself than to Letty, she returned, tucked Barker in again with the utmost tenderness, and carried off his watch instead of Miss Smyly's, which it resembled extremely. The man-servant, who came to the bachelor's room at eight o'clock the next morning (and a thoroughly English winter's morning it was, not very distinguishable from night), removed the candlestick, with the bottle and spoon; and when Mr Barker rose, and had completed his toilette, he took up the watch which he found on the table, placed it in his waistcoat pocket, and went down to breakfast. Mrs Briscoe, on her part, before she went down, was very particular in returning Miss Laura Smyly her property, or what she believed to be such.' The result may be conceived, when an explanation takes place the next morning.

Mr Barker is exhibited in various adventures of this kind, to his no small irritation and discomfiture, but always drawing on by degrees to the overthrow of his Albany peculiarities, and the consummation of his fate. The *incidents*, however, as might be expected from the author's want of artistical skill, are not well managed: it is in the conversations, and there alone, in which he shines; and for this reason it is hardly possible for the reviewer, when so much restricted in space as we are, to give a fair specimen of the book. Let us try, however, to present at least the anatomy of a scene at a wealthy miser's dinner-table.

'Mrs Spread, drawing her shawl well about her, took the interest of a curious observer of social phenomena in reviewing the array upon the table; and she thought, upon the whole, that it looked surprisingly well: the cloth was whiter than she had anticipated, the glass brighter, and the argentine and albata did their best to look silvery—what could albata and argentine do more? Then there was a splendid epergne, borrowed from the Prouts; it was stocked with evergreens—the ivy, the arbutus, and the holly; they looked wintry, certainly, but then they were fresh and healthy, and for Mr Barker they produced the very desirable effect of interposing between him and the polar Mrs Narrowsmith's hideous head-gear. Barker was very cold; and as he sat with his back to the fireplace, he turned round to see how it was that no heat reached him. There was a fire in the grate, but it had evidently been lighted not an hour before. It yielded a great deal of smoke, but no warmth whatever. While he was directing Mrs Spread's attention to these agreeable incidents of a house-warming, the page put a finishing touch to the piece, by running up and asking the bachelor—"Would he like to have a fire-screen?"

'The miser asked Barker to take wine—sherry. Mrs Spread could evidently see that Barker would have given the wine another appellation. In fact it was a mixture of the grapes of Cadiz and the Cape. Mr Narrowsmith was as roguish about wine, and as practised a garbler of the grape, as the most disingenuous vintner in Liverpool.

'Now the fish came—a magnificent turbot, to do the miser justice, but it was a little overdone, and the sauce was execrable.

'Mr Spread had been separated by some accident from the fair East Indian, and sat between Mrs Crackenthorpe and Mrs Marable. The one was a dissyllabic, the other a monosyllabic lady.

"You find this frosty weather agreeable, I hope?" to Mrs Marable.

"Very."

"I should think there must be skating in some places?"

"Do you?"

"I was very fond of skating in my young days."

"Were you?"

'Then he tried Mrs Crackenthorpe.

"Have you been lately in London?"

"No."

"Your sister lives in London, if I remember right?"

"Yes."

"You know my friend Upton, I think?"

"No."

"Don't you think this room a little cool?"

"Yes."

"You find your new house comfortable, I hope, Narrowsmith?" said Mr Spread, giving the ladies up, and making one of those remarks indispensable at house-warmings.

"Very," squeeled the host in his wiry, gibbering voice; "warm and comfortable—very. Don't you think the atmosphere of this room agreeable? Well, I assure you, it's the coldest room in the house."

"Except the kitchen," muttered Barker to his fair neighbour.

"We found it not easy to warm the house we lived in before," said Mrs Narrowsmith.

"Did she ever try coals?" growled Barker again.

'Mrs Spread was wretched about her husband, and was continually saying to Mr Barker, "I fear he will get his death of cold. Do you think the window behind him can be open? How happy I am Augusta is not here."

'Barker made no reply; he was paying critical attention to something on his plate, which Mrs Narrowsmith had just recommended to him as "*one of Madame Maintenon's cutlets.*" Having removed the envelope with his fork, he turned to Mrs Spread, and with the oddest conceivable mixture of disgust and enjoyment in his countenance directed her attention to the unfolded paper.

"What! I protest there is writing on it! In the name of all that is comical try to make out what it is!"

'Thus adjured, Mr Barker looked narrowly at the scrap of paper in which the cutlet had been dressed,

and had no great difficulty in reading nearly the whole of the Crackenthorpes's answer to the Narrowsmiths's invitation. The cutlets just at that moment taking their round again, Mrs Spread resolved to have one, to try her chance of a literary document, where nobody could have dreamed of meeting a thing of the kind. It was a very diverting occupation this for a dinner-table.

"Well, what have *you* got? Is it *mine?*"

"*Ours*," said Mrs Spread, recognising the hand of her daughter Elizabeth upon the wrapper of the exquisite *morceau* before her.' To this we may append a few lines containing a capital hit at the author himself —a complete illustration of the supposed *necessity* which exists in these last days for a joke, and the heavy straining that is often required to produce it. 'But it was a tedious, heavy, chilly affair altogether, and Mrs Spread thought that Mrs Narrowsmith would never give the signal for the rising of the ladies. The truth was, that Mrs Narrowsmith was uncertain whether she ought to look at Mrs Marable, or Mrs Spread, or even at Miss Guydickens. At length it was over: the ladies went, the gentlemen remained. A bottle of claret was produced —Mr Spread said it was corked: another—Mr Spread made the same remark: a third—it was a wonder it escaped the same criticism, for there was very little wine *uncorked*, in any sense of the word, in Mr Narrowsmith's establishment.'

NEWSPAPERS IN FRANCE.

The activity which now prevails in all social affairs, commercial, political, literary, by creating a demand for prompt and trustworthy intelligence, has helped to give to newspapers their present great importance. They have become almost a necessity of existence, a species of daily food, of which we should be exceedingly unwilling to be deprived. It is so natural to refer to a newspaper for information, that it is scarcely possible to imagine a time when the broad sheets had no existence. Two centuries ago, however, the world contrived to transact its business without their aid, and by some means or other a nation managed to learn what was doing among the powerful few who claimed the privilege of making war and levying taxes.*

In common with many other valuable inventions, newspapers started in a very humble way: a little sheet of coarse gray paper, published at uncertain intervals. According to the historians, newspapers were first printed in England to announce the defeat of the Spanish Armada: in France they originated in the correspondence of the celebrated genealogist D'Hozier. In the exercise of his functions, he was obliged to keep up an active correspondence with different parts of the kingdom, and with foreign countries, which brought him many scraps of news. These he communicated to his friend Theophrastus Renaudot, physician to Louis XIII., who transcribed them for the amusement of his patients. The *hand news*, as they were called, grew, however, so much into vogue, that the physician was unable to supply the demand; when the idea of printing them occurred to him, and he petitioned Richelieu for the necessary authority. The minister at once foresaw the importance and utility of a sheet relating events under the dictation and in accordance with the supreme power, and unhesitatingly granted the privilege. The first number appeared on the 1st of April 1631, under the simple title of 'Gazette;' a word borrowed from Venice, in which city a journal had been published for several years, and sold for a *gazetta*—something less than a halfpenny. According to some authorities, the derivation is *gazza*, a magpie; as indicative of the chattering style of newspapers. Renaudot addressed a portion of his preface to the king. 'Sire,' he says, 'it is a remark worthy of history, that during the reigns of sixty-three kings, France, so curious in novelties, should not have thought of publishing a gazette, or weekly collection of news, domestic as well as foreign. But the memory of man is too weak to be trusted with all the marvels with which your majesty is going to fill the north, and all the continent. Hereafter it must be assisted by writings which fly, as in an instant, from north to south; ay, marry, to all the corners of the earth. This is, sire, the journal of the kings and powers of the earth; all is here by them and for them; they are the capital; all other personages are only accessory to them.'

He gives besides a long preface, addressed to the public, in which he relates the vexations and slanders to which he is exposed in the discharge of his duties. On the one hand, he is accused of publishing false reports; and on the other, blamed for suppressing news which had been sent to him. He finds support, however, in his desire to content the one and the other; and intreats the 'princes of foreign states not to lose time uselessly in attempting to close the passage to his news, seeing that the traffic in this merchandise cannot be prevented, and which, after the nature of torrents, enlarges by resistance.' The 'Gazette,' however, under royal favour, was in a position, at the end of a year or two, to look down in calm dignity on its detractors. It appeared once a week, in the form of eight small quarto pages, with the addition of a supplementary number monthly. The contents were of the most commonplace description: no money articles, no political discussions, no advertisements; nothing but a dry, monotonous collection of details respecting war and courts, with a few lines, dated from Paris, as domestic news.

In 1650, a competitor appeared in 'The Burlesque Gazette,' of which all the matter was versified. The editor was a courtier named Loret, who 'pleased himself naturally in poesy;' but after a time found the demands on his inventive powers more than he could well supply, as he tells us—

> 'His pen would soon have been worn out,
> His poor vein spent, there's ne'er a doubt;
> Not knowing Latin, neither Greek,
> Dried up he must have been, and weak—
> Without some high celestial aid,
> Without some angel's inspiration.'

Mazarin, the Fronde, or any other party obnoxious to the editor, were pilloried in his facile rhymes. Colbert was so irritated at his audacity, as to strike his name off the pension list. Illustrious births, deaths, and marriages, the thousand little events of the court and city, humorous and scandalous anecdotes, were all made to do duty in verse, and sometimes in language far from polite. For two years and a half 'The Burlesque Gazette' was issued in manuscript. Its popularity, however, became so great during the stirring period of the Fronde, as to induce the proprietor to print it. It lived fifteen years.

A second rival to Renaudot's 'Gazette' made its appearance in 1672, under the title of 'Mercure Galant,' by Danneau de Vize. In style and variety of intelligence, it partook somewhat of the character of modern newspapers. During the first six years it came out very irregularly; but afterwards, at stated monthly intervals, as a duodecimo volume of three or four hundred pages, which sold for three livres (francs). It was conducted with great talent, and survived, as the 'Mercure de France,' until the year 1815, having numbered among its friends and contributors Marmontel, La Harpe, Lacretelle, Chateaubriand, and many others of literary celebrity. During this period, the 'Gazette' first published by Renaudot had undergone various changes. To chronicle the great exploits of the reign of Louis XIV., and the magnificence of Versailles, the number of pages was increased from eight to twelve. In 1762, it was published twice a week, four pages with double columns, and the price fixed at fifteen livres a year, post paid. Advertisements for the first time make their appearance, the earliest examples consisting of an announcement of a new book or a map. Gradually the number increased; and they were inserted altogether

* The substance of the above article is taken from a small work published last year at Paris.

in a *budget*, without any attempt at classification. An advertisement of six lines was charged thirty sous, and seven sous for each additional line. The fluctuations and transactions in the money market were first recorded in 1765. The 'Gazette' maintained its ground through the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., meeting in the progress of events with numerous competitors. In 1792, it was published daily; and the same year became the 'Gazette Nationale de France,' headed with the words '*Liberty and equality*,' while the price rose to thirty-six livres. In this year, also, theatrical amusements were first advertised. In 1793, the 'Gazette,' which, at its origin, almost worshipped Louis XIII., announced of his descendant, 'The tyrant is no more.'

'The Journal de Paris,' the first daily paper in France, made its appearance in 1777. An article upon the Almanac of the Muses, a letter from Voltaire, a bookseller's advertisement, three or four facts relating to the government and the justiciary, two accidents, a bon-mot, and the announcement of the play, make up the contents of the first number, which concludes with a notice from the editor to the effect that, instead of four pages octavo, the 'Journal,' for the better service of the public, would consist of four pages quarto. Even with this addition, a whole number of 'The Journal de Paris' would find room, and to spare, in a single column of the 'Times.' The annual subscription for Paris was twenty-four francs, and thirty-one francs four sous for the provinces. So successful was the speculation, that the profits amounted to 100,000 francs yearly. With few exceptions, these papers constituted the whole periodical press of France down to the period of the Revolution: the existence of those which originated in the conflict of opinions was but short. Among these, 'The Spirit of the Gazettes' (monthly), 'The Ecclesiastical Journal,' 'The Sentinel of the People,' 'The Herald of the Nation,' were the principal. The severity of the censorship gave rise to several manuscript journals, chiefly of a scandalous character, issued whenever it suited the humour of the editors. The most redoubted of this class were those concocted by the writers who met at the house of Madame Doublet, including Piron, Sainte-Palaye, Mirabeau, Falconet, and others. Notwithstanding the non-political character of the sheets, they were often the cause of much uneasiness to the authorities.

The Revolution, which gave liberty and license to thought, speech, and action, no matter of what character, was not without its effect upon the press. The whole kingdom was inundated with newspapers representing every passion that agitated the popular mind. No sooner had the States-General assembled in 1789, than Mirabeau commenced the publication of his famous 'Letters to his Constituents;' and a host of others started up to record or discuss the acts of the legislators. Whole volumes would be required to give a faithful sketch of the revolutionary press: we give some of the more prominent titles. 'The Peep of Day, or Collection of what Passed the Night before in the National Assembly,' by Barrère: 'The Evangelists of the Day:' 'The Revolutions of Paris,' by the triumvirate Prudhomme, Loustalot, and Tournon, with its famous epigraph—'*The great only appear great to us because we are on our knees: let us rise.*' 'The Journal des Débats et Décrets:' 'The Parisian Publicist, Free and Impartial Journal,' by Marat, *the friend of the people:* 'The Acts of the Apostles,' a medley in verse and prose: 'The National Gazette, or Moniteur Universel,' date of the first number, November 24, 1789: in short, during the first year of liberty, more than 150 journals started into existence. The following year, 1790, the number was 140: among the latter we may quote—'The Iron Mouth,' by the Abbé Fauchet: 'The Friend of the King:' 'The Friend of the Citizens:' 'The Village Sheet.' A gradual diminution appears to have taken place: in 1791, the number of new journals was 95; then 60, 50, 40, 35, 35, until 1797, when it went up again to 95; in 1798, it fell to 17; 26 in 1799; and in 1800, 7 only: making a total in the twelve years of 750 publications. The number was probably greater, as it is scarcely possible to determine it with accuracy. Every party had its organ—royalist, republican, or Jacobin. Robespierre brought out, 'The Defender of the Constitution:' 'The Old Cordelier' was edited by Camille-Desmoulins: 'The Journal of the Mountain' had numerous conductors. There were more than 100 with the prefix of 'Journal;' and as in an uproar such as the Revolution created it is difficult to gain a hearing, every one tried to cry louder than his neighbour; or, when this means failed, to sell cheaper, or to assume a more extraordinary title. There were 'The Journal of the Men of the 14th July, and of the Faubourg St Antoine:' 'The Journal of the Sans-Culottes,' inscribed—'*The souls of emperors and those of cobblers are cast in the same mould:*' 'The Journal of Louis XVI., and of his People:' 'Poor Richard's Journal:' 'The Devil's Journal:' 'The Journal of the Good and Bad:' 'The Journal of Idlers,' which '*told everything in few words:*' 'The Journal of Incurables:' and 'The Journal of Laughers.' The title of fifteen others commenced with Bulletin; seven were Gazettes; half-a-dozen each of Annals, Sheets, and Chronicles; eight Courriers, and as many Postilions; twenty Correspondence; from forty to fifty Friends and Defenders; besides an endless catalogue of Mirrors, Lanterns, and Enemies.

Among the more grotesque or pointed titles were—'The National Whip:' 'For and Against:' 'The Listener at the Door,' motto—'*Walls have ears:*' 'The Tocsin of Fearless Richard:' 'The French Democritus,' motto—'*At everything to laugh is folly: he laughs best who laughs the last:*' 'The Evangelists of the Day:' 'The Breakfast:' 'Mustard after Dinner:' 'To-morrow:' 'All the World's Cousin:' 'Hang Me, but Listen to Me:' 'Stop Thief—Stop Thief:' 'I Don't Care a Rap; Liberté, Libertas, the Deuce.' Many others might be enumerated. This short list will, however, suffice to convey an idea of the press in France during the Revolution; years of liberty, as Malouet observes, speedily degenerated into libertinage. It was, in fact, not only the national assemblies, the parties into which they were divided, and the thousand clubs opened in every quarter of Paris, that maintained their organs; every ragamuffin believed he had a right to express his opinion upon men and things, in virtue of the people's sovereignty principle, of which the immediate consequence was, that every individual, every fraction of society, had the right to interfere in the management of public affairs. With the exception of the 'Moniteur,' the form of which was from the first such as it retains at present, and of two or three other double-columned quarto journals, all the newspapers of the Revolution were published in octavo, sometimes duodecimo. Each number contained from eight to twelve pages; the price from nine to twelve francs a quarter.

The greater portion of these papers, however, produced in a moment of excitement, had but an ephemeral existence. Some died a natural death, others fell beneath the blows of the Commune or Directory. Even at the period when it seemed that everything could be dared, the license of the press was often forced to submit to authority; opinions were, in common with human lives, at the mercy of the dominators of the day. The Commune of Paris decreed, 'that the poisoners of public opinion should be arrested, and that their presses, types, and instruments should be distributed among the patriot printers;' and appointed commissioners to seize papers at the post-office. On the 18th Fructidor of the year 5, the editors and printers of thirty journals were incarcerated in the prison of La Force, by orders of the Directory, for conspiracy against the safety of the republic. In January 1800, the consular government, by an edict, reduced the number of political journals to thirteen, among which were several yet in existence. In the words of the edict, 'The minister of police shall permit, during the whole of the war, the undermen-

tioned journals only to be printed, published, and distributed — "The Moniteur Universel," "Journal des Débats," "Journal de Paris," "Gazette de France," and nine others.' Journals devoted exclusively to science, art, literature, commerce, &c. were exempted from this sweeping proscription; the press had, however, sunk into such a state of barbarism, that when the First Consul put his heel upon the hydra, scarcely a voice was raised in complaint.

Under the Consulate and the Empire, the press was remarkably tame: the politics of the day was a *tabooed* subject, not meant for public discussion, and the only writer of 'leaders' was Bonaparte. Journalists grew tired of echoing the 'Moniteur;' and feeling the necessity of free speech on some topic, began to turn their attention to non-proscribed subjects—literature, and the theatres. From this arose the *feuilleton*, which remains to the present day an eminent characteristic of French newspapers; and liberty, banished from the top of the page, took refuge at the bottom. In the *feuilletons*, under the disguise of a bad tragedy or a literary ephemeris, the highest political questions were discussed in spite of the authorities. 'The Journal des Débats' changed its title to 'Journal de l'Empire;' and such was the success of its feuilleton, that the paper at one time numbered 32,000 subscribers. This journal resumed its original title in 1814, gave it up again during the 'hundred days,' to take it once more at the second entry of Louis XVIII.

'The Constitutionnel' was commenced in the brief period following Napoleon's escape from Elba in 1815, under the name of 'The Independent:' three other names were adopted before that by which it is now known was decided on. From 1815 to 1830, the censorship, the severity of the laws against the press, and the excessive rate at which securities were fixed, left the press but little more free than it had been under the imperial despotism. The number of newspapers, however, gradually increased. In 1824, a comparative statement was drawn up privately for the use of the ministry: the six government journals had a total of 14,344 subscribers, while the six opposition papers numbered 41,330. In the following year, the opposition had increased to 44,000, and the government diminished to 12,580. On the part of the opposition, 'The Constitutionnel' counted the largest number of subscribers. Previously to 1830, their ranks were further strengthened by the appearance of 'Le Globe,' 'La Revue Française,' 'Le Temps,' and 'Le National.'

The revolution of July 1830 gave a new shock to the periodical press, and for a short time a whole *avalanche* of papers threatened to overwhelm Paris; but when order was again re-established, the greater portion perished. We give the titles of some of each of the parties into which society was divided. The democratic party was represented by 'La Tribune,' 'Le Reformateur,' 'Le Bon Sens le Monde.' The last was an unsuccessful speculation of the celebrated Lamennais, who had already failed to carry on 'L'Avenir,' notwithstanding the assistance of two such writers as George Sand and Montalembert. The Bonapartists expressed their opinions in 'La Revolution de 1830,' 'Le Capitole,' and 'Le Commerce;' the legitimists in 'Le Renovateur,' 'Le Courrier de l'Europe,' and 'La Nation;' the opposition, now called Conservatives, in 'La Paix,' 'La Charte de 1830,' and 'Le Globe;' and last, the *tiers-parti* in 'L'Impartial,' 'La Renommée,' and 'Le Temps;' the latter was most ably conducted, but eventually failed, at a loss to the proprietors of more than a million of francs.

During the past ten years, a great reduction has been made in the price of newspapers in France, in many instances to half the original charge. 'The Journal des Débats,' however, still maintains its high rate of subscription—eighty francs a-year. The effect of the reduction on the aggregate sale is seen in the stamp-office returns. In 1828, the number of stamped sheets issued was 28,000,000; in 1836, it was 42,000,000; in 1843, 61,000,000; and in 1845, more than 65,000,000. Paris alone supports 26 daily papers, besides 400 other periodicals on all sorts of subjects—science, art, literature, industry, &c. The provinces maintain about 300 political papers, of which 125 are ministerial, 70 opposition, 35 opposition dynastique, 25 legitimist, the remainder of no party. The 26 Parisian papers muster about 180,000 subscribers, distributed in the following proportions:—Four papers count from 500 to 2000 subscribers; eight from 2000 to 3000; nine, among which are the 'Charivari,' 'Le Quotidienne,' 'Le National,' 3000 to 5000; two, 'Les Débats' and 'L'Epoque' (since defunct), 10,000 to 15,000; two, 'La Presse' and 'Le Constitutionnel,' 20,000 to 25,000; and one, 'Le Siècle,' more than 30,000. The 'Moniteur' is distributed gratuitously to all the government functionaries, and has but very few paying subscribers.

The development of the feuilleton has kept pace with the increase in the number of newspapers, and French editors at the present day depend more perhaps on literary than on political readers. The feuilleton consists of about a fourth of each page, reserved for the publication of novels, romances, &c. by the first writers of the day. It is no longer 'a few timid lines stealing modestly along under the formidable political columns of which they are the futile accompaniment, the elegant embroidery;' on the contrary, it is the feuilleton which now bears the politics on its powerful shoulders.

This brief sketch of the history of French newspapers may be appropriately concluded by the opinion of a French writer on the claim which society has on literature. 'Society,' he says, 'demands from treatises, science; from books, ideas; from reviews, profound study of the questions discussed, from special collections, to justify their title; from daily journals, the speediest publicity, the most impartial views on all debates, documents, and facts—the most rapid and dispassionate judgment on events, institutions, men, and things.'

SMALL FARMING.

The following paragraph in a newspaper lately came under our notice:—'IMPROVEMENT.—In the cornyard of the farm at Petty, Morayshire, there are 101 stacks of corn, each stack averaging 13 quarters of grain. Last year there were only 88 stacks in this yard, and of a much smaller size. About thirty years ago, the farm was tenanted by a number of small cotters, and their whole produce would scarcely average 10 small stacks.' This piece of information should not be suffered to pass without comment. It furnishes, in a few words, a thorough explanation of the advantages of *large* over *small* farming. A piece of land which, thirty years ago, under the cotter system of farming, produced only ten small stacks, now when in one farm, conducted on improved principles, produces 101 large stacks. It is evident that there is a gain of at least 91 stacks by the change. Who is it that makes this gain? First, the landowner, who receives a larger rent; second, the farmer, who has a larger proportion of the return for his trouble and outlay of capital; third, the public, who have ten times the quantity of food brought to market. But probably six families have been expelled in order to make room for one great capitalist farmer. Quite true; yet it is to be observed that all the grain which the six families could furnish was ten stacks. Suppose, then, we go back to the former state of things, what are we to do for lack of the additional ninety-one stacks? If the subsistence of cotter families were alone concerned, we might be contented to see no more than ten stacks sent to market. But this meagre condition of things will, unfortunately, not answer the demands now made for food. Twenty-eight millions of people require to have daily bread, and they must be thought of as well as the tillers of the soil. Mechanics, tradesmen, merchants, and all other dwellers in towns, although not owning a scrap of land, have a right to see that the territory of our island is not abused, and brought back to that condition which would defraud them of the material of subsistence. Thus small farming, with its want of capital to improve and make the very most of the land, is adverse to the general well-being; and from all that we have heard of old times, is not even advantageous to the parties who conduct it.

TOBACCO SMOKING.

There is an article much used in various ways, though not as an aliment, the deleterious effects of which on the assimilating organs require to be briefly noticed—namely, tobacco. Although confessedly one of the most virulent poisons in nature, yet such is the fascinating influence of this noxious weed, that mankind resort to it in every mode they can devise to insure its stupifying and pernicious agency. Tobacco disorders the assimilating functions in general, but particularly, as I believe, the assimilation of the saccharine principle. I have never, indeed, been able to trace the development of oxalic acid to the use of tobacco; but that some analogous and equally poisonous principle (probably of an acid nature) is generated in certain individuals by its abuse, is evident from their cachectic looks, and from the dark and often greenish-yellow tint of the blood. The severe and peculiar dyspeptic symptoms sometimes produced by inveterate snuff-taking are well known; and I have more than once seen such cases terminate fatally with malignant disease of the stomach and liver. Great smokers also, especially those who employ short pipes, and cigars, are said to be liable to cancerous affections of the lips. But it happens with tobacco as with deleterious articles of diet—the strong and healthy suffer comparatively little, while the weak and predisposed to disease fall victims to its poisonous operation. Surely if the dictates of reason were allowed to prevail, an article so injurious to the health, and so offensive in all its forms and modes of employment, would speedily be banished from common use.—*Prout on Stomach Diseases.*

GOOD FOR A GOOSE.

The Rev. Cæsar Otway, in his recently-published paper on 'The Intellectuality of Domestic Animals,' gives the following anecdote, which is by far too good not to receive the benefit of a wider circulation:—At the flour mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr Newbold, there was a goose, which, by some accident, was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck-eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated; and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker—her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them to *my* care, she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great flustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose *invited* the hen—observing her maternal trouble—but it *is* a fact that she, being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event: day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good-humour; numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.

VALUE OF AN OLD COAL-PIT ROPE.

Among the numerous worn-out and often considered worthless materials which the ingenuity of man has discovered means of remanufacturing, and rendering of equal value with the original substance, are old tarred ropes, which have been long in use at coal-pits. Our readers will be surprised when we inform them that out of this dirty (and apparently unbleachable) substance is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, evenness of surface, and delicacy of colour—a ream of which, with wrapper and string, weighs only two and a half pounds. It is principally used in the Potteries, for transferring the various patterns to the earthenware, and is found superior to any other substance yet known for that purpose. It is so tenacious, that a sheet of it, twisted by hand in the form of a rope, will, as we are informed by Mr Fourdrinier, the manufacturer, support upwards of a hundredweight. Truly we live in an age of invention.—*Mining Journal.*

SONG—THE SPRING.

I know where by Life's wayside
There is a crystal spring,
Where sometimes I sit down and sigh,
But oftener sit and sing;
None tarry there so long as I,
Or there so often be;
For it for none does outward flow
As it flows out for me.

In the dryest days of summer
Its current sweeps along:
The winter brings no ice to freeze
The measure of its song;
And like a good thought of the soul
That wanders out to bless,
It every day but deeper grows,
Instead of growing less.

Ask you where by Life's wayside,
On what enchanted ground,
This crystal spring, so sweet and rare,
Is ever to be found?—
Look down into your heart, my love,
As I into your eyes,
And while I trace the outward flow,
You may behold the rise!

—*New York Literary World.*

LOSS OF STRENGTH.

The loss of our strength is much oftener occasioned by the vices of our youth than by the ravages of age; it is early intemperance and licentiousness that consign to old age a worn-out constitution.—*Cicero.*

CHAMBERS'S LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SERIES OF SMALL BOOKS, AT ONE SHILLING EACH.

EDITED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

My Dear Boys and Girls,

My brother and I have often been asked to publish some small books for your special instruction and amusement; but for a number of years, we have had so many other things to do, that we have never yet been able to comply with the request. We now intend, however, to issue a few books of this kind. The subjects of some of the volumes will be of an instructive nature; one, at least, will be poetry; but the greater number will consist of moral and religious tales, written for your entertainment and benefit. The first which appears will be a story by Miss Edgeworth, a lady who has written many tales for youth, and who has kindly assisted in the present undertaking. Mrs Hall and some other ladies have also promised to write for these books; and from the French of Madame Guizot, Eugenie Foa, and others, will be procured some interesting new translations. It may be agreeable to your parents to know, that the subjects will be designed to influence the conduct and feelings, and that the general aim will be to make you better and happier.

You will probably be anxious to know what is to be the appearance of these books. It is to be something different from that of children's books generally. I remember, when a boy, being much pleased with a variety of little volumes published by 'the good Mr Newbery, at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard.' I intend to revive Mr Newbery's style of publication. His books were not thin soft covered things, but real volumes with hard boards, brilliantly ornamented with figures in colour and gold. These are the sort of books which I am going to prepare; only they will be much more beautiful; and each will be illustrated with a frontispiece. It is proposed to publish only a small number; one to come out every month till all are issued. The price of each will be a shilling. The first book will appear towards the end of December, so as to be adapted for a Christmas and New-Year's gift. Perhaps your papa or mamma may present you with a copy, and also order a volume to be afterwards sent home every month; by this means a row of elegant little books, at a small expense, will be procured for the nursery library.

W. C.

Edinburgh, *Nov.* 10, 1847.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'Glashan, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 206. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1847. Price 1½d.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON LAKE SIMCOE.

The rigour of a Canadian winter is such as to enchain in icy bonds, for several consecutive months, the second-rate lakes of the continent. In the higher latitudes of the province, the ice acquires an almost incredible thickness, defying for a long time the influences of spring; and when it yields at length, about the month of May, choking up the rivers, by which it attempts to descend in crowded and fantastic masses, and causing inundations, at all times inconvenient, and sometimes fatal both to life and property.

As soon as these great bodies of fresh-water are frozen, an active intercourse immediately strikes up between the different points on the shores of such of them as have become either wholly or partially encircled with an industrious population. Districts of country which, in the summer season, are only accessible to each other by toilsome and circuitous journeys, thus experience, when winter sets in, all the advantages of a direct intercommunication. It is during the winter season that the traffic and intercourse between the rural districts and the towns reach their greatest height, the majority, particularly of the more distant farmers, reserving their visits to the different markets of the province until the smoother and more direct roads of winter can enable them to perform their journeys with greater speed and less toil.

Fearlessly as it is generally undertaken, a journey across one of the great frozen masses of the North American continent is not always unaccompanied with danger. The following incident will exhibit, to some extent, the nature and amount of the peril which is thus occasionally encountered.

Amongst the American lakes of the second class, Lake Simcoe ranks as one of the largest. Its extreme length is about forty miles; its width, at some points, being nearly thirty. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful and fertile district lying between Lakes Huron and Ontario; its distance from the latter, due north from the city of Toronto, being forty miles; whilst its northern extremity approaches to within five-and-twenty miles of the former, into which its superfluous waters are discharged by the river Severn, whose short course is frequently interrupted by successive cascades and brawling rapids. The shores of the lake are such as to strike every beholder with their beauty, being indented with numerous bays, some of which run far up into the land, and retreating at many points, in graceful undulations from the water, crowned with the beech and the maple, the birch, the hickory, and the live oak of Canada. It is approached from the capital of Canada West by a fine macadamised road, on either side of which the forest has been cleared away, the whole route being lined with elegant mansions, and comfortable and commodious farmhouses. In the social organisation of Canada, wealth has not as yet marked out a very numerous class for its own; but the shores of Lake Simcoe are destined to be the future retreat of the wealthy and refined class, to which the progress of the colony will give rise. In less than fifty years it will be encircled with the villas and country mansions of those whom circumstances will enable to retire from the bustle and activities of life. Already have many English families with limited means settled in its neighbourhood, and the axe of the husbandman is rapidly transforming the whole aspect of the circumjacent country. Like other lakes of its class in these latitudes, Lake Simcoe yields to the rigours of winter, and becomes perfectly ice-bound for several months in the year.

In the month of December 184–, in company with two friends, I undertook the passage of the lake upon the ice, which had then been formed for several weeks. We started without dreaming of danger, inasmuch as the roads, which had been marked off in various directions across its surface, had been traversed for some time with perfect safety. For two or three days previously, the thermometer had ranged at from 10 to 15 degrees below zero; but a marked change had suddenly taken place in the temperature, the mercury having risen several degrees. Our object was to cross from the Holland Landing, the nearest point of the lake to Toronto, to the town of Bonie, on Kempenfelt Bay on the opposite side, and lying in a north-westerly direction from us. Night was fast setting in when we started; but as the moon was then about full, and the sky clear, we set out with every anticipation of a pleasant sleigh-ride over the broad and glistening expanse of the fettered lake. With a good horse, a couple of buffalo robes, and with ample provision for man and beast—for we had a journey of about thirty miles before us, and there were no inns on the road—we wanted nothing that could minister to our comfort. No road of life, however, is smooth, even though it should be over ice; and we had scarcely emerged from the low and sedgy banks of the Holland River, which was quietly emptying itself into the lake under our feet, when we encountered one of those rents or chasms which so frequently permeate large masses of ice, and which sometimes serve effectually to interrupt the road, unless the traveller is provided with the means of overcoming them. These rents are formed by the inability of the ice to sustain its own weight; and when they occur in the winter covering of large masses of water like Lake Simcoe, they frequently extend from one end of the lake to the other. The water, with which they are immediately filled up, seldom freezes; and when the ice is covered with a thin sprinkling of snow, the eye can trace them for miles, like the blue veins which

underlie a clear and brilliant complexion. Although they are not always of sufficient width to offer any serious impediment to a journey, it is nevertheless a matter of prudence in the traveller to possess himself of adequate means of crossing them. This is generally done by attaching to the bottom of the sleigh two or three planks, which can be thrown over the chasm, should there be need, in the form of a temporary bridge, over which the vehicle can be easily pulled or pushed, the horse being in the meantime detached from it, and having to trust for his gaining the opposite side to the powers of leaping with which nature may have endowed him. The propriety of providing ourselves with the necessary materials for putting such a device into execution, was made manifest to us by this our first interruption, the rent which we encountered being sufficiently formidable to call into exercise all our pontoon accomplishments. We got safely across, without further cost than that of a little delay, and proceeded merrily on our journey, occasionally enlivening our way with a song, and satisfied that we could have but little to complain of if all our obstacles should be as easily overcome.

The shadows of evening had scarcely closed around us, ere the moon rose in her full-orbed splendour. Adequately to describe the scene which her silvery light displayed to us is next to impossible. The sky was without a cloud. As night advanced, the eastern horizon was bathed in that glorious flood of pearly lustre, which the moon, in the clear atmosphere of America, pours over earth and heaven. To the westward, the sky gradually darkened into the deepest blue; imbedded in which, the far-off stars twinkled with a brilliancy unknown in our murky climate. The loneliness and stillness of the scene were absolutely oppressive. Had I been alone, the conviction would easily have settled upon me that I was that unhappy wretch—the 'last man.' Not a sound stirred in the air, except that of our own voices, which we sometimes strained to the uttermost, to catch, if possible, an echo; but in vain—our appeals met with no response, and all around us was as still as death. As far as the eye could reach, a belt of spectral pines lined the shore, whose sombre and dusky forms contrasted strongly with the glistening ice. Their branches were heavily laden with snow, and gleamed in the moonlight with myriads of pendent icicles. The more distant shores of the lake looked ghastly and shadowy; whilst towards the north, in the direction of its greatest length, the vast plain of ice which we were traversing appeared to stretch to infinity, merging into the horizon, as if it led to heaven. A lovelier night never shone on earth—a more beautiful and impressive scene was never witnessed.

As we were in no hurry, we proceeded at a leisurely pace, guided in our course by a wide breach, which was observable in the broad shadow that lay under the high bank forming the eastern shore of the lake, and which we knew indicated the entrance to Kempenfelt Bay. It was but natural that our conversation, as we proceeded, should turn upon the prospects, social, political, and economical, of the magnificent country which spread around us, and which, with few exceptions, still rioted undisturbed in all the wild luxuriance of nature.

Engaged in this manner, we were insensible to the indications which were accumulating around us, that the repose of the elements was soon likely to be disturbed. The first that we observed was the momentary obscuration of the moon, caused by the passage across its disk of a small cloud, dark and watery-looking in the centre, but fringed with lighter and fleecy vapours. It passed swiftly by, and its shadow sped over the frozen lake, as if it marked the flight of an eagle. In its lower strata, the air was motionless as before; but the winds were madly careering aloft, as was plainly indicated by the rapid and fitful motions of the clouds, which now mottled the eastern half of the sky, whilst the horizon beyond was shrouded in an impervious screen of dark stormy vapour. We were sufficiently acquainted with the climate to know what this sudden change in the aspect of things portended; and as we had still many miles before us, we became anxious for the termination of our journey. The road was but here and there slightly traced; and should the night become dark, our position would be very uncomfortable, to say the least of it. It is usual for those who traverse the lake, to stop about half way and bait their horses on the ice; but we had no longer time to spare for such a detention, and proceeded at an accelerated pace. We had already encountered several chasms, similar to that which had first obstructed our course; but owing to their no great width, and aided by the light of the moon, we easily passed them. To overcome them in the dark, however, would be quite another matter; and darkness was now fast stealing around us.

The angry horizon rapidly unfolded its vapours, and the moon was at length completely obscured. No sooner had the last gleam of light forsaken the sky, than the wind began to beat around us in fitful and eddying gusts. The snow, which lay lightly upon the ice, was lifted up and thrown rudely against our faces. Our position was every moment becoming more and more discouraging, and we at length began to give way to apprehensions for our safety. Land was, in every direction, many miles distant, and we were hemmed in by treacherous chasms on every side. This was no pleasant predicament in which to be overtaken by the howling tempests of a boisterous winter night. The darkness which had so suddenly succeeded to the brilliant moonlight, was now nearly complete, and to add to our discomfiture, the wind was almost directly in our teeth. Nothing was wanting to impart a climax to our perplexity but a blinding fall of snow; nor was this wanting long. A few large and ominous flakes spotting the buffalo robes in which we now wrapped ourselves, gave token of its approach; after which the storm rapidly progressed in its fury, when the gloom cast upon our spirits was only exceeded by the still deeper gloom which reigned around us. Faster and faster fell the drifting snow, and more dismally howled the wintry wind as we crawled along, feeling our steps, in momentary expectation of encountering another rent in the ice, which our present position would have rendered dangerous in the extreme. It seemed as if the elements had conspired to torment us; for the snow, which now beat against us in masses, when it fell, refused to lie, but mounted again on the wings of the tempest, to mingle with the falling flakes; and it was not until it had been whirled about for some time in furious eddies, that it was at length deposited in fantastic drifts upon the ice.

Every trace of the road was now blotted out; and as no distant landmarks were discernible for our guidance, we proceeded for some time in an uncertain course, with nothing to guide us but the direction of the wind, which we knew to be easterly. We had every now and then to encounter heavy snow drifts, that had rapidly

accumulated in our path, through which we penetrated with some difficulty; but consoling ourselves with the reflection that, if they were toilsome, they were not dangerous, like the yawning chasms, of which we stood in constant dread. We exerted ourselves to the utmost to proceed; but at length, weary and benumbed with cold, and unable any longer to face the pitiless storm, we came to a halt, without a tree or bush to shelter us from the tempest. Our first care was to do all in our power to protect both our horse and ourselves from its fury, which we did by turning our vehicle in the contrary direction to that of the wind. We had but two buffalo robes along with us, one of which we threw over the horse, huddling under the other in the sleigh for warmth and shelter. There we remained for some time, in the hope that the storm would ere long abate somewhat in its fury. Nor were we disappointed in this respect. After waiting for about twenty minutes, it sensibly relaxed. It was still almost pitchy dark, but the wind had fallen considerably, and the snow fell more sparingly than before. We resumed our journey — if crawling along, one leading the horse, the other moving cautiously a little in advance, to ascertain that the ice was safe, can be called a resumption. Thus we proceeded for some time, in utter uncertainty as to the point to which our weary footsteps were leading us; and almost sickened at the thought, that, on the most favourable calculation, fully four miles of treacherous ice yet intervened between us and land.

We had made but little progress in this way, when, to our dismay, the wind began once more to increase in violence, and we were compelled again to seek what shelter we could by coming to a dead halt. We had scarcely done so, however, when our alarm took a new direction. We were startled by a dull deep sound, resembling a heavy but smothered crack, which arose to our left, and apparently in the vicinity of the shore; and which, after a moment's cessation, was repeated, and, growing louder and louder, seemed to approach the spot where we stood, and to which we were now rivetted with terror. For a few moments we listened, unconscious of its cause, but recognised it, as it came nearer and nearer to us, bellowing like thunder. It seemed to pass swiftly about a hundred yards in advance of us; and although still in fear, we could not refrain from mutual congratulations on having escaped the danger. As it receded to our right, it became fainter and fainter, until at length it resembled the sound of musketry heard at a distance, and finally died away amongst the bays and promontories at the upper end of the lake. The whole proceeded from the occurrence of one of the physical phenomena of these wintry regions. The ice had, in fact, opened another seam; and in doing so, it roared as if it had been racked with pain. As it swept by, we clung instinctively to the sleigh, for the chasm might have opened beneath our feet.

As this might prove a crowning difficulty to us, we cautiously advanced to ascertain its extent. We had not proceeded far, when we heard the water beating in small ripples against the newly-rent ice. It was so distinct, that even the horse seemed to recognise it; and with unerring instinct, recoiled a step or two from the danger. There was now no alternative before us but to retrace our steps, or to remain where we were until morning. Between the two, however, there could be no hesitation, and we at once determined to remain. We could gain nothing by retreating; for, to say nothing of our having already crossed the greater portion of the lake, there were dangers behind us similar to those before. The width of the newly-opened seam we ascertained to be about four feet at the point where we stood. Dark and stormy as it was, half that width would have deterred us from attempting to cross it. We therefore prepared to bivouac for the night. Retreating some distance from the chasm, we unharnessed the horse, and turned the sleigh on its side, to protect us from the wind and the still drifting snow. The horse we tied by the reins to the sleigh, and left him to forget the cold in an ample feed of oats, which we placed before him. We then sat down, enveloped in our buffalo skins, under the shelter of the sleigh, in which posture we determined to remain until returning light should enable us to pursue our journey.

We were obliged, however, frequently to spring to our feet, and move briskly about, in order to counteract the insidious and benumbing effects of the cold, to which one of my companions, despite of remonstrance, was fast giving way. Determined to rescue him from the dangerous lethargy which was stealing over him, and finding persuasion useless, I resorted to the device of provocation. By degrees I managed to rouse him into a towering passion, which restored his languid circulation; and saved him, by arousing him to a state of physical activity. The weary hours at length crawled by, and a dull, grayish light in the east betokened the approach of morning; but with it came no abatement of the tempest. The thick air was still oppressed with its heavy burden of snow, of which it seemed vainly endeavouring to rid itself. But the approach of light had deprived the scene of nine-tenths of its horrors, and we lost no time in preparing to resume our journey.

The cold had by this time, however, so enfeebled us, that it was with difficulty we succeeded, by our conjoint efforts, in restoring the sleigh to its right position. I held the horse, whilst my companions proceeded to reconnoitre the chasm, to select the most favourable point for crossing it. Whilst they were so engaged, I had to shout occasionally to them, with all the strength that remained to me, to enable them to rejoin me, for the light was still faint, and the heavy snow, mingled with the drift, soon hid us from each other. The noise thus occasioned, or something else, which it is not now necessary to ascertain, caused the horse to become restive. I tried to soothe him, but failed, and my hand was not strong enough long to retain the rein. Finding himself at liberty, he darted off, and ran past my companions, who made a vain effort to stop him. We followed him for a few seconds in the direction he had taken, until at length a heavy splash warned us that further pursuit might be as dangerous as it was useless. We cautiously approached the spot whence the sound proceeded, but on reaching the chasm, could find no trace of the poor animal, save a little blood, which the feeble light enabled us to discern staining the snow on the opposite side, and which showed that his head had come in violent contact with the ice in tumbling into the water.

We had now no alternative left but to prosecute our journey on foot. To cross the chasm, it was necessary to resort to our planks; but these were no longer at our command, being by this time buried under a heavy wreath of snow. We made several ineffectual efforts to recover them, and at last gave up the attempt in despair. Our situation was now more than ever hopeless. We had not sufficient strength left us to overcome the chasm by a leap, nor were we in a condition to undertake a journey of five-and-twenty miles, which an attempt to retrace our steps would have involved. Exhausted and benumbed, and in utter despair at our situation, we once more resorted to our buffalo skins, wrapped in which we again lay down under the shelter of the sleigh. The storm raged wildly as before, and although the sun had been now more than half an hour above the horizon, the thick atmosphere seemed to absorb its struggling beams, and nothing but a dull grayish twilight was the result. It was again with extreme difficulty that we prevented one another from yielding to that drowsy lethargy which, under such circumstances, is the sure prelude to dissolution. Our powers of resistance would have sustained us but little longer, when hope again shed its cheering light into our souls. A solitary gleam of wan and struggling sunlight suddenly passed over us, but was instantly swallowed up again by the drifting clouds. It was an omen of good, and we hailed it with a feeble shout. With renewed prospects of life and future happiness in store for us, our energies once

more revived, and we sprang instantly to our feet. The spell of the storm was broken; it had spent its fury, and torn itself to pieces in its wrath. The vapoury masses, which had shrouded the heavens and deluged earth with snow, were rent asunder on all sides; the sky gradually lightened of its burden; and in half an hour's time, over the vast surface of the lake—to which the myriad snow-wreaths now imparted as stormy an appearance as its unchained waters had ever worn when lashed into billows by the wind—the shadows of the broken and fast-drifting clouds were sporting themselves in the dazzling sunlight.

It is unnecessary to prolong the recital. After considerable search, we discovered a point at which we could safely cross the chasm which had so unseasonably yawned across our pathway during the night. We had not proceeded far on our way towards Bonie, when, to our inexpressible joy, we perceived a sleigh making directly towards us. It was driven by our warm-hearted friend Mr ——, to visit whom was the object of our journey. Aware of our intention to make a night passage of the lake, our non-arrival, coupled with the storm which had occurred, gave rise to apprehensions in his mind which induced him to start off in search of us. The relief which his appearance gave us was more than seasonable. We jumped into his sleigh, and made for land at as rapid a pace as the loose deep snow, with which the ice was now covered, would permit us. On arriving at our journey's end, we inured ourselves gradually, as was but prudent, to the warmth of the house; and when, shortly afterwards, seated by the large, crackling, blazing log-fire, which leaped and roared in the ample chimney around which we were ranged, its comfortable heat, together with the happy faces and cordial welcomes of those around us, made us forget for a time the miseries of the night, and the painful apprehensions of the morning.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

ERASMUS—LUTHER—TROTZENDORF.

To give anything like a complete history of education, such as should be in anyway suitable to the importance of the subject, and the interest now attracted to it, would require a voluminous work. At present, nothing more is proposed than a brief outline of the progress of the science, and some account of the views of the more remarkable men who have thought and written on the subject.

The history of intellectual education in Europe may be said to commence with what is generally termed the revival of letters in the fourteenth century. Up to this time the nations of Europe were engrossed in warlike affairs. Few amongst the laity, and those only the most favoured by nature or position, attained even the rudiments of reading and writing, and the clergy were only less ignorant than the laity. Of vernacular literature, properly so called, with the exception of ballads and romances, there was none; and the huge tomes, written in the barbarous Latin of the period, which occasionally made their appearance, were occupied with the abstruse absurdities of the scholastic theology. The physical sciences, with the exception of such amount of empirical chemistry as was hoarded up in secret by the 'alchemists and magicians,' were unknown, and natural history and geography were a mass of fables. Many of the principal authors of Rome, we may almost say all those of Greece, were unknown even by name; and in fact the language of the latter had disappeared from western Europe. When, however, something like order had succeeded the anarchy of the middle ages, when cities arose and peace was occasionally enjoyed, men quickly turned their minds to intellectual pursuits. The revival of letters began in Italy, in the golden days of the republics. The cities of northern Italy were at that time both richer and more civilised than any other portion of Europe; intellectual pursuits were more congenial to the people of that classic land than to the ruder spirit of the Gothic nations; and the destruction of the Greek Empire, by scattering abroad the learning and the learned men of Greece, afforded facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the ancients which had before been unattainable. All the leading men of Italy were seized with the passion for letters. Manuscripts were collected, libraries formed, and schools instituted for the teaching of Latin and the study of the classics. The step thus made was of immense importance, for a literature worth reading was reintroduced into Europe, and it began to be thought necessary that men should be able to read it. Once awakened to the advantages of mental culture, the intellect of the age, elevated by the tuition of masters so superior to any previously known, expanded the more the more it was cultivated. So far the good done was unalloyed; but it did not long remain so.

In looking back on the history of education, as it is understood now, and as it was spoken of till within a comparatively recent period, we shall see that opinions have changed rather with regard to the theory than the practice of this science. Every propounder of a system of education, and every schoolmaster, however closely he may stick to the antiquated system in the method of teaching, will tell you that his ultimate object is the general training and expanding of the mind, the strengthening and cultivation of the faculties, and the fitting of the youth for the business and the duties of the man. As to the best means to this end, we have many questions, but all agree that school learning is only the means by which their object is to be attained, not the object itself, and in that object they agree. This distinction, merely verbal though it may at first appear, between the object and the mode of education, is not unimportant, since it is to the confounding of the two—in consequence of the overweening admiration of the ancients entertained by the revivalists—that we are to ascribe all the inconsistencies which have infected education down to the present day, rendering it a teaching of vocabularies instead of a training of the mind. It was not perhaps wonderful, especially of the Italians, that an undue admiration should have been aroused by those beauties of style and manner in which the classical authors so immensely surpassed the crabbed theologians of the middle ages. Carried away by this appreciation of mere external excellence, they exeeeded the absurdities of later times, and not only imagined that the study of the classics comprised everything necessary for education, but actually thought that the attainment of a Latin *style* was all that was to be looked to. Selecting one or two favourite authors, Cicero in particular, they directed all their efforts to a slavish imitation of him; and the sole object of education, both in theory and practice, was held to be, not even the learning of Latin as the most valuable branch of knowledge, but absolutely the writing and speaking of Latin in the style of Cicero —using no words, no forms of speech, except those found in his works. The lengths to which this childish idea was carried are almost incredible; and the least evil attendant on it was, that it not only led to the neglect of all which was really valuable in the uncouth learning of the middle ages, but that the classics themselves, for which everything else was abandoned, were not studied to the best purpose.

The theory of Ciceronianism, as this perversion of classicism was called, reigned omnipotent for nearly two centuries; but it was too absurd to endure for ever; and as the learning of the Italians extended into other lands, the pupils began to laugh at the folly of their masters. It was in Germany that the first resistance was made to this education in shadows. It was maintained that the perfect imitation of the style of any author, how excellent soever, was not the only thing to be sought for in education; and that classical studies would be of little value until they were entered on in a very different spirit. The celebrated Erasmus was the bitterest

enemy of the Ciceronians. He exhibited in the most ludicrous light the folly of placing the sum of literary excellence in the aping of the same words and turns of style as those used by Cicero, without any regard to the alterations necessitated by change of circumstances, or any consideration of the intrinsic merit of the work. But though Erasmus gave a fatal blow to Ciceronianism, and so far did good service to the cause of education, he did not touch the principle which was the root of all the evil—namely, the teaching of the classics for themselves alone. He only showed how to impart the best knowledge of the classics, not how best to educate the man. Thus the sum of his argument is contained in the question, Whether he is the better master who, in reading an author, only loads the memory with individual niceties of language, or he who, whilst he impresses his pupils with the full spirit of his author, at the same time instructs them in every point of history, physics, or literature *necessary to the complete understanding of that author?* His efforts were directed to the overthrow of the Ciceronian system, because it did not teach the classics aright, rather than to the establishment of the principle, that the teaching of the classics is not the object of education.

In fact Luther seems to have been the first and the only man of his time who understood this matter aright, who saw that education is not comprised in Latin and Greek, and that if the classics are to be studied at all, they should be studied not as the end, but as the means for attaining the end. He found education in Germany of the crudest and most useless kind. Instruction was chiefly in the hands of the monks, and little or nothing of real knowledge was imparted by them. The study of the classics was cramped by the Ciceronian folly, and what was taught as science was the fanciful absurdities of the ancients. In place of these vanities, Luther strove to introduce a sound system of practical instruction not only for the higher orders, but for the people in general; and it is to his efforts that we may trace the origin of that system of education which now renders German schools the models for those of Europe. His views on this subject were most extensive, and he strenuously enforced the necessity of education for every class. It will not do, he writes, to say that the children of the poor have no time for attending school (a common objection even in our days); my opinion is, that the boys should go to school for an hour or two every day, and bestow the rest of their time at home, in working or learning their future trade. Surely, too, a girl may give an hour a day to the school, and yet have time enough for her household business. And therefore it is, he argues, the duty of the state to provide instruction for all. For since these children, whether instructed or ignorant, must grow up amongst us—and the well-being of a state does not consist merely in riches and military strength, but in good and orderly citizens; yet besides those whose parents are too careless, there are many whose parents, though willing, are unable or unfitted to instruct—it is no less the interest than the duty of the government to care for those who otherwise must grow up without any instruction whatever. Thus Luther's idea of education was not that of arbitrary teaching without reference to utility, but the imparting of such instruction, and the carrying out of such a system of training, as would best fit the youth of both sexes to fulfil their respective duties as men and women. In fact the extension of sound education was essential to the great object of Luther's life. Founded as his reformation was on intellectual enlightenment, he saw the necessity, if his reformation was to be permanent, of extending and preserving that enlightenment. So he pressed the necessity of a real study of the classics, with a view to the thorough examination of his views on religion, whether correct or otherwise—declaiming against cramming a collection of words and phrases down the throats of the unlucky students, without any attempt to expiscate the real worth of the authors read, or to make the learning so acquired ultimately useful. But whilst so strenuous an advocate for classical learning, he did not by any means bound his views by it alone. It is of no use, he said, to teach words alone—we must teach things also; for if words alone are taught, without any understanding of the thing signified, nothing is taught at all. So he was altogether opposed to Erasmus, and insisted on the necessity of instruction in physics and science in general. This instruction, too, he wished to be of the best kind, and inveighed against the use of such works as those of Aristotle, which were even in those days known to give most incorrect views of nature, pointing out that all the improvements and advances then made in science should be brought to bear upon the system of instruction, so as, as far as possible, to give the scholar a real insight into the mysteries of nature. With the same view Luther added to his course of instruction mathematics, history, rhetoric (all at that time either not taught at all, or most miserably taught), as well as music, and exercises for the body as well as the mind. And nothing can more strongly show how completely he felt that education was not bounded by teaching, than the minuteness with which he descends into the particulars of the early training of children, exposing the evils of severity towards them, of introducing foolish or improper ideas into their minds, and the necessity of giving full play to the natural vivacity and activity of youth, in opposition to the system of seclusion and restraint pursued in the monkish seminaries. Such, generally, were Luther's views; and so great were the improvements effected by him, that he was scarcely more the reformer of religion than of education in Germany. His coadjutor in this, as in his other labours, was Melancthon, who reduced to practice the theory which Luther expounded; and having first qualified himself for the task, composed several books for the use of learners, and acted as teacher in many of the higher branches.

Of the many teachers who, incited by the exhortations of Luther, strove to supply an education suitable to the increasing enlightenment of the age, the most characteristic, both as regards the man and the time, was Trotzendorf. He was born in the year 1490, and was for thirty-five years rector of the school at Goldberg in Silesia. There was no point on which Luther was more decided than the inexpediency of severity in discipline, and the practicability, as well as advisableness, of leading aright by moral influence, instead of deterring from wrong by terror of punishment. Trotzendorf's system was founded on this principle. His ideal of a school was, that it should be a republic, in which the scholars should assist the master in the task of government. With this view he constituted himself perpetual dictator, and promulgated a code of laws which all were bound to obey. Officers were appointed from amongst the boys, with various duties; some to see that the proper hours for rising and going to bed were preserved, that the clothes were kept clean, &c.; others, that order was maintained at meal-times, and so forth. Besides these, there were monitors, chosen weekly or monthly, for assisting the teachers in their labours. The government of the school was quite constitutional. It consisted of a consul, chosen by the master every month, twelve senators, and two censors. Every scholar accused of a fault was cited before the senate, at the meetings of which Trotzendorf was always present in his character of dictator. The accused was given eight days to prepare his defence, and if he failed, was subjected to such punishment as was appointed in the laws for his offence. This system, of officers chosen from, and judicial functions exercised by, the scholars themselves, was in great measure the same as that practised in our own day at Hazlewood school; and Trotzendorf's method of teaching was in so far a foreshadowing of the Lancasterian, that he availed himself, in the instruction of the lower classes, of the aid of monitors chosen from the higher. Some of the rules laid down for the conduct of the scholars were singular enough—

as that they should not bathe during summer in cold water, nor go on the ice nor throw snowballs during winter, nor eat too much fruit in autumn. We have, however, introduced this sketch of a school of the sixteenth century, not so much from the coincidence of its system with some of those of the nineteenth, as because the system, however whimsical in some of its details, was founded on a principle which is still too much overlooked—the principle of self-rule and self-responsibility—the uniting of the scholars with the master in the task of government. Those who consider the whole duty of a schoolmaster to consist in the driving in of a certain amount of knowledge, may sneer at the idea of Trotzendorf as fantastic and useless—as certain to produce much embarrassment without any practical benefit; but if the real object of education be the formation of the mind, such a system is well deserving of consideration which, constituting the pupil himself the judge and the reprehender of wrong, leads him to look to principle as the basis of action. In point of fact, the great difficulty in the moral regulation of a school, is the difficulty of producing the feeling of responsibility. If we are to have moral principle, we must have self-responsibility; and there can be no feeling of responsibility without self-government. If, then, as men, we are to be actuated by principle, the sooner we begin to look within ourselves for our motives of action the better. Under the ordinary management of our schools, the pupil does not feel himself bound to his master by any tie beyond that of unreasoning subjection—the school is divided by an impassable line into the governed and the governors and the scholars, as Trotzendorf said, and are bound together in an impenetrable phalanx in opposition to the master. If they do right, they escape punishment; if wrong, they suffer it; but as they have no share in judging what is right or wrong, the prospect of punishment constitutes their whole motive for acting one way or the other. It is a simple matter of calculation, somewhat like that of the smuggler, who knows that, if detected, he is liable to pay the penalty of his offence, but who attaches no moral guilt to the act for which he suffers. After all, a school is, as Trotzendorf said, but a collection of youthful men, and in the same circumstances the same results may be predicated with regard to both. Nothing is more trite than the observation, that the essential advantage of a constitutional over a despotic government does not consist so much in any direct superiority in the external wellbeing of the subjects of one over those of the other, as in the general elevation of mind and principle produced by the habit of self-reliance and self-control. The same may be said of a school. Under the despotic sway of a vigilant master, a boy may commit fewer acts deserving punishment than if under the control of his fellows; but the effect on his mind will be far inferior. In the one case, he acts aright from fear, not from conviction; in the other, he is elevated to the position of judging for himself; he feels that it is wrong to do wrong; and his moral principle is gradually strengthened under the influence of the same motives which are to guide him in manhood. Nor are the benefits arising from this union of the pupil with the master limited to indirect improvement. At present, the master is placed so completely in opposition to his scholars, he is so completely the common enemy, that every effort is made, even at the expense of the innocent, to screen the guilty. It is from this feeling, that the great object is to thwart the master, and that the whole school is banded together in a sacred compact against his authority, that so much obloquy attaches to the crime of the tell-tale. Who does not remember innumerable instances where the greatest amount of wrong and tyranny by one boy towards another was borne without complaint; and why was this? Because the appealing to the master was looked on as a species of treason, as a treachery far more to be detested than the crime of the greatest bully in the school. We do not complain of this feeling; it is a natural and an honourable feeling; and so long as things continue on the present footing, the same feeling, and the evils resulting from it, must exist. But the case would be very different if the injustice to be complained of were about to come under the authority of the equals instead of the common master of the oppressor and oppressed. In that case the pupils would be engaged on the same side as the master; wrong and injustice could be checked without touching the sentiment of honour, or destroying the feeling of confidence amongst the pupils themselves; whilst at the same time, as the last appeal in the last resort would be to the master, his authority would be looked to for protection, and he would be regarded with confidence rather than aversion.

But whilst the enlisting of the moral feeling of the pupils in aid of the master's authority will produce these advantages—if the system is carried out on principles which secure a perfect confidence between all parties—the mere making of the pupils the tools of the master is not only detrimental to his authority, but must necessarily be destructive of all moral feeling amongst the pupils themselves. As a contrast to the system of Trotzendorf, we may take that of the Jesuits, whose schools at this period obtained the greatest celebrity, and who so far enlisted their scholars on the same side as the master, that they enrolled them as a sort of detective force against each other. The whole scholastic system of the Jesuits was founded on what they chose to call a 'beautiful emulation' amongst the pupils. Stringent rules were laid down for the regulation of the school, and the strictest and most slavish obedience to these rules was required. Any one transgressing them was subjected to a certain punishment, unless (and this was the beautiful emulation) he could in the meantime detect one of his fellows in the same fault; as, for instance, the speaking of anything but Latin was strictly forbidden. Any one, however, who, for the infringement of this rule, had been subjected to disgrace and punishment, transferred both to any schoolfellow 'whom he had likewise heard, either in or out of school, speak German, or at any-rate whom he could convict of such a fault by a competent witness.' This system was, as we have said, so far founded on the same principle as that of Trotzendorf, that the pupils were united with the master in the repression of evil; but here the resemblance ceased. The plan of the Jesuits created no union of interest founded on morality, aroused no feeling of self-responsibility; for the pupils were the spies, and not the colleagues of their master. But the disadvantages of such a system were not merely negative. Every one must at once see the abominable evils which would necessarily be generated by the operation of this principle of beautiful emulation. It was, in fact, emulation turned the wrong way: all feeling of honour, all confidence, all affection amongst the scholars must have been destroyed. Each, instead of being the friend, was the enemy of his neighbour; and the great object of every one was not to incite his fellow to do right, but to lead him wrong. How different to Trotzendorf's plan, by which each boy, instead of being a spy on the other, and interested in his misdoing, was guarantee for his doing well; and wrong-doing was avoided, not because detection was inevitable, but because the feeling of the school was enlisted against it!

We have alluded at such great length to this subject, because we believe that many of the problems which now vex us in the practical details of school management, can only be solved by resorting to a system which, by identifying the interests of the master and the scholars, shall lead them to support, instead of thwarting his authority. But then, if such an attempt is to be productive of any advantage, it must be fully carried out. The pupils must feel that it is they themselves who act, and not their master through them; they must be the allies, not the servants of their governor. To say that such a system would be attended by many difficulties, and would require the most judicious and unremitting attention, is merely to say what is true

of every scheme of education which is to produce any good whatever. That such a plan is not impracticable, the writer has witnessed. In the case alluded to, the idea originated entirely with the scholars themselves. A code of laws was drawn up for the regulation of their conduct towards each other, and officers were appointed for the enforcing of them. Regular meetings were held at stated periods, at which the rules were altered according to the opinion of the majority. The matter went on for some time without even the knowledge of the master. On his being informed of it, he recognised the self-created authority, and ultimately referred to his pupils the investigation into many matters of dispute and of offence which would otherwise have come under his own cognisance, and which were adjudged on as much to his satisfaction as, and far more so to that of the pupils, than if they had been left to his own individual decision. The practical details of the system were but imperfectly concocted from the first, and its full operation was much impeded by extraneous circumstances; but the beneficial effects produced on the moral feeling of the school were such as to be remarked by all who had any opportunity of judging of it before and after the introduction of this principle of self-government.

'ROSE ALLEN.'*

This is a little book professing to be the self-written memoirs of a servant-girl, but verging so much on the character of a tale, that, in the absence of authentication, great doubt of its genuineness is excited. Even if accepted as what it professes to be, it does not tell in the way we would expect; for Rose is no average specimen of her class, being the reduced daughter of a farmer, the acquaintance of a rector's daughter, and sister of a young clergyman, and altogether betraying a tone of mind and habits of feeling which speak much more of the middle than of the labouring classes. There is, nevertheless, an appearance of great truthfulness in the sketches of families and individuals whom Rose Allen met in the course of her life of service; and the incidents, with two or three exceptions, do not occur in the manner of fictitious events. However the fact may be in this respect, the book is one entirely readable, in some places touching; and we believe it may help to show how the relation of mistress and servant may be made more happy than it is.

Rose's history commences with the departure of her widowed mother, and a large family of young children, from their happy country-home, to dwell in a poor lodging in Liverpool, with only a pittance to depend upon for subsistence. 'We entered our new abode with heavy hearts: all was in sad contrast to the home we had left. A thick yellow fog hung over the town; carts and carriages rolled by incessantly; and quarrelsome children were crowded on the steps of the lodging-house. We silently made our way along the narrow passage, went up the steep creaking stairs, each flight causing my mother to breathe quicker and more painfully; and the people we met either staring us out of countenance, or pushing past with hasty indifference. The landlady, with a kind of dogged resolution, piloted us to the third floor, and noisily threw open the door of the sitting-room, closing it upon us the moment we entered. A single candle was on the table, and a tray ready for tea. I hastened to give my mother a cup, for she was too faint to speak. As she lay down on the miserable sofa, one of its legs broke, and we were obliged to prop it up with one of our boxes. The children were quiet with astonishment and fear at the dark room, the noisy voices in every part of the house, and the perpetual shaking of the room from footsteps above and below. My dear mother, when a little refreshed, drew me to her, and kissed me, saying, "Let us be thankful, love, that we can be alone here together." I could not repress a few tears, though cheered by her affection, which made me feel, at the right moment, how richly we were blessed when she was still spared to us; but the tears proved infectious, and both little girls began to cry, partly from weariness. It was some time before they could be consoled; nor was it effected until Johnny and Willy discovered a poor little kitten, which seemed half starved, and engaged the attention of all. I took this opportunity to look at our sleeping apartments: they were very poor, and I did not know how my mother was to rest in such confusion. The children, fortunately, were so tired, that they dropped asleep as soon as they were in bed, and then I had a long talk with my mother as to our future proceedings. She wished me to go first to the corporation schools, and see if all the four little ones could be taken in at once, and then to call on the lady in Rodney Street, whom Mr Herbert had mentioned as likely to supply us with sewing. When we had decided upon this plan, we went to bed. In spite of sorrow and constant noise, I soon slept, but often awoke, and saw too plainly that my mother never rested. In the morning she was too ill to rise, and I went out with sad forebodings.

'I could not find out the schools from the directions impatiently given by our landlady; but a kind old Irishwoman, who was selling fruit in a basket, showed me the way, giving me a posy of southernwood and snowdrops from her scanty stock. I was greatly delighted, for all our trials had not prevented my fearing we should never see flowers again. After some trouble, I agreed with the schoolmistress that the children should come that afternoon at two o'clock, and then went back to my Irish friend to ask where I should obtain food for our dinner. She gave me various instructions; but it was twelve o'clock when I again found myself at home, having expended two shillings in what seemed but a scanty meal. My mother asked me what I had spent; and when I told her, I was sorry to see she looked grieved, though she immediately said, with a smile, "Never mind to-day: but we must try to live upon less, if we mean to have food at all." I took the children to school, and at three o'clock, cold and weary, rang the bell at Mrs Gray's house in Rodney Street. A footman opened the door, saying sharply, "Well, and what's your business?" "I wish to speak to Mrs Gray, to ask if she can give us some sewing." "Not she: she's plenty of folks to do her sewing." But seeing his lady passing, he told her my request. She replied, "Oh, I can't see her now: tell her to call again. What's her name?" I told the man "Rose Allen:" on hearing which, she said, "Yes, I must see her; it's the child Mr Herbert spoke about. How tiresome! I shall be late at Mrs Brown's." After asking many questions, some of which I thought very strange, she gave me two merino frocks of the children's to be turned, desiring me to bring them as soon as possible. I went back to my mother, who seemed pleased at the kind of work, and immediately began. It was late at night before she came to bed; but uneasy as I felt about her, the day's fatigues had been so great, I could not then speak to her. The next morning I got up in the dark, and going into the parlour, was astonished to see her at work, wrapped up in her cloak, without a fire, and pale with cold. "Oh, mother, you will be ill—I know you will; and you will die: and what shall we do without father or mother?" "My dear Rose, remember that when our rent is paid we have only six shillings a week to look to, and that will scarcely find us in bread; the schooling will be sixpence weekly; and the chief part of our food, fire, and clothing, where are they to come from? Strength will be given according to our need; and I really had some sleep last night. Besides, dear, you will find the lady expecting these things in a day or two; and we have a character to earn."

'I made a small fire according to her directions, and then warmed some rice and milk for breakfast. The children were really very good: the kitten had become

* The Autobiography of Rose Allen. Edited by a Lady. London: Longman and Co. 1847.

fond of them, and never failed to come in at meal-times. I remarked upon their quietness to my mother, and was surprised at her grave look; but she said nothing: a month later, I understood too well why she looked grave.'

The above, it will be acknowledged, is equally true and touching. After many sufferings, the family is relieved by the kind intervention of a Miss Evelyn, the district visitor, and Rose is recommended to go to service. Her first place was in the house of a couple of Quaker sisters of the most primitive fashion of the sect, with a young nephew, unhappily possessed of a taste for music. The quiet, precise manners of the sisters, and the disturbance caused to them by their musical nephew, are amusingly sketched. Her next mistress was a Mrs Stanhope, the wife of a wealthy merchant—a good-natured, but confused and irregular family. 'There were three, four, or five breakfasts, as the occasion might be. The different ages of the family led to much of this perpetual eating and drinking; but it was increased by irregular hours. Miss Ellis and her young ladies breakfasted at eight, and it was the most regular of the morning meals: the younger children had the same hour fixed, but nine times out of ten they were gone with Mr Stanhope to look at something; or, when it was ready in the house, I was ordered to take it into the garden. The nine o'clock repast, for the older members, was generally prolonged till eleven—almost time for the little ones' luncheon; and Mr Crofts, the butler, would fret and fume, ring bells, and knock at doors, until his face was crimson. Then the numerous and contradictory directions which were often given—horses ordered for riding into town would be countermanded, because Miss Louisa must have the carriage to shop. Mr Somebody was coming unexpectedly that evening, so the pic-nic tea in the hay-field must be given up. Mr Stanhope would leave the house, ordering dinner at six or seven; come back at half-past five—the gentleman could not come; "So," he would perhaps exclaim, "never mind, but just cut some sandwiches to take with the tea in the field;" and while the butler was carrying it out, the young gentleman would remember an evening engagement of a fortnight's standing, and a car be ordered, the horses probably having already been out twice that day.'

This family being reduced by a change of fortune, Rose has to seek another place. 'In a couple of days I was well enough to walk to Mrs Bennet's, at Aigburth, a lady who I had heard wanted a young woman to wait upon her. When I knocked at the door, the servant said, "Mrs Bennet never saw any one if she did not feel in the humour, and she guessed *that* would be the case to-day." She left me waiting in the cold passage for at least ten minutes, and then came back to say Mrs Bennet wished me to call the next day. This was tiresome, as the walk was long, and consumed both time and strength; but I went, and was ushered in, after again waiting fully ten minutes. Mr Bennet was seated, with a newspaper, on one side of the fire, his left knee propped up, under an attack of gout. Mrs Bennet was on the other side, nursing a fat poodle dog. She asked a multitude of questions about my former places and the rest of my family, commenting upon my answers to Mr Bennet as if I had not been present. I asked what my duties with her would be. "Nothing heavy," she replied. "There's my old china in this room, in my bedroom, and in the closet, which must be dusted every day: there's breakfast for the dog, cat, and parrot: indeed all their meals you would have to prepare; and my dear poodle can't eat meat unless it is nicely minced. They must be washed every other day, and combed every day; and poodle must go a walk when it is sunshiny, only you must never let him wet his feet, but carry him across the streets. They must sleep in your room, as I should not feel easy for them to be left alone. Then there's my caps; you would wash and make them, and I always change them three times a week. Of course you would have to attend my toilet; but that would not take long, as I am never more than an hour morning and evening, and two hours before dinner. You can write, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I should want you to write always to tradespeople, and invitation notes for my whist parties. Do you like reading?"

"Yes, ma'am, very much."

"I don't know, then, whether you'll suit me. The last maid liked reading, and she kept my poor Polly waiting for his supper twice in one month; and sometimes she forgot to wash the cat on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and would do it on Tuesdays or Thursdays, which I never can permit; and I'm sure it all came from her love of books."

"Indeed, ma'am, I would never read unless you gave me leave; and I really would endeavour to keep to the hours and days you wish."

"What do you think, Mr Bennet; will the girl do?"

"I wish, my dear, you would not ask me; when I've the gout in my foot, you know I can't bear to be spoken to."

"That reminds me," said the lady, "your duties would include sitting with your work in the room when Mr Bennet has the gout. I hardly ever do, he's so violent; and he requires some one at such times whom he can scold and abuse as he likes: do you understand?"

"I think I should hardly be qualified for this part of your place, ma'am; and I am sorry that you did not mention it sooner, as it would have saved you further trouble."

"Oh, nonsense; what does it signify? You'd only have to sit quiet; and he never throws anything worse than his book or his slippers at any one, and you would not mind that."

'I told Mrs Bennet decidedly that I could not take the situation; and as I withdrew—inclined both to laugh and cry—I heard her say to Mr Bennet, "Really girls are so saucy in these days, there's no bearing it: they talk of difficulty in finding places, but it's my opinion the difficulty is to find servants."'

Rose settles with a family named Dacre, of whom a most painful picture is drawn. Of aristocratic birth and pretension, with narrow means, they maintain a show of state by shabby and even fraudulent expedients. 'I never saw a good fire the whole time that I was there; no one had sufficient bedding for winter; the bread was often so stale, that it had to be soaked in water before it could be used; the wages of the old servants who had served them so faithfully were seldom paid; and no one had more than was just enough to prevent their giving warning. The family, when alone, would often live upon heavy puddings, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. . . . My own troubles seemed almost light when compared with those of Miss Janson, the miserable, unhappy governess. I used to look upon her, and wonder why such things were permitted. Her face was deeply marked with care, want, and sorrow; it seemed as if her wretchedness was too deeply seated to find vent in words; and if it had, *who* would have listened to them? Her eyes were tearless, for she had no sympathy to bring the relief of tears. No friends came to see her, for her home was afar off; and that home was too poor to receive her again, or to permit her to think of leaving her present abode. She was highly accomplished, and her time was fully occupied in teaching and cramming two pale-faced girls of fifteen and sixteen, who were to come out, with all the array of music, singing, drawing, and languages, in the hope of securing some establishment, which should release them from further bondage under their home-system. I used to pity these girls, but not as I pitied Miss Janson. . . . I used to fill a bottle with hot water for her in the winter nights, but I dared not let Mrs Dacre know, for she would have forbidden it as extravagant, and I think this first made Miss Janson speak to me: she was so much with her pupils, that it was not very easy to do so in private; but at last she

became fond of me, and would weep when I expressed my compassion for her lonely state. Once she said, "Far better for me if I could be a respectable servant in some kind family; I should at least have some of the comforts of life, and there would be some one to speak to, some one who would love me, amongst the other servants; and no *good* mistress would allow any one to be so overworked or so treated as I am, and must be, while I remain here." I ventured to advise her leaving the place, and asked if she could not become an upper nurse. "I would willingly, Rose; but small as my salary is, it is more than I could earn as a servant, and I have a poor crippled sister, who looks to me for help. I am angry at myself for what I have said, but my heart seems so full, and your kindness has led me to speak more openly than was perhaps right. I almost hate the talents I possess for music and drawing. These pursuits, which were intended as relaxations for the mind, and to increase our appreciation of all that is good and beautiful in the creation—to me are associated with the sordid striving after vain distinction, with heartless indifference to the welfare of others, and with the years that I have dragged on in teaching them either to unwilling pupils, or to those who studied them for the low purpose of attracting notice by their exhibition."

'This was the outpouring of a crushed spirit; but it would be unfair not to state, that when she gradually acquired the habit of confiding in my affection, she seldom spoke in this bitter strain: her spirit was too meek: she more frequently adverted to the suffering which this unhappy family brought upon themselves, to remembrances of her own early and happy life, and to her strong conviction that all her trials were sent for a wise and good end. She liked me to repeat simple hymns and psalms. Her memory was singularly retentive, and stored with chapters and texts from the Bible; without which, she said, the isolation of her existence would have deprived her of her reason. I could not help fancying she looked a little better after giving vent to her pent-up repressed feelings, and it gave me renewed strength to go on a little longer in this unpleasant situation.'

As a contrast to this wretched home, we have Rose finally settled in the greatest happiness with the Evelyns, a wealthy mercantile family, given to every good and charitable work, and full of all right-mindedness. The greater part of Mr Evelyn's time was consumed in business of a philanthropic nature, and in attending to petitions for advice and help. The old housekeeper used to say, 'Her master's riches would never hinder his entering into the kingdom of heaven, but would rather smooth the way.' 'I was much struck,' says Rose, 'by the invariable consideration which was shown for our feelings; and I have heard the men say that he would check any one at his own table who was making remarks which might be unpleasant to those who were waiting. The manners, too, of the whole family were not only quite free from pride, but had no coldness. They seemed never to forget that their servants felt like themselves; and when asking them to perform any service, they always did it so gently, and with such evident belief and trust in their goodwill, that it produced the most hearty, loving service. Books were provided, and encouragement given to improve ourselves.'

Rose concludes her story with her marriage to Edward Grant, a young mercantile man of good prospects. 'To beguile,' she says, 'some of the long afternoons, while waiting for Edward, I have written these sketches of the different situations which I have filled, hoping that they may suggest to those who do not *always* pay due attention to the welfare of their households the duty of consulting their servants' feelings, which are so often the same as their own; hoping also that they will endeavour to bear in mind how easily they may wound, and how easily they may gratify, those who are dependent upon them for the daily comfort of their lives. *Very strong* are the mutual bonds of duty and obligation between servants and their employers. And when they are properly felt and attended to, very valuable are the friendships which may be formed. At all events, very pleasant may their mutual intercourse be rendered, when servants give themselves up with heartiness and good-will to the performance of their various duties; and when their employers remember that kindness and consideration are as much due to their feelings, as is attention to their bodily comfort, or the punctual payment of their wages.'

DO ANIMALS FEEL PAIN?

This is a question about which one should think there could be little doubt. The grand distinction of animal being is sensation, or a power of receiving pleasure or pain from external objects. When we see one of the very lowest and simplest in the scale of animals—the polype, for example—stretching out its long slender arms, and eagerly seizing the food which is palatable to it, while it rejects substances which are unsuitable; or when we see this same polype shrinking and withdrawing its body from the rude touch of any object applied to it, we cannot but suppose that all this arises from the will of the animal, stimulated by its perceptions of either pleasure or pain. Yet doubts have been started by many whether the lower animals possess any degree of sensibility; while some go so far as to deny them all consciousness of either pleasure or pain. Shakspeare, in one of those grand and comprehensive generalisations so characteristic of his mighty intellect, makes the 'corporal sufferance' of the beetle which we tread upon as great as the dying pangs of a giant. Now, though we are not prepared, physiologically speaking, to maintain that all grades of animals have the same intensity of nervous sensibility, yet we doubt not that within each one's particular sphere the pleasures of existence and the pangs of dissolution are both acutely perceptible. Indeed all facts and analogies are in favour of such an opinion. We cannot look, says Paley, on the myriad crowds of insects buzzing in the air of a summer eve, without having suggested to us an immense diffusion of actual enjoyment. Nor, on the other hand, can we view the quivering limb, the shrinking wounded muscle, or the anxious anguished look of any of the higher animals, without supposing that there are accompanying feelings of pain. Indeed we should not have thought it necessary to start this subject at all, had it not been suggested by a paper read lately before a learned society (The Ashmolean) in Oxford.* In this paper Mr Rowell endeavours to prove that even quadrupeds evince very little or no sensations of pain on being grievously maimed or mortally wounded. He gives instances of horses which, having fallen and fractured their legs, yet lay without any visible expressions of pain, and after a little while began to eat the grass growing around them. He also mentions that pigs, when their throats are cut, only squeal because they are held fast; and that, if they are allowed to run away, they make no noise, or give no indication of pain, till they fall down dead from the loss of blood. Now, it appears to us that such facts as these prove nothing. The pain of a fractured limb is acute only at first, and even then is by no means excessive. For several hours after the injury there is little or no uneasiness, if the limb be not rudely moved; so that a horse or other quadruped meeting with such an accident, and being freed from the mental anxieties of a man on such occasion, may readily be supposed to be inclined to resume its usual eating propensities. But if such animal be watched afterwards, when inflammation of the limb, with heat and swelling commences, all the usual manifestations of pain and irritability will undoubtedly be present. Indeed no one can look upon a horse or other animal labouring under a diseased limb, and watch the reluctance with which they put such a limb to the ground, and the writhing of the

* See 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,' October 1847.

body which even a partial pressure on it causes, and doubt for a moment that very acute pain accompanies all such motions. It is the same with the stuck pig: the mere act of opening the carotid arteries is accompanied with but a slight and momentary pain, not a great deal more than that attending the simple opening of a vein in the arm; and after the first incision, all pain subsides, and no wonder that the liberated pig runs silently along till it drops dead from mere exhaustion of blood. The fact is, that nature has most curiously and wisely contrived that almost all the sensitive nerves are situated on the inner skin, or external parts of the body, in order to constitute so many guards or sentinels against all external mischief; while the internal parts, including even the heart and the most important vital organs, are almost devoid of sensibility. Who that has seen, on a hot summer day, the horse or the ox, maddened by the sting of the gadfly, leave his favourite pastures, and rush furiously to the nearest pool of water or shady thicket, could for a moment subscribe to the idea that their sensations of pain were not acute? The effects of the spur and the whip, too, must surely be so many daily practical proofs of the sensibility of horses.

Mr Rowell adduces some curious and well-known instances of animals gnawing their own flesh and bones. 'It is curious,' says he, 'to observe the apparent indifference with which some animals will devour parts of their own bodies. I once kept tame dormice, and in shutting the cage door, accidentally caught the tail of one of them, when it squeaked out, and left the skin of about two-thirds of its tail sticking to the door. Whether the cry was caused by pain or fear I cannot decide, but it went about the cage for a few minutes apparently rather uneasy, and then took hold of its tail with its paws, and ate all the injured part, and then seemed as well as ever.

'Rats will often eat their tails when in confinement, if kept short of food; and the habit of eating their own tails is not uncommon among the monkey tribe. I know a person who used to dip the end of his monkey's tail in tobacco water, to keep it from being eaten; and some of the monkeys in the London Zoological Garden may at times be seen enjoying themselves in this way: but from whatever cause this propensity may arise, I believe it is never indulged in by the monkeys with prehensile tails; their tails seem to be too useful to be so wantonly disposed of, and I have no doubt are therefore possessed of a much greater share of the sense of pain.' It is recorded that an old hyena, kept in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, had its leg broken, when one night it bit off the leg at the broken part and ate it.

We ourselves saw, some years ago, in Wombwell's menagerie, a leopard which had got its hind-legs lacerated by another leopard in a neighbouring cage. During the night subsequent to this accident, after being properly secured in its cell, the leopard actually gnawed off its two hind feet to the extent of several inches up the ankle, and crunched and ate its own flesh and bones. We have seen a horse, too, on whom a blister had been applied, furiously tear up and gnaw the flesh; but all these we consider as indications of suffering in the animals, not of apathy.

Mr Rowell also mentions the well-known fact, that crabs and similar animals frequently throw off one or two of their dead limbs, and apparently without suffering pain. But how do we know that such is a painless process? If, on the contrary, we touch the long and curiously-jointed antennæ of these crustacean animals, we immediately perceive that they shrink from and avoid us, with a feeling of fear for all such contact; and Mr Rowell allows that, thrown into boiling water, these animals show intense feelings of pain. It is the same with insects: the horny coverings of their bodies may not be endowed with sensibility, but in their antennæ the nicest feelings of touch, and perhaps some other of the senses, undoubtedly reside. If we watch a small beetle or other insect marching along the ground, we shall find that its two antennæ are in continual motion; if they encounter a drop of moisture, the insect immediately pauses and turns out of its course; or if any other substance to be feared or avoided comes in the way, they prove the surest of monitors. These antennæ not only have acute sensibility of touch, but they also can distinguish the temperatures of bodies; and thus the insect avoids cold or too much heat. According to Huber, too, the antennæ of bees would seem to possess higher powers of sensation; for when a bee is deprived of its antennæ, it wanders about at random in the hive, and seems to be thus deprived of all its usual instincts. 'I have seen,' says Mr Rowell, 'a wasp eat a fly almost immediately after a portion of its own abdomen had been cut off. I have also seen a cockchaffer crawling and eating on a hedge after its abdomen had been emptied of the viscera, probably by some bird. It is well known that a dragon-fly will eat freely for a considerable time while confined by a pin through its body; and every one who has collected entomological specimens must know the difficulty in killing some of the larger moths.' That insects may be stuck through with a pin, and yet live and eat, is no proof of their want of feeling, however much it may be of his who thus tortures them. The pin may pass through a part of their body not highly endowed with sensitive nerves, and thus apparently give them little uneasiness; at all events, not so disorder their frame as to destroy all the functions necessary for life. But even a human being may receive a wound through some part of his body, and survive; while in the process of cure, he also, amid his sufferings, may be able to take food. Sometimes we find the expressions of pain heroically suppressed by an animal as long as silence is for its safety. 'A hare never, or very seldom, cries out when shot, even if she receives her death wound, if she can run a few yards and hide herself; but if her legs are broken, or she is in anyway stopped from running, even if caught in a net, which can give her no real pain, she utters most piteous screams. When followed by dogs, her screams always begin before they have actually caught her; and it is worthy of remark, that she is much more readily despatched than perhaps any other animal of her size. Rabbits resemble hares in this respect, as they utter no cry when wounded, but will do so from fear. If run down by a stoat or weasel, they always cry out when the enemy gets within two or three yards of them, and are generally so terrified, that they lie down and are caught; therefore the cry, in this case, is evidently from fear.' 'When rabbits are caught in traps, if not taken out in a short time, they are almost sure to escape, either by breaking away by force from the trap and tearing off the leg, or by biting the leg off. I have seen them caught after having recently lost a leg, and to all appearance in as good health, and as fat, as if nothing had happened to them. A short time since, I saw a rabbit caught which had but one leg, having lost one hind-leg apparently some time, and the two fore-legs very recently.' How often do we find a 'jolly tar' with no legs at all, and yet apparently cheerful and happy!

Such reasoners as would make the lower animals mere automatons, seem to overlook one great distinction of sensitive beings. Even the simplest of animals, those which possess only one or two of the senses, as touch and taste, have a power of choosing or rejecting, of liking or disliking; in short, a will of their own, however circumscribed. Thus the polype selects food grateful to its appetite, and rejects what is unfit; and so does every animal, however simple. Not so a plant. The roots of plants imbibe whatever fluids are presented to them—even poisons which destroy them—and absorb gases by their leaves which are equally noxious.

That the nervous system of animals is of a compound nature, is now well ascertained. Thus there are certain nerves through whose agency the great vital functions of the body are performed, but which do not contribute either to motion or sensation: other nerves, again, which

are specially productive of motion: and a third set which impart sensations. That these divisions of the nervous system may be distributed in various proportions, and with various intensities of action, throughout the various gradations of animal life, suited to their different habits and necessities, there can be no manner of doubt; but that even in the lowest animals one or more of these divisions are wanting, seems to be at variance with all facts of their vital and instinctive manifestations. Thus it is possible to suppose an animal devoid of all sensations, even without the sense of taste; but then it would require to be fed, like plants, in a mechanical way, without any will of its own. Now we know of no such animal—it being a characteristic of all animals, as we have said, to possess the power of choosing or rejecting their food. We might suppose an animal, too, without any sense of touch—unfeeling all over; yet we know of none such. The great proportion of animals have a skin exquisitely endowed with sensibility, and all have some part of their bodies whence this property more or less resides.

That man and animals, under certain circumstances, do often display strong convulsive motions, and even all the manifestations of agonizing pain, without in reality feeling any pain, or being conscious of any irritation or impression whatever, is a circumstance well known; but this arises from the nerves of motion being excited, and that often violently, while the nerves of sensation are either unaffected, or suffering under some suspension of their natural powers. This is exemplified in the disease of epilepsy; and the convulsive motions of an amputated limb of an insect, or the quivering fibres of the muscles in an animal newly killed, arise from the same circumstances. The inhalation of ether, and the effects of mesmerism, afford also examples of the temporary suspension of one division of the nervous system —the sensitive—while the other functions of the body go on as usual. All these circumstances only prove the separate, and so far independent, functions of the nervous system—not the absence of the sensitive nerves in the lower animals.

Correct theory on this subject may be of some use in practice. We are naturally too apt to think lightly of the sufferings of the lower animals, and need no false philosophy to palliate our cruelties. The great heart of Shakspeare beat right after all: death is a pang to the meanest thing that lives; and pain is an exquisite evil, shrunk from and avoided by the lowest in the link of the chain of existence, as well as the highest. Let us then, on all occasions, avoid the infliction of torture on creatures endowed with similar, if not with as intense, sensations as we are ourselves. Let us reason ourselves out of all selfish exclusiveness—the young, especially, out of all heedless and unthinking cruelty; and knowing that our own frames are tremblingly alive to all outward impressions, bear always in mind that analogy and observation undoubtedly teach us that *animals do feel pain.*

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW B. PICKEN.

STALZENFELLS.

It is morning on the mountain, the green morn of bursting spring,
And the dew is on the violet, the skylark on the wing;
The kine are lowing from the fold, the owl winks at the light,
And the breezy fields are wafting by the lingering shades of night;
And the wakened echo murmurs to the chime of holy bells—
For 'tis morning—merry morning—on the crested Stalzenfells.

Now boldly, like a Lanzknecht, with a carol and a shout,
From the green glades of a mountain farm a young Grâf rideth out;
He turneth but to bless his home, that like a nestling lies
In the bosom of the vintage, hallowed o'er by tender skies;
Then shakes the rein so gaily twined with garlands and with bells—
And 'tis morning—dewy morning—on the crested Stalzenfells.

There's a sound within the village too, all tremblingly alive,
Like the hymn of the rejoicing bees around the teeming hive;
Now 'tis singing—now 'tis laughter—now the bird-like mountain call,
That warns the herdsman on the hill at dewy even fall;
To the young Grâf wending downwards, what a pleasant tale it tells:
And 'tis morning—sunny morning—on the lofty Stalzenfells.

And a Fraulein through the jasmine leaves that cloud her casement round,
Is gazing on the mountain path, and lists a welcome sound;
While, like a marmotte, leaps her heart at each new voice she hears,
And a rosy smile is breaking through and mocking her sweet tears;
For well she knows the eager steed, the garland, and the bells—
And 'tis morning—happy morning—on the lofty Stalzenfells.

The young Franz, like the eaglet, hath his eyrie on the hill,
Dorâthen, like the wood-dove, in the valley calm and still;
But low and gentle was his voice, serene his haughty brow,
When he wooed her 'mid the roses in the downy vale below.
So blessed be the bridal pledge, the banquet, and the dance;
For the young Franz loves Dorâthen, and Dorâthen loveth Franz!

And our dove will rest delighted in that stormy nest on high,
With the wildest blast unheeded for her lover's softest sigh;
She will gaze within his eagle eyes confidingly and lone,
Until his look becometh soft and dove-like as her own.
And he will bless her as he lists the merry matin-bells,
That hailed his bridal morning 'neath the crested Stalzenfells.

OBERWESEL.

The chimes of Oberwesel—oh how pleasantly and clear!
Far floating down the sunset Rhine, they steal upon the ear!
And the reaper on the furrow turns, the bargeman from the oar,
As solemnly the Angelus sweeps down the river shore.
For the German heart's an honest heart, and faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen, to the kaiser on the throne.

The chimes of Oberwesel—oh their spell may ne'er depart!
Like the sound of waves in ocean shells, they live within the heart!
For I pine for the old Rhineland slopes, where first I heard them rise,
And trellises of gushing grapes, and beaming Rhineland skies.
For the German heart's, &c.

It is not that the golden palm a softer shadow flings;
It is not that the jungle stream a sweeter roundel rings;
That the orient hath a festal crown that blesseth the long day;
The old chimes are a Ranz-ore-bache that clouds them all away.
For the German heart's, &c.

Amboyna's soaring minarets, melodiously on high,
Like the lark's triumphant *jodln*, they fill the sunset sky;
But give to me, oh give to me the pleasant chimes that come,
Like the trilling of the hermit thrush in the lowly bush at home!
For the German heart's, &c.

Though gorgeous be the hues that clothe this sultry land and air,
They're strange with all their gloriousness, and dull with all their glare.
'Tis not my young fresh heart I've brought to this far foreign strand;
No—Gott-sey-dank—*that* never leaves our own dear Fatherland.
For the German heart's, &c.

WIESBADEN.

She came amongst us with the spring, those moist delicious days,
When odours steal like fairies forth from all the woodland ways;
And Hope, the huntress, with her train, outruns the rising beam,
And danceth with the dancing leaves, and singeth with the stream.
She came amongst us with the flowers, so fragile, yet so fair,
With eyes like the blue twilight stars, and rings of golden hair.

REFRAIN.

We know our songs are very sad, for mirth is all too loud
For us to tell of 'neath the weight of Famine's closing shroud;
So wonder not our memory most lingers with the dead,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg 'our daily bread.'

Her voice, like winds through autumn leaves, had a low and mournful fall,
But yet our bruised hearts leapt up as to a mother's call;
Her cheek, like Spring's first rose, so pure, so softly delicate,
Made us dream of those sweet seraphs that at Mercy's portals wait.
We could not think, 'midst youth's own hues, the ruthless worm was there,
Or that dust would soon be strewed upon her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, yet who of joy could sing,
Where Poverty keeps chilling watch and saddens all our spring;
Where memory's embers only shine, and heavy tears are shed,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg 'our daily bread?'

And he on whom she leant at last—her anchor of the heart—
How watched he for the closing surge that tore the chain apart!
Was it fear or pain that shook him, when in each long look she gave,
He marked within its dreamy depths the shadows of the grave?
No—were the shrouded breast laid bare—no yearning thought is there
For that gentle English lady with her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, but life's unfolding scene
Still shows upon its sunniest spots some serpent's trail hath been;
O'er every flower that bloomed for us the blistering slime is spread,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg 'our daily bread.'

Sleep sitteth down with dove-like wings in that dim shaded room,
The grudging menials watch alone, like phantoms 'mid the gloom;
And the lovely lady dreams away her last calm dying hours,
'Mid the grand old woods of England and her own sweet garden flowers.
The thrush thrills with his gushing pipe the hedgerow low and fair,
And the winds of home come wandering through her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, but where we loved so well,
Our thoughts, like summer birds, fly back with memory to dwell;
So wonder not our strain is grave, we seem on graves to tread,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg 'our daily bread.'

Why rings that stunning pistol shot at midnight's silent hour?
Why streams the pool of bitter blood o'er that dull chamber floor?
The gamester's latest die is cast, and thrown his final main;
The doom of God is on his soul!—the false dice in his brain!
Thanks, holy saints! *she* sank at once, nor lingered in despair,
And pillowed on his bloody breast her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, our hearts are full of cares,
And that lovely foreign flower is blent still with our songs and prayers;
We dare not wish her back again, she's happy with the dead,
And we're but poor German childerkin, and beg 'our daily bread.'

LONDON CRIES FOR SANITARY REFORM.

SANITARY! The very word has become insufferable; less, perhaps, from excess of repetition, than from the apparent hopelessness of the thing meant being carried vigorously into effect. Year after year the press teems with details the most odious, showing the absolute necessity for sanitary reform: associations of philanthropic individuals go on denouncing the present insalubrious condition of towns—the public have long since acceded to every proposition on the subject—yet nothing is done! Will there ever be anything done? Is not the whole thing a mere matter of talk—a delusion?

Having, first and last, said so much on sanitary reform, we are almost ashamed to mention the subject again to our readers. A pamphlet, however, which has just reached us, opens up such a picture of horrors in and about the Metropolis, that it is impossible to keep silence. There *must* be something done, in spite of every obstacle to the contrary. The brochure referred to is a 'Report of the Health of London Association on the Sanitary Condition of the Metropolis; being a Digest of Information contained in Replies to Three Thousand Queries, which were circulated amongst Clergymen, Medical Men, Solicitors, Surveyors, Architects, Engineers, Parochial Officers, and the Public.' We propose to give only a few snatches of this condensed information, beginning with the following general statement as to fever:—

'It is everywhere stated that a low form of fever, and typhus fever itself, is generated and maintained by the filthy state of the dwellings of the poor, and of the immediate neighbourhood, and by the inefficiency, as well as the utter want, of sewage; and that in some of the courts and alleys in the Whitechapel Union, and in other parts of the Metropolis, *fever is never absent.* Instances are given of existing cases of typhus fever caused by exhalations from open sewers and gully-holes. These fevers are generally severe. This frightful scourge and fell destroyer of manhood in its prime, the fertile source of widowhood and orphanage, of pauperism and crime, is ever in active operation in this city.

'The fatal results of fever alone produced by these agencies may be estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 annually. The absolute amount of wretchedness arising from such a frightful and unnecessary waste of human life can scarcely be calculated.

'Malignant fever, typhus, or low fever, and many infectious diseases, as well as the malignancy of our epidemics, and a large majority of cases of erysipelas, measles, small-pox, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, and cholera, as well as the spring and summer diarrhœa, owe their severity, if not their origin, to atmospheric poisons produced by a combination of the evils enumerated in this question.

'Besides the unnecessary waste of human life by fever and febrile diseases in the Metropolis, it is calculated that of those who annually die of consumption, 2500 might be saved by proper sanitary measures; and one-sixth of that mortality is attributed to the deficient ventilation of workshops, while five-sixths are attributed to the condition of the dwellings of the poor.'

But why do not the poor keep their dwellings in a cleanly state? Many do what they can in this respect, but the bulk of the humble classes 'are compelled to live in the vicinity of their employments, in such houses as they find vacant; but such is the demand for houses among the poor, that but little choice is afforded to them; for, to use their own words, "if one will not take the house, another will." Three-fourths of the poor, moreover, are lodgers, living in single rooms, and still less able than tenants of small houses to effect improvements. Their houses are constructed without either sewers or drains; they can therefore only remove the filth from their dwellings to a neighbouring heap, there to putrefy and contaminate the air. They often attempt to keep the fronts of their houses clean, but generally, after a short perseverance in an unsuccessful labour, abandon it in despair; and while they deplore the filthy state of their streets, courts, and alleys, they know that complaint is useless, and their efforts to improve it futile, and therefore sullenly submit to what they cannot change.'

Very shocking effects are caused by the carrying on of unwholesome manufactories. An inhabitant of Stratford states 'that noxious fumes of nitrous acid gas from a neighbouring chemical work are frequently so extremely offensive, that persons passing along the main road are obliged to run, and hold handkerchiefs to their mouths; the eyes are much irritated by the gas, more particularly in the night time, during which the works are in full play. All metal utensils are discoloured or tarnished in the houses in the vicinity. The smell can be perceived half a mile off, which will enable a correct judgment to be formed as to its intensity. This is described in strong language as being one only of a collection of nuisances. Among others, there is a work for evaporating "gas liquor," the stench of which is so fetid, that even when the poor poisoned victims living near are confined to their rooms by typhus fever, consumption, &c. they *dare not, and cannot,* open a window, as it almost suffocates the inmates, particularly when the wind blows the fumes in that direction. The poor creatures have even been driven out by the intolerable stench into the main road, where they have asked, *What were they to do?* To which it was replied, that if they could become *pigs or oxen,* and were killed, the law would punish the proprietors of these nuisances by making them pay *their* value; but as they were only *women and children,* the law did not trouble itself about them. It is to be regretted that so little legislation has been exerted on the subject of noxious or offensive manufactories; but perhaps there is not more ground for complaint with regard to these noxious agencies, than with regard to nearly all others, which do not include the taking away of our neighbours' lives by violence; for while, in the present day, one man is certainly hanged for taking away the life of his fellow-creature, another man is at liberty to destroy the health and lives of multitudes by *poisonous* emanations from any source of profitable employment—the profit being on his side, the loss on that of the public.'

Keeping pigs and slaughtering cattle are also among the active agencies of disease. 'The slaughtering of cattle takes place to a great extent in London, and the putrefying refuse is allowed either imperfectly to drain away, or to remain and infect and contaminate the air. Sometimes the blood is allowed to run down the middle of the main streets. There is scarcely a reply which

does not insist on the slaughtering of cattle in London being strictly prohibited. The effluvium arising therefrom in and about Fitzroy Market is stated to be horribly offensive. The Smithfield nuisance is too great and too notorious to require much reference. It is asserted to be *the greatest nuisance* ever inflicted on a civilised community, and to be a prolific source of moral and physical evil, perhaps unparalleled in the history of any people—where life and limb are constantly endangered, and the ear offended by the profane language of drovers scarcely less brutal than the objects of their unmeasured rage. The slaughter-houses in Aldgate High Street are most disgusting nuisances. In hot weather, the stench arising from the accumulation of the ordure of the cattle, the entrails, and the blood, is most offensive. There is also a slaughter-house near Newport Market, which is stated to be a shameful nuisance in that crowded neighbourhood.'

The want of underground sewage is one of the chief causes of discomfort and disease of various kinds. The only outlet for refuse water from many of the more respectable houses in London is by tubes communicating with cess-pools. These pools are hollow spaces, sometimes underneath the cellars, sometimes below the small back-yards. And yet every inhabitant must pay for sewage, whether he have access to public drains or not. 'There are many open drains and open sewers which constantly emit deleterious gases from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, and are certainly prolific sources of cholera, scarlet and typhus fevers, and other diseases. Persons residing in the vicinity of open drains and open sewers suffer seriously in their health and property. At Greenwich there are open gutters and open ditches, which at times give out most offensive effluvia, and in the neighbourhood of which illness of some kind or another, especially fever, is always prevalent. In Westminster there are several open and stagnant drains, from which, in many instances, malignant typhus and puerperal fever have arisen. At Rotherhithe there is an open ditch which has given rise to typhus fever to a great extent; and there are also uncovered drains which receive the sewage of thickly-populated neighbourhoods. At Poplar the main sewer is partly uncovered, and is called the "Black Ditch." It emits a most offensive stench, and frequently produces fever, headache, debility, and disorders of the digestive organs. In the district of the Tower Hamlets Commission of Sewers there were, within the last few months, upwards of 10,000 feet of open sewers, many of which were in the crowded neighbourhoods of Mile-End New Town and Bethnal-Green.'

The supply of water is greatly defective, and what is supplied is at a dear rate. 'In the Metropolis there are about 270,000 houses, and 70,000 of them are without a supply of water being carried into them. Mr Liddle states that the poor incur great expense, from the want of wholesome water, by being obliged to resort to public-houses or coffee-shops for their breakfast, instead of having it at home with their families, which they would otherwise be enabled to do.'

On the general defectiveness of ventilation in dwellings there is much painful evidence. Burial below churches—still carried on to the shame of the Metropolis—is also a potent auxiliary of disease and death. From the impurity of the air in many places of public worship, individuals are often attacked with faintness and vertigo during service.

The annual waste of life by these united causes is very considerable. 'It is estimated that, *under due sanitary regulations*, the lives of 10,278 persons in the Metropolis might annually be saved, and 287,784 cases of sickness avoided. These deaths and illnesses are over and above what are due to natural causes; they are unnecessary deaths and unnecessary illnesses. Verily, twice the loss of life occurs to the inhabitants of this metropolis annually, which occurred to the gallant soldiers who were massacred and perished in the retreat from Cabool; yet while a cry of lamentation was sent up by the whole country for their disastrous fate, no sound is raised for the victims of a cruel negligence and a disgraceful apathy. One-sixth of the total waste of life and health which takes place in the United Kingdom occurs in the Metropolis. Now, waste of life includes unnecessary sickness, widowhood, orphanage, funeral expenses, inability to labour, medical charges: it also includes the cost of the increased relative proportion of births, which is found to result from a high rate of mortality, and likewise increase of poor-rates, additional calls on public and private charity for the support of hospitals, dispensaries, and asylums for the sick and infirm. If an estimate is made of the money value of the losses from a neglect of sanitary measures in London, and if a detailed estimate of Dr Lyon Playfair, for Manchester, is proceeded upon, it is found that L.3,204,531 are wasted every year.

'It is estimated that the annual value of the sewage of London which is suffered to run to waste and pollute the Thames is L.433,879.

'Who shall estimate the amount of wretchedness and suffering, and of abandonment to despair and demoralisation, which is produced by the want of sanitary regulations? Who shall tell how many of the 112,000 orphans, and 43,000 widows on the poor-roll, have been thereby made fatherless and lonely? Who shall tell the number of convicts and criminals in our jails who have been sent thither by the negligence of sanitary measures?'

Need anything be added to prove that *something must be done?*

If any one answers in the affirmative, one word in reply will surely suffice—CHOLERA. This plague is once more on its progress from India towards Western Europe. Shall we be caught by it prepared or not?

Column for Young People.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

[Our attention has been drawn to this little piece by an obliging correspondent, who considers it, and with reason, as worth preservation. It appeared some years ago in a magazine—we think the 'Pocket Magazine'—now out of print.]

'AND is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place to which you are taking me, nurse?' asked the Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak, when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.

'Yes, my dear child,' returned Amy sorrowfully, 'my lord your father is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?'

'No,' replied Lady Lucy resolutely; 'I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is.'

Yet she clung closer to the arms of her attendant as they were admitted into the gloomy precincts of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her, and she whispered to her nurse, 'Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother Richard Duke of York were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester?'

'Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you,' said old Amy in an encouraging tone.

'And was not good King Henry VI. murdered here also by that same wicked Richard?' continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally-celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget

Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of high treason.

'But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?' pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

'Hush—hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here,' said Amy, 'or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord your father.'

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting everything else in her joy at seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses.

Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother), he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

'Why do you cry, dear papa?' asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. 'And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?'

'Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief,' said her father, seating the little girl on his knee. 'I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the king, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple-Bar or London Bridge.'

At this terrible intelligence Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

'Be composed, my dear child,' said Lord Preston, 'for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side the grave.'

'No, no! dear papa,' cried she; 'they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you.'

'My dearest love, this is all simple talking,' said Lord Preston. 'I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do not you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?'

'Oh yes, papa; and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter the Princess of Orange was at my age,' replied Lady Lucy with great animation.

'Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange king and queen in his stead.'

'But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her,' said Lady Lucy earnestly.

'Hush—hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his dominions, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him,' said Lord Preston with a sigh.

'I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition,' said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master; 'and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your friends.'

'Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favouring the cause of King James.'

'Dear papa! let me go to the queen and beg for your pardon,' cried Lady Lucy with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. 'I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me.'

'Simple child!' exclaimed her father, 'what should you be able to say to the queen that would be of any avail?'

'God would teach me what to say, and He has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition.'

Her father clasped her to his bosom, but said, 'Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child.'

'Why should I be afraid of speaking to the queen, papa?—for even if she would be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it: or if she were to send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One who is greater than any king or queen upon earth.'

'You are right, my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear,' said her father. 'It is He who hath perhaps put it into your heart to plead with the queen for my life; which, if it be His pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, His will be done! He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and He will not forsake my good and dutiful child when I am low in the dust.'

'But how will Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence, my lord?' asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and the child.

'I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter.'

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the Tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that He would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under the sentence of death. The servants, who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the queen for her father's pardon, were all assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy, arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her ladyship was out of bed, and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the queen's uncle, was very kind to her young god-daughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her influence with the queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace, on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law; therefore she dared not to solicit the queen on behalf of her friend Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated, that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

'Oh!' said the little girl, 'if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I *should* plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life, that she could not refuse me, I'm sure.'

'Poor child! what could you say to the queen?' asked the countess compassionately.

'Only let me see her and you shall hear,' rejoined Lady Lucy.

'Well, my love, it were a pity but what thou shouldst have the opportunity,' said Lady Clarendon; 'but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee; and when thou seest the queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable.

'God will direct the words of my lips,' said the little girl, with tears in her eyes.

The countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little god-daughter, and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace-gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

'I know that gentleman well,' said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James II.

'That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father,' observed the countess, sighing; 'and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch. But hark! here comes the queen, with her chamberlain and ladies, from chapel; now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are; and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her.'

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved silently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the queen's approach: and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt, and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and, above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest: she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper: but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose. She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, 'Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady!' Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but she forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words, 'Mercy, mercy for my father, gracious queen!' till her vehement emotion choked her voice, and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned her head against her majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age, to become a suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

'But he is good and kind to every one,' said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen.

'He may be so to you, child,' returned her majesty; 'but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die.'

'But you can pardon him if you choose to do so, madam,' replied Lucy; 'and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."'

'It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me,' replied the queen gravely. 'I am acquainted with my duty; and as it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child.'

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture?

'I was thinking,' replied Lady Lucy, 'how strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!'

This wise but artless reproof, from the lips of infant innocence, went to the heart of the queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honoured countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors as a king, or his offences against others, had ever been the tenderest of parents to her; and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land, relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the regal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter when compared with the filial piety of the child before her, whom a sentence of hers was about to render an orphan. It smote upon her heart, and she burst into tears.

'Rise, dear child,' said she; 'thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy intreaty—thy filial love has saved him.'

THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, 'Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?'

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is, to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, 'Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day.' But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth: but certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. 'Had I been consulted'—'Had you listened

to me'—'But you always will'—and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite): but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates; and it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms, with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is heaven and hell in those rooms, the same heaven and hell that we have known in others.—*Friends in Council.*

THE DONSIDE FACTORIES.

A plan has been recently adopted at the large factories on the Don, near Aberdeen, employing from 2000 to 3000 people, of supplying them with breakfast and dinner on the premises, and is found to answer remarkably well, both as regards the workpeople and their employers. The plan, as carried out at Messrs Leys, Masson, and Co.'s, at Grandholm, is as follows, and the arrangements at the other factories are almost precisely similar:—In the cooking department, to which a supply of spring water is led in by pipes, there is for soup a boiler of 120 gallons, and for coffee one of 70 gallons, and hot table: and attached to the kitchen are six rooms fitted up with benches and fireplaces in each, affording accommodation for above 400 persons when taking their meals. The breakfast consists of a roll of bread, of 6¼ ounces in weight, of mixed or whole flour of the best quality, and a measure of coffee, of one-tenth part of an imperial gallon. For one gallon of coffee there is appropriated 3¼ oz. of coffee, 3 gills of milk, 10 oz. of golden syrup; and to every 30 gallons of coffee one-half ounce of ground cassia is added, which gives the coffee an agreeable flavour. Dinner consists of barley broth and bread, or pease soup and bread; either one-sixth of an imperial gallon of barley broth, with a roll of bread weighing six ounces and three quarters, or one-sixth of an imperial gallon of pease soup, and a roll of bread weighing 6 and one-fourth ounce. For 50 gallons of barley broth there is appropriated 43 lb. good butcher meat, 28 lb. barley, 5 lb. pease; vegetables—turnips, carrots, leeks, to the value of 2s. or 2s. 6d. For fifty gallons of pease soup, 22 lb. pease, 12 lb. butcher meat, with the reserved bones from the barley broth, together with vegetables—say carrots, turnips, celery, thyme, and an ounce of ground cassia. After the soup is boiled, there is added, to improve its consistency, two or three quartern loaves, cut up into slices, and browned. Breakfast and dinner, including bread, charged 1½d. each. The meals are served in exchange for printed tickets, of which there are two sets—one for breakfast, and the other for dinner. Each department in the work has a number of these tickets appropriated, having the number of the department on each. Returns of the number of persons in each department who order breakfast and dinner for the following day are given in to the superintendent of the kitchen every day at twelve o'clock, in order to the preparation of the quantity necessary to supply them. Any surplus there may be is inquired after, and bought for domestic use by any persons who may wish it. The overseers of the respective departments, having a list of the names of those who have been supplied with meals during the week, render accounts at the end thereof to the superintendent of the kitchen. The cooking part of the kitchen is railed off, leaving a passage for those receiving meals, who enter at one door, and, on being served, pass out at another door, or go into the sitting-rooms. There are two cooks, a man and a woman, in constant attendance; and besides these, there are two of the overseers of the works who assist by rotation during the time of serving out the meals. Four hundred people can be served in twenty minutes. The provisions are all of good quality, bought at wholesale prices. The institution is a self-supporting one. Messrs Leys, Masson, and Co., much to their credit, supply the fuel gratis, as well as the house, furniture, and cooking apparatus. The above plan, which has been found to answer so admirably in practice, originated in the hardships which were experienced by workers who had to travel to the factories from a distance of one or more miles, and who of course had to bring their provisions with them, consisting very often of nothing else than a piece of dry oat cake. Having no house to go to, and no means of getting a more nourishing diet, the poor people subjected to this state of matters suffered much in bodily health and strength, being often quite exhausted before the labours of the day were over. These consequences, so injurious alike to the employer and employed, have been to a great extent obviated by the plan which has thus been happily fallen upon.—*Christian News, July* 29, 1847.

THE BEAR AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

The bears of Kamtchatka live chiefly on fish, which they procure for themselves from the rivers. A few years ago the fish became very scarce. Emboldened by the famine and consequent hunger, the bears, instead of retiring to their dens, wandered about, and sometimes entered the villages. On a certain occasion one of them found the outer door of a house open, and entered it; the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a kettle of boiling water in the court. Bruin smelt it, but burnt his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury on the tea-kettle. He folded his arms around it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it; but this of course only burnt him the more. The horrible growling which the rage and pain forced upon the poor animal now brought the neighbours to the spot, and Bruin, by a few shots, was put out of his misery. To this day, however, whenever anybody injures himself by his own violence, the people of the village call him the 'bear and the tea-kettle.'—*Galt Reporter.*

VALUE OF NOTORIETY IN LONDON.

After all, a little literary reputation is of use here. I suppose Solomon, when he compared a good name to a pot of ointment, meant that it oiled the hinges of the hall doors into which the possessors of that inestimable treasure wished to penetrate. What a *good* name was in Jerusalem, a *known* name seems to be in London. If you are celebrated for writing verses, or for slicing cucumbers, for being two feet taller or two feet less than any other biped, for acting plays when you should be whipped at school, or for attending schools and institutions when you should be preparing for your grave—your notoriety becomes a talisman—an 'open Sesame,' before which everything gives way—till you are voted a bore, and discarded for a new plaything.—*Letter of Sir Walter Scott from London.*

TO YOUNG MEN.

How, after the duties of the day are over, do you employ your evenings? This a question of importance. If you have no regular employment, no fixed pursuits to engross your attention and operate as a stimulus to the mind when unemployed, you must, of necessity, have many leisure and unoccupied hours—intervals when time will hang heavily on your hands, and suggest the necessity of some means to relieve it of its weight. The very time which is dissipated in idleness would, if devoted to study, enable many a young man to obtain eminence and distinction in some useful art.—*Christian News.*

MARVELLOUS RECITALS.

The history of all countries and of all ages is loaded with marvellous recitals, which we should be wrong in rejecting with an unphilosophical contempt; all the facts can be explained by a very few causes, more or less difficult to discern, and the research into these causes throws open to us the archives of a mysterious policy, of which the learned have in all ages availed themselves to rule the human race, and to lead it either to grandeur or to humiliation, to slavery or to liberty.—*Printing Machine.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 207. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1847. Price 1½d.

MEN AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

We have had accurate treatises on the effects which various occupations have upon health, but never any systematic view of the effects which they have upon the characters and moral bearing of men. Yet the one class of effects is as certain in point of fact as the other. All who have anything practically to do with men in the way of preaching to them, or in anyway seeking to modify their conduct, come to know this well, and are obliged to act accordingly, using very different means and persuasives with one from what are required for another. It is indeed an immense difficulty in the way of all practical moralists and reformers; one which they will only overcome in the degree in which they can adapt themselves to a great variety of circumstances.

One of the broadest propositions connected with the subject is, that great and constant physical toil renders the mental faculties dull. Let any one try to walk thirty miles in (say) eight hours, and he will find that, during the latter part of his task, his intellect and feelings have become stupified to a surprising degree, and it is not till he has sat down, and begun to recover from his fatigue, that he can either think or feel according to his wont. Let a gentleman, after these experiences, consider what it must be to spend ten hours every day in this torpor of the mental system, and he will be able to understand how the lumberers of America, the *navies* of our own country, and workers at coarse labour everywhere, are rough, inconsiderate, and thriftless. It readily accounts for that low state in which fishermen are everywhere found. Their work is so full of hardship and toil, that every noble faculty is benumbed. The roughnesses of their daily life bring out all the roughnesses of their own nature, as if in self-defence. In the intervals of labour, they are only fit for sensual enjoyments and entire vacuity; from which, once more plunging into their coarse labours, they have no time left for the cultivation of their better nature. No wonder that this at length tells in the course of generations, so as to produce an inferior type of brain; which it is said to do. Nor is it surprising that this class of men, and all others who labour in the like manner, live more from hand to mouth than many savage tribes. The life of the North American Indian is one which, in comparison, may be said to allow fair-play to human intelligence. He has some leisure to gather his thoughts about him, and to attend to his social duties; which the other has not. His very occupations are of a kind which exercise no small amount of intellect. The Indian is therefore found making such provision for his life, that he never knows what we call destitution. The *navie*, on the other hand, reduced to spend nearly his whole time in labours which only employ the brute part of him, drops, as it were, reflection and foresight from his calendar of qualities, and only can use unusual gains in unusual debauchery, till pennylessness sets him once more a-working.

We trust that no one will be alarmed at these acknowledgments, as supposing them to supply an excuse for the conduct of the coarser class of workers. Their more legitimate effect is to prompt inventions which shall supersede degrading labours. Preaching in direct contravention of evils which human nature, in connection with circumstances, must irresistibly bring forth, is preaching in vain. But when we see how things actually work, we may make some effort for their remedy. Not many years ago, the men who worked printing-presses were noted as a less steady class than their associates who composed the types. The explanation was, that they had a comparatively severe kind of labour, which tempted them to indulgence in liquor. All the stern preaching in the world would never have done so much to correct this evil as the application of steam power to the working of the press. So as to fishermen: let fishing be done in steam vessels, which can quickly go to and return from the fishing-grounds, and which will save the men from too much of both toil and exposure, and fishermen will become like other people. As to excavators, we must profess our surprise that they have as yet got so little aid from machinery. To see five hundred men labouring with spades in cutting through a gravel mound or a mass of blue clay, impresses us more forcibly with an idea of primitiveness of means, and the essential prevalence of middle-age systems in our nineteenth century, than anything we ever come in contact with. Why is there not a steam digger and blaster? Where is the American excavator? The value of such a machine as a moral reformer is not to be estimated.

When Adam Smith described the economic effects of the division of labour, he did not advert to the moral results of the system. These were not a part of his subject, but they are even more important than anything that was. If a man spends the working portion of every day of his life in making the heads of pins, it is quite impossible that he can preserve himself as a full and complete man. The making of pin heads is an extreme case; but the same is true in a degree of every kind of labour which keeps the attention absorbed for hour after hour, and day after day, in the doing of a particular class of minute and monotonous duties. Here, again, the Indian contrasts favourably, as far as the intellect is concerned. He must be a subtle warrior, a dexterous huntsman, an architect to a certain extent, and able to work at many handicrafts of a rude kind which are required in the economy of his life. Thus far more mind is necessarily brought out in him than in the executor of a department in an

English factory. The combination in the factory is a more wonderful thing, and speaks more of intellect, than any combination of doings in the savage tribe; but with the individual it is different. He loses integrality, and with that undoubtedly loses one of the most essential distinctions of a human being. This is a loss which may be said to be suffered by society in general, whenever combinations are made for economic purposes of any kind. It is experienced alike in the soldier as a little part of an army, in the clerk as a mere fragment of the unity of a counting-room or bank, in men of business generally, as only having knowledge of their particular walk or field. All such reductions of individuality have a fatal effect on mind. The better powers are unexercised, and consequently dwindle. Men, in such circumstances, are apt to become oddities or petty humorists, or simply to sink into a half-mindless state, in which they are content to perform their duties for the means of an existence rather vegetable than animal. A nation so composed must be a different thing from one in which individual men stand firmer each in his own footing. It may be a stronger nation: indeed this it probably will be, for it will be altogether a higher organic fabric, while the resulting wealth becomes in itself a mighty power. But the great mass of the component elements must be inferior. This, it must be confessed, puts society into a startling light; for if there is anything that the moralist insists upon more than another, it is, that men shall be considered as individuals. It is a problem of vast import, and of which no one can foretell the working out.

There is one form in the social arrangement which modern times have seen carried amongst us to a pitch never before known, and from which, in this excess, there cannot fail to be remarkable effects. Master and servant, employer and employed, there have always been; but there never were so many servants and employed to so few masters and employers as now. A company of three, which contracts for the making of railways, lately paid off ten thousand men in the course of a week or two. Their expenditure, mostly in wages, has occasionally reached fifteen thousand pounds a day! What was Warwick the king-maker to a grandeeship like this? Industry now has her captains of hundreds, and her captains of thousands and tens of thousands, not with so absolute a rule of the one over the other as existed amongst commanders and commanded in the old days, but with moral effects and influences not less potent. We take it to be an unavoidable consequence of the assumption of a place below another man, that we cease to feel the same independence, the same self-reliance, as in the contrary circumstances. Having now another to take care of us, we cease to take the same care of ourselves. Not allowed to act according to our own sense of the exigencies of each particular moment, we lose that vigilance, activity, and resource which we once possessed, or might have attained to possessing. On the other hand, the acquiring of mastership or patronage over a multitude as necessarily engenders feelings of pride and (not to use it in an offensive sense) self-sufficiency. If to these contrary-pulling influences we add that of money—the one kept at definite, and generally moderate incomes, the other put in the way of acquiring large capital, with all the dignity and power that thereto effeirs—we shall be inclined to regard society as in a state of polarity and divarication altogether unexampled in degree, and almost unknown in kind. Helotism we know: feudal vassalage has been entered on the chronicles: but what may be the effects of the new nobility created by employment and capital, it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive. Obviously enough, however, it is this which is the basis of that aristocratic character remarked of our nation by foreigners, as a thing apart from, though co-existent with, an apparent tendency to democratic institutions. It is the wealth of Englishmen which makes them proud. It is the inexperience of any necessity of exertion throughout all their lives—the lot of a large class living upon paternally-acquired means—which dignifies the physiognomy of John Bull wherever he goes over the world. A power is thus erected far harder to deal with than any which rest in the constitution, or are protected by statute. It is one which no kind of Jacobinism hitherto known can touch.

That very zeal with which business is now conducted amongst us is a new element in the world, immensely modifying its inhabitants in moral respects. Nothing is now more common than to hear a man alluded to as too busy to attend to this; too much occupied to have any time for that; things which used to appear as the simplest duties of life. Many children see their father only once a week, and hardly become tolerably acquainted with him before they have to enter the world themselves. With thousands upon thousands, the idea of reading a book, or acquiring any new accomplishment of mind, is as much out of the range of possibility as a voyage to the moon. They are, morning, noon, and night, engaged in their affairs—that is, in the mere pursuit of money—with barely time for needful meals and rest. 'Why toil so hard?' 'We cannot help it. We must do as we do, if we would wish to keep our place, our rank, preserve our credit, or save our families from penury.' Terrible consideration! We wonder it does not occur to the many of them who are professedly religious men, that to give the whole mind to the behests of one desire of their nature, and that one of the meanest, is to degrade the divinity within them, and to be practically heathens. The necessity is of course merely an assumption imposed by the appetite. There is nothing to hinder men from working less, if they will be content with less. No one can doubt that this fanaticism of business must be rapidly modifying the externals of human nature in our country. A people so disposed must be something wholly different from, we shall say, such a people as lived in England in 1642. Query—Could they stand up to the same things?

Meditating on such matters, the spirit loving of its kind, and wishful of all that can increase human happiness, may well feel somewhat troubled; for though the evil may be seen, it is not so easy to see a remedy. It occurs to us that, in any efforts to this purpose, it would be well to keep chiefly in mind, as a resting-place for the foot of the moral mediciner, that inner state of man in which all of us have, as it were, a separate life. The merest slave may be free here. Salary may purchase all but this. The pin-headmaker, while his fingers and a small portion of mind are given to duty, may have a whole academy of thought, a whole temple of silent worship, going on in his spiritual self, beyond the ken of bystanders and the control of taskmasters. Here, even for him who 'has no time for anything,' there may occasionally be a moment for a regenerating reflection. Whatever can cultivate and invigorate this internal life, we would encourage—not to make men dreamers, but that they may continue to be men. It is a line of policy needful and good at all times, but now particularly needful and

good, when the tendencies of our external life are so dead-set towards mere wealth and all kinds of materialities, as well as to a sort of dismemberment of man himself. Everything, then, that can foster man's sense of his indivisible, unpurchasable mind—everything that can project him from the present into the future, from the seen into the unseen—everything that can help to make him pause now and then on the bustling highways of the world, and bethink him, 'I have come—from whence? I go—whither? I hang not self-sustained—from what far system of things am I depending, and to which shall I reascend?—And how shall I trim my life, or at least my inner thinking life, that it shall stand being glassed in the eternity which it must meet?'—All these things we would prompt into activity, and sustain with our whole power. To this let preacher, writer, politician, and educationist conspire, and there may still be hope for England.

THE NESTS OF FISHES.

Almost all the higher classes of animals assiduously perform the duties of parents to their young. They nurse, and feed, and protect them till they are able to provide for themselves. But many of the inferior animals, on the other hand, never know or care for their offspring. Not a few of them, indeed, as the insect tribe, bestow great pains in constructing nests for the eggs of their future young, and even provide and store up the food necessary for them; but here all their solicitude ends; and in many instances the parents are dead before their young come into existence. Aquatic animals exhibit what, on a casual view, would appear great carelessness in this respect. Fish deposit their spawn almost at random, and leave their ova to be hatched by the elements, and their young to provide for themselves. They form no nest, or a very rude one—the sand of the sea-shore, the small pebbles of the river or lake, or leaves of plants, or sea-weeds, receive their minute eggs. These are hurriedly and rudely covered up, if deposited in furrows of the sand, or they adhere to stones or weeds by means of a gluey mucilage by which they are enveloped. When the young fry are developed, they associate together in shoals, and roam about amid the shallow waters untended and unprotected by the larger fish, nay, sometimes even preyed upon by their own progenitors. This we might be apt to think extreme indifference, and an outrage on the great law of paternal endearment; but a little reflection will show that it is a wise adjustment of nature. In such an unstable element as water, continually agitated by currents, and incessantly changing its place, it would have been impossible for a parent fish to have kept its young family around it, or even, if it so could, to have afforded them any protection. Think, too, of a codfish surrounded by several millions of its young—the offspring of one single season! Or of an immense shoal of herrings, with each parent taking charge of its two or three millions of young, and distinguishing each among the surrounding myriads! The salmon comes into fresh-water rivers to deposit its spawn high up the stream; but its nature requires that it should return to the ocean again long before its young are able to travel: and the same remark applies to many migratory fishes, which leave the deep waters—their usual haunt—and come for a short space to the shallows to spawn.

Yet fishes, obedient to the great law of nature, show much solicitude about selecting the proper place for their spawn and future young. Every year the herring in countless shoals makes a long journey, it is supposed, from the deep seas of the north to our shallow bays and firths; and the salmon leaves the sea, toils up the current of the river with incredible perseverance and force, overleaping the falls and rapids till it gains the smooth and shallow source where, amid the sand, the spawn is deposited, and where the future young may sport in safety amid the sunny rills, till they gain sufficient strength to swim down the stream. Some fishes, however, really make a kind of nest in the water, and assiduously tend their ova till they are hatched. This is the case with the stickleback, which constructs a nest made of pieces of grass and straw fixed among the pebbles of the stream which they inhabit. M. Coste procured some of these fishes, and putting them into basins filled with water, and the proper materials of their nests, watched their progress. A minute and very curious detail of which he lately submitted to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. The sticklebacks having selected a proper spot, set about constructing their nests. 'I saw,' says he, 'each of the males that was engaged in this work heap up in the place the selected pieces of grass of every kind, which he often brought from a great distance, seizing them with his mouth; and of these he began to form a kind of carpet. But as the materials which form the first part of his edifice might be carried away by the movements or oscillation of the water, he had the precaution to bring some sand, with which he filled his mouth, and deposited it on the nest, in order to keep it in its place. Then, in order to make all the substances thus brought together adhere to each other, he pressed his body against them, sliding slowly as if by a kind of vibratory creeping, and in this way glued them together by means of the mucus which exudes from his skin. By this operation the first collected materials form a kind of foundation or solid floor, on which the rest of the edifice is to be reared. The execution of this he continues with a feverish perseverance and agitation. In order to satisfy himself that all the parts are sufficiently united, he agitates his pectoral fins with great rapidity, in such a manner as to produce currents directed against the nest; and if he notice that the pieces of grass are moved, he presses them down with his snout, heaps sand upon them, flattens them, and glues them together again. When the process has reached this point, he chooses more solid materials—he seizes small pieces of wood or straws in his mouth, and presses them into the thick places, or on the surface of the first construction. If he finds, when attempting to introduce them, that the position does not sufficiently answer the purpose, he draws them out again, seizes them at another part, again inserts them, and pushes them forwards, until he ascertains that he has made the best possible use of them. Occasionally, however, in spite of all his care, there are portions which, owing to their shape, will not conform to the general plan. These he draws out, carries to a distance, and abandons, and proceeds to select others. When he has succeeded in building the floor and side walls, he then undertakes the roof, which is constructed of the same materials, carefully glued and compacted together by the same vibratory pressure of his body. Meanwhile he takes care to secure an opening in the centre of the nest, by repeatedly thrusting in his head and the greater part of his body.' The nest being thus finished, the male, which is distinguished by his vivid colouring, darts out and invites a female to deposit her eggs in the place which he has just prepared for their reception. The female enters, and having deposited her ova in the cavity, darts out at the opposite side at which she entered, and thus makes an open passage through both sides of the nest. Several females in succession are thus invited to deposit their spawn; and thus the nest becomes a rich magazine of ova. The male now becomes the sole guardian of this deposit; for not only do the females take no care of it, but they become its formidable enemies—forming part of those numerous coalitions

which attempt to plunder it, and satisfy their voracious appetite by devouring the ova. In his defensive exertions, no obstacle can divert him, or daunt his courage during the whole month requisite for the development of the ova. In order to strengthen the nest, he now covers it with stones, the size of which is sometimes equal to half his body, and which he moves along with great labour. In this process he always reserves one or more openings, through which he often drives currents of water by the rapid motion of his fins—these currents seem to be necessary in clearing away objects from the eggs, for if not thus cleansed, they are found all to perish. It is wonderful to see with what courage he beats away successive numbers of his foes, striking them with his snout, and erecting his long sharp spines. Sometimes, when about to be overpowered with numbers, he resorts to stratagem, and darts suddenly out of his nest, as if in pursuit of some prey. This frequently deceives the attacking sticklebacks, and they rush after him, in hopes of sharing the prey; and thus they are decoyed from the nest. As the period of hatching draws to a close, his assiduity increases: he removes the stones to give more easy access to the water, enlarges the openings, increases the frequency of the currents, and moves the eggs nearer the surface, or carries them deeper, according as circumstances require. Finally, when the eggs are hatched, he still continues to watch over the young in his nest, and does not allow them to go at liberty till they have become sufficiently active to provide the means of their own preservation.

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

AN EPISODE IN THE MEMOIRS OF A BRETON GENTLEMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

At the moment Joseph opened the door, and announced that the carriage was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. 'It is not yet too late,' said they; 'give up your journey—stay with us.'

'Mother, I am now a man—I am twenty. I must not waste my life in obscurity; I must make my way either in the army or at court.'

'But what is to become of me, Bernard, when you are gone?'

'You will be happy in the success of your son, and proud of him.'

'And if you should be killed in battle?'

'What matter? What is life? Who thinks about it at twenty, when fame is to be won? I will come back to you, mother, in a few years, colonel or field-marshal, or with some fine situation at Versailles.'

'Well, and what then?'

'Why, then, I shall be treated with respect and consideration, and every hat off as I pass along.'

'And what then?'

'Why, then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta, get good husbands for my sisters, and we will all live with you in our fair domains of Brittany, as tranquil and happy as the days are long.'

'And what prevents your beginning from this very moment? Has not your father bequeathed to you one of the finest properties in the country? Is there within ten miles of us a richer domain, a more lovely residence, than that of Roche-Bernard? Are you not respected, honoured by your vassals? Have you any lack of salutations as you pass through the village? Be intreated, my son; stay among your friends, with your sisters, with your aged mother, whom, it may be, you would not find here on your return. Waste not in vainglory, or shorten by care and disquiet of every kind, those days which even now pass swiftly on. Life is sweet, my son, and sunny are the skies of Brittany.'

As she spoke, she drew me to the window, and pointed to the broad glades of the park; to the old chestnut trees now in full foliage; the lilacs; the honeysuckles embalming the air and glistening in the sun. In the anteroom were waiting some of my dependants, whose sorrowful silence seemed also to say, 'Do not go, master; do not go.' Hortense, my elder sister, embraced me in an agony of tears, and my little sister Amelia clung to me with convulsive sobs. I tore myself from them: 'I am twenty—I must seek fame, glory—I must go!' and I darted into the hall. A female form stood on the staircase; it was Henrietta. She spoke not a word, shed not a tear, but she was as pale as death, and trembled till she could scarcely stand, while with her handkerchief she waved a last adieu, and then fell back senseless. I ran to her, I raised her, pressed her to my bosom, swore to her eternal love; but as soon as I was assured she had revived, I left her to the care of my mother and sister, and ran to the carriage without venturing a second look. One glance more at Henrietta, and I could not have gone. A few moments, and the carriage was rapidly pursuing its way along the high road.

For a long time I thought only of Henrietta, of my sisters, of my mother, and of all the happiness I was leaving behind me; but as the turrets of Roche-Bernard were lost to my sight, these ideas began gradually to fade away before the brilliant visions of glory and ambition that now presented themselves to my mind. How many plans did I form!—how many castles in the air did I build!—how many exploits did I perform in that one day's journey! Riches, honours, dignities, success of every kind—nothing was too high for me: I deserved everything, and I granted myself everything; and gradually rising in rank as I proceeded on my way, by the time I arrived at the inn where I was to stop that night, I was duke and peer, governor of the province, and Marshal of France. The voice of my servant, addressing me by the more humble title of 'sir,' roused me from my dream, and compelled me to abdicate my newly-acquired dignities.

The next day, and many following days, the same dreams, the same intoxication. I was going to Sedan, to the Duke de C——, an old friend of my father, and a patron of the family. He was to take me with him to Paris about the end of the month, to introduce me at Versailles, and by his interest obtain for me a company of dragoons. It was dark when I arrived at Sedan, and knowing that at that hour I could not intrude upon my patron, I deferred my visit till the next day, and took up my abode in the smallest hotel of the town, but that which was the usual resort of the military; for Sedan is a garrison town—a fortified place: the streets have a warlike aspect, and the very citizens a martial air, that seems intended to give strangers to understand, 'We are the countrymen of the great Turenne.'

I supped at the table-d'hôte, and in the course of conversation inquired the distance of the residence of the Duke de C—— from the town. 'Three leagues' was the answer, 'and any one will show you the way; it is well known in the country. It was there the great general, the illustrious Fabert, drew his last breath.' And then the conversation turned upon Marshal Fabert. This was quite natural among a set of young officers. His battles, his achievements, were discussed, and honourable mention was made of the modesty which induced him to decline the patent of nobility and the collars of the several orders offered him by Louis XIV. But more especially did they dwell upon the marvellous good fortune which had raised him from the private soldier to the rank of Marshal of France. Being at that time the only instance of such a wondrous elevation, popular report attributed it to supernatural agency. It was whispered, even during the lifetime of Fabert, that from his childhood he had dealt in magic, and had made a compact with the demon. And our landlord, who possessed no small share of Breton credulity, attested in the gravest and most solemn way, that at the château of the Duke de C——, where Fabert had died, a black man, whom no one knew, had been seen to enter the room of the

dying man, and then disappear, carrying with him the soul of the marshal, which he had formerly bought: nay, more, that in the month of May, the very time of Fabert's death, the aforesaid black man appeared every night bearing a light. The time passed in laughing over this story till we separated for the night.

Early the next day I repaired to the abode of the Duke de C——, a large Gothic manor-house, that at any other time I should not have particularly remarked, but which I now looked at, I confess, with some little interest, as I remembered our landlord's story of the preceding evening.

The servant, in answer to my inquiry for the duke, said he would go see if his lordship were at home, and left me in a kind of armoury filled with crosses, hunting implements, and family portraits. I waited some time: no one came. I grew somewhat impatient, and asked myself, 'Was my career of glory to begin by dancing attendance in an antechamber?' I had already reckoned three times over the family portraits, and every joist in the ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscoting. It was a door which the wind had half-opened, and which now gave to my view a very handsome boudoir, with two large windows and a glass door looking out upon a noble park. I was advancing into the apartment, when my steps were suddenly arrested by an object hitherto unperceived. It was a man lying on a couch, with his back to the door by which I had entered. He suddenly started up, and without perceiving me, ran towards the window. Tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and dark despair seemed stamped on every feature. He remained motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then with hasty strides began to traverse the apartment, till he came close to me. He started as he perceived me; and shocked and confused at my intrusion, I stammered out a few words of apology.

'Who are you, and what do you want?' cried he in a loud tone, and seizing me by the arm.

'I am the Chevalier Bernard of Roche-Bernard, and I am just arrived from Brittany.'

'I know, I know,' said he, throwing himself into my arms; then making me sit down beside him, spoke to me so warmly of my father, and my whole family, with whom he appeared to be so intimately acquainted, that I had no doubt I was speaking to the master of the house.

'You are Monsieur de C——, I presume?' said I.

He arose, and with a look of great agitation and excitement, he said, 'I was once; I am no longer—I am no longer.' Then seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Not another word, young man; I must not be questioned.'

'I have been the involuntary witness, my lord, of your emotion, your sorrow; and if attachment, if friendship could be any solace to you, gladly would I offer it.'

'Yes, yes, you are right; not that you can in anyway avert my fate, but at least you can be the depositary of my last wishes: it is the only service I can ask at your hands.'

He carefully closed the door, then returned to sit beside me. Almost trembling with emotion, I waited for him to speak. When words came, they were grave and solemn. His countenance had an expression which I had never before seen in any human face. He was pale, ghastly pale, while his black eyes glared upon me at times with an unearthly fire, and his lips contracted into a bitter, I had almost said an infernal smile.

'What I am about to tell you,' said he, 'will bewilder, amaze you. You will doubt; you will disbelieve. Little marvel that you should, when there are moments when I, too, doubt. Oh how gladly would I always doubt! But the proofs are too strong, the facts too stubborn; and is there not in everything that surrounds us, in our very organisation, many other mysteries which we are obliged to acknowledge, even though, to our darkened minds, they are inexplicable?'

He stopped a moment, as if to collect his thoughts; then passing his hand over his forehead, went on. 'I was born in this château. I had two brothers, both elder than I, to whom would devolve the family estate, the family honours. I had nothing to expect but the gown and band of an abbé; and yet thoughts of glory, of renown, of ambition, fired my brain, and swelled my throbbing heart. Unhappy in my obscurity, panting for celebrity, I thought only of the means of acquiring it, and this one idea engrossed me, to the exclusion of every pleasure, every other object in life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and that future presented itself to me under the darkest colours. I was nearly thirty, and was yet nobody. At that time many were the brilliant literary reputations attained in the capital, and reaching us even in the provinces. How often did I say to myself, "If I could even make a name in the republic of letters, it would still be fame, and in it only is happiness." As the confidant of my cares, of my aspirations, I had an old negro servant, who had been in the château long before my birth: he certainly was the oldest person in the house, for no one could remember his having come into it. The people of the country went so far as to say he had known Marshal Fabert, and attended him on his deathbed.'

At this instant he paused on seeing my involuntary gesture of surprise, and asked what was the matter. 'Nothing; a sudden start,' I replied; but I could not help thinking of the black man of our landlord's tale.

M. de C—— continued: 'One day I was abandoning myself, in the presence of Yago—such was the negro's name—to paroxysms of despair, to lamentations over the inglorious obscurity in which I was condemned to waste existence, and I at length exclaimed, "I would cheerfully forfeit ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of celebrity as an author." "Ten years," said Yago coolly; "that is a great deal, and a dear purchase for a trifle of so little value. No matter; I accept your ten years. I take them. You must remember your promise; I will keep mine." I need not tell my surprise at his words; but taking for granted that age had disordered his faculties, I only shrugged my shoulders, and thought no more of his folly. A few days after, I left the château for Paris. There I obtained admission into literary society; and incited by example, and encouraged by my first success, I gave to the world several works, which soon placed me on the pinnacle of fame. The journals lauded me till all Paris re-echoed with my name; nay, it was but yesterday, young man, that you paid to it the tribute of your admiration.'

Another gesture of surprise on my part interrupted this strange recital.

'You are not, then, the Duke de C——?' I exclaimed.

'I am not,' answered he coldly.

'It must be,' said I to myself, 'some celebrated author. Can he be Marmontel, D'Alembert, or Voltaire?'

The stranger sighed; a smile of mingled disdain and regret just played upon his lips, and he resumed his recital.

'The literary reputation I had so coveted soon became insufficient for so ardent a disposition as mine. I aspired to noble triumphs, and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, and was my constant attendant, "There is no real glory, no true fame, to be acquired save in the career of arms. What, after all, is the man of letters—the poet? A mere nothing. Give me the great captain, the great general; this is the destiny I covet; and for a high military renown I would be content to part with ten of the years that yet remain to me." "I accept them," answered Yago. "I take them: they belong to me. Do not forget that they are mine."'

The unknown again paused, seeing the uneasy surprise, the hesitating doubts, which my every feature expressed.

'Did I not say it would be so, young man? You cannot believe me; it seems to you a dream, a wild illusion. So it does to me; and yet the rank, the honours

I obtained, were no illusion. The soldiers I have led on to the fight, the citadels I have stormed, the victories with which France has resounded, all this was my work, all this glory was mine.'

While he paced the apartment with hasty step, and spoke with a vehemence, a passionate excitement, that seemed to shake his whole frame, I stood petrified with astonishment. 'Who, then, was this man? Coligny?—Richelieu?—Marshal Saxe?'

Deep depression now succeeded the excitement; and the unknown, again approaching me, said gloomily, 'Yago had dealt truly—he kept his promise; and when, later still, I turned in disgust from that vain shadow, military glory—tired of grasping at smoke, at a vapour—and asked of him to give me the only thing real and positive in the world—when I offered to barter for wealth, for gold, five or six years more of my life, he acceded to my wish. Yes, young man, yes; I have seen fortune second surpass all my desires: lands, forests, castles; this very morning all these were mine; and if you doubt me, if you doubt Yago, only wait; he will soon be here, and you shall see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what is so bewildering to you and to me is unhappily but too sad a reality.'

The unknown went to the mantelpiece, and looking at the clock upon it, he started back in terror, and said in a faint whisper, 'This morning, at break of day, I felt so much exhausted, so weak, that I could scarcely get out of bed. I rang for my valet; Yago answered the bell. "What can be the matter with me?" I said. "Master, nothing but what is quite natural. The hour is come, the moment is at hand." "What hour?" I asked. "Cannot you guess? Heaven had destined for you sixty years of life; you were thirty when I first began to obey you." "Yago, you do but jest," I exclaimed in terror. "I jest not, master; in five years you had expended in fame twenty-five years of existence. You gave them to me; they belong to me; and that portion of your life which you bartered away is now to be added to mine." "What! is this the price of your services?" "Others have paid still dearer for them; you may be satisfied." "Silence—silence! I command you. It is not possible, it is not real." "Be it so. But prepare: you have but half an hour to live." "You are deceiving—mocking me!" "Not at all. You need only calculate yourself. Thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five that you lost, makes a total of sixty. That was your number; every one has his own." And he was about to leave me. I felt my strength diminishing, my life escaping from me. "Yago, Yago!" I cried in agony, "give me but four hours—four little hours!" "No, no," answered he; "it would be to take them from myself, and I know better than you do the value of life. I would not give two hours of it for all that tempted you. Gold would not buy them." "Give me four hours, and I resign to you the wealth for which I have sacrificed so much. Only four hours, and I renounce my gold, my riches, my broad lands." "Well, you have been a good master, and I care not if I do something to please you. I consent." I felt my strength returning, and I cried, "Four hours! but four hours! After all, what are they? Yago, Yago! give me but four more, and I renounce my literary fame—those works which placed me on so high a pinnacle of glory." "Four hours for a puff of smoke!" said the negro contemptuously. "It is too much to give you; but no matter, I will not refuse your last request." "Not the last! Oh no, not the last, good Yago!" cried I, clasping my hands imploringly. "I conjure thee, give me till night—twelve hours—the whole day, and let my achievements, my victories, my military renown, pass for ever into oblivion—be for ever obliterated from the memory of man! This one day, Yago, this one whole day, and I shall deem myself too happy!" "You abuse my compassion," said he, "and I am making a fool's bargain. No matter, I will give you till sunset. Then you must ask no more. To-night I come for thee!"

'And he left me,' pursued the unknown in a tone of agonized despair; 'and this is the last day of my life!' Then approaching the glass door, which opened on the park, he exclaimed, 'No more shall I behold that beautiful sky, the murmuring rivulet—no more breathe the balmy air of spring! Fool that I was! For twenty years longer I might have enjoyed those common blessings that God gives to all, those blessings to which I was insensible, and which now, when too late, I estimate at their full value. Look there, look there!' and he pointed to a group of peasantry who were crossing the park, and singing on their way to their work, 'What would I not give now to share their toils and their poverty! What would I not give, that the motive which impelled me to action had been the desire to be useful to others, not to gain vainglory for myself! But I have now nothing more to give, nothing more to expect here below: nothing—not even misfortune!'

At this instant a sunbeam, a ray from the bright May sun, fell upon his wild and haggard countenance. He seized my arm in a kind of delirium, and said, 'Do you see yon bright sun? And I must leave it all! Then let me enjoy it at least a while: let me taste the full beauty of this cool, calm day, which for me has no to-morrow!' Then darting from the room into the park, he rushed down one of the avenues, and disappeared from my view before I had time to detain him, which, to say the truth, I should not have had the power to do. I had fallen upon the couch bewildered, overwhelmed, by what I had just seen and heard. I now arose; I shook myself; I walked about the room, to convince myself that I was awake, and not under the influence of a dream. At that moment the door of the boudoir was thrown open, and a servant announced the Duke de C——.

A man about sixty, with a striking expression of countenance, advanced towards me with extended hand, and apologised for having kept me waiting so long. 'I was not at home,' he said. 'I have but just returned from the next town, where I went to consult a physician about the state of my youngest brother, the Comte de C——.'

'I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him, that you have no fears for his life?'

'Thank Heaven his life is not in danger,' answered the duke; 'but in early youth ambitious hopes, aspirations after fame, after the bubble reputation, excited him to a degree that amounted to disease; and lately a severe fit of illness, which had nearly proved fatal, has left a kind of delirium and alienation of mind, the effect of which is to persuade him that he has but one day to live. This is his mania.'

Here was a full explanation.

'And now,' continued the duke, 'we must think of your affair, and see what can be done to promote your object. We will go at the end of this month to Versailles; I will present you.'

'I am not the less grateful for your kindness, my lord, though I am under the necessity of declining to avail myself of it.'

'What! have you given up the court, and all the advantages awaiting you there?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'But bear in mind that, with the interest I can command, you would make rapid way; and with a little assiduity and a little patience, you might, in about ten years'——

'Ten years lost!' cried I.

'Well,' he resumed in some surprise, 'is not this a cheap purchase for fortune, honours, fame? Come, come, my dear young friend, we will start for Versailles.'

'Pardon me, my lord, I will start for Brittany; and I beg again to offer you warm thanks for myself and my family.'

'This is absolute folly!' exclaimed the duke.

But for my part, I recollected what I had just seen and heard, and I said to myself, 'It is true wisdom.'

The next day saw me on my way home. With what delight did I see once more my fair domain of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of the park, the sunny skies of Brittany. I greeted once more my vassals, my sisters, my mother; and once again did I find happiness, never more to part with it, for the next week I was married to Henrietta.

THE LEARNED HERDSMAN OF COSSE DAUDE.

'IDLENESS is the parent of every vice,' is a saying that every one has heard, and it is as true as it is trite. How often do we see it exemplified as we pass through life! Many a sad catalogue of genius wasted, of talents misspent, and of opportunities thrown away, might be furnished to show its justice; and many a dismal tale might be told within the prison, and at the gallows, in proof of its truth. But we gladly turn from the melancholy picture it presents, to the contemplation of the success which almost invariably attends industry. The benefits which industry confers on the world at large are incalculable. There is not a necessary that we possess, nor a luxury that we enjoy, which is not the fruit of industry; and while we are reaping the rich harvest it has spread before us, the patient zeal of the labourer should often be called to mind. How many have devoted themselves, with unwearying perseverance, to studies as difficult as they are important: to what privations have they cheerfully submitted—how have they watched by the midnight lamp while others slept—how have they abstained from the social intercourse in which others freely indulge—how have they endured fatigue and cold while others enjoyed all the comforts of warmth and of repose! But let it not be supposed that they are without their compensations. The snatches of repose and social intercourse which the labourer and the mechanic enjoy, are peculiarly exhilarating and renovating; the severest stretch of intellectual exertion is accompanied by the elevating hope that it may lead to the elucidation of some contested point, or the discovery of some latent principle, which lightens all the toil, and compensates for every privation.

When we turn to the biography of the learned, we are struck by the unremitting industry with which many have sought the fountains at which to slake their thirst for knowledge, and by the difficulties which they have overcome in attaining their object. A slight sketch of what was acquired in this way by an extraordinary man may not be unacceptable. Excluded from every advantage, and with difficulty obtaining the most scanty means of information, John Ludwig arrived at attainments that would have done honour to the professor of a university. He was born in the year 1715, in the village of Cosse Daude, and was sent to school at six years of age. The Bible was the book in which he was taught to read, and the delight which he took in it was intense; he soon felt an ardent longing to read other books, but none were within his reach. In about a year he began to learn to write, and when he had made some progress, he was given books from which to copy certain sentences. He read these books again and again with the greatest delight, and devoted himself almost entirely day and night to copying out the passages which pleased him most, and patiently collecting into a regular series such paragraphs as bore upon any subject or event which excited his interest. When he was ten years of age he was put into arithmetic; but he found it difficult, and could not understand it without explanation. As his master was not willing to take any trouble which he could avoid, he told him to refer to the rules. Poor Ludwig found himself at such a loss to comprehend the bearing of these rules, that he became thoroughly disgusted with the pursuit, which scolding and beating had not rendered more fascinating, and left the school without having learned anything but reading, writing, and his catechism.

He then went to tend cows, and spent his days in the fields, where all he had learned was after a time forgotten. He became clownish and listless, and gradually gave into the habits of the idle and vicious with whom he was associated; but still, in the midst of his dissipated career, he preserved the wish to surpass others, and often recalled to memory the praise bestowed by his master when he had excelled his schoolfellows in reading and writing. He sighed for the same gratification again, but thought it was now beyond his reach. When he was about twenty, he purchased a small Bible, to which was added a catechism with references to a great number of texts, upon which the answers were founded. Ludwig was continually looking through his Bible for the passages; but finding it tedious, he resolved to have the whole together, and transcribed the catechism, with all the texts at full length, in those passages in which they had been merely referred to: this manuscript filled two quires of paper. Though the writing was scarcely legible when he began, it was quite plain long before it was finished; so faithfully did this exercise revive the art which, from neglect, was almost lost. No doubt the task produced the most salutary effect upon his mind and conduct. This indeed may be inferred, when we find that in the following year he was appointed to receive the Excise of the little district in which he lived. The situation, though one always held by a peasant, was of some trust, which would not have been conferred on one who was ill-conducted and reckless.

Ludwig found that it was now absolutely necessary that he should understand the two first rules of arithmetic—addition and subtraction—as, without being conversant with them, he could not keep his accounts. To do this in a masterly manner, he determined, at whatever loss of time or exercise of patience, to conquer his distaste for the pursuit, and by diligent application, to arrive at a thorough knowledge of arithmetic. He now deeply regretted that he had not availed himself of the advantages once within his reach, and lamented bitterly that he should now be without an instructor. His mind was continually on the rack to devise some way of supplying the want. At last he suddenly recollected having seen a book with one of his schoolfellows, from which his master was in the habit of giving examples of the rules to the scholars. He hastened to seek out his schoolfellow, and was fortunate enough to find him, and to learn that he still possessed the precious volume. This was readily lent to him. His impatience to study its contents was so great, that he earnestly read it as he went along. A commencement undertaken with such energy, was followed up by the most unremitting application; and in six months he was master of the rule of three with fractions. He became intensely anxious to know more, and to meet with a more difficult book. Having at length procured one, in which he was able to exercise himself in the most intricate and complicated calculations, he soon made himself master of it. Shortly after, a treatise on geometry by Pachek fell into his hands. This study he was obliged to lay aside after a time, the season requiring that his constant attention should be given to his fields and vines. The great severity of the winter of 1740 obliged him to keep within doors; and wishing for employment, he resumed the work on geometry. He at length understood some of the leading principles, and then procured a little box ruler, and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which he mounted the end of a quill, cut into a pen. 'With these instruments,' as we find from Dodsley's Annual Register, 'he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems.' He thus busied himself during the winter months; and when early spring came, he was in an ecstasy at the knowledge which he had gained during the season of his confinement.

His appetite for learning increased by what it fed upon; every acquisition of knowledge but excited the

thirst for more. But he was recalled to the fields, by the necessity which he was under of procuring the means of subsistence. He was unable to purchase the books and instruments necessary for the pursuit of the science in which he had so ardently engaged. In this emergency an artificer kindly 'supplied him with the figures which were represented by the diagrams in his book, made of wood.'* With these, whenever he had a spare moment, Ludwig went to work. He had contrived to scrape together a little money for the purchase of a book at the fair. He then procured three small volumes, by which he obtained a complete knowledge of trigonometry. He then succeeded in getting an introduction to astronomy, having resolved to pursue that science. He immediately devoted himself to it with the greatest energy, his invention and ingenuity supplying him with substitutes for the proper instruments. The word 'philosophy,' which had often struck him as he studied geometry and astronomy, became the constant subject of his thoughts. Was it the name of some science of paramount importance? was a question which he frequently put to himself. Being impatient to discover what it was, he was continually on the watch, hoping that some means of explanation might offer. One day he procured a book called 'An Introduction to the Knowledge of God, of Man, and the Universe;' but though he met with much that was highly interesting to him, the book did not go far enough, and he went to Dresden, to inquire among the booksellers which was the most celebrated writer on philosophy. The works of Wolfius were recommended, and as soon as he could, he bought his 'Logic.' He laboured for a year at this, still keeping up his other acquirements. He next bought an abridgment of 'Wolfius's Mathematical Principles,' as his finances did not permit his purchase of the work in its extended form. From this book he derived the greatest advantage, and considerable pleasure. It engaged him from October 1743 to February 1745. He then studied physics and metaphysics. To his great delight, he procured from a dealer in old books 'Wolfius's Mathematical Principles' at full length, a work after which his heart had so long panted. The study of this book cost him intense labour, and occupied him for a year every moment that he could spare from his business, or steal from the hours of rest. He then took up the study of Kaheel's 'Law of Nature,' and of a work on the terrestrial and celestial globes. These were the books from which he gained a stock of information seldom to be met with, even among those who have had the advantage of the best university education, and free access to the finest public libraries.

Mr Hoffman, who was chief commissary of Excise in Dresden and its neighbouring villages, while examining the accounts of the peasants who were employed under him, was told that there was one among them, called John Ludwig, who was a very extraordinary person; 'who, though poor, and with a large family, was continually reading in books, and very often stood the greater part of the night at his door gazing at the stars.' From what he heard, Mr Hoffman felt the greatest curiosity to see Ludwig, and therefore sent for him. He had pictured him to himself as a man of most prepossessing appearance, with an air greatly superior to his station, and a countenance which would at once impress others with a consciousness of his intellectual powers. When Ludwig entered the room, Hoffman's feelings underwent a complete revulsion, and it was with deep disappointment he looked on the uncouth boor who presented himself. His hair, all neglected, hung down over his eyes; his aspect bespoke all that was sordid and stupid; and his manner was as dogged and unprepossessing as his appearance. Mr Hoffman, after looking at him for a moment in silence, and the first shock over, hoped that, notwithstanding his unpromising appearance, his mental superiority would discover itself when he spoke, and he asked him if what his neighbours had said of his reading and studying was true? He received the following blunt and surly answer, 'What neighbour has told you that I read and studied? If I have studied, I have studied for myself. I don't desire that you or anybody else should know anything of the matter.' Though so much discouraged and disappointed, Mr Hoffman determined to ask some questions connected with arithmetic and the rudiments of astronomy. The answers he received filled him with still greater surprise. They were such as to inspire the highest respect and admiration, and would have done honour to those most renowned for their proficiency in the sciences.

Mr Hoffman was so much delighted, that he prevailed on him to spend some time at his house; and in their subsequent conversations, his surprise and admiration increased. To the most difficult and abstract questions which he put to him, Ludwig replied with the most perfect ease and precision. During his stay, Mr Hoffman dressed him in his own gown and other habiliments, which seemed to produce a magical effect; his very accent and dialect assumed something of refinement, and Hoffman acknowledged, with great simplicity, that he felt himself inclined to treat him with more deference than he had done before he had made the change from his coarse dress, although that change had been made in his presence, and with the clothes supplied from his own wardrobe. During Ludwig's stay there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr Hoffman proposed that he should make his observations as an astronomer, and furnished him with such instruments as were requisite. The restless impatience with which the herdsman waited for the eclipse cannot be described. He had never seen a telescope; and to look through it and view the heavens, which he had never before contemplated but with the naked eye, filled him with such rapturous anticipations, that for several days he could scarcely eat or sleep. The day at length arrived, but unfortunately, just before the eclipse, the sky became overcast by clouds, which did not pass away till it was over. What Ludwig suffered cannot be told; as the clouds gathered, he fixed his eyes upon them in unspeakable agony, and watched in breathless impatience, in hopes they might disperse; but as they advanced towards the sun, and then rested on it, he stood transfixed. When the eclipse was over, he became nearly frantic with grief and disappointment.

Mr Hoffman went to visit Ludwig in his own dwelling, feeling great curiosity to see it, with its library, study, and the instruments which he used. He found it a most wretched cottage. Its smoke-stained walls were nearly black, yet ornamented with diagrams and figures traced in chalk. In one corner there was a bed, and a cradle in another. Three pieces of wood laid side by side over two tressels served for a writing-table; it was covered with fragments of writing paper, on which were written extracts from books, and various calculations and geometrical figures. The library and museum were in one, and occupied a shelf. The part which formed the library contained the books already mentioned as having been purchased by Ludwig; the remainder was appropriated to the museum, which consisted of the compass and the ruler before described, and a wooden square, and a pair of six-inch globes. In this miserable cabin Ludwig dwelt till the year 1754; and while so ardent in his scientific pursuits, he was at the same time as indefatigable in his exertions to earn his morsel of bread. Sometimes he might be seen carrying a basket at his back; at other times wheeling a barrow along through the village, and crying such vegetables as he could offer for sale. By those who would have struck a hard bargain with him, he was often abused and called names; but Ludwig showed on these occasions that he was not a philosopher in theory alone, for he bore these insults with imperturbable indifference, never condescending to make any reply. The kindness of Mr Hoffman enabled him to add considerably to his comforts. He presented him with one hundred crowns, so that he was able to build himself a dwelling in the

* Gentleman's Magazine.

midst of his vineyard, and to furnish it with various articles. But what made him more happy than all, was the considerable addition which it was now in his power to make to his library. He declared to Mr Hoffman that he would not accept the whole province in which he lived, upon condition that he should renounce his studies; and that he would rather subsist upon bread and water, than give up what constituted his chief happiness.

We rejoice that, like the writer of a fairy tale, we have been able to bring our hero to this consummation of all his wishes; and in our gleanings, we were much gratified in finding such an example of what can be achieved with the aid of a very few well-selected books by one ardent in the pursuit of knowledge.

THE NATIONAL CLOCK.

The publication of certain parliamentary papers furnishes us with several particulars respecting the great clock which it is proposed to construct in the tower of the new Houses of Parliament. It will be, when completed, the most powerful clock of the kind in the kingdom. According to the specification, it is to 'strike the hours on a bell of from eight to ten tons, and, if practicable, chime the quarters upon eight bells, and show the time upon four dials about thirty feet in diameter.' With the exception of a skeleton dial at Malines, the above dimensions surpass those of any other clock face in Europe. The dial of St Paul's is as yet the largest in this country with a minute hand: it is eighteen feet in diameter. Most of the clocks in Belgium which strike on large bells have to be wound up every day; but the new one is to be an eight-day clock: and, as we are informed, every resource of modern art and science will be made use of to render it a perfect standard.

No better guarantee for accuracy can be had than the fact, that the whole of the work, from first to last, will be under the direction and approval of Mr Airy the astronomer-royal, who has been consulted throughout by the government. Among the conditions for the construction of the clock drawn up by this gentleman, we find—the frame to be of cast-iron, wheels of hard bell-metal, with steel spindles, working in bell-metal bearings, and to be so arranged, that any one may be taken out to be cleaned without disturbing the others. Accuracy of movement to be insured by a dead-beat escapement, compensating pendulum, and going fusee. The first blow of the hammer when striking the hour to be within a second of the true time. We are glad to see that it is in contemplation to take advantage of one of the most interesting inventions of the day for a galvanic communication between the clock and the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. In Mr Airy's words, 'The striking detent is to have such parts, that whenever need shall arise, one of the two following plans may be adopted (as, after consultation with Mr Wheatstone or other competent authorities, shall be judged best), either that the warning movement may make contact, and the striking movement break contact, for a battery, or that the striking movement may produce a magneto-electric current. Apparatus shall be provided which will enable the attendant to shift the connection, by means of the clock action, successively to different wires of different hours, in case it shall hereafter be thought desirable to convey the indications of the clock to several different places.' Should this plan be carried out, a signal may be conveyed to Greenwich with every stroke of the hammer, and thus insure an accuracy never before attempted.

The Royal Exchange clock is said to be at present the best in the kingdom, and so true, that a person standing in the street may take correct time from the face; the first stroke of each hour is accurate to a second. The papers before us contain the names of three candidates for the honour of making the national clock—Mr Vulliamy, who states his grandfather to have been clockmaker to George II.; Mr Dent, the maker of the Exchange clock; and Mr Whitehurst of Derby. Two estimates have been sent in, one for L.1600, the other, L.3373; but owing to some differences of opinion, and the withdrawal of one or two of the names, the maker does not yet appear to have been decided on.

The explanations to the plans drawn up by the competitors contain remarks, among other matters, as to the relative merits of cable-laid, catgut, or wire rope, for lines to the new clock. Wire rope is used for the Exchange clock; and, according to the manufacturer, a wire rope half an inch in diameter will bear eighteen hundredweight without breaking. The four sets of hands, with the motion wheels, it has been calculated, will weigh twelve hundredweight; the head of the hammer, two hundred pounds; the weights, from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; and the pendulum bob, three hundredweight. One of the candidates proposes to jewel the escapement pallet with sapphires, as preferable to the stones generally made use of. The hands are to keep going while the clock is being wound up; but the motion of the minute hand is not to be constant; it will move once every twenty seconds, when it will go over a space of nearly four inches.

In many of the public clocks on the continent the whole of the works are highly polished—a 'luxury' which, it has been suggested, had better be dispensed with in the present instance, as it creates trouble from the rusting of the wheels, without adding in the least to the value or accuracy of the mechanism. Whatever be the final decision of the Board of Works, we trust that the astronomer-royal's recommendation, with regard to facilities for the admission of visitors, will be adopted to the letter. 'As it is intended,' he says, 'that this clock should be one of which the nation may be proud, and in which the maker ought to feel that his credit is deeply concerned, I would propose that the access to it should be made good, and even slightly ornamented, and that facility should be given to the inspection of the clock by mechanics and by foreigners.'

CHLOROFORM—A NEW MEANS OF PRODUCING INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN.

The use of ether as a means of producing insensibility during surgical operations was the great novelty and wonder of the beginning of this year. Just as it is closing, a new and much more effective, as well as convenient means of producing this effect, is brought before the world. The discoverer in this case is Professor Simpson of the Edinburgh university, who has all along been a conspicuous advocate for ether inhalation, using it in his own eminent obstetric practice with distinguished success. Regretting certain difficulties attending this medicament, Dr Simpson has been for months engaged in experimenting with new agents, and at length he has found an unusual degree of efficiency in *chloroform*, or perchloride of formyle—a pure colourless liquid of recent discovery, which it is perhaps unnecessary in this place to describe more particularly. A teaspoonful of this fluid sprinkled on a handkerchief, and held to the nose or mouth while breathing, will throw most persons into a kind of swoon or sleep in from one to three minutes. Being rather pleasant to the feelings, as well as cleanly, and of neat and ready application, it is obviously a great improvement upon ether.

A pamphlet published by Dr Simpson* makes us aware of several cases in which the new agent has been used with success. A poor lady, who, in a previous confinement, had been three days in her critical state, and only delivered at the expense of the life of her child, was, a few days before we write, relieved without her own consciousness. To all appearance, a very dangerous crisis was thus eluded. Professor Miller had an

* Sutherland and Knox, Princes Street, Edinburgh. 1847.

operation to perform upon a Highland boy of four or five years old, who could speak nothing but Gaelic, and with whom it was of course the more difficult to deal, as he could not be made to understand what was desired of him. After a few inhalations administered by compulsion, he ceased to cry or move, and fell into a sound sleep. 'A deep incision was now made down to the diseased bone; and by the use of the forceps, nearly the whole of the radius, in the state of sequestrum, was extracted. During this operation, and the subsequent examination of the wound by the finger, not the slightest evidence of the suffering of pain was given. He still slept on soundly, and was carried back to his ward in that state. Half an hour afterwards, he was found in bed, like a child newly awakened from a refreshing sleep, with a clear merry eye and placid expression of countenance, wholly unlike what is found to obtain after ordinary etherisation. On being questioned by a Gaelic interpreter, who was found among the students, he stated that he had never felt any pain, and that he felt none now. On being shown his wounded arm, he looked much surprised, but neither cried nor otherwise expressed the slightest alarm.' A young lady had a tumour removed from the jaw with equal unconsciousness of pain. On the contrary, she had experienced pleasing sensations, 'and her manageableness during the operation was as perfect as if she had been a wax doll or a lay figure.'

We have had an opportunity of seeing some experiments performed with chloroform, but not for a surgical purpose. We saw it inhaled by at least twenty persons, men and women, all of whom became insensible to pain. Some had a short, pleasing slumber, during which the mind was the theatre of strange but not distressing dreams. Others were exhilarated in a greater or less degree, and made demonstrations which might fairly be presumed to depend in some measure on the excitement attending company. One, for instance, spoke of his love secrets; another shouted as at an exciting toast at a public dinner. It appears, however, that the exhilaration is much less likely to take place when the inhalation is given in quiet circumstances. No one felt the slightest consequent uneasiness from the experiment. Indeed the whole matter looked much like a brief intoxication, very suddenly induced, and as suddenly recovered from.

The means now undoubtedly exist in perfection of extinguishing pain in all circumstances. Such is the announcement, and no less, which we must make to our readers! A soldier may now take a phial of chloroform to the field with him, and if it be his fate to be wounded, and to lie a night without relief, he may inhale the vapour and be at ease. A delicate patient, about to submit to an operation feared to be too great for the nervous energy to sustain, may take this inhalation, and his life is safe from at least the shock of the pain. A peculiar class of female sufferings may be said to be abolished from the earth by this simple fluid. How the heart throbs responsive to the expression used by Dr Simpson in his pamphlet!—'I most conscientiously believe that the proud mission of the physician is distinctly twofold—namely, to alleviate human suffering, as well as preserve human life.' We conclude with another remark of our learned physician, which seems to us possessed of much interest. 'It is perhaps,' says he, 'not unworthy of remark, that when Soubeiran, Liebig, and Dumas engaged, a few years back, in those inquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered, their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any *practical* purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy. I mention this to show that the *cui bono* argument against philosophical investigations, on the ground that there may be at first no apparent practical benefit to be derived from them, has been amply refuted in this, as it has been in many other instances. For I feel assured that the use of chloroform will soon entirely supersede the use of ether; and from the facility and rapidity of its exhibition, it will be employed as an anæsthetic agent in many cases, and under many circumstances, in which ether would never have been had recourse to. Here, then, we have a substance which, in the first instance, was merely interesting as a matter of scientific curiosity and research, becoming rapidly an object of intense importance, as an agent by which human suffering and agony may be annulled and abolished under some of the most trying circumstances in which human nature is ever placed.'

OMNIBUS SKETCHES.

Being only what the denizens of London call, for reasons best known to themselves, 'a country cousin,' I cannot presume to give any sketch of matters connected with the numerous omnibuses that roll, with noise enough, through the great realm of Cockaigne. My experience of London ''buses,' though extensive, is full of sameness and monotony; for when in that delectable city, unfettered for the time by the cares or the hours of business, my practice is, when tired with walking, to hail the first ''bus' that comes in sight, and ride, as an outside passenger, until the terminus is reached. In this way I have made myself familiar with the characteristic features of the leading London thoroughfares, and have enjoyed many a delightful journey of discovery, until I was safely 'set down' at the Elephant and Castle, the Bank, Sloane Street, Mile End, or some other of the pleasant terminuses with which the outskirts of London abound. I can honestly assure all 'country cousins' that the most pleasant way of viewing the streets of London is from the top of an omnibus, travelling you know not whither. A certain admiral was in the habit of riding through London streets at an early hour in the morning, when very few people were out of their beds, for the purpose of getting better views of the public buildings, and the geography of the city, than were attainable during the day; but whoso would wish to see to the best advantage buildings, streets, and citizens together, should view them in the manner just described.

It is the boast of Englishmen, that though Paris is France, London is not England. True, indeed, London is great; but so also are Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. London has its hosts of omnibuses; but we too, 'country cousins' though we are, can ride in our ''buses' for sixpence all the way, 'as well as the citizens of the great Babylon.' And as metropolitan wit is the fittest for sketching metropolitan things, so a 'country cousin' may use what scanty modicum of wit he has in sketching country ''buses.'

London is like an ellipse—it has two centres: provincial towns are like circles—they have only one centre from which all their ''buses' start. This centre, in the town we have in our eye, is the Great Exchange, from whence radiate to every point of the compass great thoroughfares, traversed every half hour by omnibuses. You wish in the afternoon to visit a pleasant village two or three miles distant, and you walk down a crowded street to meet the ''bus' that will convey you thither. But you have forgotten that it is near the time when business closes and merchants dine; and when the vehicle comes slowly up, and you hail the driver by elevating your arm, stick, or umbrella, a shake of the head, or a gruff exclamation of 'full,' compels you to choose whether you shall walk, or go and secure a seat in the next ''bus.' You choose the latter alternative, and arrive at the Exchange a quarter of an hour before the time of starting. The ''bus' is there, horses yoked,

and driver and boy in waiting. You are almost ashamed to waste so much time in sitting idly in the vehicle; nevertheless, you enter, and find several passengers there already, so that you have some consolation in having companions in idleness. Opposite to you, in the most comfortable seat, is a remarkable elderly gentleman, a beautiful specimen of a British trader, whose character was formed long before the days of railway or telegraphic speed. You will find him in the same ''bus' every day at the same hour. He is punctual in everything; and though he values time highly, he will rather lose half an hour than lose his seat. His dress is really substantial, and at the same time neat, and without a single speck of dust. You will never see him without that clean silk umbrella, be the weather fair or foul. His linen is spotlessly white, and his face wears no trace of a beard. He is, in short,

'An honest man close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.'

Another passenger is perhaps a lady, who has come to town to make a few purchases, and is now returning home. In one corner you will see a young man with a pale face and spectacles. A few books on his knee give him a student look; but you find the books are novels, and that their possessor is a bank clerk in delicate health, who lives in country lodgings. The door opens, and another merchant enters: a younger man than your first acquaintance, and at the same time stouter, less neatly dressed, and more jolly-looking. He commences talking immediately; he cracks his jokes, and laughs loudly at them; converses freely with his brother merchant on the state of business, and the talk on 'Change; and goes on making many acute sensible remarks in the most off-hand business way, and putting everybody but the novel-reading clerk into good-humour. The door opens, and enters another merchant like the former, and joins in the talk. Then comes a servant-girl, who has been on some particular mission, and is now, in her best clothes, quite proud of riding home in 'the 'bus.' She comes in in a great hurry, and shouts to the attending imp of a boy the name of the place where she wishes to be 'let off,' and strictly enjoins him not to forget. The next passenger is a sharp vivacious man, with a quick eye and thin lips. That is a lawyer, and with his usual acuteness in scenting out infractions of the law, he exclaims, as he sits down, 'Surely somebody has been smoking here?' Of course nobody has; but everybody immediately perceives the smell, and tries to find out where it comes from. Your second merchant friend soon discovers the secret, and laughingly directs attention to the glass pane in the front of the vehicle, through which you can see several young gents—cash-keepers, and book-keepers, and corresponding clerks—sitting outside smoking mild Havanas, or Manilla cheroots, a portion of whose smoke has made its way inside. Then enters a physician, about to visit a country patient, and *he* knows every passenger, and has something to say to each. The ''bus' begins to fill, and the quarter of an hour is nearly expired. Just as the driver is about to mount the box, another merchant passenger enters. This is a specimen of the new school. He is a young man, rather a dandy in his dress, with a jaunty air, a profusion of whisker, and a quick, roving eye that never rests. He is 'a fast man,' a speculator in shares: he thinks himself very clever and knowing, and will talk with a very fair share of sound sense so long as you talk only of 'cash.' But when his neighbours, the old merchants, talk with easy familiarity about higher topics, our fast friend is dumb, and plays with his gold watch-guard, or looks through his eyeglass at the servant-girl, who sits with wondrous ears listening to talk which she cannot comprehend. But the lawyer and the physician can talk, and sensibly too, about everything; while the bank clerk sits deeply absorbed in the pages of his novel.

Tempus fugit, and the omnibus starts. It has not proceeded far, when there is a stop. An elderly lady, very stout, and bearing several brown paper parcels, wants to get in. There is just room for another 'inside;' and the vacant seat is, as vacant omnibus seats always are, at the extreme end of the vehicle. The door opens, and the lady enters. As soon as she is clear of the door, the boy closes it with a bang, and shouts 'All right!'—the little rogue well knowing that all is wrong. The lady has to push her way on to her seat; the sudden starting of the ''bus' sends her plump down on the jolly merchant's knee, who, with a passing joke, pushes her gently to his next neighbour; and after great exertion, the stout lady settles in her seat, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her brow, as she half-audibly mutters something about 'them bothering 'buses.' The inside is now full, and the ''bus' rolls with great noise over the rough pavement. A stoppage now and then occurs to let out and in a passenger. The talk is kept up at intervals: sometimes the fun is 'fast and furious;' at others 'silence reigns supreme.' And so wheels onward the vehicle, with its strange and varied freight of human beings, many of them brought together for the first and the last time in this world. Passengers gradually get out; and by the time the terminus is reached, all your companions are perhaps gone: the merchants to spend the evening in their own happy homes; the bank clerk to luxuriate over his novel; the physician to attend the sick-bed of his patient; and the 'smoking outsides' to enjoy their 'dinner, and drink, and one cheer more.'

At every hour of the day the omnibus has its different set of passengers. Return by it from the country in the evening, and you find it occupied principally by tradesmen or their foremen, who have been inspecting their workpeople at some country job; strangers returning from a saunter round the town, or townspeople returning from visits to their country friends. On Saturdays you will meet ladies going to market to buy, and country people going to sell; and occasionally some washerwomen, accompanied by large baskets of clean linen, washed and dried, and made up in the sweet fresh air of the country—a perfect luxury to the denizens of the smoky, sooty, cloud-covered town.

To the rider in omnibuses, every passenger is a study suggestive of many thoughts. That noble German writer, Richter, once finely said that 'either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.' And when, sitting in your own corner of the ''bus,' without inclination to join in the talk, and unable to think of more serious things, you quietly examine every countenance, there will arise in the mind certain vague and dreamy conceptions, out of which you feel assured that you could weave the story of every passenger's life. But these thoughts are very evanescent: they usually depart along with the passenger who gave rise to them; and as soon as you hear the sound of your own voice again, they all, like visions of the night, fly away.

But a deeper study is presented to your notice in the 'omnibus boy.' Each vehicle has a driver and a boy: the former comes very little into contact with the passengers, except the outsiders, with whom he talks about the last Derby and St Leger, and the merits of his own cattle; but 'the boy' has to enter into certain relations with each passenger, in consequence of his duty of obtaining the fare, and stopping the ''bus' when the passenger requires to get out. The boys on this line of road are six in number. They are all about the same age; that is, from fourteen to sixteen, a period in life when a great change takes place, and the tricks of the boy partake somewhat of the dignity of the man. To a looker-on, these boys would appear to lead an unpleasant life; but they seem to enjoy it. They are full of life and activity; they never whine or complain. Their hours of duty are long—too long: never less than from eight o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night all the week through, and on Sundays till even a later hour occasionally; the only break in the whole week being a few hours during divine service. They

are not, however, closely occupied all this time, and their work is in a great measure a recreation. They learn a great deal regarding the ways of the world, and become most acute in their habits of thought and action; but they learn no trade. Arrived at a certain age, they cannot be retained; you may find many 'post-boys' verging on threescore and upwards, but every omnibus boy is in deed and in truth *a boy*. He has plenty of spare time, which he spends near the Exchange in gossip with his equals, in lording it over younger boys, in annoying his elders, or listening gravely to the sage discourse of cabmen and porters. When at the country terminus, he will be seen lounging about the stables, prying occasionally into the bar of the inn, or romping on the road and in the grass with some of his estimable country friends, among whom he is petted as much for his superior acuteness, as for the occasional 'lifts' that he has the power of giving his juvenile friends when they go to town. On his journey he must be ready at the call of every one, to stop the ''bus' when required, or to deliver messages and parcels at poultries and other shops, which throw him far behind the vehicle, and cause him to run at furious speed to overtake it, and regain his old seat at the back-door. On that seat he oftener stands than sits; and when he is not 'poking fun' from it at juveniles in the street, he is either dancing a miniature polka, whistling the same tune, or singing 'Happy land.'

Each boy is different from another. There is Bill, for example, the oldest, most forward, and tyrannical of the six. He is the conductor of the largest ''bus,' one that holds fifteen inside and nine out. The others usually hold only thirteen inside; and often when that number are seated in Bill's ''bus,' he will be informed by some ease-loving passenger that now it is full, to which Bill's answer is, 'No, it isn't; hold two more yet:' and when his statement is called in question, he triumphantly answers, 'This is a fifteen 'bus,' which settles all further dispute. Bill enjoys these triumphs, and he has many of them over merchants, lawyers, and elderly ladies. Again, he is a musician, and keeps a French horn, on which he attempts occasional overtures and voluntaries; and on being asked the name of the tune played, he will answer you with abrupt conciseness, 'Mary Blane, to be sure!' Bill is the most 'wide-awake' of all the boys. He looks most sharply after the fares, and his memory is wonderful. Tell him when you get in where you want to be put down, and he stops the ''bus' exactly at the place, though he may have to remember the instructions of half-a-dozen other passengers besides yourself. He has many friends on the road who stand in awe of him. He will entice little boys to ride for a few minutes on the steps of the ''bus,' and suddenly seize their caps and drop them on the road, thus most effectually getting rid of the urchins. He makes faces to navigators as he passes, and winks to many a servant-girl, who peeps out to see the passing vehicle. Bill also is ambitious. He will occasionally disappear from his station at the door; and you will see, on looking out at the side-windows on the shady side of the road, the shadow of Bill plying the whip, and handling the ribbons, which the good-natured coachman has given up to him for a time.

Again, there is Jack, a little thin-visaged restless boy, who is always poking his head in at the door to count the passengers, and to ask—'Next place to stop at please?' Jack is never still; he is up and down from the steps to his perch, and from his perch to the roof over and over again. But he is always within hail, and his little head comes poking in at the door as his shrill voice squeaks out his inquiry, until he is declared by the ladies to be a 'tiresome boy.' On Sundays Jack is quite a little man; with a top-coat and a black beaver, and a clean shirt, all carefully prepared by his poor widowed mother at home, whom you will occasionally see waiting at the corner of a lane to hand him his dinner as he passes. Again, there is Bob, a very quiet boy, who plays upon a cracked flute, and who seldom moves except when he is obliged. Bob and his driver do not agree, for Bob loves his flute rather too much, and forgets the driver's instructions occasionally, of which he is sometimes sharply reminded by a cut of the whip. Again, there is Jim the singer, whom you will often see with strange ballads in his hand, which he is learning by heart, and of which he will occasionally come out with a few stanzas, to the admiration of the audience of three boys whom he has collected on the ''bus' steps. Then there is Tom, the most stupid boy of the whole lot; a careless, trifling little fellow, whose head is often punched by walking-sticks and umbrellas, and who gets more hard words, on account of his neglect of orders, than all the other boys put together. Lastly, there is George, the melancholy boy, who is the most careful and attentive of all; the boy who seems prematurely grave, and whose quiet, thoughtful countenance makes you regret that he is not better employed.

And so, from day to day, all the year through, in wet weather and in dry, these omnibuses roll on with their boyish conductors; all forming a portion of the great scheme of world guidance, and each boy doing his indispensable share of the work allotted to man here below.

ESCAPES.

In these piping times of peace, one is startled to hear the sound of 'the ear-piercing fife.' But on listening, we find it to be but a very little fife—not much more formidable than a whistle; and its notes come mellowed to the ear as if from afar off, and were it not for their warlike associations, would mingle without much notice with the ordinary music of the time. This allegorical fife is 'The British Army at Washington and New Orleans,' a small volume, whose purpose it is to relate modestly, not to say meekly, to the present peaceful generation, the details of battles which passed into history thirty years ago.* Its theme is the brief and inglorious campaign of the British army in America in the years 1814-15; and the author, in the midst of his details of blood and burning, canvasses earnestly, and no doubt judiciously, the mistakes of departed generals, and of double or treble ex-ministries. This author, however, is Mr Gleig, a well-known and equable writer; and even the sweepings and refuse of his memory, though certainly in the present instance not imperatively called for, will be welcomed by many of his old readers, since they come at all.

Throughout the volume there are various scenic sketches given in good style; but the narrative, with the exception of a few passages here and there, is dull and quiet, as if feeling that it belongs to a bygone generation, or at least to the youth of the present, when the echoes of war were yet in the ear of Europe. Mr Gleig further identifies himself with the past, by the sort of defence of negro slavery familiar to the wisdom of our ancestors. It is a grievous evil, no doubt, in the abstract—but it is of long standing—authorised in the Bible, &c. &c.; and he proceeds to argue gravely about the expediency of our doing, or letting alone—what has been done long ago.

Among the anecdotes of war, there are none which exercise a more lively influence over the sympathies of the reader than narratives of personal escapes; and Mr Gleig, as a practised military writer, makes use of course of this source of interest. His story, for instance, of Admiral Cockburn, given in a few lines, is capital, and we hope new. 'It is said,' says he, 'that when Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, and attended General Ross with the fidelity of an aid-de-camp, was in the wood where the latter fell, he observed an American rifleman taking deliberate aim at him from behind a tree. Instead of turning aside, or discharging a pistol at the fellow, as any other man would have done, the brave admiral, doubling his fist,

* Murray's Home and Colonial Library, No. 51.

shook it at his enemy, and cried aloud, "Oh, you—Yankee, I'll give it you!" upon which the man dropped his musket in the greatest alarm, and took to his heels.' This resembles another story we remember of the effect of habitual authoritativeness. A gentleman, for many years an invalid, and always apprehensive of cold, had acquired an inveterate habit of crying out 'Shut the door!' One day his carriage was stopped by a highwayman, who, after robbing him of his watch and money, was about to withdraw, when the victim cried out as usual, 'Shut the door!' The startled robber obeyed, and then made off.

Another very gallant escape is related at more length. 'Having waited till it was considered imprudent to wait longer, without knowing whether he was to be supported, Colonel Brook determined, if possible, to open a communication with the fleet. That the river could not be far off, we knew; but how to get to it without falling in with wandering parties of the enemy, was the difficulty. The thing, however, must be done; and as secrecy, and not force, was the main object, it was resolved to despatch for the purpose a single officer without an escort. On this service a particular friend of mine chanced to be employed. Mounting his horse, he proceeded to the right of the army, where, having delayed a few minutes till the moon rising gave light enough through the clouds to distinguish objects, he pushed forward at a venture, in as straight a line as he could guess at. It was not long before his progress was stopped by a high hedge. Like knight-errants of old, he then gave himself up to the guidance of his horse, which, taking him towards the rear, soon brought him into a narrow lane, that appeared to wind in the direction of the enemy's fort. This lane he determined to follow; and holding a cocked pistol in his hand, pushed on, not perhaps entirely comfortable, but desirous at all hazards of executing his commission. He had not ridden far when the sound of voices through the splashing of the rain arrested his attention. Pulling up, he listened in silence, and soon discovered that they came from two American soldiers, whether stragglers or sentinels it was impossible to divine; but whoever they were, they seemed to be approaching. It now struck him that his safest course would be to commence the attack; and having therefore waited till he saw them stop short, as if they had perceived him, he rode forward, and called out to them to surrender. The fellows turned and fled; but galloping after them, he overtook one, at whose head he presented a pistol, and who instantly threw down his rifle, and yielded himself prisoner; whilst the other, dashing into a thicket, escaped, probably to tell that he had been attacked by a whole regiment of British cavalry. Having thus taken a prisoner, my friend resolved to make him of some use: with this view, he commanded him to lay hold of his thigh, and to guide him directly to the river, threatening, if he attempted to mislead or betray him into the hands of the Americans, that he would instantly blow out his brains. Finding himself completely in my friend's power, the fellow could not refuse to obey; and accordingly, the man resting his hand upon the left thigh of the officer, they proceeded along the lane for some time, till they came to a part where it branched off in two directions. My friend here stopped for a moment, and again repeated his threat, swearing that the instant his conduct became suspicious should be the last of his life. The soldier assured him that he would keep his word, and moreover informed him that some of our ships were almost within gun-shot of the fort—a piece of information which was quickly confirmed by the sound of firing, and the appearance of shells in the air. They now struck to the right, and in half an hour gained the brink of the river; where my friend found a party just landed from the squadron, and preparing to seek their way towards the camp. By them he was conducted to the admiral, from whom he learnt that no effectual support could be given to the land force; for such was the shallowness of the river, that none except the very lightest craft could make their way within six miles of the town; and even these were stopped by vessels sunk in the channel, and other artificial bars, barely within a shell's longest range of the fort. With this unwelcome news he was accordingly forced to return; and taking his unwilling guide along with him, he made his way, without any adventure, to our advanced posts, where, having thanked the fellow for his fidelity, he rewarded it more effectually by setting him at liberty.'

A third hair's-breadth 'scape, and we have done. 'Whilst things were in this state, whilst the banks of the rivers continued in our possession, and the interior was left unmolested to the Americans, a rash confidence sprang up in the minds of all, insomuch that parties of pleasure would frequently land without arms, and spend many hours on shore. On one of these occasions, several officers from the 85th regiment agreed to pass a day together at a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile from the stream; and taking with them ten soldiers, unarmed, to row the boat, a few sailors, and a young midshipman, not more than twelve years of age, they proceeded to put their determination into practice. Leaving the men, under the command of their youthful pilot, to take care of the boat, the officers went on to the house; but they had not remained there above an hour, when they were alarmed by a shout, which sounded as if it came from the river. Looking out, they beheld their party surrounded by seventy or eighty mounted riflemen; the boat dragged upon the beach, and set on fire. Giving themselves up for lost, they continued for an instant in a sort of stupor; but the master of the house, to whom some kindness had been shown by our people, proved himself grateful, and letting them out by a back-door, directed them to hide themselves in the wood, whilst he should endeavour to turn their pursuers on a wrong scent. As they had nothing to trust to except the honour of this American, it cannot be supposed that they felt much at ease; but, seeing no better course before them, they resigned themselves to his guidance, and plunging into the thicket, concealed themselves as well as they could among the underwood. In the meantime the American soldiers, having secured all that were left behind, except the young midshipman, who fled into the wood in spite of their fire, divided into two bodies, one of which approached the house, whilst the other endeavoured to overtake the brave boy. It so chanced that the party in pursuit passed close to the officers in concealment, but by the greatest good fortune failed to observe them. They succeeded, however, in catching a glimpse of the midshipman, just as he had gained the water's edge, and was pushing off a light canoe which he had loosened from the stump of a tree. The barbarians immediately gave chase, firing at the brave lad, and calling out to surrender; but the gallant youth paid no attention either to their voices or their bullets. Launching his little bark, he put to sea with a single paddle, and regardless of the showers of balls which fell about him, returned alone and unhurt to the ship.'

THE GAME AT DEFINITIONS.

Four friends were accustomed to meet. They resorted to *bouts rimés*, in order to while away an idle hour, but did not find the amusement they expected. They then tried a new exercise for their wits. A word being appointed, each set himself to give a definition of it; and, when done, all the four were brought together. Thus were formed the materials of a very small book, called 'The Council of Four,'* which has just made its appearance. It contains exactly a hundred subjects—as Language, Mirror, Death, Paper, Luxury, Politics, &c. There is an interest in seeing how four clever men are to make out something pointed on each of these themes

* The Council of Four; a Game at Definitions. Edited by Arthur Wallbridge, author of 'Torrington Hall,' &c. London: Ollivier. 1848.

in a single sentence, and often the definition given is one of no inconsiderable force. As an example of one subject—

CHILD.

The ever-renewed hope of the world.
A conscript for the wars.
The future in the present.
God's problem waiting man's solution.

Of single definitions, some have a pungency which throws the rest of their several groups much into shade, as—

IGNORANCE—A dark place, where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

FAMILY—An item in a poor nation's wealth and a rich nation's poverty.

IRON—The bones of the giant Civilisation.

EXPERIENCE—The scars of our wounds.

DEBT—A slice out of another man's loaf.

Others are too much of the character of conceits or rebuses, though these are fewer in proportion than might be expected from the present strain of light literature in the metropolis. Our object, however, is less to criticise this clever little work than to introduce it as a vade-mecum for a very rational, and, as far as we know, novel plan of fireside amusement, which may be followed with pleasure and advantage by our readers, especially those of tender age. The definition assignable to Wallbridge's 'Game at Definitions' is—

The Hoyle of its subject.

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM SOIRÉE—MR COBDEN'S SPEECH.

ALTHOUGH we have no room for a report of this meeting, even if it were our province to give one, there are various points in Mr Cobden's speech which we are anxious to garner up for the quiet perusal and home meditation of our readers. It was his first appearance in public since his return from abroad, and he very naturally launched upon the subject of his foreign travels, expatiating upon the proof exhibited by his cordial reception, of the fact, that 'we are enlarging the circle of our sympathies; that the sphere in which politics is working has widened in our day; that instead of viewing each other in the narrow, jealous spirit which formerly distinguished the different nations of Europe, we are prepared to take a wider and more generous view of the interests of ourselves and neighbours; and that we are approaching that time when we shall think our interests identical.' He found the Oriental type at the two opposite extremities of Europe—in the remains of the Moors in Andalusia, and of the Tartars at Moscow; but even there, and in all intermediate places, he was constantly struck with the moral identity of men, and made to wonder what it could possibly be which stirred up nations and races against each other. The whole thing was a blunder, and nothing else. We had misunderstood each other, like the characters in a comedy, who, at the *denouement*, find out that it was altogether a mistake. But this comedy was a sad tragedy sometimes; and if we could only find the means by which we could show to the different nations of Europe that their interests are identical, that their objects are the same, we should be conferring the greatest blessing upon humanity that has ever been devised since the creation of the world.

In Italy, Mr Cobden went on to say, he had found a new life springing up. 'And when I inquired how it was that Italy began to make itself heard and felt in the rest of Europe, I came to the conclusion, from all I could observe, that it arose from the quiet progress of thought and of intelligence arising out of the education of the people. There have been in Italy great efforts made for the education of the people. I found, to my astonishment, in almost every town, several Infant Schools, supported by voluntary contributions, superintended by Italian nobles; and I saw a school at Turin, which a marquis attends daily, and rides upon a hobby-horse with the children, and joins with them in their play. It is an honour to him, and I will mention his name; for I am sure he would not be ashamed to be known to you all: his name is Dazalio, and he is the brother of that Dazalio whose writings you have lately seen upon the present state of Italy. Then you have in Italy now, as you have always had, leading minds, great and powerful individualities, in every town; men who have been engaged in writing and treating upon every question of social importance. You have in every town in Italy men who are not only taking a deep interest in schools, but in prison discipline, and in every question relating to the moral condition of the people. As regards political economy, I was amazed at the number of people I found in Italy who sympathised with our practical efforts and controversies upon the subject of political economy. Every lawyer, every councillor in Italy, studies political economy as part of his education; and hence arises the great interest that was taken upon that subject, upon which we have been so long and so arduously engaged in England. It has not been from violent outbreaks in Italy that the present state of things is coming round. Violence and revolution retarded the present progress; but I trace to institutions kindred to this, though not the same as this—I trace to those institutions all the progress that has been made in Italy; and I join with the worthy chairman in saying, that it is by the progress of the human mind alone that governments can make progress, or that good governments can be maintained at all. I join with him in saying, that at this time public opinion will control governments. I go further, and I say, from my experience in Europe, that there is no such thing as despotism existing, in the old sense of the word: public opinion rules more or less everywhere, the better, of course, in proportion as it is the wiser; but give me the compound ratio of the intelligence and the morality of any people, and I will give you the character of their government, no matter what its formation. If you ask me, after my long tour on the continent, what it is that recurs to my memory with the greatest pleasure, I am bound to say it is Italy and the Italians. It is not merely their monumental remains: it is not merely that we have there the proofs that they have twice given civilisation to Europe and to mankind; but it is the character of the minds of their most distinguished men of this day. I like intercourse with living minds, and I will pass by the aqueducts, the columns, and the ruins, and I say that, amongst the Italians, at the present time, you will find, not in the mass of the people—I would not pretend to say so—but you will find in the Italians some of the most amiable, accomplished, and interesting men that are to be found in Europe; and it is those men, and the intercourse I had with them whilst in Italy, which, to tell you frankly, comes back upon my memory with greater pleasure than anything I experienced abroad. I argue that, in the present effort which is being made in Italy, you will see it progress just as the people become more and more enlightened. You have there, as you always had, a first-rate quality in the race; and if they are but left to themselves, if they have that privilege which we claim for ourselves, if Italians are left to work out their own regeneration, I do not doubt that the people who have twice given civilisation to the world, have the power within themselves again to work out their own redemption.'

It may be proper to keep strictly in view that Mr Cobden chiefly saw men of rank and education in Italy, and that his remarks apply strictly to that class. A friend of his and ours, who has been much in Italy, deplores that the mass of the people are of very different character. How far Mr Cobden may have overlooked the state of the masses in forming the agreeable prospects here presented to view, we are unable to say; but we feel only too sure that, till the bulk of the people are improved, all efforts at political regeneration must be greatly liable to disappointment.

On the subject of languages, Mr Cobden seems to be

of the opinion which all men who have travelled must entertain—that French is the leading language of communication in Europe. To learn French, he said, was indispensable, more especially since 'we are coming to a time when it will be not merely the select few who will travel to the continent, but when the operatives of this part of the world shall go in cheap trains to Paris. Within twelve months of this time, the railway communication from Boulogne to Paris will be completed, and we shall go regularly from the capital of England to the capital of France in ten hours. There will be opened up by that means a most desirable intercourse; and we shall see the different people of the world married, instead of these marriages of princes that create such a noise and tumult among the public.

'Gentlemen,' concluded Mr Cobden, 'I exhort you to maintain this and kindred institutions on every ground, public and private. I have had many changes, and have seen many phases of society, probably as many as most people. I do not speak egotistically, because I am now merely going to elucidate a thought. I have seen many phases of society; I have had many exciting and gratifying scenes; yet I tell you honestly and conscientiously, that if I want to look back to that which has given me the purest satisfaction of mind, it is in those pursuits which are accessible to every member of the Athenæum. I have not found the greatest enjoyment in the exciting plaudits of a public meeting; I have not found the greatest pleasure or interest in intercourse sometimes with men of an elevated sphere abroad, whom others might probably think it was a pleasure to meet; but I come back to you conscientiously to declare, that the purest pleasures I have known are those accessible to all—those that exist in the calm intercourse with intelligent minds, and the communion with the departed great, through books, by our own fireside.'*

THE GIN-PALACE.

The gin-palace is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets in a gin-drinking neighbourhood: it towers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine Cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half-open, half-shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements in large letters—'The Cheapest House in London!'—'Cream of the Valley!'—'Creaming Stout!'—'Brilliant Ales!'—'Old Tom, fourpence a quartern!'—'Hodge's Best for mixing!'—and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night, splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

Within, the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without—counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass *taps;* fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles, containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries' shops. At one side is the bar-parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican; in the distance are *vistas*, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the topers, stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the 'short' and 'heavy;' the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the 'drop' of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starving children, match and ballad-venders, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers, in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage for protection against the furtive hand; drink, *eternal*, poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of one of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There the homeless, houseless miserables of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slavering idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggle-tailed confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots: the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature—the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slip-shod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

The noises, too, of the assembled topers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, objurgations, applications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the unhospitable door.

Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tippler, sot.

Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

Here the steady *respectable* sot, the good customer, slides in, and *flings* down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic 'ha' of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

Here you may behold a row of miserables seated by the wall, whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest that they may *beg* for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others.—*Physiology of London Life.*

[We take this opportunity, as the only one readily available, of commending to universal reception and regard the series of sketches which George Cruikshank has brought out under the title of The Bottle. As a mirror for showing this vice its own image, it seems to us unrivalled. We believe we must only be expressing a general feeling, when we say that we have always delighted in the clever comic sketches of this artist, and allowed him the great praise due to them, but that we never felt one half the esteem or respect for him which we feel now that he has given the productions of his pencil the respectability of a moral and philanthropic aim.]

* We are indebted to the 'Manchester Examiner' for the materials of the above abridgment.

EFFECTS ON KNOWLEDGE OF ITS DIFFUSION.

It is highly significant, both of future results and of present duty, that in our stage of social culture, knowledge can only advance by being diffused. That which some writers carp at as a flaw and a foible in our modern state, may be boldly claimed as one great point of superiority. We are a mechanical age, it is said; everything is done by combination and organisation. We need philosophical and literary societies, royal institutions, British associations, academies, colleges, universities, in order that knowledge may flourish. How different from the sage of antiquity, who, by solitary musings, courted truth; who found a higher inspiration in the depth of the wilderness, where his meditations fructified into power that moved heaven and earth! Such statements are adapted to delude the religious heart,

which knows, and will ever know, the value of lonely musings. Nevertheless, the facts are herein utterly misrepresented. Isolated man is very weak, in intellect as in body. It is the play of mind upon mind which originally develops every faculty in the infant and in the growing boy; and only by joint effort, by mutual enlightenment, by learning from predecessors, by alternate inspection, by each verifying what another has suggested, can we make sure and sound advances.—*Professor Newman's Lecture on the Relations of Free Knowledge to Moral Sentiment.*

TESTS.

However some good men may cheat their own understanding, it is certain that a readiness to sign articles is no test of moral or spiritual sentiment; and is utterly ridiculous as a guarantee for any sort of goodness, present or future. The system is not even venerable for its antiquity, but is an inheritance transmitted from times when each man was eager to use the power of the state in enforcing his private opinions, and when church property was a scramble for selfishness. Nor can any arguments for continuing such exclusiveness be devised which do not amount to this—that young men's minds must be *managed* so as to push certain opinions upon them which, without peculiar external appliances, could not recommend and support themselves; and that knowledge (as far as possible) is to be confined to a special class, who are (as long as possible) bound over to maintain a fixed code of doctrine. I will not insist that this is glaringly absurd in a system which does not profess infallibility. What may here more especially be noted is, that an exclusive corporation is thus generated, having peculiar interests of its own. . . . Every restrictive trade is liable to a moral disease of its own. There have been kingcraft and priestcraft, lawyercraft, doctorcraft, and many other crafts beside, each virulent in proportion to the completeness of the mystery and of the monopoly. But break down the walls of exclusiveness; let the wind of heaven play through the dark chambers of pretension; pour the natural light into the desks and drawers of official technicality; and a healthier, sweeter breath soon comes forth from professional halls, when scholastic and traditionary lore is forced to endure the gaze of strong native intelligence. All this is notorious. Are we very unreasonable then, if we go so far as to think that an ecclesiastical corporation is liable to the same defects as all similar bodies? For myself, I must confess, that wherever there is artificial appropriation, I am irresistibly impelled to suspect something amiss; while the great manifesto of simple-minded purpose is seen in the hearty desire of diffusing knowledge as unshackled by conditions as the natural light of heaven.—*Ibid.*—[Tests seem to us a perfectly fair means, as far as they are a means, by which a private body may prevent the admission of members of sentiments discordant with those hitherto entertained in the body. In this respect they are nothing more than a certificate of a certain kind of fitness. In as far, however, as they seek to exclude particular classes of individuals from benefits which flow essentially from the nation at large, or which could not exist without the national sanction, they obviously appear liable to such a strong challenge of reason and justice, as nothing in our age can long resist. All such exclusive arrangements have their dooms written on their foreheads; while the date of execution depends solely on some external accident which may any day take place.]

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of pleasure and happiness that they hardly need it, and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to vacancy and idle insignificance. The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures, habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy, occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

NEVER GIVE UP.

What if you fail in business? You still have life and health. Don't sit down and cry about mishaps, for that will never get you out of debt, nor buy your children frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting, and, above all, keep a merry heart, and you'll be up in the world.—*Franklin.*

OUR AIN FOLK.

I WISH we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the gentle are leal, and the semple are weal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've met wi' the gay and the guid where we've come,
We're courtly wi' mony, and couthy wi' some,
But something's still wanting we never can find,
Sin' the day that we left our auld neibors behind.

Oh I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where daffin and glee, wi' the friendly and free,
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Some tauld us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,
Sae soon as we cam' to the rich mailens here,
But what is in mailens, and what is in mirth,
If 'tis not enjoyed in the glen o' our birth? * * *

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the brave,
And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk.
But happy gae lucky, we'll trudge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak, and the haffet grows gray,
And though in this warld our ain still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a warld o' bliss,
And then we'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far 'yond the moon, in the heavens aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

—*Riddell's Poems.*

IMPERISHABLE FEATURES OF THE JEWS.

If a man like Newton or Locke were to cast his eye upon a Jewish face, and immediately after read the following passage in a book written some thousands of years ago (Isaiah, lxi. 9), 'And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall recognise them, for they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed,' it is impossible to say, or even to conjecture, what his reflections would be on such an occasion, but it is possible to say what they would *not* be; certainly they would *not* approximate to anything ridiculous; they would *not* have the remotest connection with anything contemptuous, nor would they in the least verge on anything satirical. If, on the contrary, a Trollope of American renown were to cast her eye upon a Jewish face, what would her reflections be?—She shall speak for herself:—'One reason why I do not always, and altogether, like some of the largest and most splendid parties of the monied aristocracy is, that I am so very sure to find myself unexpectedly, at some moment or other, entirely surrounded by a black-eyed, high-nosed group of . . . . . unmistakeable Jews. I know and I reverence that improved principle of religion which teaches us to condemn no man's faith with any presumptuous feeling of personal superiority derived from our own; yet I have still enough of the old-time leaven about me to doubt if a strong affection for the society of the children of Israel be a duty positively imperative upon Christianity!'—*Jewish Chronicle.*

HATCHING FISH.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an eggshell which has been fresh emptied, through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days, the Chinese break the shell in warm water (warmed by the sun). The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll-nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Martin's China.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 208. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1847. Price 1½d.

A LOOK INTO LIDDESDALE.

'Off again for the south I see—why, you were scarcely well home from Yarrow,' said an acquaintance, as he recognised us one morning perched on the top of the Jedburgh coach, as it stood taking in its complement of passengers at the foot of Princes Street.

'Cannot resist this glimpse of fine weather—must get out of town once more before winter sets in upon us.'

'And where is now to be your beat? Do you cross the Border?'

'No; but go close upon it. My friend here and I, with the reinforcement of an acquaintance at Jedburgh, intend to take a look into Liddesdale—a thing I have long wished for.'

'Ah, I see—the land of Jock o' the Syde and Dandie Dinmont. My compliments to Dandie.'

'Certainly; and that you will be glad to see him the next Parliament House job he has on hand, and that'—Here the clock struck eight, and away went the coach, and away went we on our many-a-day-wished-for excursion.

It was rather a daring thing, as we were told, to venture at this time of the year into the hilly region on the Border; but the weather, as is sometimes the case in October, had settled into a kind of 'farewell summer,' and was particularly tempting. The air was clear and bracing during the day; and the stars at night shining from an unclouded expanse of blue, with the flickering streams of the aurora borealis, imparted no inconsiderable degree of light and cheerfulness. A visit to the country during this brief interval, while the trees are not yet altogether deprived of their variegated tints, is a pleasure which few fail to relish.

Liddesdale, which was to be our ultimate object, may best be reached by way of Hawick, and so on to the Esk, into which the Liddel falls near Canobie; but I had particular reasons for entering the valley at its upper extremity from Teviotdale, and on this account took the road to Jedburgh, the chief town, as it used to be called, on the 'middle marches.' In this direction, a ride of three to four hours from Edinburgh brings us to Melrose; and in half an hour more, we find ourselves entering the richly-cultivated and finely-wooded valley of the Teviot. Passing down the slope which conducts us to the banks of the river, we are reminded that we are crossing the plain formerly known as Ancrum Moor, where, in 1545, there took place one of those savage battles between the English and Scotch which disfigure Border history. The encounter is traditionally remarkable, in consequence of a native female of uncommon strength and resolution having taken part in the fray, and fought till her limbs were severed from her body. This heroine, who was named Lilliard, was buried on the spot, her grave being marked by a stone, on which at one time a few lines of rhyme were visible.

From Lilliard's Edge, as the place is now called, we enjoy a pleasant ride to Jedburgh, which is situated on the banks of the small river Jed, in a sheltered spot overhung with finely-wooded heights. Jedburgh—anciently Jedward, now corrupted in popular phraseology into Jethart—was in old times a walled town of considerable importance, protected by a massive castle, and adorned with one of the wealthiest abbeys in the south of Scotland. With its castle transformed into a modern jail, and its abbey in ruins, there is little in the town to interest the tourist; but that little is worth examining. In a back lane on the south still stands the old house in which Queen Mary lodged when on her judicial visit to the Borders in October 1565. It is of three storeys, thatched; the ground-floor is vaulted; and from a heraldic entablature in the wall, it appears to have been a residence of distinction; probably a bastel house, capable of defence, of which there were several in the town. Ascending by a narrow turret stair behind, we reach Queen Mary's room on the third floor. It is like all the rooms in which that unfortunate princess seems to have lived—very small and confined, with a little window commanding a view of a garden behind. Formerly, it was hung with tapestry, which has been transferred to a garret above, and it is now neatly papered and fitted up as a bedchamber. And in this limited apartment did Mary remain for several weeks during an illness brought on by her fatiguing journey to Hermitage, and which caused her physicians to despair of her life! The neglect she experienced from Darnley on this occasion, it will be recollected, led to the fatal estrangement which terminated in the conspiracy for his destruction. The house is now inhabited by a lady, who, before our departure, showed us a curious relic of past times and manners. This was a small *quaich*, or drinking-cup, formed of partycoloured wood, and mounted with silver, which had been used by the celebrated Rob Gibb, court fool or jester to James V., the father of Queen Mary. Rob's name is inscribed on silver within it; and by another inscription, we learn by whom it was gifted to a predecessor of its present owner.

A short way above the town, on a bank inclining to the Jed, is seen all that remains of the castle of Ferniehirst, the original seat of that branch of the family of Kerr or Car, which has become ennobled under the title of Marquis of Lothian, and which comes frequently into notice in Scottish history. From a point near Ferniehirst, in the midst of an Eden of woodland scenery, we strike westward for Liddesdale; and by an excellent road in this direction, we set off on our proposed journey. The route was that taken by Scott, when on his journeys to the Liddel with his friend Mr

Shortreed of Jedburgh; and with one of Mr Shortreed's sons, who is well acquainted with the country, and kindly agreed to accompany us, our excursion promised to be more agreeable than it could otherwise have been. There was, however, one great difference between Sir Walter's raid into Liddesdale and ours. Fifty years ago, when he visited the country, the only roads were mere tracks across hills and wastes, and travelling could be performed only on horseback, and with some degree of skill in selecting pathways. Now, roads of the best construction permitted our drosky to wheel along at a good pace, without any further interruption than what is incidental to the usual proportion of toll-bars. Many other changes, however, as will be immediately noticed, show that we are no longer in a land of adventure and romance. Scott was fortunate in making his visits when he did. The modern traveller is left nothing to pick up. All that awaits him is a land memorable for what it has given to literature.

Before reaching the higher dividing ridge of the country, we proceed up the small but pretty vale of Rule Water, that conducts us into a scene wild and altogether pastoral. Mountains lie before us, as if to intercept further progress; but these are gradually and slowly ascended, and for a time we are immersed in a sea of bare hills, beyond the sight of any human habitation. At length the summit is gained; and turning the flank of a huge knoll, known as the 'Knot i' the Gait,' we proceed by an easy and long descent towards Liddesdale. In these higher solitudes, a view occasionally opens on our left, in the direction of the Border, where, within the English side, and at a spot inaccessible to wheeled carriages, stands the famed castle of Keeldar, now a hunting-seat of the Duke of Northumberland.

'The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,
By Tyne the primrose pale;
But now we ride on the Scottish side,
To hunt in Liddesdale.'

As the dark recesses of these southern hills disappear, the prospect opens in front. At first our road skirts a rivulet, called the Dawston Burn, which for a mile or two dances and murmurs over a rugged rocky bottom, till it falls into the Liddel, at a spot where the narrow defile expands into a valley of wider dimensions.

We are now in Liddesdale, the scene of Border foray and ballad, but nowhere does any object of antiquity present itself. We are environed by the same mountains, cleughs, and glens, with which long-past generations were familiar; but of the castles or peels that once were scattered over the district, not a vestige meets the eye of the tourist. Few houses of any kind are visible; here and there a thatched cottage, weather-worn, and reduced to inferior purposes, remains to indicate the kind of dwelling which had been used in former times; while in the substantial and handsome edifices inhabited by the modern farmers, we see a striking evidence of the great advance latterly made in the condition and habits of the people. Changed in many things, Liddesdale, however, retains its character for hospitality. At the house of an acquaintance of Mr Shortreed we received a hearty welcome, besides information which was useful for next day's excursion.

From the windows of the mansion a beautiful view was commanded of the Vale of the Liddel, through which the river pursued its way amidst green fertile haughs, here and there dotted with trees, and on which coveys of blackcock, almost 'as thick as doos in a dooket,' were leisurely pecking their way. The Liddel is one of the best trouting streams in Scotland, the more so from not being poached by any vile engines of piscatory destruction. In the beginning of June, the angler would here find a field of superlative enjoyment; but even now the sight of the water was too much for S., who had cannily brought his rod with him in the drosky; and we had scarcely landed ere he set to work with all the ardour of an ancient Borderer.

Next day, it was a question whether we should go straight down the dale, and return by Hermitage, or go first to Hermitage, and return up the valley of the Liddel. Votes for the latter course carried, and so we set out for Hermitage. Our road took us in the first place down the valley a little way, past several places mentioned in Border story, and among others, Lariston, occupying a pleasant situation on the south side of the river. Lariston was at one time the seat of a chief of the Elliots, whose fame has been commemorated in Hogg's spirited ballad—

'Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone!
* * * *
Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddesdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold!
Many a bold martial eye,
Mirrored that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold!
* * * *
See how they wave—the proud files of the Windermere!
Howard! ah, wo to thy hopes of the day!
Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shout ascend—
Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!'

Shortly after passing Lariston, we crossed by a good road over a low hill in a northerly direction. This brought us in an hour into the Valley of Hermitage Water, a tributary of the Liddel, and to all appearance as large, and much more picturesque. The geological formation is thin layers of red sandstone, which shelve out in the bed of the river, so as to cause numerous cascades, gurgling rapids, and deep-wheeling pools, the residence of bull-trouts rivalling the famed denizens of Tarras. To add to the beauty of the banks, there is much natural coppice-wood, the remains of the great forests which in former ages spread over the country. Although less extensive than that of the Liddel, the Vale of Hermitage is therefore superior in some points of attractive beauty, and is more pleasingly pastoral.

By a bend to the left, in proceeding up the banks of the stream, we are brought suddenly into view of Hermitage Castle. Rising like an apparition out of the ground, the huge gray mass starts into sight at the bottom of an extensive waste, declining all round from the hills; and the Hermitage Burn, with its shining and noisy waters, is the only object of a lively nature in the whole of its bare and desolate vicinity. The fortress has been one of the largest castles within the Scottish Border, very different in size and means of defence from such inferior peels as that of Gilnockie. It consists of a union of four towers rising to a height of sixty feet, with a projecting parapet or bartisan all round, whence missiles could be poured down on an attacking party. The walls, which, at the ground, are seven or eight feet in thickness, have been repaired and rendered quite entire by the Duke of Buccleuch, but the edifice is roofless, and the interior is a green and empty ruin. The remains of fortifications are seen around, and at a little distance is a deserted burial-ground, adding, if possible, a deeper melancholy to the whole aspect and circumstance of the ruin.

Since its erection in the twelfth century, Hermitage Castle has passed through many hands, and its present form is the work of different eras. Coming latterly into the hands of the Earls of Bothwell, it was temporarily the residence of the infamous bearer of that title who has been associated so dismally with the story of Mary. Bothwell had been commissioned to reduce Liddesdale to obedience, but in an attempt to apprehend Elliot of Park, a notorious marauder, he was grievously wounded. Hearing of this accident while she was at Jedburgh, Mary visited Hermitage, where, in the presence of Murray and other officers, she conferred with Bothwell for two hours on the disturbed state of the district; she afterwards returned to Jedburgh on the same day—a ride of at least fifty miles going and coming, and of great difficulty.

Like all feudal strongholds, it bears the repute of having been the scene of numerous deeds of oppression and wickedness. One of its early owners, Ranulph de Soulis, from a cause not explained by history, was put to death by his own domestics in his castle of Hermitage in 1207; and a successor, William de Soulis, who joined in a treasonous plot against Bruce, with a view to usurp the crown, was seized and confined in Dumbarton Castle (1320), where he died. These circumstances are not unworthy of notice, as tradition—on the principle of a tale never losing by the telling—has given to a Lord Soulis of Hermitage all the attributes and diabolical propensities of a necromancer. A redoubted adversary of Soulis was the chief—or, as he was called, from his gigantic size, the *Cout* (colt)—of Keeldar, who, being foully set upon by Soulis's orders, while hunting near Hermitage, was killed in attempting to cross the water. It is stated that he was held down by lances till he was drowned; and the eddy in which he perished is still called 'Keeldar's Pool.' Outside the ancient burying-ground of the castle, a grave of huge dimensions is pointed out as that of the unfortunate Cout of Keeldar—

'Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.'

And, as a consequence of Soulis's enchantments—

'The hunters bold of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle wall,
In a deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruined towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb arrayed,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.'

The murder of Keeldar and other atrocities having at length roused general indignation, Soulis is seized by persons whom he had wronged, and they resolve on putting him to death. But the great difficulty is to know what will kill him. Thomas the Rhymer being consulted on the subject—

'The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.'

Ropes of sand, however, would not bind Soulis, even with the addition of 'nine handfuls of barley-chaff'—

'And still beside the Nine-stane Burn,
Ribbed liked the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.'

Thomas again consults the 'black spae-book,' and he now finds that the wizard must be boiled in lead—

'On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the caldron red,
And melted him, lead, bones, and all.

At the Skelf Hill, the caldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot where they boiled the pot,
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.'

And such is said to have been the end of Lord Soulis. The whole story is of course a *myth*; that is, a legend fabricated by an ignorant and simple people, to account for certain existing circumstances. 'The ropes of sand' are merely marks in the gravelly debris, caused by the reflux of the burn. The 'stanes but barely nine,' are the stones of a Druidic circle, on the summit of a low hill two miles from the castle. The old metal pot, shown as that in which Soulis was boiled, could not have possibly held a man wrapped in lead. It is also unfortunate for the credit of the story, that while the pot is comparatively small, the circle of stones on which it is alleged to have been placed is eighteen feet in diameter. This cruel fact I ascertained by a long tramp to the spot; but the disappointment in finding so many vulnerable points in the tradition, was more than compensated by the view of so interesting a relic of antiquity as this tolerably well preserved memorial of Druidic worship.

We have not yet done with Hermitage Castle. When in the possession of William Lord Douglas, that warrior, though distinguished by the proud title of the 'Flower of Chivalry,' showed that his heart was accessible to the baser passions. A desire to obtain the office of Sir Alexander Ramsay, sheriff of Teviotdale, urged him to seduce that knight into his power, after which he caused him to be thrown, along with his horse furniture, into a dungeon in Hermitage Castle, and there left him to perish by the most fearful of all deaths —that of hunger. This occurred in 1342. The wretched captive is said to have prolonged his existence for seventeen days by eating particles of corn which fell from a granary above his dungeon. As if to verify this dismal tradition, some bones, a sword, and the bit of a bridle, were found a number of years ago in the cell in which Sir Alexander is said to have been confined. In the present day, the dungeon is reached only by climbing with a ladder to the height of what had been the first storey in one of the towers. Here, on looking down, is seen a species of oubliette, reaching to a level with the ground, without any window, and entered only by a square hole in the vaulted roof. Any one thrown into this horrid receptacle could not possibly have got out without assistance from above.*

From Hermitage we proceeded down the vale, taking in our way the old farmstead of Millburn, situated about a mile below the castle. The house is interesting from having been that which Scott first visited when on his raids into Liddesdale, and from being in the present day what it was half a century ago. It is an old thatched dwelling, of plain appearance, inhabited by servants of the neighbouring farmer, who obligingly permitted us to look into the only room or ben-end, a small apartment with a stone floor, and rafters overhead supporting a kind of upper room. Little is changed in aspect within, and the only alteration without is the removal of the stables, which were huddled together in front. In 1793, advocates from Edinburgh were of rare appearance in Liddesdale, and the arrival of Scott with Mr Shortreed did not fail to create a certain bustle, mingled with alarm. On Willie Elliot, the guidman of Millburn, being informed of the quality of his guest, he received him with great ceremony, and insisted upon leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however, and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, 'out by the edge of the door-cheek,' whispered, 'Weel, Robin, I say, I'm ne'er a bit feared for him, after a'; he is just a chield like ourselves.' Half a dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round 'the advocate,' and his way of returning their compliments set Willie Elliot completely at his ease.

At the sunny end of the humble rural dwelling overlooking the burn, which goes brattling past a slip of garden, still remains the stone bench or dais on which Willie Elliot in his latter days used to sit: the confined interior rendering an outside lounge of this kind in good weather as much a necessary as a luxury in the olden time. According to Sir Walter's acknowledgment, the character of Dandie Dinmont was drawn from no individual—a dozen of the stout Liddesdale yeomen with whom he was acquainted being entitled to lay claim to be the prototype of the rough, but faithful, hospitable, and generous farmer. Mr Shortreed, however, was of belief that much of the portraiture of Dandie was drawn from Willie Elliot of Millburn, and that Mrs Elliot was

* 'The bridle-bit [found in the dungeon] was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present [now late] gallant Earl of Dalhousie, a brave soldier, like his ancestor Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended.'—*Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.*

still more truthfully represented in the fine character of 'Ailie.' In one point, namely, Dandie's dogs, the Peppers and Mustards, Sir Walter mentions that he had in his eye a generation of terriers belonging to Mr James Davidson, the farmer of Hindlee, at the head of Rule Water. For the name Charlieshope, we have Thorlieshope, a place in the higher part of the Liddel.

Two or three miles below Millburn, at the junction of the Liddel and the Hermitage Burn, once stood the old peel of Westburnflat, mentioned in the tale of the Black Dwarf as the scene of an exploit not unusual in Border history. It must ever be deemed fortunate that Scott visited a district abounding in so many scenes and circumstances adapted to the purposes of a novelist, and that at a time when there was still a degree of freshness in traditional recollection, along with the strong features of but a partially-advanced age. By visiting the firesides of farmers and cottagers, he here picked up, just as they were about to vanish from the stage—

> 'The songs to savage virtue dear,
> That won of yore the public ear,
> Ere polity, sedate and sage,
> Had quenched the fire of feudal rage'—

And which, under his hands, formed so large a portion of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' To acquire these ballads, he visited Liddesdale seven successive years, nor did he leave a single rivulet or spot of interest unexplored. It was this species of out-door industry in storing his mind with subjects from nature, along with extraordinary powers of observation and memory, that formed a leading feature in Scott's character, and distinguished him from those novelists whose structures are drawn almost exclusively from imagination.

Passing the junction of the Hermitage and Liddel, near which is the parish church of Castleton, we shortly after arrived at New Castleton, a large and neatly-arranged village, which was erected about fifty years since by Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, on the principle of giving feus, or long leases of small pieces of ground, to its inhabitants. The project was doubtless a benevolent one; but as in all similar schemes of patch-farming, it has proved a failure, so far as insuring a prosperous population is concerned. The best thing that could happen to the village, would be the absorption of the feus into a limited number of hands, with the corresponding establishment of some kind of manufactory, at which the inhabitants could receive remunerative employment. We found here a capital country inn—a hint for those who think of making a trip into Liddesdale.

Below New Castleton the scenery of the dale improves, as if softening into the richer valley of the Esk, to which the Liddel hurries in its course. At the distance of a mile from the village, there may be said to be a concentration of interest on points noted in Border tradition. Near the side of the highway, at the foot of an ascent leading to the solitary burying-ground of Ettleton, stands Milholm Cross. Almost opposite, within a meadow on the left bank of the Liddel, is seen a tumulus—all that remains of Mangerton House, the seat of a chief of the Armstrongs. And on the remote edge of the hill, on the right bank, is pointed out the spot where stood the formidable peel of 'Jock o' the Syde.' On every hand is the scene of a ballad.

Jock o' the Syde, it seems, was an Armstrong—nephew to the Laird of Mangerton, and cousin to the Laird's Jock; that is, Mangerton's eldest son. This precious pair of cousins, along with John o' the Park, were the terror of the Border. The last named hero is commemorated in the ballad which narrates his capture by the English, beginning—

> 'Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
> But I wat they had better hae stayed at hame;
> For Michael o' Wingfield he is dead,
> And Jock o' the Syde is prisoner taen.'

By the activity of the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat, and Hobbie Noble, he is fortunately released from durance, and with the irons on his legs, is carried home to his fortress in Liddesdale—

> 'Now Jock, my billie, quo' a' the three,
> The day is comed thou was to dee;
> But thou's as weel at thy ain ingle-side,
> Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me.'

I must, however, tear myself from this old-world gossip; for I am desirous of saying something as to the social history of the dale before closing my paper. Suffice it to say, that after examining Milholm Cross, a curious relic of ancient piety, in good preservation, we turned our horse's head up the valley, and next day crossed the hills into Teviotdale.

During the old Scottish monarchy, Liddesdale was inhabited principally by two clans, the Elliots and Armstrongs, whose chief occupation appears to have been making predatory incursions into the adjoining domains of Northumberland and Cumberland. Owning little or no allegiance to the crown, they were a kind of outcasts, who carried on war on their own account, and held it no act of theft to make free with the flocks and herds of their neighbours across the fells. Usually mounted on horseback, and armed with lances, they sallied at nightfall from their petty castles or peels, and by unfrequented and crooked paths reached the scene of aggression. In these excursions, they did not by any means confine themselves to attacks within the English frontier, but sought a booty wherever it could be found on the lands of persons with whom they or their nominal heads were at feud. Although holding the convenient doctrine, that property was common to all who stood in want of it, they are not to be ranked with the mean thieves of modern days; and it was a favourable point in their character, that they abhorred and avoided the crime of unnecessary homicide. An ancient Borderer, with all his lawlessness, would have scorned to take the mean advantage of killing a defenceless enemy. To allay Border feuds, and suppress cattle-lifting forays, the Scottish and English sovereigns had recourse to various severities inconsistent with humanity and justice. Enraged at the frequent complaints respecting the Border freebooters, James V., in the summer of 1529, made his celebrated expedition through the south of Scotland, in which, with an executioner in his train, he remorselessly put to death a number of chiefs who fell into his power. It was on this occasion that, having invited Johnie Armstrong of Gilnockie to meet him, he mercilessly hanged that unfortunate hero, with thirty-six attendants whom he had brought with him, 'arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry.' One cannot but feel that Johnie was seized in a treacherous, and murdered in a cruel manner—jealousy of his authority and gallant bearing, as is represented by tradition, having influenced the king as much as considerations of justice. Struck with his appearance, James asks where Johnie had got the golden tassels or targats that hung at his hat—

> 'Oh whair got thou those targats, Johnie,
> That blink sae brawly abune thy bree?'
> 'I got them in the field fechting,
> Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.'

For a time James's severity produced the desired effect; but during the difficult times which followed, disorders commenced with renewed activity. All the efforts of the lords wardens could not prevent forays. In 1581, at a justiciary meeting held within the English Border, 'Sir Simon Musgrave, with Thom of the Todhill and his neighbours, complains upon Robin Elliot of the Park, Sim Elliot, Clemie Crosier, Gawen's Jock, and their complices, for 60 kine and oxen, a horse, and the taking of Thom Routledge prisoner.' And in November 1582, 'Sir Simon Musgrave complains of the Laird of Mangerton, Laird's Jock, Sim's Thom, and their complices, for burning of his barns, wheat, rye, oats, big, and peas, worth L.1000 sterling.' There were, however, complaints per contra. The west of England claimed L.3230 damages against Liddesdale; but Liddesdale had more than a set-off against the English, in

losses amounting to L.8000. Again the Border spirit seems to have been allayed, and it is to this period of comparative tranquillity (1590) that we have to refer the incidents noticed in the ballad of 'Dick of the Cow':—

'Now Liddesdale has lain lang in,
There is nae riding now at a';
The horses are grown sae lither fat,
They downa stir out o' the sta'.'

And so, to give them a little work, a raid is planned and executed—

'Then they are come to Hutton Ha';
They rade that proper place about;
But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left nae gear without.'

However, a booty is brought to Liddesdale, and so the business of marauding was recommenced. As late as the union of the crowns, and later, there were forays on the western marches. Not until Buccleuch ingeniously drew away the more daring spirits to the wars in Germany, many had been banished to Ireland, and a vast number executed without form of trial, were Liddesdale and the adjoining districts reduced to social order. It is curious, by the way, that a whole colony of these exiled Elliots, Armstrongs, Kers, &c. exists to this day in one of the northern counties of Ireland (we think Fermanagh), all of them stout Protestant Episcopalians, as we have been assured by a peer on whose land some of them are seated.

Like the rest of Scotland, this interesting valley has partaken of the progress of manners; but in no place is the change, step by step, more distinctly or pleasingly marked. First, we have the 'old riding times,' above alluded to, when the population consisted of petty chiefs living in castles, and served by retainers who dwelt in mean hovels containing nothing of any value. There was perhaps a degree of fun and frolic during this period, which is not to be found in these sober days; but certainly there was also much misery. Second, came a time, it is believed, of still greater privation. Robbery on a great scale was no longer tolerated; retainers were dismissed as useless; there was little regular employment; and nothing had been accumulated wherewith to pursue profitable enterprise. The distress of this transition period was aggravated by seasons of pestilence, which carried off man and beast. An attempt at farming was made, but the Duke of Buccleuch, who was owner of the greater part of the dale, had a poor return of rental. On the occasion of a term day, his Grace was waited on by a tenant of the name of Elliot, who came to resign his lands as wholly profitless, his stock of sheep and cattle having mostly died.

'No, no, Elliot,' said the duke; 'I beg you to keep your farm: surely it is worth something?'

'I cannot do so,' was the reply; 'I am a ruined man, and can pay you nothing.'

'Make one more trial, my old friend,' answered the duke: 'you shall have the farm for another year; all I shall ask as rent is that pair of woollen mittens on your hands.'

Elliot took off his mittens, and handed them across the table to the duke. His descendant is still tenant of the farm, which now supports large flocks of sheep, and the annual rent is several hundreds of pounds. A continuation of this dismal period may be pictured as embracing efforts at improvement, along with attempts to educate and religiously instruct; but everything remained on a meagre and rude scale. Fighting at fairs and trysts was common; the country was overrun with beggars and gipsies; and, to crown all, intemperance was universal. In this state was Liddesdale about the middle of last century.

Some of the stories told of these drinking times are exceedingly droll. A farmer having gone to a fair at Hexham with a quantity of cattle, and taken up his quarters at a public-house, one day observed to the landlady that he had that morning received a hint it was time to depart.

'What hint do you mean?' she asked.

'This morning,' said he, 'I noticed that the hen which began to sit on her eggs on the day of my arrival has now got chickens.' And so, after a carouse of three weeks, he set out for Liddesdale.

Another farmer, who dwelt in the higher part of the district, was one day, in the year 1745, surprised and chagrined to find that his house was made a place of refuge for a number of his neighbours, on the occasion of a detachment of the rebel forces passing down the dale. Unprepared for so large a company, he suggested the propriety 'of all immediately going to bed, as they did not know on what service of danger they might soon be called.' The advice having been taken, though not without some murmurs of dissent, the host had no sooner seen all safely lodged in bed, than he despatched two shepherds on horseback for a stock of brandy. The kegs in due time arrived, and were arranged with spigots; and the kettle being boiled, the sleepers were joyfully roused from their lairs, and told 'that all was now ready for a regular set-to.'

Drinking with little intermission for days together was so common on all occasions of festive meeting, that a refusal to participate in the orgies consigned the recusant to contempt and exclusion from society. In the house in which we lodged during our stay in Liddesdale, is shown a curious memorial of these excesses. It is a bell-shaped glass on a tall stalk, capable of holding an English pint, and known by the name of 'The Constable.' This capacious goblet was put on the table at the commencement of a bouze, and all the glasses which a guest refused to take off, at the frequent rounds from the punch bowl, were poured into it. When 'The Constable' became full, it was the duty of the recusant guest either to drink it at a draught, or leave the room —a consequence which entailed no small share of local disgrace. When a great national collection shall be made of engines of bygone intemperance, 'The Constable' must receive a conspicuous place.

During this drinking era, which, with some modification, may be said to have extended till within the last forty years, there was little substantial improvement. The houses were almost all mean thatched dwellings, one storey high, with stone or clay floors, exhibiting the usual sluttish appearance in external matters. The only beds were in the kitchen and sitting-room, or in some indescribable dark closet or garret, half filled with wool and miscellaneous rubbish. Toilette apparatus was scarcely known. Nearly all washed themselves in the morning at the pump, or the rivulet which ran past the end of the house. Communication with towns and markets was carried on entirely by means of carriers with pack-horses, who pursued their dreary way by dangerous paths across hills and mosses. At certain appointed hamlets among the mountains, these men used to meet and make an exchange of goods suitable to their different points of destination; and among them, of course, contraband traffic was a staple branch of trade. No wheeled carriages could at this time enter Liddesdale, for there were no roads worthy of the name. In order to find hard patches of ground, in proceeding up or down the valley on horseback, it was necessary to go pretty much in the bed of the river, which then wound in many a mazy curve through the adjoining haughs. The first regular road for a few miles along the bank of the stream, appears to have been in course of construction in 1795. On the occasion of Scott's last visit, in August 1800, his gig was the first wheeled vehicle which entered Liddesdale.

Our next period refers to the beginning of the present century, when roads were partially formed; carts drawn by horses now assumed the place of sleds and pack-saddles; green crops for winter feeding were introduced; drinking bouts were diminished in length and intensity; the people were better dressed; the wages of labour had considerably advanced; and, among other meliorations, houses covered with slates were substituted for the old thatched dwellings. Yet what a poor

architectural taste seems to have prevailed, even in this late era, here as elsewhere in the rural districts of Scotland: farm-houses were constructed on but one model —two storeys, with three small windows above, and two below, one on each side of the door. The very look of these houses imparts a feeling of cold and semi-starvation. Builders had not yet dared to think of the ornamental; and to be too comfortable was almost a sort of heresy.

From this time all has gone on improving until the present day, when the following condition of things is seen in Liddesdale. Roads (and bridges) as good as any in the kingdom connect the whole district with Jedburgh, Langholm, Hawick, and Carlisle; and consequently regular carriers, and also the general post, reach all quarters. Husbandry is on the most advanced scale of operations, and abundant crops are produced in the lower grounds. The extensive hill pastures feed large flocks of the finest sheep, which find a market in certain fairs lately instituted at New Castleton. Five years ago, when these markets were instituted, the number of sheep offered for sale was fourteen hundred; on the last occasion the number was fifteen thousand; and in all probability these will become the largest sheep and cattle fairs in the southern counties. Among the general improvements on the surface of the country, a conspicuous place is due to the straightening of the water-courses, and drainage of their banks, by which much good land has been added to the productive enclosures, and the climate considerably meliorated; while well-made fences and considerable plantations impart shelter, along with the appearance, if not the reality, of warmth. But the most agreeable changes are those which have taken place in habits of living. Drinking among the farmers is now out — an exploded thing. The old Border spirit which once took the direction of freebooting, fighting, and rollicking intemperance, now finds vent in emulation of a different kind. All are possessed with a keen spirit of competition in store farming. It is not now who will drink the greatest number of 'cheerers,' but who can show the best breeds of sheep, as well as the best general management of stock. Books and newspapers occupy the place formerly devoted to glasses and decanters. The young of both sexes receive an education equal to that common among the respectable classes in towns. One farmer told me that his nephew had been for some time studying chemistry in Germany under Liebig. As may be guessed from these circumstances, the farmers are no longer lodged in the small, tasteless houses to which we have referred. Their dwellings are generally of a superior order, with every internal elegance and accommodation, and are environed with neat gardens and shrubberies. Substantial and commodious offices for horses and cattle adjoin them. Here and there herdsmen and labourers are left to occupy the relinquished abodes of the farmers; but in various places good slated dwellings have also been erected for the farm assistants, who may be said to live better, and enjoy a greater variety of comforts, than masters did half a century ago.

It is a pleasing social feature throughout the very extensive domains belonging to the House of Buccleuch —and you may go almost fifty miles at a stretch on their lands in the south of Scotland—that the same family, from father to son, for many successive generations, is found renting the same tract of ground. The family with whom we stayed had been three hundred years on the same farm. The devotion to the duke—pronounced in the soft speech of Liddesdale like *duc* in French—is unbounded, partaking a good deal of the old feudal attachment, yet fully warranted by the nobleman's considerate attention to the interests of his tenantry. All have leases of the usual duration, not at scourging, but fair rents; and the best proof of the system working well, is the number of intelligent and substantial tenants in the district. If the same families, however, remain, what becomes of the increase of the population? That is answered in one word—emigration. The overplus, young and middle-aged, do not remain to incumber the soil, and draw out a half-starving existence. Great numbers have gone to America, and others have pushed off in quest of fortune elsewhere.

Such is a glance at Liddesdale, ancient and modern. The remarkable thing about this secluded valley is its total change of character, without any change of race. The whole are still Elliots and Armstrongs, as in the days of yore. The improvement has been a self-improvement, affected by no other influences than those which have operated in all other parts of Scotland. Government has not been appealed to, nor has it had anything to do with the change. The district may indeed be said to have advanced in the face of obstacles of a legal kind; for the maintenance of differential duties in England and Scotland (here the two opposite sides of a hill or a rivulet) has always tended to demoralisation, by holding out an inducement to smuggling. The game laws have also formed a too frequent source of disturbance. Fortunately the spirit of the people themselves, and the temptations of regular industry, enabled them to resist the tendency of bad institutions. The Scottish Borderers, in their worst days, possessed the Anglo-Saxon sagacity and love of independence. They were never slothful, or given to a reckless commission of crimes against the person: above all, they possessed common sense; without which indispensable quality, along with self-reliance and self-respect, it is unnecessary to say that no people, though governed by the perfection of human wisdom, can hope to rise above the mean level of a half-savage existence.

W. C.

EXTRAVAGANCES ABOUT THE MOON.

We suppose that great astronomer who pronounced the moon to be an egg laid by the earth, and no doubt proved the fact to his own heart's content, has a claim to an eminent position among the extravagancists of whom we are about to speak. But unfortunately, before and since the age which was made conspicuous by this remarkable discovery, the moon has been the subject of speculations more wild and outrageous than have fallen to the lot of any other heavenly body. In a previous article in this Journal,* an amusing account of the 'Popular Fallacies about the Moon' appeared. These 'fallacies' had principally reference to lunar influence on the weather. It has been thought that the subject deserved, and would admit, of treatment under another aspect, and that some amusement might be derivable from a sketch of a few of the extravagant notions which have had their sway with reference to other attributes and circumstances connected with this beautiful satellite. Some selection, however, is requisite out of such a heap of absurdities. We shall therefore study to make our notice of this subject as short as will suffice to give it a general interest.

That was a bold belief which united the moon with haircutting. It was a daring stroke of genius which attributed a 'Balm of Columbian' influence to the queen of the night. It was in this wise. If it were desirable to strengthen and give a shagginess naturally wanting to hair growing too lank and weak, the remedy was, that a man should go to his barber's when the moon was in the constellation *Leo*. Ladies, likewise, who were obliged to produce curls by paper, irons, or *papillottes*, if those days knew of such inventions, might enjoy a strength of curl that all Burlington Arcade might envy, by getting their hair clipped under the lunar influence when in *Aries*, the spirals having then all the graceful curve of the horns of that animal. But the moon served a higher purpose still. It was both a dietetist and a monthly doctor. The rules which were laid down for the regulation of these important subjects are too good

* No. 360, old series.

to be consigned to oblivion. From them we learn that it is good to use cathartic electuaries when the 'moon was in *Cancer;*' although at first sight one would rather dread the griping energies of such a constellation. Potions were best when she was in *Virgo*. Emetics were expedient in *Taurus*, from the ruminating faculty of that animal. Catarrhs were soonest cured under his influence, and it was best to bathe of course when she was in *Pisces*. Husbandry was equally obliged to her. She ruled the plough, guided the sower, and appointed the harvest. Timber was cut, peat was dug, and sundry other operations were performed, or at any-rate were only rightly performed, at their appointed periods of her dynasty. She also guided the 'faculty,' and surgical operations were amenable to her laws. She was of necessity the oracle of monthly nurses; and Dr Jamieson states that it is a common belief in Angus, that if a child is weaned during the waning of the moon, it will waste away all the time that the moon continues to wane. The Spanish ladies blame her for spoiling their complexions; and if they are abroad on a fine moonlight night, hold their fans so as to hide their faces from its blackening influence. Finally, physicians blamed her for causing and aggravating many kinds of fevers; very disinterested no doubt of them, but equally unjust.

As the moon swayed the affairs of living men, so, and more especially, was her power exerted upon them in determining the period of their decease. A physician of some celebrity, in a work upon tropical diseases, has composed an essay upon this subject, in which he lays down for a well-ascertained fact (?), that persons in extreme age generally die at the new or full moon. The evidence he adduces is curious; and as it is in the power of most persons to investigate it, we will shortly state it. It is an appeal to the churchyard. The evidence is that of the tombstone. This is coming nearer the point than most of the lunatic—the lunar, we should say—philosophers have a mind to. A correspondent of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' possessing a long list of ephemerides, was bent on determining the question. For this purpose he resorted to the churchyard of St Giles's, London; and here he found one stone which rested over the remains of five people who died at the respective ages of 60, 63, 80, 89, and 90. The first died at the first quarter, the second on the day of the full moon, the third at the first quarter, the fourth two days before the new moon, and the fifth at the first quarter. Not satisfied with these results, he repaired to Westminster Abbey, and out of the vast multitude there, he was so successful as to pick out three stones which confirmed his newly-adopted views. He also went to many other churchyards, and was able to select similar corroborations. Upon these he builds up his implicit faith in the doctrine, expressing his astonishment that it should have suggested itself to no one but the author of that work before. The work itself contains a formidable list of instances in point, some of which we may quote. Old Parr died at the age of 152, two days after the full moon. Henry Jenkins on the day of the new moon, at the age of 169. The poet Chaucer on the day of the first quarter; Copernicus on the day of the last quarter; Henry VIII. on the day of the first quarter; Calvin two days after the full moon; Queen Elizabeth on the day of the last quarter; Shakspeare the day after the full moon; Lord Bacon on the day after the last quarter; Milton two days before the new moon; Locke and Newton also two days before the new moon; Earl Chatham, Dr Samuel Johnson, Linnæus, Dr Franklin, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Wilkes, General Washington, in common with many other of the illustrious men of our own country and of others, all succumbed, according to our author, to the lunar influence of these two periods. We have to regret that the requisite ephemerides to verify these cases are not within our reach. As this statement appears in a work of some circulation, published so recently as 1802, it deserves confuting; and in the absence of positive evidence upon the subject, we may state our belief that the churchyards would furnish as many arguments *con*, probably more, than they have supplied *pro;* and nothing but severe statistical evidence would satisfy us that the idea is anything more than a long-lived relict of lunar fallacies.

Having thus spent some little time upon this class of lunar absurdities, let us turn to others even more ludicrous; and of these we shall select, as the oddest of all, the chimera of the learned and ingenious mathematician Bishop Wilkins. A journey to the moon has long been a favourite idea among philosophical dreamers; something so tempting appears in it, while it is not so far removed from the bounds of possibility as in the case of the more distant heavenly bodies. Bishop Wilkins's way to the moon is one of the most laborious and serious essays which have appeared, to our belief, upon this enchanting topic; and there seems no reason to doubt that it occupied his mind not only as a romantic subject for contemplation, but as one which he viewed as a sober possibility, though not acquainted with the means of accomplishing it. His work is oddly enough entitled the 'Discovery of a *New* World,' which one would suppose, considering the long period during which the moon and mankind have preserved a peaceful acquaintance, was something of a misnomer. The object is to demonstrate that there is another habitable world in the moon; and, wonder of wonders, that a passage thither is possible! An anecdote is related which shows that the learned bishop was neither to be laughed out of his conceit nor lacked wit to defend it. The famous Duchess of Newcastle objected to Dr Wilkins the want of baiting places in his way to the new world, when the doctor expressed his surprise that such an objection should be made by a lady who had been all her life employed in *building castles in the air*. Several propositions are laid down in this curious treatise, of which we may extract the following —that there is an atmosphere encompassing it; that it is a solid opaque body; that it is probable there may be inhabitants there—but he prudently adds, of what kind is uncertain; and lastly, that it is possible that posterity might discover a conveyance to this other world; and if there were inhabitants there, to *establish commerce with them*. This was the true spirit of British enterprise indeed! In the ingenious manner peculiar to him, he proceeds to show the possibility of the passage. He conceived it possible that a man might be able to fly, by the application of wings to his body, as angels are pictured, and as has been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, who, if we mistake not, either broke his leg or lost his life for his pains. Another way of reaching the moon suggested itself still. If there be such a great *ruck* in Madagascar as Marco Polo mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long! which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an *elephant*, as easily as our kites do a mouse—why, then, it is but catching and teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede upon his eagle! Or if neither of these methods would answer—and for ourselves we should be uncommonly afraid of a high-spirited *ruck*, and should beg for a reversal of the laws of the attraction of gravitation before we set out—yet 'I do seriously affirm, and upon good grounds,' saith the doctor, 'that it is possible to make a flying chariot in which a man may sit, and give such motion to it as shall convey him through the air.' The chariot was to be large enough to contain food for the journey. And here, again, the commercial interests were duly considered, also 'the commodities for traffic' with the lunars, or moon-men and moon-women. 'A great ship,' he adds, 'swims as well as a little cork; and an eagle flies as well as a tiny gnat.' The perfecting of such an invention would be of such excellent use, that it were enough not only to make the inventor, but the age in which he should live, for ever famous. One would almost believe that the philosopher had a perspective view of some of the absurdities of our own time; and, taken satirically, his

work would be the severest critique upon the preposterously ridiculous attempts of some modern Dædali. It was in a kindred spirit, and with dreams which no doubt partook much of the character of sober conceptions, that another learned prelate composed, under a *nom de guerre*, the adventures known as the journey of Domingo Gonzales to the moon. This very curious and amusing fable is preserved among the Harleian manuscripts, and deserves perusal by those who have the opportunity for the ingenuity of its composition, and for the singular correspondence of its detail in some respects with what reasoning from analogy would lead us to anticipate about the lunar world. His plan of getting thither was a simple one. He harnessed five-and-twenty wild swans to a car, and all taking wing, made directly for the moon, where he arrived after twelve days' journey, passing through regions of meteors, spirits, &c. and meeting with clouds of migratory birds and insects. Getting out on *luna firma*, he beheld divers marvellous things—great houses, palaces, beasts, birds, and great and little lunites, who travelled by leaping up sixty feet into the air, and being then out of the influence of lunar attraction, swept by means of fans along the liquid plains. He descended in China, after a happy sojourn among his lunar friends. There we may end our subject. Had but Dr Wilkins, and all who have followed his footsteps, lived in our balloon times, what a world of labour, and argument, and time, and pen, paper, ink, and printing would have been saved! Or had they been told of the limits of the earth's atmosphere, how it would have blighted their bright commercial advantages in the bud! Perhaps this attempt to sketch, in a playful manner, a few of these follies, may not be without its advantage; and if it will show us the invariably erratic tendency of hasty generalisations, unsupported by a single fact, it will do some good, and may prevent some errors, if not as extravagant, possibly quite as ludicrous. It may be more romantic to behold our fair moon with the eyes of superstition, and to attribute to her influences whose secret causes lie elsewhere; but it is more sobering, more pride-subduing, more awe-exciting to look at her with those of philosophy, and to behold in her, despite her now calm and silvery lustre, a rugged, scorched, sealess, airless world.

ANATOMY OF LAUGHTER.

The variety of publications now circulating in England, with the common aim of making the readers laugh, is not the least remarkable feature of this age of steam and iron. But it is odd that among the multitude of our literary jokers, there is not one who has thought of considering what laughter is—who has inquired into the philosophy of his art. Surely this would be the best jest of all. If the right theory were hit upon, fun would always tell; and we should no longer have to wander, as we do now, through page after page, in quest of an actual bona-fide joke. It is cruel to disappoint a man who, on the faith of a title-page, sits down for the express purpose of laughing. It is, in fact, a kind of fraud; and the abused reader is led to think bitterly of the Johnsonian connection between punning and pocket-picking.

In other countries we meet with sundry attempts at an anatomy of mirth. In 1662, an Italian astrologer published an essay at Orleans, tracing the temperaments of men by their mode of laughing. The melancholic class, according to this philosopher, laugh hee—hee—hee! the bilious, hae—hae—hae! the phlegmatic, ha—ha—ha! and the sanguine, ho—ho—ho! But the treatise of a French author, supposed to be Poinsinet de Sivry, given to the world a hundred years later, goes much deeper into the subject. It is entitled, 'Traité des Causes Physiques et Morales du Rire, relativement à l'Art de l'Exciter,' and contains an 'imaginary conversation,' among some eminent men, on the nature of laughter. According to Destouches, one of the colloquists, laughter is derived from a principle of reason, and is the effect of joy; while Fontenelle, on the contrary, considers it to be, like anger, a brief madness.

If it had any necessary connection with joy, argues the latter, we should never be joyful without laughing; and the more joyful we were, the louder and longer would be our guffaws. Whether Fontenelle be right or not, Destouches undoubtedly is wrong. According to his theory, a lover accepted by his mistress would giggle wildly in her face, and when they came to be married, laugh out his responses at the altar like an evil spirit; a wife, on receiving a cheque from her husband for a new dress, would go off forthwith into cachinnatory hysterics; and a man hearing suddenly of a fat legacy, would disturb the whole neighbourhood with his roars.

'You pretend,' says Fontenelle, 'that this convulsion arises from joy: let us see what connection there is between them;' and he gives the following anatomy of laughter, compiled apparently from different sources.

The forehead is enlarged, the eyebrows lowered, the eyelids drawn in at the corners, and the surrounding skin covered with wrinkles. The eye, constrained and half shut, is only lustrous by the humidity which darkens it; for even those who were never melted to tears by grief, must weep when they laugh. The nose is puckered and pointed, the lips drawn back and lengthened, the teeth uncovered, and the cheeks raised and stretched forcibly upon their muscles, so as to leave agreeable dimples in some, and ugly holes in others. The mouth, forced open, exhibits the convulsed tongue suspended in the midst. The voice is broken, sometimes quick and piercing, sometimes weak and plaintive. The neck swells and shortens; its veins are stretched and puffed; and the blood, which rushes tumultuously into the slenderest vessels of the epidermis, dyes the face with a deep red, symptomatic of approaching suffocation. The breast in the meantime is agitated so wildly, that speech, or even respiration, is out of the question. The sides ache; the entrails feel as if they were torn; the ribs as if they were dislocated; and the hands are pressed upon the seat of pain, while the whole body is bent, twisted, and convulsed. The face of the victim is bathed in perspiration, his voice broken into sobs, and his breath extinguished in sighs. The result is sometimes displaced joints, syncope, and death. A man, continues Fontenelle, seldom laughs when he is alone, or when he is collected enough to consult the oracle of reason. He is betrayed into the misfortune by surprise, when the intelligence of his nature has no time to come to the rescue; and the trumpet of folly, as Count Oxenstiern calls it, goes ha—ha—ha! before he is aware.

This elaborate paradox is strengthened by Montesquieu, who asserts that laughter can have no necessary connection with joy, inasmuch as it precedes, follows, or accompanies that feeling indifferently. But neither, he thinks, can it be the result of folly, since wise men laugh as well as fools; or, at anyrate, the folly must be of a peculiar and specific nature. It is his notion, however, that the cachinnation in question originates in pride. The men or actions we laugh at are only ridiculous when they appear to us in the light of inferiority. In laughing at others, we applaud ourselves. When a sudden squall has eloped with a man's hat, it is intensely amusing to see the owner panting after it, while

the runaway appears to be endowed for the nonce with the legs of its parent beaver, and with all the sagacity of that animal too, in dodging its pursuer. Our amusement, however, proceeds from a sense of self-security—of superior prudence: our own hat is on our head; we should like to see the squall that could catch us in a nap like that; the man deserves what he has got for not being wide awake like us; serve him right—ha—ha—ha! At a play, in like manner, we receive a vivid impression of the ridiculous when the vice or folly satirised belongs to other people: but only let us recognise the trait exhibited as something of our own—only let us suspect that we are ourselves, in our inner nature, paraded upon the stage to make our neighbours laugh—and the joke at once loses its point.

We may add to these illustrations with which we have fortified the supposition Montesquieu, that a man's occasionally laughing at himself is not to be considered as militating against the theory in question. In such cases the action or suffering is a rare departure from our ordinary course of existence: it is a sudden and temporary folly which establishes the general state of wisdom; it is an exception that proves the rule; and even in the act of laughing at our own folly, we appeal to Philip sober.

Laughter is divided by this author into various kinds: the laugh *à gorge deployée*, or vulgar laugh; the graceful laugh or smile; the laugh of dignity or protection; the painful or disdainful laugh; the frank, sincere, or serene laugh, diffusing itself over the whole physiognomy; the hypocritical laugh; the malignant laugh; the smothered laugh; the forced laugh; the bitter laugh; the sardonic laugh; in fine, the inextinguishable laugh of Homer, being a convulsion which usurps our whole faculties, and only subsides when it is its own pleasure to do so. All these laughs are connected, by a greater or less exercise of ingenuity, with pride.

This theory is probably based upon the definition given by Hobbes—'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly;' of which Beattie says, that it would be altogether undeserving of notice if Addison had not spoken of it with approbation in the 'Spectator.' Addison, in fact, after praising the theory, says that, according to it, instead of telling a man whom we find laughing that he is very merry, we should tell him he is very proud. Thus our great men should all have been great laughers. James Watt should have laughed with a million horse-power; Thomas Gray should at this moment perambulate our railways, through the length and breadth of the land, ready to burst his boiler with merriment at the sight of the trains rushing past him, and at the thought of the honours and emoluments with which the gratitude of his country has overwhelmed the originator of the system; and the Duke of Wellington, after giving peace to the world by decimating the turbulent portion of its denizens, should have put his hands to his sides on the field of Waterloo, and roared the cannon out of countenance.

Beattie's theory is, 'that laughter arises from the view of two or more inconsistent, unsuitable, or incongruous parts or circumstances, considered as united in one complex object or assemblage, or as acquiring a sort of natural relation from the peculiar manner in which the mind takes notice of them;' and he explains himself further by saying, that it is 'an opposition of suitableness or unsuitableness, or of relation or the want of relation, united, or supposed to be united, in the same assemblage.' Thus joy—pride—and a union of incongruities—have all in turn been blamed by theorists for the betrayal of mankind into that disorder of the fifth pair of nerves which some think an agreeable interruption of the calmness of sober health.

Each theorist thinks the others wrong; but the truth may perhaps be, that they are all right. Joy, pride, and incongruous unions, may all have something to do with the result. For instance, Aristotle considers an error to be ridiculous when it is neither painful nor pernicious. And thus, if we see a man swallow by mistake a bumper of salt and water instead of a bumper of wine, there is no end to our rejoicing; whereas, if the substituted potion were something dangerous to health or life, we should be as serious as the fifth act. In the case of the salt and water, we have all the three theories in play at once; and the idea presents itself that all three are necessarily so. Mere joy will not make us laugh, or an accepted lover would laugh in his mistress's face; mere pride, or the feeling of triumph, will not make us laugh, or the Duke of Wellington would have split his sides on Waterloo; and mere incongruity will not make us laugh, or we should laugh as heartily at our health being drunk in arsenic and water as in salt and water instead of wine.

If this hint should not be relished by the laughing philosophers of the day, perhaps they would like as an alternative the opinion of Quintilian, *Anceps ejus rei ratio est*—which means, that we know nothing at all about the matter.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SCOTLAND.

It has often been matter of complaint with teachers themselves, and a subject of wonder with other people, that they are so disunited, and apparently estranged. Those who follow even the more common handicrafts seem to have known, as if by instinct, that 'union is strength,' and to have acted accordingly. But teachers have never yet combined, so as to present a united front to society. Perhaps this was not really to be wondered at, so long as teachers were regarded as beings of a subordinate character (which was the case in Scotland), and while their function was one held in little respect (which was the case everywhere). Now, however, things have somewhat changed. The highest wants of society demand the employment of talent, not merely in our universities, but in our common schools; and many men of good abilities and attainments are beginning to enter the profession, as one by which they may gratify an honourable ambition. It is time, therefore, that the privileges of a distinct profession were assigned them. Of these the most important is self-government and entire independence. Long accustomed to submit to be snubbed and looked down upon, they will not perhaps at first conduct their common affairs with the firmness and prudence which are desirable. There may be a transition period of anarchy, more or less extended, before they shall settle into a right state; for effects will not immediately disappear with their causes; and if dependence and penury have deteriorated the whole class, it will take some time for independence, and more generous remunerations, to raise them. Accustomed, too, as society has long been to look down on schoolmasters, it will not readily come to respect them. Yet the time is favourable to establish a character; for even with the general public there is now a sense of the propriety of raising the teacher to a superior position.

A dim perception of the advantages of union has long haunted the minds of many members of the profession, and various local attempts have been made to realise them. These cannot be said to have entirely failed, for it is by their means that the desire for combination has been kept alive; but they have been productive of so little good, that we are forced to despair of anything less than a united effort of all the teachers in the country. We rejoice to think that there is some prospect of this effort being now made, and under such auspices as almost to secure success.

The history of the movement to which we refer is interesting, in a general point of view, as indicating the measures by which a depressed class may seek to elevate themselves. Upwards of eighteen months ago, a number of gentlemen engaged in the occupation of

teaching, in and about London, determined to form themselves into a united body, which they eventually resolved to call 'The College of Preceptors.' The great object of 'the College' is to guarantee to the public the efficiency of its members, and to discriminate the worthy from the unworthy—the Pestalozzis from the Squeerses—those who follow teaching as a liberal profession, not inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, and those who, in the spirit of hodmen, drive it as a trade. So far as we have been able to learn, the College has acted with much vigour as well as much prudence; and it promises, in no long time, to regenerate the teachers of the middle classes of society in England. It is the misfortune and not the fault of 'The College of Preceptors' to be confined to one class. In the south, the great schools—such as Westminster, Harrow, Eton, &c.—are mostly in the hands of the clergy; and rather in spite of, than in accordance with, the wills of many of their founders, are likely to remain so. These masters of course take their standing in society as clergymen, and not as teachers. Having nothing to gain by associating with their brethren of the middle class, they refrain from joining the College, and in this way greatly lessen its influence. In Scotland, things are quite different: the teachers of our burgh and parochial schools are neither socially nor in point of education raised above the unendowed teachers of the country, and here all can readily unite for the accomplishment of a common purpose, without the sacrifice of any principle or prejudice. Accordingly, the movement which originated in England among a class, when extended to Scotland, assumed an appearance that deserved the name of national.

About twelve months ago, an educational association in Glasgow addressed a circular to the principal teachers of Edinburgh, with a view to persuade them 'to lend their authority and example in urging the formation of local associations throughout the country, for the purpose of considering the best means by which the standard of education and the status of the educator might be elevated.' This appeal was most favourably responded to by the individuals addressed, and they immediately set themselves to the task of organising the teachers of Scotland. They opened a correspondence with schoolmasters in all parts of the country, and the desire for union was found to be all but universal. After many private meetings, they agreed upon certain fundamental points, on which it was resolved to found 'The Educational Institute of Scotland.' Accordingly, in September last, a very large and influential meeting of teachers was convened in the High School of Edinburgh, and the code of laws, which had been prepared with much care by the teachers of the capital, was adopted as the 'tentative constitution' of the Institute. The preliminary statement attached to this code very briefly indicates the objects aimed at; and the laws are taken up with detailing the means by which, and the persons by whom, these objects are to be effected. 'As the office of a public teacher is one of great responsibility, and of much importance to the welfare of the community; as it requires for its right discharge a considerable amount of professional acquirements and skill; and as there is no organised body in Scotland whose duty it is to ascertain and certify the qualifications of those intending to enter upon this office, and whose attestation shall be a sufficient recommendation to the individual and guarantee to his employers, it is expedient that the teachers of Scotland, agreeably to the practice of other liberal professions, should unite for the purpose of supplying this defect in the educational arrangements of the country, and thereby of increasing their efficiency, improving their condition, and raising the standard of education in general.'

Few who have taken any interest in the subject of education will call in question any part of this statement. Some, indeed, might have wished, and we willingly confess ourselves to be among the number, that government had stepped in and appointed a board of examiners, with power to certify the qualifications of every teacher in the kingdom. The appointment of such a board, possessing the full confidence of the public, would have rendered it, if not illegal, at least disreputable, to teach without a license, and would at once have cleared the profession of *quacks*. Government, however, has done nothing, or next to nothing, in the matter; and it is therefore all the more necessary that well-qualified teachers should take the whole subject into their own hands, and adopt such measures as may be necessary to discriminate between themselves and those who, without any of the necessary qualifications, have insinuated themselves into the office of educators. For a profession to reform itself, and cast out its unworthy members, is no doubt a work of great delicacy and difficulty; but it may be done 'in some approximate degree.' As is hinted in the extract which we have just submitted, the principle is not new. Surgeons have long been allowed to pronounce on the qualifications of surgeons, and to exclude mere *barbers* from the profession; lawyers are allowed to decide on the claims of those who wish to practise the profession of the law; and there is no valid reason why teachers should not exercise a similar privilege. The difficulty at the commencement will be great, but this ought not to discourage the really earnest. It will be constantly growing less, and in the course of a few years it will entirely disappear. The existing race of teachers, who cannot be subjected to any systematic trial, will soon die off, and regular examinations may be instituted in the case of the young men who are to be their successors. In this way, in the short space of ten years, the profession would be almost entirely renovated; and, from being a disjointed, ill-assisted mass, held together by no common idea, it would become a compact and respected corporation. Much will depend on the teachers themselves. They can only, as a body, hope to attain additional regard by superior attainments, and by improvements in school procedure. The lesson cannot be too strongly urged on the Institute, that it has a character entirely to make for itself. At first, it is sure to be neglected; and when its enemies begin to feel that it is 'a great fact,' if ever it should arrive at the state indicated by that laconic description, it will be vigorously opposed. Those hitherto affecting rule and patronage over teachers, will not willingly leave them to their own mastership; and corporate influence will not be obtained till the Institute has acted, for some considerable time, in such a way as to impress the public with a sense of its activity, intelligence, judgment, and good faith. In one word, the Institute will not attain influence until it shows that it deserves it; and we will not pay the teachers of Scotland so poor a compliment, or rather we will not lay on them so unmerited a reproach, as to suppose that they want influence on easier terms.

The object they have in view is worth struggling for; it is an honourable ambition that they are actuated by; and hundreds not in the profession will lend their influence in enabling them to become a self-ruled body. They ask only liberty to manage their own affairs; and we hope they will be content with nothing less.

On the specific measures that the Institute seems resolved to adopt for regenerating the profession, we would be tender in pronouncing opinion. Further reflection will perhaps convince them of the necessity of being more sparing of their honorary degrees. If they are of *very* easy attainment, they will be valueless. If a mere teacher of writing, for instance, can become a 'Fellow' by paying his two guineas, what value can attach to the degree in the eye of the classical and mathematical scholar? We would have the Institute open wide its arms to all as members, but be very jealous in the distribution of its honours.

The last item of the constitution is not the least important:—'In further prosecuting,' it says, 'the objects of the Institute, it seems expedient that a knowledge

of the theory and practice of education be more widely disseminated among the profession by means of public lectures, the institution of libraries, and such other means as may afterwards seem advisable.' Here two subjects are touched on, both of great consequence. The theory of education has been profoundly studied, and several great principles are agreed upon, and yet every teacher begins his vocation as if he were the first that ever taught. Mere blind imitation should not be the guide of the young teacher. He ought, by the study of philosophy, to be grounded in the principles of teaching. Wherever a well-qualified lecturer on education can be found, let him be employed by the local associations; but, in his absence, the members of the association may do much for themselves. A simple statement of the mode of teaching any particular subject will be of great use.

As to the second point, fortunately there is much less difficulty about it. To establish a schoolmasters' library, will not be found beyond the means of even the poorest locality. They certainly need access to works which shall enable them to explain to their classes the various subjects that occupy their attention, and they require good books to keep up their own mental activity. No teacher should enter his school-room without *preparation;* and it is a principle too much lost sight of among them, that they are no longer fit to teach than they are willing to learn. When the teacher's education is finished, the pupil's is almost done too. The late Dr Arnold, in addressing a teacher, has well said—'Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge tells immediately upon them [the boys]; and indeed I hold that a man is only fit to teach as long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once become stagnant, it can give no fresh draft to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond instead of a spring; and whatever you read tends generally to your own increase of power, and will be felt by you in a hundred ways hereafter.' If these words be carefully reflected on, it will be seen why we attach so much importance to the formation of good libraries for the use of teachers. They would be a perennial fountain, sending out streams to fertilise the land, and they would serve both to unite teachers and to keep them united.

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW B. PICKEN.

LAHNTHAL.

A DREAM came o'er me once, one sunny Sabbath afternoon,
In a winding glade of England, 'neath the leafy arch of June.
A hush of heat stilled everything, and sweet, sweet was the sleep
That made old Memory's honeyed tears rise from an urn so deep.
'Midst slumber's vista'd reach I saw a lone Bavarian maid
Come wandering with sad homeless smile up through the emerald shade.
She still looked back, as there was something that her young breast pined to leave;
And wept above the wildflowers, as 'twere sweet with them to grieve;
And with a garish fitfulness, like the last song of the swan,
She murmured of 'Green willows leaning o'er the peaceful Lahn.

'Oh! buy my brooms, my merry maids, they are not half so fair
As the flaxen tendrils that the wind flings from your clouded hair;
But they were cut from willow-trees where home's sweet blessings twine,
And imaged with a loving truth from ringlets of the vine.
They will tell a pleasant tale, as none but fairy willows can,
For they breathed above my childhood—those old dwellers of the Lahn!

'How often hath the vesper hymn their drooping garlands thrilled,
When young and old beneath their shade the day's last tasks fulfilled;
And the river seemed to listen, as it gently stole away,
To the praise of Him who sceptereth mysterious night and day!
How often have we sat and sang till the low moon, faint and wan,
Streamed o'er the dreaming willows—the old willows of the Lahn!

'How often hath their silvery sweep waved childish cares away—
Their hushing whisper fallen like a nurse's roundelay;
And when at midnight's anxious watch we heard the old trunks crack,
Have we looked around us to behold the reverend dead come back!
For our fathers, and the men of old with whom our names began,
Reared their altars 'neath the willows—the gray willows of the Lahn!

'I hear the rustling welcome that at morning round us swept,
And the ever-sounding blessing that the noontide slumber kept;
I see the soft and gem-like tears that dewy evening brought,
Hang glistening on the gossamer the pilgrim spider wrought.
My heart is wandering round them still—at night, at noon, at dawn,
The patriarchal willows—the old willows of the Lahn!

'Two names were carved one summer eve on a dark half-hidden bough,
And a compact made—I can but weep, and wonder at it now;
For 'twas of shrinèd hearts, which now, alas! are far astray,
Where every embered spark of hope is wildly wept away:
And another symbol of the faith of thoughtless, thankless man,
Are our old ancestral willows—the dark willows of the Lahn!

'No love was left me to brood o'er in those sweet trailing glooms,
So with heart within my knapsack I have come to sell my brooms;
To sing ye the old German songs that float above the Rhine,
To remind ye that the Saxon was our father—thine and mine;
To think in every corner, till my weariest breath is drawn,
How I best may love, when far away, our willows by the Lahn!'

COLOGNE.

To the shrine of old St Cunibert, that structure gaunt and lone,
The ancient 'midst the aged of the sainted walls of Koln,
The pilgrim tribes of olden days oft hied to bend the knee
For those who fought the holy fight by Paynim Galilee.
Some swelled the hymn of lofty pride, some pleaded tender fears;
And some brought bright and golden gifts, some only prayers and tears.

A lonely pilgrim cometh still to that dark altar-stone;
A weary one, that only there doth make her wonted moan;
And many a rugged league hath known her parched and bleeding feet,
And many a kindly heart hath blessed her greeting mild and sweet.
For still she murmured mournfully, 'To Koln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away.'

She struggles on, through storm and shine, though wearisome and faint;
None know how the shorn lamb hath fared—to none she makes complaint.
Their alms she smilingly rejects, and shows, with placid look,
The acorns and the cresses she hath gathered by the brook.
And still she murmurs mournfully, 'To Koln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away.'

There's not a child in all the town but knoweth her sweet face;
The gleeful quell their merriment, the sullen yield her place;
The churchman foldeth his broad stole, and bends with stately smile,
As drooping, like the Magdalen, she totters down the aisle;
For she bears her burthen of the Cross, and comes 'To Koln to pray
For her father and her brethren, who are fighting far away.'

She knows not that the mountain cross is reared above their bones,
On a lone barrance of Biscay—those dear lamented ones;
That the clarion of triumphant fields hath perished from the ear;
That the old familiar sounds of home they never more may hear;
For still she says, the simple one, 'To Koln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away.'

A noble vessel is the heart that floats amidst its tears,
And braves the chill of pale suspense, and cold besieging fears.
The intellect, with all its towers, may crumble and decay;
The mind, with all its mysteries, may darkly fade away;
But still the poor heart meekly comes to holy Koln to pray
For the faithful sons of Germany low sleeping far away.

MANHEIM.

AN ANECDOTE OF CHARLES SANDT.

A FEEBLE thread of light shot down, a pale imprisoned beam,
That faltered into darkness, like an ocean-merging stream;
The weary grates that crossed its way, and caught its earliest kiss,
Seemed to mourn its fleeting lifetime in the dungeon's dank abyss.
The walls gave back no answering smile; the cold and clammy floor,
With its tenantry of prowling rats, rejoiced in gloom the more.

Yet there was one sad form that caught the dim bewildered rays,
Like a lonely turbaned pillar in a Moslem burial-place:
A prisoner—at doomed morn, whose moments ne'er relax,
Condemned to yield his life beneath the ignominious axe.
He stands within their halo with a swimming, wistful eye,
And buildeth up a hopeless dream of blessed liberty.

The tonsured monk, that at his feet with trembling ardour prays,
Charms not away from that strayed beam the captive's yearning gaze.
Like a fevered child, whom even Love's soft sympathy annoys,
He chideth back the holy man with fierce and husky voice.
'Hush, dreamer! *He* hath sought me here, in crime's accursed abode;
He hath pierced the triple walléd gloom—Behold the eye of God!

He hath sought me—*He* hath found me with the blood upon my hands;
The slayer of his brother 'neath *His* accusation stands!
The craftiest lore cannot avert that Sinai-thundered glare,
Nor still the soul-re-echoing voice, "Where is thy brother—where?"
Hush, dreamer! Leave the guilty heart to wrestle with its load;
A mightier far than thou is here—Behold the eye of God!

He bringeth back the blessed years of childhood's sinless way,
When the world's glad garden to mine eyes in summer's radiance lay,
And a fountain of sweet waters, welling upwards from the heart,
Made the hopes of life's young innocence, like starry flowers, start.
Hush, dreamer! Let me weep; the rock is smitten, and the rod
Hath made the hidden treasure flow—Behold the eye of God!

My father's honoured age, alas! is bowed unto the dust;
My mother's loving pride is quelled, and broke her heart of trust;
The holiest bonds of earth for me are burst and sundered all,
And for the hoary head I smote mine own is doomed to fall!
Hush, dreamer! There's no refuge in thy dark and subtle code
From *that* which searcheth everywhere—Behold the eye of God!

When the bourne is gained the abhorred axe must lead me to at morn,
Amidst upheaving curses, and a reinless shout of scorn;
When the gates of life shall close upon my errors and my crimes,
Let my motives stand recorded till the birth of other times.
Hush, dreamer! Preach to-morrow to the valley's senseless clod;
The rest hath its interpreter—Behold the eye of God!'

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE ESCAPE OF W. L. MACKENZIE FROM TORONTO TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE rash and ill-planned rebellion of Upper Canada was speedily checked by the discomfiture of the insurgents at Montgomery's Tavern, near Toronto, on the 7th December 1837. Though Mackenzie, the chief leader of the insurrection, did not certainly display much of the warrior on that occasion, yet he showed considerable tact and presence of mind in his subsequent escape from his pursuers; and there is something in the successful escape of any one from imminent peril, the detail of which has a tendency to raise the individual into a sort of hero.

The first few volleys of the government militia cooled the ardour of the insurgents; the rifle balls fell thick amongst them; and a friend of Mackenzie's falling dead at his side, he deemed it necessary to quit the field, and warn his comrades to disperse. After an unsuccessful attempt to snatch his cloak from the hotel, he set off on foot, and after running a short distance, met a friendly farmer, who readily gave him his horse, a trusty, sure-footed creature, which that day did him good service. On he rode, while volumes of smoke rolled after him, and behind was seen the vivid glare of the flames of the fated tavern and outhouses which had been the scene of the rencounter. He met several friends; one handed him an over-coat; and the general resolution was to make for the States by the head of Lake Ontario.

Meantime government rewards were offered for their apprehension — one thousand pounds for Mackenzie, and five hundred pounds per man for several others. Couriers were sent off in every direction with tidings to the like effect, and a gazette was circulated minutely describing those persons whose apprehension was especially desired.

Finding himself now closely pursued and repeatedly fired at, Mackenzie left the high road with one friend, and made for Shepherd's Mills. 'The fleetest horsemen of the official party were so close upon us,' says he in his narrative,* 'that I had only time to jump off my horse and ask the miller of the place whether a large body of men, then on the heights, were friends or foes, before our pursuers were climbing up the steep ascent almost beside me.' He eluded them, and soon after overtook Colonel Lout with about ninety of his friends. After taking some refreshment at a farmer's, the party separated, sixteen only accompanying Mackenzie. They were all on foot, many unarmed. Mackenzie had no other arms than a single-barrelled pistol. They made for the Humber Bridge through Vaughan, but found it strongly guarded. They then went up the river a long way, got some supper at the house of a farmer, crossed the stream on a foot bridge, and by two o'clock next morning reached the house of a friendly settler, completely exhausted with cold and fatigue.

Here blankets were hung over the windows to avoid suspicion; food and beds were prepared; and while the government troops were keenly searching for them, the fugitives were sleeping soundly. Next morning, those who had arms buried them: they agreed to separate, and make for the frontier two and two together. A young lad of twenty was the companion of Mackenzie. They set out together undisguised, and on foot, and met and conversed with several people, but found none disposed to betray them. About three o'clock in the afternoon they reached Comfort's Mills near Streetsville; there they were told that Colonel Chisholm, with three hundred men, were divided into parties in search of them. Mr Comfort, an American by birth, but a citizen of Canada, treated them kindly, and lent them his wagon, with a young Irish driver. They drove through the village in broad daylight; 'yet,' says the fugitive, 'though known to everybody, we proceeded a long way west before danger approached. At length, however, we were hotly pursued by a party of mounted troops; our driver became alarmed, and with reason, and I took the reins, and pushed onwards at full speed over a rough, hard-frozen road without snow. Our pursuers, nevertheless, gained on us; and when near the Sixteen-Mile Creek, we ascertained that my countryman, Colonel Chalmers, had a party guarding the bridge. The creek swells up at times into a rapid river—it was now swollen by the November rains. What was to be done? My companion and I jumped from the wagon, made towards the forest, asked a labourer the way to Esquesing, to put our pursuers off our track, and were soon in the thickest of the patch of woods near the deep ravine in which flows the creek numbered Sixteen. Those in pursuit came up with our driver almost immediately after we left, and took him prisoner. The frequent reports of rifles, and the barking of dogs, near the place where we were concealed, annoyed us not a little. There was now but one chance of escape, surrounded as we were—for the young man had refused to leave me—and that was to stem the stream and cross the swollen creek. We accordingly stripped ourselves naked, and with the surface ice beating against us, and holding our garments over our heads, in a bitter cold December night, buffetted the current, and were soon up to our necks. I hit my foot against a stone, let fall some of my clothes, which my companion caught, and cried aloud with pain. The cold in that stream caused me the most cruel and intense sensation of pain I ever endured; but we got through, though with a better chance for drowning; and the frozen sand on the banks seemed warm to our feet when we once more trod on it. In an hour and a half we were under the hospitable roof of a kind farmer; and a supply of dry flannels and food, and an hour's rest, were kindly furnished us, while the sons and daughter of our host kept a silent watch outside in the cold, while I and my companion slept.' They started again; travelled all night; and by four o'clock on Satur-

* In 'The Tribune,' New York, September 1847, is a long narrative by Mackenzie of his escape. The present paper contains the substance of his narrative, condensed and much modified, all the political allusions and digressions with which it is interspersed being omitted, and only the most interesting parts of the personal adventures given in a connected form.

day morning they reached Wellington Square by the middle road. 'The farmers' dogs began to bark loudly; the heavy tramp of a party of horsemen was heard behind us; we retired a little way into the woods; I saw that the men were armed; entered the road again; and half an hour before twilight reached the door of an upright magistrate, which an English boy at once opened to us. I sent up my name; was requested to walk up stairs (in the dark), and was told that the house, barns, and every part of their premises had been twice searched for me that morning, and that M'Nab's men from Hamilton were scouring the country in all directions in the hope of taking me. I asked if I had the least chance to pass downward by the way of Burlington Beach, but was answered that both roads were guarded, and that Dr Rolph was by that time safe in Lewiston.' They immediately retired to a thicket behind the house, deeming it the safest place; and as the young man was chilled with cold and fatigue, it was deemed best for him to separate from Mackenzie, as, not being known, he would be safe from apprehension. He did so, and reached the frontier, but was laid up for four months afterwards by indisposition. 'At dawn of day,' continues Mackenzie, 'it began to snow and show footmarks. A pease-rick, which the pigs had undermined all round, stood on a high knoll, and I chose it for a hiding-place. For ten or twelve days I had slept, when I could get any sleep, in my clothes; and my limbs had swelled so, that I had to leave my boots, and wear a pair of slippers. My feet were wet, I was very weary, and the cold and drift annoyed me much. Breakfast I had had none; and in due time Colonel M'Dowall, the high-sheriff, and his posse, stood before me. House, barns, cellars, and garret were searched, and I the while quietly looking on. The colonel was afterwards second in command to Sir Allan M'Nab, opposite Navy Island, and when I lived in William Street. Some years ago he called on me, and we had a hearty laugh over his ineffectual exertions to catch a rebel in 1837. When the coast seemed clear, my terrified host, a wealthy Canadian, came up the hill as if to find his pigs, brought me two bottles of hot water for my feet, a bottle of tea, and several slices of bread and butter; told me that the neighbourhood was literally harassed with bodies of armed men in search of me, and advised that I should leave that place at dark, but where to go he could not tell me. After I left his premises, he was arrested; but had powerful friends, gave bail, and the matter ended there. When night set in, I knocked at the next farmer's door; they were strong government men,' and as the house had been searched often for me already, they refused to see me; but their boy conducted me by a by-path to Mr King's, the next farm. Here I had supper; rested for an hour; and then walked with my host to my early residence, Dundas Village, at the head of Lake Ontario. We saw a small party of armed men on the road, near the mills of an Englishman; but they did not perceive us. We went to the dwelling of an old friend, to whom I stated that I thought I should now make a more speedy, yet equally sure progress on horseback. He risked at once, and that too most willingly, his horse. Mr King returned home, and I entered the village alone in the night, and was hailed by some person, who speedily passed on. I wanted to take a friend with me, but durst not go to wake him up. There was a guard on duty at the hotel, and I had to cross the creek close by a house which I had built in the public square. I then made for the mountain country above Hamilton, and in the way called upon some old Dutch friends, who told me that all the passes were guarded. Near Ancaster I got a fresh horse from an old friend, and pursued my journey; but coming upon a house well lighted up, and where a guard was evidently posted, I turned aside, and tried to find my way through the Bissbrook and Glassford woods. For several weary hours did I toil through the primeval forest, leading my horse, and unable to get out or find a path. The barking of a dog brought me, when near daylight, to a solitary cottage; and its inhabitant—a negro—pointed out to me the Twenty-Mile Creek where it was fordable. Before I had ridden a mile, I came to a small hamlet, which I had not known before: entered a house, and oh my surprise—was instantly called by name! At the inn, I did not at all like the manner of him who addressed me, though I now know that all was well intended. Quite carelessly to appearance, I remounted my horse, and rode off very leisurely, but turned the first angle, and then galloped on, turned again, and galloped still faster. At some ten miles' distance, a farm, newly cleared, and situated in a by-place, seemed a safer haven. I entered the house, called for breakfast, and found in the owner a stout Hibernian farmer, an Orangeman from the north of Ireland, with a wife and five fine children. I took breakfast very much at my leisure; saw my horse watered and fed with oats in the sheaf; and then asked Mr Waters to be so kind as put me in the way to the mountain road; which he consented to do, but evidently with much reluctance. After we had travelled about a quarter of a mile in the woods, he turned round at a right angle, and said that that was the way.

"Not to the road?" said I.

"No; but to Mr M'Intyre the magistrate!"

'Here we came to a full stop. He was stout and burly, I small and slight made. I soon found that he had not dreamt of me as a rebel; his leading idea was, that I had a habit of borrowing other men's horses without their express leave—in other words, that I was a horse thief. Horses had been stolen, and he only did his duty by carrying a doubtful case before the nearest justice. This was a real puzzle. Should I tell Waters who I was, it was ten to one but he would seize me for the heavy reward. If I went before the justice, he would doubtless know and detain me. I asked Mr Waters to explain. He said that I had come in great haste to his house on a December Sunday morning; that it was on no public road, with my clothes torn, my face badly scratched, and my horse all in a foam; that I had refused to say who I was, or where I came from; had paid him a dollar for a very humble breakfast, been in no haste to leave, and was riding one of the finest horses in Canada—making, at the same time, for the frontier by the most unfrequented paths; and that many horses had been recently borrowed. My manner, he admitted, did not indicate anything wrong; but why did I studiously conceal my name and business? There was some truth in all this. My *bonnet rouge;* my torn, homespun, sorry slippers; weary gait, and unshaven beard, were assuredly not much in keeping with the charger I was riding; and I had unfortunately given no reply whatever to several of his and his goodwife's home questions. My chance to be tried and condemned in the hall where I had often sat in judgment on others was seemingly now very near, but I did not quite despair. To escape from Waters in that dense forest was entirely hopeless; to blow out his brains while he was acting quite conscientiously, while his five pretty children at home waited his early return, could have easily been done as far as opportunity went, for he was unsuspicious of anything of the kind, and my pistol was now loaded, and sure to fire. But I could not do it. So I held a parley with my detainer, touched on various subjects, and at last found, to my great surprise and real delight, that though averse to the object of the revolt, he spoke of myself in terms of good-will. His next neighbour had lived near me in 1823 at Queenstown, and had spoken so well of myself and family to him, as to have interested him, though he had never met me before. "I am an old magistrate," said I, "but at present in a situation of some difficulty. If I can satisfy you as to who I am, and why I am here, would you desire to gain the price of any man's blood?" He seemed to shudder at the very idea of such a thing. I then, before revealing myself, made him take a solemn oath of secrecy. When he had ascertained my name,

which I showed him on my watch, seals, and pocket-book, he expressed real sorrow on account of the dangerous situation in which I stood, and pledged himself to keep silence for twenty-four hours, directed me how to get into the main road, and feelingly urged me to accept his personal guidance to the frontier. He kept his word; but when I was fairly out of danger, he told the whole story to his neighbours, which caused his apprehension, though he was afterwards released.'

Our hero now gained the open country, recrossed the Twenty-Mile Creek, and at length re-entered the mountain path a little below where a military guard was then stationed. While in sight of this guard, he moved on very slowly. The country people were going to church, and he made as if going there too. As soon as he was out of sight, however, he used his spurs to some advantage. It appears that two men whom he had spoken to in the road gave the alarm to an armed party, who immediately gave pursuit. 'I perceived them,' says he, 'when a third of a mile off. I thought it safer to endeavour to put my pursuers off the track, and on a false scent, than to keep on a-head of them; so I turned short towards St Catherine's when I got to Smithville, and seemed to take that road down hill full speed. Instead of doing so, however, I turned a corner, put up my horse very quickly in the stable of a friendly Canadian, entered his house, he being at church, beheld my pursuers stop to interrogate a woman who had seen me pass, and then ride furiously onward by the St Catherine's road. I then went quietly to bed, and rested for some four hours; had a comfortable supper with the family, and what clothes I required. A trusty companion was also ready to mount his horse, and accompany me the last forty miles to Buffalo. We accordingly started about eight o'clock on Sunday night, and keeping clear of the armed guards, we got safe into Crowland before daylight. We awoke a friend here, turned our horses into his pasture, and he immediately accompanied us to the Niagara river on foot. On inquiry, it was found that all the boats on the river, except those at the ferries, which were well guarded, had been seized and taken care of by the officers of government. A gentleman, however, who lived opposite the head of Grand Island, was believed to have kept one of his boats locked up beside his carriages. This gentleman was applied to; and though no favourer of the late movement, and at considerable risk, immediately consented to give his boat. As well as I can now remember,' continues the narrator, 'it was about nine on Monday morning when I reached this gentleman's house, an excellent breakfast was prepared, and I was fatigued and hungry. But there was a military patrol on the river, and before sitting down to a repast, I thought it safe to step out and see if the coast was clear. Well for me it was that I did so! The custom-house officer, opposite Black Rock, and his troop of mounted dragoons, were so close upon us, riding up by the bank of the river, that had I not then observed their approach, they would have caught me at breakfast. Nine men out of ten, in such an emergency, would have hesitated to assist me, and to escape by land was at that time evidently impossible. My host lost not a moment; his boat was hauled across the road, and launched in the stream with all possible speed; and he, I, and my guide were scarcely afloat in it, and out a little way below the bank, when the officer with his troop of horse were parading in front of the house. How we escaped here is to me almost a miracle. I had resided long in the district, and was known by everybody: a boat was in the river against official orders: it was near the shore, and the carbines of the military could have compelled us to return, or have killed us if disobedient. The commanding officer did not see us, that was evident; he turned round at the moment to talk to the lady of the house and her daughters, who were standing in the parterre in front of the house full of anxiety on our account: but of the troop, not a few must have seen the movement; and yet we were allowed to steer for the head of Grand Island with all the expedition in our power without interruption; nor was there a whisper said about the matter for many months thereafter. In an hour we were safe on the American shore, and that night I slept in tranquillity and safety.'

Column for Young People.

THE TWO BEES; OR THE HEATH AND THE HIVE.

UNDER the stump of an old willow-tree, that once grew and now withered upon the bank of a very narrow, shallow, and clear little brook, which wound its fretful course through a solitary tract of heath and moor, a little colony of wild bees had fixed their residence. They were few in number compared with the vast armies that avail themselves of the protection of man, and throng the convenient residences he has provided for their accommodation and his own. But they were a prosperous and happy little community, and strong enough for their own defence, though they numbered scarcely half a thousand; and their neighbours, the water-rat and the weasel, knowing by experience that they managed their weapons valorously, never dared to show their marauding muzzles at the entrance of the cosy little cavern for fear of the sentinels, who would have taught them manners at the sting's point with very little parley. Of human visitants they seldom caught a glimpse, and knew but little, and cared less, for these lords of the creation. Their nest was situated a full mile from the public road over the heath, which was too deeply overgrown with furze and fern, and too full of unshapely stones and miniature crags, to tempt any but a geologist to wander from the way. So they were left pretty much to themselves, and enjoyed the world in their own mode, making the most of it in summer, when the whole plain was yellow with the golden furze-blossom; and revelling, like jolly fellows as they were, in the winter, when nothing better than a cold nose was to be got by going out of doors.

They had formed a bad opinion of mankind, whom they were not disposed to look upon in the light of benefactors, although traditions were not wanting among them concerning the commodious palaces which man had constructed for the convenience of their race. These traditions, however, which sometimes formed the theme of their long winter soirées, had a bad effect on the minds of some of the junior members of the colony, who, being sceptically inclined, longed in secret to explore the forbidden precincts, and judge of human intentions on their own account; and were not at all disposed to cherish the admonitions of Gray Fuzbuz, their 'oldest inhabitant,' who never failed to close his accounts of these fine palaces with a dismal expansion of his feelers, and a shuddering surmise as to the probable fate of those of their own tribe who, tempted by the splendours of the hive, had deserted their queen-mother, and after a brief period of enjoyment and vain-boasting, had disappeared for ever.

But these dolorous presages had not always their due result, as we shall see in the case of young Petalby. This juvenile hero was a fine stalwart bee, standing a good three-eighths of an inch without his feelers, who felt it beneath the dignity of a prince and a warrior (and he considered himself both, being royally descended, and wearing a weapon) to take for gospel the croakings of old Fuzbuz. So he resolved manfully to investigate matters for himself, and only waited for a fair opportunity, when he could have a fine day and a side-wind for going and returning, to track the course of the brook, which, he knew, before he had flown a dozen miles, would bring him to the distant town, on the outskirts of which he had heard that the hives were situated. He resolved, however, that he would wait till the queen had returned from her airing, which she regularly took every fine morning for half an hour, as he had no wish to encounter her majesty in his rebellious flight.

The long-desired opportunity came at length; and one fine morning early in July, when the wind was due south, and the sun shining brightly, having first seen the queen safely housed after her short trip, he stretched his wings, and rose silently into the upper air, out of the track of his comrades, who were all busily occupied in honey-hunting in the near neighbourhood of the nest. Following the course of the stream in a westerly direction, he kept up aloft, out of sight and sound of brother bee for a full mile before he ventured down to his usual altitude; and then he flew another mile or so between the banks of the brook within a few inches of the water, not keeping too near,

however, for fear of being snapped up by some hungry trout in search of a breakfast—these finny gentry having no fear of stings before their eyes, and gobbling up bee, wasp, or hornet with great relish. Feeling at length that he was in no danger of meeting with any of his fellows at such a distance from home, he rose boldly to the bank, and perched for a few moments upon a honeysuckle to repose himself, and sip a little dew, of which enough yet remained in the curly horn to serve for his refreshment. He was just about to resume his flight, when he heard a noise that occasioned him at once curiosity and alarm. 'That is certainly a bee,' said he to himself; 'and yet it is not one of our troop, for we all buzz B flat, every wing of us, and this fellow's noise is a full semitone lower: he must be in sad case too, or he would not thrash away at that rate. I'll try and get a sight of him.' So saying, Sir Petalby rose a few yards into the air, and soon saw the true cause of his disquietude. On the opposite side of the stream, kneeling on the sandy bank, and stooping over a stone upon which he had pinned down an unfortunate 'worker' in the fork of a split straw, was a vagabond village urchin, bent upon sucking the honey from 'the bag o' the bee,' and even then preparing for the preliminary process of cautiously squeezing out the sting with a sharpened slip of black thorn. Our wandering adventurer was too much of a true knight to behold such a spectacle with composure; his indignation and valour fired at the sight; and darting swiftly downwards, he alighted on the ragged rim of the monster's dilapidated 'felt,' and stuck his weapon into the soft part of Master Mangleum's left cheek with such vigour and effect, that my gentleman commenced an impromptu *pas seul* to music of his own composition, which would have been irresistibly comic to a 'fit audience,' though it was unfortunately all thrown away, there being not a soul within a mile of him. During his performance, the proposed victim contrived to escape the fork, and, like a bee of breeding, as he was, hastened to tender his acknowledgments to Sir Petalby for his timely aid. We need not dwell upon the compliments that were exchanged between the parties in the hollow of a dock-leaf, whither they both repaired, that the rescued prisoner might repose after his struggles, and refit his soiled surtout. Suffice it to say, that mutual confidence and friendship soon ensued. Sir Petalby informed his new friend, who rejoiced in the name of Shinyshanks, of the object of the journey in prosecution of which he had arrived so opportunely to his assistance; and the other proposed with eagerness to be his guide to the hives, among which was his own home, and from which he had set out that morning for the enjoyment of a solitary flight; but whither he now felt compelled to return, being yet considerably indisposed from the effects of the ill-treatment he had undergone. So soon, therefore, as the sufferer had in some degree recruited his strength, the pair set forward on their journey, Shinyshanks leading the way, and arrived, ere the sun had yet reached the meridian, at the suburbs of the town, and the scenes which our truant knight had so long desired to behold.

'This,' said his companion, as they alighted on the top of a high wall which enclosed a spacious and well-filled garden, 'is our domain, where we find plenty of everything, and where everything belongs to us. That old fellow yonder, with a spade in his hand, and a paper cap on his head, is old Stifle the gardener, who looks after our comfort, and keeps the garden full of flowers all through the season for our especial ransacking. That low thatched cottage, the walls of which you cannot see through the blooming roses that cover them, is his residence; and early and late he and his wife and daughter are at work in the garden, which is kept in perpetual order for our advantage. No sooner are the flowers of May withered or overblown, than those of June are open to our operations; and so it goes on through the whole summer. Then, when our population increases too fast for our convenience, forth comes a new hive for the reception of a new swarm. You see that one opposite to us, the last in the upper row, it was but last month it was first taken possession of by a colony of some thousands from the society of which I have the honour to be a member; and proud enough they are of their new quarters. But come, let me know what you think of our fare. Just dip your palpi into the calix of that campanula, and tell me how you like the flavour you find there.' Sir Petalby did as he was bid; and forgetting the rules of etiquette in the gratification of his palate, kept his head so long out of sight, that his friend was fain to remind him of his manners by buzzing round the flower. The visitor declared, on emerging from the calix, that he had enjoyed a prodigious luxury, and showed an evident desire to renew his acquaintance with the viands; but his host observed that much better things were to be had, and conjured him by the shade of Epicurus not to squander so fine an appetite as he possessed on a paltry campanula. 'Come with me,' said he, 'I can show you good quarters, where we can take a snack together. I think I can pick a bit, though I seldom eat much in working hours.' With that he led the way to a retired spot in the garden, where grew some magnificent specimens of the white lily; and choosing a large unoccupied flower, affording ample room for both, he invited the visitor to enter and regale himself. Here the parties dined with perfect pleasure, and afterwards held a conversation upon the respective laws and governments of their different tribes. Sir Petalby was too much overcome with wonder and admiration at all he saw around him to find anything comparable with it in his own shabby tenement and desolate heath, so he had nothing to do but to assent to the encomiums of his friend, and lavish his praise upon all he saw. Having expressed a wish to view the interior of a hive, his friend arose and led the way to his residence, where the vanity of the one and the curiosity of the other were equally gratified, in explaining and admiring the wonders and treasures of the edifice. They afterwards made the tour of the garden together, and even entered the gardener's cottage, and perched upon old Stifle's paper-cap, where they watched the operation of filling his pipe, but decamped like shot at the first cloud he blew forth.

The afternoon was now far advanced, and the sun beginning to approach the horizon, when Sir Petalby signified to his friend the necessity of his return. The grateful Shinyshanks insisted that he should not go away empty-handed, and the other consented to accept of a cargo of honey, lest, by returning without any, he might arouse the suspicions of his fellows. Bidding farewell to his friend, after making an appointment for a subsequent meeting, the wanderer set out for his humble home with feelings very different from those of joyful excitement which had rendered that morning the happiest of his life. Never before had the vast plain appeared so solitary and joyless: he could not help contrasting its barren surface with the paradise he had just quitted, and deprecating his shabby fate which had consigned him to so humble a career. He reached his home in safety, but said nothing to his companions concerning his adventure. He was resolved to keep his own counsel; but he waited with impatience for the hour when he was again to meet his more fortunate friend.

They met again on the appointed day; and again Sir Petalby revelled in the enjoyment of luxury, and returned at eventide loaded by the liberality of his friend. The month of August was now fast approaching, and another meeting was agreed upon early in that month. By this time our discontented traveller had almost made up his mind to cast off his allegiance to his sovereign, to quit the snug retreat where he had first seen the light, and which was now grown but a beggarly hole in his estimation, to bid adieu to his old companions, and join the wealthy and populous community of which his friend Shinyshanks was a member. There wanted but another iteration of the oft-repeated invitation, and farewell for ever to the old willow stump, and the home in the brook side.

On the morn of the appointed day he sallied forth with the dawn, ere yet a bee had quitted the nest, and rising high into the air, struck across the country in a straight line towards the town (he was too well acquainted with the route by this time to need the guidance of the brook). Once he turned round to look again upon the silver thread of water winding through the dark furze, now without a flower, and black in the shadow of the gray morning, and almost wished he had not ceased to think it a beautiful sight; but the sunshine and flowers of the garden recurred to his recollection, and flushed with the delights of anticipation, he turned again, and soared onwards to the embrace of his paradise. As he approached the town, the sun rose fair in the heavens, and he saw his level beams reflected in the cottage windows. At the same moment an unwelcome odour assailed his breathing, and retarded, nay, almost stopped his flight. While revolving what this could possibly be, he was struck with the unusual silence, the almost total absence of all insect sounds, that pervaded the place. Strange apprehensions came over him, he knew

not why. Fears for his friend, not unmingled with alarms for his personal safety, began to intrude upon his insect mind. Still determined to proceed, and not without a hope that all might yet be well, he made a detour to avoid the current of the wind, which blew the intolerable odours in his face, and coming round in the rear of the blast, alighted on the garden wall, immediately over the ranges of hives. Here a horrible spectacle met his view. Amidst a number of the oldest hives, now lying overthrown and plundered of their contents, stood the monster Stifle and his daughter. The beautiful architecture of the industrious nations had been wrenched from its foundations, with all its treasured stores, and cast into earthen vessels—dish, pot, and pan, of every shape and size—where from the delicate hexagonal chambers the liquid luxury drained away. And, worst of all, in large holes dug in the ground, there lay the carcasses of the slaughtered proprietors, crushed together, and reeking amid the fumes of burning brimstone. Poor Sir Petalby stood bewildered and aghast at such a concentration of horrors; his limbs refused their office, and for some minutes he had not power to stir from the spot. While gazing around him in all the excitement of terror, he saw the lifeless remains of his poor friend Shinyshanks lying on the edge of a dish; he knew him by his glittering thighs, and grew sick at heart at the recognition. At length, sighing a 'farewell, a sad farewell to all his greatness,' he summoned his frightened energies, and urged his way once more back to the scene of his former safety and contentment. When he got again among his old companions, the sun was high in the sky, the smell of the wild thyme was abroad in the air, and the cheery hum of his busy brethren made the wilderness vocal with joy. 'Ah!' said he to himself, 'welcome peace, safety, and humble home! Gray Fuzbuz was right after all: a little, with security, is better than all the wealth of the world enjoyed at the peril of existence.'

BIDE YOUR TIME.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land (United States), where the pulse of life beats with feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle, there is such a din—such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly; you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say—Come! But the voices of the past say—Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back the hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never come, what matters it to the world whether I or you, or another man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and the book were well done! It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the face of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame; and the last we shall hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful; because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the 'trick and fantasy of fame;' and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointment—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement. — *Professor Longfellow's Hyperion.*

RISE OF A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

Sixty years ago, Huddersfield, now the centre of the fancy manufacture of England, was a miserable village. The houses were poor and scattered; the streets narrow, crooked, and dirty; the people ignorant, and wild in their manners almost to savagery. Around them stretched the black moorland, unreclaimed by the plough or the spade; and the sides of the noble hills were covered with shaggy moss, brambles, and wiry creepers, or coloured in the appointed season with the golden gorse and the purple heather. And how short was to be the intervening period! Already in this wild people were deposited the seeds of a glorious manufacturing and historical unfolding. Sixty years have changed the face of this vast district. For during that time heads and hands have been at work, conquering the wild dominion of nature, and making all her elements serve them. Thus the river has been converted into artificial beds, and the waters arrested in their course by weirs, and compelled to turn the wheels of the hundreds of factories which are built upon the river's banks. The savage moorland has been cultivated and parcelled into corn-fields and pastures. The hills in many cases wave, even to their stony summits, with rich herbage; and from the wildest glens and ravines rise the chimneys of noble factories, sending their black smoke through the green foliage of the trees; every one of them the centre of a little working community. Thus Huddersfield has grown into an important town; and what is more, she has fostered other towns and villages in her immediate neighbourhood, and made them also important; so that within six miles of her there are some hundred and thirty thousand souls engaged in manufactures, and in the commerce to which those manufactures gave birth.—*Bradford Observer.*

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

In no department of life do men rise to eminence who have not undergone a long and diligent preparation; for whatever be the difference in the mental powers of individuals, it is the cultivation of the mind alone that leads to distinction. John Hunter was as remarkable for his industry as for his talents, of which his museum alone forms a most extraordinary proof. If we look around and contemplate the history of those men whose talents and acquirements we most esteem, we find that their superiority of knowledge has been the result of great labour and diligence. It is an ill-founded notion to say that merit in the long-run is neglected. It is sometimes joined to circumstances that may have a little influence in counteracting it, as an unfortunate manner and temper; but it generally meets with its due reward. The world are not fools—every person of merit has the best chance of success; and who would be ambitious of public approbation, if it had not the power of discriminating?—*Physic and Physicians.*

The present number of the Journal completes the eighth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF EIGHTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.

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